

Dumpster Diving the Anarchist Library Text Bin – Part Two

Various Authors

Contents

A library enthusiasts introduction	14
The How, The Why & The Lessons Learned	14
Further Reading	15
A Short List of Some of the Deleted Texts	16
1. Yang Chu's Garden of Pleasure	18
Chapter 1: The Vanity of Fame	20
Chapter 2: Real and False Greatness	21
Chapter 3: The Shortness of Conscious Life	22
Chapter 4: Death the Equalizer	23
Chapter 5: False Virtues	24
Chapter 6: The Ideal Life	25
Chapter 7: Duty to the Living and the Dead	26
Chapter 8: The Art of Life	27
Chapter 9: The Happy Hedonists	28
Chapter 10: The Joyous Life of Tuan-Mu-Shu	30
Chapter 11: The Foolishness of Wanting a Long Life	31
Chapter 12: Self-Sacrifice and Self-Aggrandizement	32
Chapter 13: The Vanity of Reputation	33
Chapter 14: Difficulty and Ease of Government	35
Chapter 15: All Things Pass	36
Chapter 16: The Nature of Man	37
Chapter 17: The Four Chimeras	38
Chapter 18: All Pleasures are Relative	39
Chapter 19: The Wisdom of Contentment	40

2. Bob Black's Letter to Seattle Police	41
3. Liberation Theology for Quakers	43
About the Authors	45
Acknowledgements	46
Liberation Theology	47
Early Friends	50
Our Formation: Macedonia Cooperative Community	51
Accompaniment: The Southern Civil Rights Movement	53
Accompaniment: Draft Counseling	54
Accompaniment: Moving To Youngstown	56
Using One's Pain	58
Nicaragua	59
St. Mary of the Angels	60
You Are the God of the Poor	61
In El Bonete	63
Return to Quakerism: Nonviolence	65
The Gulf War	66
Retirees	67

Return to Quakerism: A Believable Jesus	68
Conclusions	70
A Short Bibliography on Liberation Theology	72
4. Outlaw Kings and Rebellion Chic	73
The Non-Ideological Hero	74
Revolution Without Revolution	75
Who Profits?	77
5. Think of the (queer) children	79
6. A Planned and Coordinated Anarchy	83
Abstract	84
Introduction	84
Stalinism and the Two Communist Parties	85
Barricades: Diliman, University Belt, Los Banos	88
The Diliman Commune	89
Monday, 1 February	89
Tuesday, 2 February	91
Wednesday, 3 February	92
Thursday, 4 February	94
Friday, 5 February, to Tuesday, 9 February	95
Aftermath	97
Conclusion	100
Abbreviations Used	101
References	101
Author	105
7. Reversing the “Model”	106
“Who Killed the Unions?”	111
Imports, Outsourcing, and the “Other”	113
The Case of Steel	113
CIO “Model”?	115
Reversing the “Model”	118
8. You Shouldn’t Have to Pay to Be Alive	122
Beyond Hope: A Cogent and Effective Solution	125
Many Roads to the Dawn	125

9. Imagining an optimistic cyber-future	128
Social media and its role in society	129
Privacy, property, and abundance for everyone everywhere	130
The rise and fall of techno-feudalism	132
10. The Gender Binary Is a Tool of White Supremacy	134
Historical Gender Variance	135
Colonial Gender in Action	136
Women and Race	137
Transmisogyny’s Racist and Antisemitic Legacy	138
Conclusion	140
11. DIY Template for Horizontal Bylaws	141
12. Strike Strategy	148
Foreword	150
Part One	151
Chapter 1: The Right to Strike	151
Chapter 2: The Great Tradition	157
Chapter 3: Strikes and Politics	164
Chapter 4: Application of Military Strategy	169
Part Two	182
Chapter 5: Preparing for Battle	182
Chapter 6: On the Line	192
Chapter 7: On the Offensive	205
Chapter 8: Public Support	211
Part Three	217
Chapter 9: Violence on the Picket Line	217
Chapter 10: Murder in Our Time	227
Chapter 11: Modern Strikebreaking – The Mohawk Valley Formula	235
Chapter 12: “Law and Order”	240
Chapter 13: Back-to-Work Movements	247
Part Four	256
Chapter 14: Strike Leadership	256
Appendix: White Collar Strikes	262
Roll Call of the Dead	263
Bibliography	268

13. The Faculty of Language	270
Defining the Target: Two Senses of the Faculty of Language	272
The Comparative Approach to Language Evolution	274
Testing Hypotheses About the Evolution of the Faculty of Language	275
Comparative Evidence for the Faculty of Language	277
Conclusions	283
13. The Faculty of Language	288
Defining the Target: Two Senses of the Faculty of Language	290
The Comparative Approach to Language Evolution	292
Testing Hypotheses About the Evolution of the Faculty of Language	293
Comparative Evidence for the Faculty of Language	295
Conclusions	301
References and Notes	301
14. Open Letter to New York School Officials	306
Introduction	307
Open Letter	308
15. Next Stop?	311
16. Are Prisons Obsolete?	314
Chapter 1. Introduction: Prison Reform or Prison Abolition?	315
Chapter 2. Slavery, Civil Rights, and Abolitionist Perspectives Toward Prison	319
Chapter 3. Imprisonment and Reform	326
Chapter 4. How Gender Structures The Prison System	333
Chapter 5. The Prison Industrial Complex	343
Chapter 6. Abolitionist Alternatives	350
17. The Killing Fields	356
The Whole Story	357
1: WE WANT FREEDOM. WE WANT POWER TO DETERMINE THE DESTINY OF OUR BLACK AND OPPRESSED COMMUNITIES.	357
2: WE WANT FULL EMPLOYMENT FOR OUR PEOPLE.	357
3: WE WANT AN END TO THE ROBBERY BY THE CAPITALISTS OF OUR BLACK AND OPPRESSED COMMUNITIES.	358
4: WE WANT DECENT HOUSING, FIT FOR THE SHELTER OF HUMAN BEINGS.	358
5: WE WANT DECENT EDUCATION FOR OUR PEOPLE THAT EXPOSES THE TRUE NATURE OF THIS DECADENT AMERICAN SOCIETY. WE WANT EDUCATION THAT TEACHES US OUR TRUE HISTORY AND OUR ROLE IN THE PRESENT- DAY SOCIETY.	358
6: WE WANT COMPLETELY FREE HEALTH CARE FOR All BLACK AND OPPRESSED PEOPLE.	358

7: WE WANT AN IMMEDIATE END TO POLICE BRUTALITY AND MURDER OF BLACK PEOPLE, OTHER PEOPLE OF COLOR, All OPPRESSED PEOPLE INSIDE THE UNITED STATES.	359
8: WE WANT AN IMMEDIATE END TO ALL WARS OF AGGRESSION.	359
9: WE WANT FREEDOM FOR ALL BLACK AND OPPRESSED PEOPLE NOW HELD IN U. S. FEDERAL, STATE, COUNTY, CITY AND MILITARY PRISONS AND JAILS. WE WANT TRIALS BY A JURY OF PEERS FOR All PERSONS CHARGED WITH SO-CALLED CRIMES UNDER THE LAWS OF THIS COUNTRY.	359
10: WE WANT LAND, BREAD, HOUSING, EDUCATION, CLOTHING, JUSTICE, PEACE AND PEOPLE’S COMMUNITY CONTROL OF MODERN TECHNOLOGY.	360
18. Capitalist domination and working class sabotage	361
Publisher’s Preface	362
Authors Preface	362
Chapter 1: Lenin is supposed to have said...	362
Chapter 2 Parenthesis no.1: Regarding Method	366
Chapter 3 The Form of the Domination	369
Chapter 4. Parenthesis no.2: Regarding the wage	373
Chapter 5 and Nietzsche went to Parliament	377
19. Brexit means... what?	381
The EU Migrants’ Ordeal and the Limits of Direct Action	382
The Big Blunder	384
Brexit and Ideology	385
What’s in the Law?	388
The ‘Freedom of Movement’ and Freedom for the Movements – the Contradictions of Capitalism	390
Freedom of Movement and <i>The</i> Freedom of Movement – Illegality as a Weapon of Capitalism	391
Brexit Means What? Working Rights and Exploitation	393
Conclusion	394
20. The Oppositional Gaze	395
21. Understanding and resisting Left–Right convergence in the internet age	407
Fascist parasitism and narrative coherence	409
Conspiracism	409
The Protocols	410
Producerism	411
Anti-fascist culture	412
Notes	413
22. Bourgeois Epistemology and the Gendered Republic	414

23. Identity Construction Workers	419
24. Soviet Russia in the NEP Era	423
25. Voices from the Cave	429
26. Stop Dividing the Korean Nation	435
Good Asian, Bad Asian	436
Beyond the cold war: two competing forms of state capitalism	437
South Korea under the rule of the chaebols	437
North Korea, Inc.	438
Alternatives from below	439
The need for an alternative to the Sunshine Policy	440
27. On Being White... and Other Lies	442
28. Radical media and the blurred lines of ‘red’ fascism	445
29. Communism as the Riddle Posed to History	450
30. What Anne Feeney Told Me At Frank Little’s Grave in Montana	466
31. Market Anarchy #1: All Power To The Soviets!	469
Confiscation & The Homestead Principle	470
32. Anatomy of the State	474
What the State Is Not	476
What the State Is	477
How the State Preserves Itself	479
How the State Transcends Its Limits	482
What the State Fears	486
How States Relate to One Another	487
History as a Race Between State Power and Social Power	489

33. Letter: Individualism and Rights	495
Rothbard	496
Parker	497
34. The Bhilwara Principles: Strengthening Democracy through Social Accountability	498
35. Maurice Barrès and the Youth of France	502
I	503
II	504
III	505
IV	506
36. Marx 101: Introduction to Dialectical Materialism	508
Bibliography	514
37. Yorkshire Slavery	515
38. 40 Ways to Fight Fascists	518
Introduction	519
I. Get Started	521
1. Learn about Far Right movements	521
2. Find collaborators	521
3. Keep an eye on the local Far Right	521
II. Take Action	523
4. Release your research	523
5. Remove and replace Far Right propaganda	523
6. Push public groups to oppose fascism	523
7. Make it difficult for Far Right groups to meet	524
8. Refute their lies	524
9. Use the court system	524
10. Expose fascists at home and work	524
11. Deplatform fascism online	525
12. Prevent the Far Right from crashing progressive events	525
13. Drive wedges between individuals and groups	525
14. Find new collaborators	525
15. Organize anti-racist bar crawls	526
16. Help fascists become formers	526
III. Be Proactive	527
17. Get your message out first	527
18. Build educational programs	527
19. Hold memorial events	527

20. Make a spectacle	527
21. Organize trainings and resource fairs	527
22. Form an emergency response team	528
23. Recruit early and often	528
24. Fundraise before you need it	528
IV. Counter-Demonstrate	529
25. Win public opinion	529
26. Push local officials to do the right thing	529
27. Organize counter-demonstrations	529
28. Pressure local business and rental spaces	529
29. Document their rallies	530
30. Don't be outgunned	530
31. Call out fascists and call in colleagues	530
V. BE SUPPORTIVE	531
32. Support people being threatened	531
33. Establish a safe house	531
34. Help the families of victims	531
35. Aid the injured	531
36. Support those targeted by the law	531
37. Support imprisoned activists	531
38. Warn people who are threatened	532
39. Publicize threats and attacks	532
40. Support communities pushing back against fascist recruitment	532
Bonus Round!	533
Show your larger political vision	533
Resource List	534
Organizations and Websites Which Track and Analyze the Far Right	534
Books about U.S. Fascism and the Far Right	534
Other resources:	534
About the Authors	536
Spencer Sunshine	536
PopMob (Popular Mobilization)	536
39. Class Struggle and the Origin of Racial Slavery	537
Introduction	538
A Note from the Author	542
A Note From The Editor	543
I	543
II	545
III	547
IV	548
V	548
VI	549
VII	550

VIII	552
IX	555
X	556
BIBLIOGRAPHY	556
40. The Chaplain’s Dilemma	559
Need for Care	560
Military Service as Morally Problematic	561
Instilling Blood Lust	562
41. The virtue of idleness	564
42. The City of the Sun	572
43. Division, Government, Freedom	593
44. The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction	599
Preface	601
I	602
II	603
III	605
IV	606
V	608
VI	609
VII	610
VIII	611
IX	612
X	614
XI	616
XII	617
XIII	618
XIV	620

XV	622
Epilogue	624
45. Youth Liberation Program	626
Youth Liberation Program	627
46. Anarchy and the Mythic Path	630
47. Violence and Earth First!	633
48. Postcapitalist Desire	635
49. Captives of the Flame	640
Prologue	642
Chapter I	643
Chapter II	649
Chapter III	655
Chapter IV	662
Chapter V	670
Chapter VI	676
Chapter VII	682
Chapter VIII	688
Chapter IX	696
Chapter X	700
Chapter XI	705
Chapter XII	713
50. The Jewels of Aptor	718
Prologue	720
Chapter I	722

Chapter II	727
Chapter III	733
Chapter IV	740
Chapter V	747
Chapter VI	752
Chapter VII	757
Chapter VIII	764
Chapter IX	773
Chapter X	780
Chapter XI	790
Chapter XII	796

A library enthusiasts introduction

This text was created for anyone curious about various library crew's archiving ethos.

The internet, bookshops, and libraries are all swamped with more information than anyone could read in a lifetime, but when searching for reading on a particular subject, having the choice of a 100 texts on that subject isn't necessarily valuable if the task of choosing between them is made more difficult by a library crew's choice to archive 50 texts that showcase embarrassingly anti-anarchist ideas, or where the one text that would interest you most has been deleted from the catalog due to the library crew having a personal issue with the author.

Therefore, when browsing texts from these institutions it would be valuable to get a sense of what type of texts are likely included at a higher or lower rate. So, what type of texts it is better to go elsewhere to look for. A simple brochure or web page people could read would suffice, to see a list of some of the texts that were controversially included or excluded, and ideally the reasons why.

Finally, I think there is value in discussing the embarrassment some people feel about controversially platforming some texts under the banner of 'The Anarchist Library'. For example, if one of the reasons for hosting a text on the The Anarchist Library is that it can't easily be found elsewhere, then having that be more well-known may encourage people to start a unique archival project specifically for exploring texts on that subject. Also, most every anarchist would agree that platforming the complete works of Mao under the banner of The Anarchist Library just because he was an ex-anarchist would be an unjustifiably embarrassing platforming of ideas. So, I just think it would be good for the library crew to post publicly the arguments and counter-arguments for why they think archiving various controversial authors and texts would or would not amount to this kind of embarrassing platforming.

The How, The Why & The Lessons Learned

I was bored so I decided to spreadsheet the web.archive.org list of URLs of The Anarchist Library and sort them against the live sitemap.

This meant that I could see the list of texts that were once public on the library, but that have now been deleted.

Here's some of what I found out:

1. Most of the texts are saved to unlisted URLs so that they can be remembered by librarians and searched through in an 'unpublished console'.
2. Often the reason given for deleting a text was just because it was discovered that the text had lots of OCR errors, so fell below quality standards. I found a few texts that I thought were worth the time fixing, so I fixed them, re-submitted them and one has already been re-published.
3. I agreed that some of the texts weren't suited for the anarchist library, but I was glad to find them as I thought they were worthwhile archiving on other libraries.
4. I disagreed with some of the reasons for deleting texts given by librarians, but I found the reasons interesting nonetheless for understanding the library crew's archiving ethos.

Finally I've been able to gather together a collection of essays to display here for people who are curious to read some of the texts that were deleted for unclear reasons or because the librarians thought they weren't anarchist enough.

None of the texts below are ones that were deleted due to a request by the author, or DMCA, or bad formatting.

I won't show the unlisted URL's in case a spam bot brakes the texts or something. Also, if any authors of the texts below stumble on this collection and wish to see their text removed, you can feel free to edit the text yourself to delete your section, or leave a note in the proposed edits, or email 'TheLibraryofUnconventionalLives at proton.me' and I'm sure it'll be deleted.

Further Reading

- A text dump on various library publishing ethos
- Some of The Anarchist Library's Controversially Published, Deleted & Rejected Texts
- My recommendations for different amusewiki libraries

A Short List of Some of the Deleted Texts

1. Yang Chu's Garden of Pleasure
2. Bob Black's Letter to Seattle Police
3. Liberation Theology for Quakers
4. Outlaw Kings and Rebellion Chic
5. Think of the (queer) children
6. A Planned and Coordinated Anarchy
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48. Postcapitalist Desire
49. Captives of the Flame
50. The Jewels of Aptom

1. Yang Chu's Garden of Pleasure

Subtitle: The Philosophy of Individuality

Author: Yang Chu

Authors: Yang Chu, Yang Zhu, Yangzi, Rosemary Brant

Topics: individualism, hedonism, egoism, individualism, Taoism, proto-anarchism, Chinese anarchism

Date Published on T@L: 2022-04-12T22:52:41

Note: Translated by Rosemary Brant and Anton Forke.

This is a translation of chapter 7 of the Lieh Tzu (Liezi) text.

ISBN: 965494206-2

Deleted reason: I think this is a good fit for the library, but other librarians are ambivalent on the topic. Moving to deleted for now. The foreword was somewhat disagreeable at places and shapes the reading of the text; to remedy this, this version lacks the foreword.

Chapter 1: The Vanity of Fame

While traveling in Lu, Yang Chu stayed with Meng sun-Yang.

“A man can never be more than man,” said Meng, “so why do people try to be famous?”

“If they want to be famous,” said Yang Chu, “it is because they want to be rich.”

“Then why aren’t they satisfied when they become rich?” Meng asked.

“Because they want to be honored as well,” said Yang Chu.

“Then why don’t they stop once they are honored?” asked Meng.

“Because of their mortality,” said Yang Chu.

“But what can they want after they die?” asked Meng.

“They think of their offspring, of the generations to come,” said Yang Chu.

“And how can their fame be available to their offspring?” asked Meng.

To this, Yang Chu answered: “People go through physical and mental hardships in order to be famous. They get ride of their glory to benefit their family and friends. Their neighbors and acquaintances benefit too. Imagine how much more their offspring benefit. Nevertheless, it is typical of people who want real fame to neglect themselves. They don’t pay attention to their personal needs and this leads to poverty. In the same manner, they may become unpretentious, and this is like being modest.”

Considering all of this, how can fame be ignored? How can fame occur naturally?

The ignorant give up reality in their pursuit of fame. By doing this, they will be disappointed that nothing can save them from danger and death, and not only learn how to distinguish between ease and pleasure, and between sorrow and grief.

Chapter 2: Real and False Greatness

Yang Chu said:

“When Kuan Ching was a minister for the King of Ch’i, he behaved in the following manner: When the king acted without restraint, Kuan Ching was unrestrained as well. When the king behaved recklessly, Kuan Ching was reckless too. Kuan obeyed the king and fulfilled his every wish. In this manner, he helped the kingdom to prosper. However, when the king died, Kuan Ching was simply Mr. Kuan again — nothing more.

When Tien was a minister for the King of Ch’i, he behaved in the following manner. When the king was overpowering and repressive, Tien showed courtesy and compassion. When the king collected taxes, Tien distributed money. The people admired Tien for these actions. He eventually became the King of Ch’i, and his offspring rule it to this day.

If anybody is truly great, he is poor. If anyone’s greatness is false, he is rich.”

Yang Chu said:

“The man who is truly good is not famous, he is not really a good man, as fame is nothing but falsehood.

In ancient times, Yao and Shun pretended to give up their empire to Hsu-yu and Shan-Chuan. However, they didn’t actually give up the empire, and enjoyed happiness for a hundred years.

Po Yo and Shu-Ch’i really did give up their empire. These sons of Prince Ku-Chu lost their kingdom because of their father’s request, and died of starvation on the mountain of Shou-Yang.

This is the difference between the truth and falseness.”

Chapter 3: The Shortness of Conscious Life

Yang Chu said:

“One hundred years is considered to be a long life, but only one in one thousand people live this long. However, even those that live this long spend many years—about half of the time—in the unconsciousness of infancy and old age.

The time that passes while sleeping at night, and the time wasted during the day, amount to another half of one’s life. Pain, sickness, sorrow, and fear fill up another half of the time. Ultimately, a person who lives a long life really only has ten years of enjoyment. And even then, not a single hour is free from some anxiety or another.

What is the purpose of life, then? What makes it pleasant? Comfort and elegance, music and beauty. Still, one cannot always fulfill one’s desire for Comfort and elegance, nor can one constantly enjoy beauty and music.

Furthermore, people are always being warned by punishments and encouraged by rewards. They are urged forward by fame and pushed backward by laws. They are almost always anxious. They strive to achieve one vain hour of glory, to leave a legacy that will continue after their death. In these they walk down solitary paths, analyzing every that they see and hear, carefully considering what is good for their body and mind. They squander the happiest moments of the present, and cannot even experience these feelings for one hour.

How are free people really any different from chained criminals?

The Ancients knew that life is short, and that all creatures die suddenly. Thanks to this knowledge, they gave in to their impulses and natural inclinations.

They didn’t deny themselves anything that could give them pleasure. They didn’t seek out fame, but followed their own nature. They went along with their desires, and never restricted their inclinations. They did not seek fame after death. They didn’t do anything criminal either. They paid no attention to things like glory, fame, status and position, and paid no attention to how long they lived.”

Chapter 4: Death the Equalizer

Yang Chu said:

In life, all living things are different. In death, all living things are alike.

“In life, there is a difference between intelligence and stupidity, between being honored and being looked down upon. In death, there is equality in rotteness and decay. Neither can be prevented. Although intelligence, stupidity, reverence, and condescension exist, they cannot be affected by humans, just as rotteness and decay cannot be prevented. Humans cannot make life and death. They cannot make intelligence, stupidity, reverence or lowness. All beings live and die equally. All are equally wise and stupid, honorable and disrespected.

Some people die at the age of ten; others live to be one hundred years old. Still, the wise and the kindhearted die just as the feeble-minded and cruel die.

Living, they were known as Yao and Shun. Dead, they are an indistinguishable pile of bones. But if we concentrate on enjoying life, we will have no time to worry about what comes after death.

Chapter 5: False Virtues

Yang Chu said:

“Po Yi did not live without desire. He was so proud of his pure mind that he didn’t eat and, as a consequence, died of starvation.

Chan Chi did not live without passion. He was so proud of his virtue that he failed to produce offspring.

“People who pursue purity and virtue and, as a result, behave falsely, are like these men.”

Chapter 6: The Ideal Life

Yang Chu said:

“Yuan Hsie lived in Lu and was poor. Tse Kung lived in Wei and was wealthy.

One was bothered by poverty. The other was worried because of his wealth.

So, neither poverty nor wealth is good.

In that case, what should a person do?

“My answer is this: Enjoy life and live at ease. People who know how to enjoy life are not poor. People who live at ease do not need great wealth.”

Chapter 7: Duty to the Living and the Dead

Yang Chu said:

“There is an old saying which goes like this: We should pity the living and part with the dead. It is a wise saying.

Pity is not just a passing feeling.

“So, we can cure the ill and feed the hungry. We can provide warmth to those who are cold, and help people who are suffering. However, as for the dead, once we have mourned them properly, there is no point in putting valuables in their graves, or dressing them in fine clothing, or offering sacrifices in their honor, or creating images in their likeness.”

Chapter 8: The Art of Life

Yen-Ping-Chung asked Kuan-Yi-Wu about cherishing life.

Kuan-Yi-Wu answered:

“To cherish life is to simply let it run its course, without impeding or blocking it.”

“What do you mean?” asked Yen-Ping-Chung.

“Allow the ear to hear what it likes to hear,” answered Kuan-Yi-Wu, “and the eye to see what it enjoys. Allow the nose to smell what it likes, and the mouth to say what it wants. Allow the body to enjoy the comforts it likes to have, and the mind to do what it likes.

The ear likes to hear music. If the ear is not allowed to hear music, it is an obstacle to hearing.

The eye likes to see beauty. If the eye is not allowed to see beauty, it is an obstacle to seeing.

The nose likes to smell perfume. If the nose is not allowed to smell perfume, it is an obstacle to smelling.

The mouth likes to talk about what is right and what is wrong. If the mouth is not allowed to speak, it is an obstacle to understanding.

The body enjoys things such as rich foods and fine clothing. If a body is not permitted to have these comforts, it is an obstacle to the body’s senses.

The mind likes to be at peace. If the mind is not allowed to rest, it is an obstacle to the mind’s nature.

All these obstacles cause anxiety and agitation.

Nurting these obstacles that cause anxiety is like a sickness. One is unable to get rid of these barriers, and so although one may have a long life, it will be a sad life. Preserving life so that it is one hundred, one thousand, even ten thousand years long, is not what I would call cherishing life.

I understand that to take pleasure in life is to live in calm enjoyment. It is to live without trying to obstruct the senses. It is to wait for death calmly — for a day, a month, a year or even ten years.”

“I have told you about how to cherish life,” said Kuan-Yi-Wu. “Now, please tell me about burying the dead.”

“Burying the dead is not very important,” said Yen-Ping-Chung. “What should I tell you about it?”

“I really want to hear it,” replied Kuan-Yi-Wu.

Yen-Ping-Chung answered:

“What can I do when I am dead? They may burn my body or throw it into deep water. They may bury my body or leave it unburied. They may wrap my body in a cloth and throw it in a ditch, or cover it with fine clothes and place it in an elaborate stone coffin. All of these possibilities depend on mere chance.”

Kuan-Yi-Wu looked at Pao-Shu-huang-tse. “We have both made some progress in the doctrine of life and death,” he said.

Chapter 9: The Happy Hedonists

Tse-chen was a minister in Cheng. He governed for three years, and governed well. Good people obeyed his orders, and bad people were fearful of his laws. Cheng was governed in this manner, and the princes were afraid of it.

Tse-Chan had an elder brother named Kung-sun-Chow, and a younger brother named Kung-sun-Mu. The elder brother loved to eat and the younger brother loved women.

At Kung-sun-Chow's house, a thousand barrels of wine were stored, and there were heaps of yeast as well. The stench of drugs and liquor could be smelled a hundred feet from the door of the house, offending neighbors and people passing by.

Kung-sun-Chow was drunk so often that he had 0 feelings of regret or sorrow. He had no idea of what was safe or dangerous in life. He didn't even know what was going on in his own house, and was unaware if something was present or missing.

He knew nothing about the lives of his close distant relatives, and didn't even know if someone had been born or died.

He was so oblivious to his surroundings that water, fire, or even swords could almost touch him with him being aware of it.

At Kung-sun-Mu's house, there was a compound of about thirty or forty apartments to house beautiful women. Kung-sun-Mu was so captivated by the charms of women that he neglected relatives and friends, and paid no attention to his family. He spent all of his time in his inner courtyard, turning nighttime into day.

Over the course of three months, he left his compound only once, and still, he felt unsatisfied.

If there was a pretty girl in the neighborhood, he would do anything to win her heart. He would bribe her and flatter her ceaselessly, stopping only if it was truly impossible to attain what he wanted.

Tse-Chan thought these things over, and secretly went to consult with Teng-hsi.

"I have heard that how one cares for oneself influences one's family" said Tse-Chan, "and that one's family influences the state. In other words, by paying attention to the things closest to home, one affects things that are distant

I have taken care of my kingdom, and it is in good shape, but my family is in disorder. Perhaps this is not the right way. What should I do? How can I help my brothers?"

"I have thought about this issue for a long time," said Teng-hsi, "but dared not approach you first. Why don't you use your power to control them? Encourage them by telling them about the importance of life and nature; rebuke them gently by telling them about the benefits of virtuous and appropriate behavior."

Tse-Chan followed Teng-hsi's advice. When he next saw his brothers, he said to them:

"The ability to think is what makes man superior to animals and birds," he said. "By using his mind, man understands virtue and morality, modesty and appropriate behavior. This is the behavior that helps him to achieve glory and success. You, however, are only interested in things that excite your senses. You indulge in your wicked desires, thereby endangering your lives and natures.

Listen to what I say. Repent in the morning, and by evening you will have already improved your lives."

Chow and Mu said:

"We knew all of this a long time ago, and made our decision from choice.

We didn't need your advice to enlighten us.

It is difficult to preserve life, but easy to find death. Still, no one would think of simply waiting for death, which comes so easily, just because it is difficult to preserve life.

You value good behavior and virtuosity in order to stand out from other people. You obstruct your feelings and true nature by striving for this glory. To us, this seems worse than death.

The only thing we are worried about is fulfilling our desires too soon. We worry that seeing too many beautiful women and eating too much excellent food might stop us from pursuing what we love. We worry that we may be too weak physically to enjoy being with beautiful women, or that our stomachs may be too full to eat any more delicious food.

“We have no time to waste worrying about our reputations or the state of our minds. For you to come and bother us simply because you are at ruling people, for you to try and charm us you with promises of fame and advancement is shameful and terrible.

But we will answer your question anyway.

Listen. Just because someone knows how to regulate external things doesn't mean those things will become regulated. Furthermore, that person's body will still have to work and labor. However, if someone knows how to regulate internal things, he may actually succeed in regulating those things. His mind will then be at peace, and he can rest.

Your method for regulating external things works on a temporary basis, and only for a single kingdom, at that. Furthermore, it is not harmonious with the human heart. Our method for regulating internal things can be applied throughout the whole universe. Furthermore, it would eliminate the need for princes and ministers.

We always wanted to explain our doctrine to you. Now, we would like you to explain your doctrine to us.”

Tse-Chan was bewildered, and found no answer for his brothers.

He later met Teng-hsi, and told him what happened.

“You are living with real men,” said Teng-hsi, “and did not know it.

Who says you are wise? Cheng has been governed all this time by chance, and not due to any skill of yours.”

Chapter 10: The Joyous Life of Tuan-Mu-Shu

Tuan-Mu-Shu of Wei was a descendent of Tse-Kung.

He received an inheritance of ten thousand gold pieces. Untroubled by fate, he did whatever he wanted.

He lived a good life and indulged in his desires. With walls and buildings, pavilions and verandahs, gardens and parks, ponds and lakes, wine and food, vehicles and clothing, women and servants, he imitated the luxurious lifestyle of the princes of Chi and Chu.

Whenever he wanted something, he would go to any length to get it, no matter what the cost, or how difficult it was to achieve. He would even travel to faraway lands outside of the kingdom of Chi to find what his heart desired, to hear what his ear wanted to hear, to see what his eye wanted to see, to taste what his mouth wanted to taste.

Although such journeys may be difficult and dangerous, over mountains, across rivers, and down long roads, he would embark upon them as lightly as other men walk a few steps.

Every day, he entertained a hundred guests in his palace. There was always something cooking in his kitchens, and the halls and courtyards of his home were always filled with music and song. He distributed leftovers from his table first among his own family. What was left, he divided among his neighbors. Anything left after that was distributed throughout the kingdom.

Tuan-mu-Shu's mind and body began to deteriorate when he was 60 years old. He gave away his household and all of his treasures. He gave away precious stones, vehicles, clothing, women and servants. Within a year, he had given away all of his fortune, leaving nothing for himself and his children. When he became sick, he could not afford to buy medicine or a lancet (a sharp, often double-edged surgical instrument used to make small incisions). When he died, he did not even have enough money to pay for a funeral. His neighbors, who had benefited from him for years, donated money to bury him. They gave the money he had given away back to his descendants.

When Ch'in-ku-li heard this story, he said:

"Tuan-mu-Shu was a fool who brought disgrace to his ancestor."

When Tuan-Kan-Sheng heard this story, he said:

"Tuan-mu-Shu was a wise man. His virtue was greater than that of his ancestors. Rational people may have been surprised by his behavior, but he followed the right doctrine. The superior men of Wei only paid attention to proper behavior. There is no doubt that they didn't have a heart like his."

Chapter 11: The Foolishness of Wanting a Long Life

Meng-sun-Yang asked Yang Chu:

“Some people nurture life, taking care of their bodies as though they wish to live forever. Is that possible?”

“According to the laws of nature, there is no such thing as immortality,” replied Yang Chu.

“But is it possible to have a very long life!” asked Meng-sun-Yang.

“According to nature,” said Yang Chu, “there is no such thing as a very long life. Furthermore, life cannot be preserved by nurturing it, and the body does not benefit from taking care of it.” “What is a long life then?” asked Meng-sun-Yang.

“In a long life, everything would be the same as it is now. In the past, the five good and bad passions were the same as they are now. In the past, the safety and danger of the four limbs were the same as they are now. Grief and joy were also the same, as was the constant fluctuation between peace and war. Having experienced all of these things, one would be quite tired at the age of one hundred, One would be even more tired if one lived a very long life!”

“If that’s the case,” said Meng-sun-Yang, “then perhaps a sudden death is better than a long life. Maybe to achieve what the heart desires, we should commit suicide by running onto a sword or jumping into deep water.”

“No,” said Yang Chu. “Once you have acquired life, do not pay any attention to it and simply allow it to occur, take note of its desires and wishes, and in this manner wait for death.

When death comes, do not pay attention to it. Let it simply arrive. Take note of what it brings you, and allow yourself to be taken away to nothingness.

If you pay no attention to life or death, if you let them be as they are, then how can you be too anxious about whether life will end too soon?”

Chapter 12: Self-Sacrifice and Self-Aggrandizement

Yang Chu said:

“Po-chêng-tse-kao would not give up a hair of his body to help another person. He left his country and became a laborer. Yü the Great did not care for his own body, which became quite emaciated.

If the Ancients could have helped the world by hurting a hair on their own heads, they would not have done it. And, if the universe had been offered to a single person, he would not have accepted it.

Because nobody would damage a single hair, and because nobody would do anything to help the world, the world was in a perfect state.”

Ch'in-Tse asked Yang Chu:

“If you could, would you help humanity by pulling out a hair from your body?”

“Surely humanity is not helped by a single hair,” answered Yang Chu.

“But if it were possible, would you do it?” asked Ch'in-Tse.

Yang Chu didn't answer.

Ch'in-Tse told this to Meng-sun-Yang, who replied:

“I will explain the Master's meaning.

If you were offered ten thousand gold pieces for tearing off a piece of your skin, would you do it?”

“Yes, I would do it,” replied Ch'in-Tse.

Then Meng sun Yang asked:

“Suppose you would get a kingdom for cutting off one of your limbs, would you do it?”

Ch'in-Tse did not answer.

“See now,” said Meng-sun-Yang. “Compared with the skin, a single hair is unimportant. Compared with a limb, the skin is unimportant.

“However, many hairs together form skin, and many skins together form a limb. Therefore, even though a hair is just one of the many cells that compose the body, it should not be taken lightly.”

“I don't know what to say,” replied Ch'in-Tse. “If I asked Lao tse and Kuan Yin, they would agree with your opinion. The Great Yu and Me ti would also agree with you.”

Following this reply, Meng-sun-Yang turned back to his disciples and spoke of something else.

Chapter 13: The Vanity of Reputation

Yang Chu said:

“The world praises Shun-Yu, the Duke of Chow and Confucius. The world condemns Chieh and Chow. Shun had to work hard. He ploughed in Ho yang and burned tiles in Lei tse. His body had no rest, and he knew nothing about rich food or warm clothing.

His parents and relatives did not love him. His brothers and sisters showed him no affection.

When he was thirty years old, he was forced to marry without telling his parents.

When Yao gave him his empire to rule, Shun was already an old man, and his mind was declining. He knew his son Shang-Chun had no ability to rule, and so he left his empire to Yü. Still, Shun had to work and slave until he died.

Of all people, Shun was the most pitiable and miserable.

Shun put Kun to death on Mount Yu Shan, because he felt Kun's efforts to control the water and build an embankment were impracticable. Kun's son Yu followed in his father's footsteps. Although working for his enemy, he invested all his energy on building the embankment. He was so busy that when a son was born to him, he did not even have the time to hold it in his arms. He was so busy that when he walked by his own house, he did not have the time to enter. His body became withered and his hands and feet became hard due to his hard work. When Shun left his empire to Yü, he still lived in a small house. He wore only an elegant sash and a small crown. He had to work and slave until he died.

Of all people, Yü was the most overworked and exhausted.

When King Yü died, Cheng was still young, and the Duke of Chow became Prince Regent.

The Duke of Chow was not content, and spread evil rumors about Chow throughout the empire. Chow stayed in the east for three years. He caused his older brother to be beheaded and his younger brother to be banished. As for himself, he was nearly killed as well. He had to work and slave until he died.

Of all people, he was the most threatened and frightened.

Confucius was very familiar with the old emperors and their doctrines. He even accepted invitations from the princes of his time. Still, when he was in Sung, the tree under which he was teaching his pupils was deliberately cut down. He was driven out of Wei, and his footprints were erased. He got into trouble in Shang and Chow and was beaten in Chen and Tsai. He was humiliated by Chi and insulted by Yang-hu. He had to work and slave until he died.

“Of all people, he was the most harassed and worried.

“All of these sages did not enjoy a single day of pleasure while they lived. After they died, their reputation lasted for many years.

“But reputation cannot restore life.

“You give them praise, but they don't know it. You honor them, but they don't know it either. Now, there is no difference between these sages and a lump of earth.

“Chieh used up the wealth acquired by many generations. He achieved honor by conquering lands to the south. He was wise enough to control many subjects. He was strong enough to shake the land surrounded by the four seas. He indulged in whatever pleased his eyes and ears. He fulfilled every one of his heart's desires. He was happy and merry until he died.

Of all people, he was the most irresponsible and wasteful.

Chow also helped himself to the wealth of many generations, and became King.

Everything submitted to his will.

All night long, he gave himself up to his desires.

He indulged in lustful behavior with his concubines. He didn't make his life bitter by concerning himself with proper behavior or virtuosity.

He was happy and merry until he was put to death.

Of all people, he was the most immoral and excessive.

These two villains enjoyed themselves while they lived, following their inclinations and fulfilling their desires. After they died, they were called fools and tyrants. But reality cannot be affected by reputations.

Oblivious to criticism and unaware of praise, they were no different from a tree stump or a lump of earth.

The four sages were widely admired, but they were troubled all of their lives. Equally and alike, they were all doomed to die at the end.

The two villains were widely hated and despised, but they enjoyed themselves all of their lives. They too were doomed to die at the end.”

Chapter 14: Difficulty and Ease of Government

Yang Chu had an audience with the King of Leang.

“To govern the world is as easy as turning around the palm of the hand,” said Yang Chu.

“You have a wife and a concubine,” said the King of Leang, “but you are unable to govern them. You have a three-acre garden, but you are unable to care for it. How then can you say that governing the world is like turning around the palm of your hand?”

“Look at the shepherds, your Majesty,” answered Yang Chu. “A young boy, only five feet high, has the responsibility of carrying a whip and driving a hundred sheep. The boy wants them to go eastward, and they obey him. The boy wants them to go westward, and they obey him. Now let Yao drag a sheep, and Shen follow with a whip, and they will never move forward a yard. Fish that swallow ships do not enter small rivers.

“Wild geese that fly high in the sky do not land on low marshes. Instead, they pass over the marshes as they fly. The notes C and Cis are not in harmony with quick and lively airs, because their sound is too different. Similarly, a man who is busy with important issues does not trouble himself with trivial ones. And a man who accomplishes great deeds does not accomplish small ones. That is what I meant.

Chapter 15: All Things Pass

Yang Chu said:

“Things that occurred in the most ancient times have faded from memory. Who remembers such things? A few things are preserved from the time of the three generations of Emperors, but the rest has been lost. A little is still known about the five rulers, but the rest is only presumed. Regarding the time of the three emperors, some events are hidden in obscurity and some are clear, but out of one hundred thousand events, not a single one is remembered. In our present life, some things are heard and some things are seen, but not even one out of ten thousand events is remembered. It is impossible to figure out the number of years that has passed since ancient times until the present day. Even if we just count from Fw-hsi onwards there are more than three hundred thousand years.

“In the end, everything is effaced. Every trace of intelligent and stupid men, of the beautiful and ugly, of the successful and failed, of the right and wrong, is obliterated. The only variable is whether the effacement occurs quickly or slowly.

If anybody worries about the blame or praise that takes place in a single hour, so much that he tortures his spirit and body, so much so that he struggles to make a name that will last some hundred years after his death, can the halo of fame give life to his dead bones, or return to him the joy of living?”

Chapter 16: The Nature of Man

Yang Chu said:

“Men are like the heaven and the earth. They cherish five virtues. Of all creatures on the earth man has the most skills. He cannot sustain and shelter himself using only his nails and teeth. He cannot defend himself using only his skin and muscles. By running, he cannot earn a living or escape danger. He does not have hair or feathers to protect him from the cold or the heat. Man must use other things to take care of his person. He must rely on his intelligence; brute force is not enough. Man values intelligence because it saves us, and despises brute force because it impinges on things.

I do not really own my own body. When I am born, I must complete it. Furthermore, I don't really possess objects. Though I may have them now, I must part with them later. The body is necessary to being born, but things are necessary for maintaining the body.

If a body were born complete, I could not possess it. Also, I could not possess things that were not to be parted with in the future. It would be unlawful to possess a body or an object that actually belonged to the whole universe. No sage would take possession of things that actually belong to the universe.

The perfect man is he who regards the body, and the things of the universe, as belonging to the universe.

That is the highest degree of perfect.”

Chapter 17: The Four Chimeras

Yang Chu said:

“There are four things which do not allow people to rest:

Long life, Reputation, Status, Wealth.

Those who have these four things fear dead men and living men, power and punishment. They are always fugitives. Whether they are killed or whether they live, they spend their lives being controlled by external forces.

People who do not try to live in defiance of the natural life do not desire a long life. Those who are not fond of honor do not want reputation.

Those who do not want power do not want status.

Those who are not greedy do not want to acquire wealth.

It can truthfully be said that this type of man lives in accordance with his nature. In all of the world, he is unique.

He regulates his life according to internal things.

There is an old proverb which says: Man would be free from half of his desires if he were not married, and did not have an official career. If man could live without clothes and food, there would be no need for rulers or being ruled.”

Chapter 18: All Pleasures are Relative

In the time of Chow, there was a well-known saying:

“Can a farmer sit down and rest?”

At dawn he heads for the field, and at night he returns.

He considers this the constant course of human nature.

He eats plain food that seems delicious to him. His skin and joints are rough and bloated, and his muscles and joints are thick and swollen. If he could spend one day wearing smooth fur, living in a silk tent, and eating fine food such as meat, millet, orchids, and oranges, he would become sick in his heart. His body would grow weak, and the fire in his soul would cause him to become ill.

On the other hand, if the Prince of Shang or Lu tried to work in the field like a farmer for one day, they would soon be totally exhausted. Nevertheless, both of these men say that there is nothing better than their comforts and pleasures in this world.

There was an old farmer in Sung who only wore rough clothes made from hemp. Even in the cold of winter, these were the only clothes he wore. When he worked in the fields in the spring, he allowed the sun to shine on his bare back, warming his body.

He did not know that such things as large mansions and winter apartments, fine material and silk, fox and badger fur existed in the world.

One day, he turned to his wife and said: ‘People do not know how pleasant it is to have warm sunshine on the bare back. I will tell our prince about this. I am sure he will send me a fine present.’

A rich man in the village said to the old farmer: There was once a man who enjoyed eating big beans, the fibrous stalk of the hemp plant, pungent-tasting cress, and duckweed, a plant that grows on stagnant water. He told the village elder of these foods. The elder tasted them, and they burnt his mouth and gave him a stomach ache.

Everybody laughed and was angry with the old farmer. The old farmer was very ashamed.

You resemble this man.”

Chapter 19: The Wisdom of Contentment

Yang Chu said:

“How can a person who has the following four things — a comfortable house, fine clothes, good food, and pretty women want anything else? A man who wants more will never be satisfied, and the inability to be satisfied is a worm that eats the body and mind.

A ruler is not put to ease by loyalty. Indeed, loyalty may endanger one’s body. Virtuosity cannot help the world. Indeed, it may harm one’s life. Loyalty will not bring peace to a ruler, and the reputation of the loyal dwindles to nothing over time. The world does not benefit from virtuosity, and the reputation of the virtuous is worthless.

How can rulers and subjects both be at ease! How can the world and the individual be helped at the same time? This is described in a saying of the Ancients.”

Yu Tse said:

“A man who rejects fame will have no sorrow.”

Lao Tse said:

“Fame comes after reality. Nowadays people pursue fame with great frenzy — is it not true that fame comes naturally if no attention is paid to it? Currently, fame means being looked up to and respected. The lack of fame means being humble and disgraced. Ease and pleasure come after honor and respect. Sorrow and grief accompany humbleness and disgrace. They are also in opposition to human nature. Ease and pleasure are harmonious with human nature. These things have reality.”

2. Bob Black's Letter to Seattle Police

Date Published on T@L: 2020-07-08T13:49:40 **Author:** Bob Black **Topics:** drugs, accountability, snitches **Date:** February 21, 1996 **Source:** Retrieved on 2020-07-07 from www.seesharppress.com

The following is a photocopy of the narcing letter that “citizen informant” attorney Bob Black (Robert C. Black, author of the aptly titled — given his “job” — “The Abolition of Work”) sent to the Seattle Police on February 21, 1996 informing on author Jim Hogshire. This letter was reproduced on page 17 of the Fall 1996 Loompanics Unlimited Supplement. (Loompanics was Jim Hogshire’s publisher, and also was, until this disgraceful incident, Black’s publisher; following this incident, they dropped Bob Black and pulped his books.) See also Jim Hogshire’s comments on the behavior of police informant and attorney Bob Black.

February 21, 1996

February 21, 1996
Seattle Police Department
Narcotics Division
610 Third Street
Seattle WA

Dear Sirs:

I am writing to inform you of a drug laboratory I learned of during a recent visit to Seattle. It is located in the apartment of Jim Hogshire and Heidi Faust Hogshire, 616 Bellevue East — the number is, if I recall, #27.

The Hogshires are addicted to opium, which they consume as tea and by smoking. In a few hours on February 10/11 I saw Jim Hogshire drink several quarts of the tea, and his wife smaller amounts. He also took Dexedrine and Ritalin several times. They have a vacuum pump and other drug-manufacturing tech. Hogshire told me he was working out a way to manufacture heroin from Sudafed.

Hogshire is the author of the book *Opium for the Masses* which explains how to grow opium and how to produce it from the fresh plant or from seeds obtainable from artist-supply stores. His own consumption is so huge that he must be growing is somewhere. I enclose a copy of parts of his book. He also publishes a magazine *Pills a Go Go* under an alias promoting the fraudulent acquisition and recreational consumption of controlled drugs.

Should you ever pay the Hogshires a visit, you should know that they keep an M-1 rifle leaning against the wall near the computer.

Sincerely,

Robert C. Black

3. Liberation Theology for Quakers

Deleted reason: Not anarchist.

Author: Alice & Staughton Lynd

Authors: Alice Lynd, Staughton Lynd

Topics: Liberation Theology; Quakers; religion; Nicaragua; Catholicism

Date: April 1996

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About the Authors

Staughton Lynd's first vivid impression of Quakers came from his father's description of the Quaker wedding of Staughton's cousin, David Hartley, and Margaret Wagner of the Stony Run Friends Meeting (Baltimore). David had been an ambulance driver with the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC) in Italy during World War II, and was the first conscientious objector Staughton knew.

Alice recalls going as a child to Friends Meeting with her parents, Henry E. Niles and Mary Cushing Howard Niles, in Westerly, RI, and on Park Avenue in Baltimore. Her parents joined the Friends at Stony Run in the late 1940s.

Staughton and Alice were married at the Stony Run Friends Meeting House in 1951. They joined the Society of Friends in Atlanta in 1963, briefly transferred their membership to the New Haven Friends Meeting, and from there transferred to the 57th Street Meeting of Friends in Chicago. Since moving to Ohio in 1976, they have continued as non-resident members of the 57th Street Meeting.

Acknowledgements

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We are Quakers. We have faith that there is a potential for good in every person, and that this “inner light” needs no mediation by priest or church. We believe in treating people as equals. We believe in nonviolence and forgiveness. We disavow retaliation or retribution. We try to practice direct speaking, speaking truth to power, and living consistently with our values. We follow a simple way of life and try to be responsible stewards of the earth and its resources. We think these are Quaker beliefs.

At the very opposite end of the spectrum of Christian belief, it might seem, stands the Roman Catholic Church. Hierarchy, ritual, a prescribed liturgy, a fixed creed are sharply at odds with Friends’ practice of a gathered silent meeting in which any person present can become the channel through which a message, unpredictable in advance, may be voiced.

Yet our most powerful spiritual experiences in recent years have been among Roman Catholics in Nicaragua who belonged to what they call the popular Church, that is, the segment of the Catholic community influenced by “liberation theology” and “the preferential option for the poor.”

We urge Friends to reflect on the teachings of liberation theology. As a stimulus, we offer here a record of our own joint effort to live out our Quaker convictions, our own experiments in truth.

Liberation Theology

What is “liberation theology”? What is meant by “the preferential option for the poor”? In our experience, at least the following four things:

First, liberation theology is motivated by the conviction that God does not want anyone to be poor and oppressed and that the Kingdom of God should be lived out here on earth. The spokespersons of this approach refer to *institutional violence* and *structural injustice*, meaning that the institutions and structures of society that allow some persons to oppress others must be confronted and changed.

Second, the “preferential option for the poor” or, in plain English, *the choice to stand on the side of the poor*, refers to two kinds of choice. For those who believe in a personal god (as we do not), there is God’s choice of the poor, shown by the evidence that God chose to deliver his message through someone born in a cow stall, who was a carpenter (or whose father was a carpenter), who found his followers among fishermen, and who was executed in the humiliating manner used to silence slaves and rebels.

Next there is the choice for service to the poor that may be made by persons like ourselves: persons born into the middle class, or educated to a degree that offers access to a middle-class style of life. The preferential option for the poor led Sister Helen Prejean to St. Thomas, a housing project in New Orleans, and later to her work against capital punishment:

I came to St. Thomas as part of a reform movement in the Catholic Church, seeking to harness religious faith to social justice...

In 1980 my religious community, the Sisters of St. Joseph of Medaille, had made a commitment to “stand on the side of the poor,” and I had assented, but reluctantly. I resisted this recasting of the faith of my childhood, where what counted was a personal relationship with God, inner peace, kindness to others, and heaven when this life was done. I didn’t want to struggle with politics and economics. We were nuns, after all, not social workers, and some realities in life were, for better or worse, rather fixed like the gap between rich and poor...

She recalls a meeting in June 1980 when Sister Marie Augusta Neal, a sociologist, spoke:

she described the glaring inequities in the world: two thirds of the peoples of the world live at or below subsistence level while one third live in affluence... I found myself mentally pitting my arguments against her challenge—we were nuns, not social workers, not political. But it’s as if she knew what I was thinking. She pointed out that to claim to be apolitical or neutral in the face of such injustices would be, in actuality, to uphold the status quo— a very political position to take, and on the side of the oppressors...

“The Gospels record that Jesus preached good news to the poor,” she said, “and an essential part of that good news was that they were to be poor no longer.” Which meant they were not

to meekly accept their poverty and suffering as God's will, but, instead, struggle to obtain the necessities of life which were rightfully theirs.¹

In that moment, Sister Prejean says, she realized that her spiritual life was too disconnected. She left the meeting and began to seek out the poor.

We think that acting not just for, but with, the poor and oppressed, and then living out the unforeseen consequences of that choice, is what Archbishop Oscar Romero meant by "accompaniment."

Third, *the dignity and self-activity of poor and working people* is another cardinal belief of liberation theology. All over the world, very much including the United States, poor and working people are constantly being told that they are dumb, that they are unworthy, and that they cannot solve their own problems. They tend to internalize the oppressor's image of themselves.

Liberation theology responds that every one has his or her own dignity, and together we can find a path ahead. In Latin America pastoral agents of the new Catholicism teach the poor that they must not be passive victims, that they can and should "see, judge, and act." These words were spread among Guatemalan workers in the 1950s and 1960s by European priests affiliated with the Young Catholic Worker organization.² These same words were the guiding principles of a base community we visited in a remote village in Matagalpa, Nicaragua in 1987.

Finally, liberation theology promotes the institution of the base community. The essence of a base community as it exists in Latin America is for men and women (and inevitably children) in a neighborhood or village to meet regularly, read the Gospel, and try to apply it in their own life situation.³

The results can be startling. Here is a base community in Nicaragua reflecting on the story of the Good Samaritan, Luke 10:30-37:

For us it is necessary to journey on the road,
Like the man who was traveling to Jericho (and was set upon by thieves),
We have to go to work, and to our homes,
We are not able to stop using the road.
What shall we do?

¹ The levellers were small property owners. Their program, as expressed in their 1648 "Agreement of the People," explicitly called for the exclusion of wage-workers — a majority of the English population — from the franchise. One of the Acts of the "Bacon" Assembly of June 1676 was to restore the right to vote to propertyless freeman, a right that had been specifically withdrawn by the Assembly of 1670. (W. W. Hening, *Statutes-at-Large of Virginia*, 11 vols. [Richmond, 1799-1814], vol. 2, pp. 280, 346. Hereinafter this work will be noted as follows: [vol. no.] Hening [page no.]

² Richard B. Morris, *Government and Labor in Early America* (New York, 1947), pp. 172-177. Richard Morton, *Colonial Virginia* (Chapel Hill, 1960), pp. 224-225.

³ Wilcomb E. Washburn, *The Governor and the Rebel*, (Chapel Hill, 1957), pp. 70-71. Morton, *op. cit.*, p. 260.

And they conclude:
This traveler was assaulted Because he was going by himself.
He was alone,
And for this reason
The robbers were able to assault him
And to leave him half dead.
We must travel very much together.
We must be well organized.
That is: We must organize ourselves

And do all things as a community.
So that what happened to the traveler to Jericho
Won't happen to us.⁴

⁴ George M. Chalmers Collection, Letters Relating to Virginia, I, folio 49, New York Public Library, letter from Virginia, dated September 19, 1676. In addition to this Chalmers item, Washburn (op. cit., p. 209) cites a letter in the Huntington Library, San Marino, California, dated November 14, 1676, from Andrew Marvell to Sir Henry Thompson, attesting to the presence of "Servants and Negroes" in the attack on Jamestown.

Early Friends

Many of these same themes were exemplified in the lives of early Friends. The early Quakers were “made up out of the dregs of the common people”¹ and the original leaders of the Quakers were almost exclusively northern yeomen and craftsmen. Like radical Catholics in Latin America today, these early Quakers stressed institutional rather than individual sin.

It has been suggested that certain Quaker practices preserved in a kind of underground tradition the communal way of life of the medieval peasantry. In a village, “only one form of cultivation was possible at one time in the common fields... The Quaker ‘sense of the meeting carried over into the modern world something of the desire for unanimity which meant so much to the medieval communities.”²

The first Friends in the North American colonies expressed a thoroughgoing social and religious radicalism. There was nothing respectable about Quakerism then. Mary Dyer and other Friends were executed before Quakers were permitted to worship undisturbed in Boston.

Today, Quakers in North America are overwhelmingly white, suburban and well-heeled” and our “meetings consist of well-educated and relatively wealthy enclaves of white people.”³ It is an open question whether Friends might once more, as in their beginnings, become a group that serves the poor directly and is at least in part made up of people who work with their hands, a group that seeks passionately to create a new society in which there will be no great disparities between rich and poor.⁴

¹ Charles M. Andrews, ed., *Narratives of the Insurrections, 1675–1690* (New York, 1915), pp. 102–103.

² For this service, the Privy Council awarded Grantham 200 pounds sterling. Three other captains were given lesser sums. (*Acts of the Privy Council of England, Colonial Series*, 11 June and 19 March, 1679, vol. I [1908], pp. 838 and 814–815.)

³ Captain Grantham’s “Account,” *Bath Mss.*, vol. cited, folios 301–302.

⁴ Andrews, *op. cit.*, pp. 92–94, 140. *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, vol. 19 (1677–78) p. 115.

Our Formation: Macedonia Cooperative Community

When asked by a Friend, “what motivated Alice and Staughton?” our immediate answer was “Macedonia.” Nuns with whom we stayed in Nicaragua spoke of their “formation.” The three years we spent at the Macedonia Cooperative Community, 1954-1957, were the period of our formation, establishing values and teaching us ways of living in community which we vowed to live by for the rest of our lives.

During the summer of 1954, we went for a two-week vacation to visit the Macedonia Cooperative Community in the hills of Northeast Georgia. As we approached, we saw a barefoot woman with a torn shirt carrying a young child. She, we learned later, was a neighbor who visited the community from time to time. Members of the community were better off but lived in “voluntary poverty.” This was a poor area, inhabited by people whose children lacked shoes in winter, on poor land that was suitable for little but pastures and forests. The community earned a meager living from a dairy and from Community Playthings, which made and sold blocks and other wooden play equipment for use in kindergartens and Sunday Schools.

We soon noticed how people at Macedonia listened to each other. There might be a meeting in someone’s living room. Someone spoke. Then a pause. Another observation. Another pause. The speaking was, as Quakers say, “out of the silence.” We fell in love with what we experienced at Macedonia.

Staughton gave up his scholarship at the University of Chicago where he was studying regional planning, and Alice gave up her job as secretary of the Education Department at Roosevelt University. We returned to Macedonia, arriving on November 1, 1954. Our first child was born there in September 1955 and we became full members of the community in December 1955.

Decisions were by consensus, not voting. Consensus decisionmaking, as practiced at Macedonia, was both a means of finding truth and a means of building community. We presumed that every human being is endowed with a conscience, and that we need to use this conscience, to listen and be guided by it: to keep our hearts open. We need each other because none of us can see the whole truth.

At Macedonia we felt that any one of us might notice something that the rest of us were missing. We treasured a particular member who often said at the end of a long discussion, “There’s something off, something just doesn’t ring true” — whereupon, no matter how few the hours before the morning milking, the discussion began all over again.

Each person spoke with his or her own voice. We tried not to represent what we thought someone else was thinking. We would say, “Let’s ask that person.”

We also practiced what we called “direct speaking,” not “gossiping” or speaking behind someone’s back in a way you would not or have not said directly to that person. If you were irritated by what another person did, you went to that person and tried to work it out. If you needed help, you asked a

third person to join the conversation.

Alice Another woman and I had a personality clash that expressed itself in different approaches to the children in the kindergarten. I remember dragging myself to a meeting with this woman and a third member. That meeting! was a turning point. I liked the routines of working with two year olds. The other woman liked to come up with something new every day for the older children. We came to appreciate our differences, each valuing what the other one could do.

The New Testament speaks of clearing up differences with a brother before going to the altar(Matthew 5:23). At Macedonia, we were living together, not just going to church together. We thought it equally important to straighten things out with someone before a business meeting, or on the way to work together at the cowbarn.

We also learned at Macedonia an experiential way of understanding the search for truth. We said that there was a common religious experience that different persons might use quite different words to describe.

We left Macedonia in 1957 when the community decided to merge with the Society of Brothers (later known as the eastern Hutterian Brethren)

Why did our three years at Macedonia mean so much to us? Because it showed us that people could live together in a manner qualitatively different from the dog-eat-dog ambience of capitalist society. The qualitatively different atmosphere of human relationships that we encountered at Macedonia has been our objective ever since. We found it again, to some extent, in the Southern civil rights movement, which sometimes called itself “a band of brothers and sisters standing in a circle of love”: in the practice of solidarity by rank-and-file workers, and in Latin American notions about “accompanying” one another in the search for “el reino de Dios,” the kingdom of God on earth. We found it in these other places because we were looking for it; after Macedonia, we knew it could happen.

Accompaniment: The Southern Civil Rights Movement

When the sit-ins began in early 1960, we cast about for a way to move South. Staughton was then a graduate student in history at Columbia University in New York. The mother of one of the black children in a kindergarten attended by our daughter suggested teaching in a Southern black (or, as they were then called, Negro) college. Staughton was offered a job at Spelman College in Atlanta. His meager salary would be supplemented by a free apartment on campus.

Alice I viewed the situation as a “live-in.” I do not like to participate in picketing, sit-ins, and the like. But, despite my fears that someone would put a bomb in our car, I felt that we could live in the situation.

Good things flowed from that modest preferential option. Spelman students proved full of life. One of them was Alice Walker, future author of *The Color Purple*. Also, we became convinced Friends. Atlanta schools were beginning to desegregate, starting with the upper grades of high school. The only space in Atlanta where black and white youngsters could meet one another socially before facing the common ordeal of the school year was Quaker House, then managed by John and June Yungblut. We began to attend regularly with our two children, aged six and three. We felt that our children, and the children of other families who believed in integration, needed one another and found support at Quaker House.

When our son had just turned five, he fell from a second-floor window of Quaker House and almost died. After the operation, the days and nights of hospital attendance, and Lee’s miraculous recovery of his mind and spirit (he is now a professor of environmental engineering), all of which we lived through with the Atlanta Meeting, we found that we were Friends, formally joining the meeting seemed an acknowledgment of what we had already experienced.

In the autumn of 1962 came the Cuban missile crisis. The mayor of Atlanta wired President Kennedy that all Atlantans supported him (in going to the brink of nuclear war). That could not be permitted to pass, and so a handful of Spelman faculty members together with staff of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) set up a picket line in downtown Atlanta.

Staughton My picture appeared in the *Atlanta Constitution* along with a colleague wrongly identified as Alice. As a result Alice was forced out of her job as a day care teacher.

But something good came of it, too. As the picket line was breaking up, a young black man asked me if he could stay with us overnight until he got his field assignment from SNCC. Of course I said, “Yes.” It was ten days or two weeks before John got his assignment and in the meantime we got to know him well. A year later it was John who called from Mississippi to offer me the position of Freedom School director in the Mississippi Summer Project of 1964.

Accompaniment: Draft Counseling

Staughton During the summer of 1965, I was involved in anti-war protests. I was arrested at the Assembly of Unrepresented People that met in Washington, D.C. on August 6th through 9th (Hiroshima and Nagasaki Days), to declare peace with the people of Vietnam.

Alice I was asking myself what I could do about the war and still be responsible as a mother and nursery school teacher. Many groups held workshops on the grassy mall between the Capitol and the Washington Monument during the Assembly of Unrepresented People. I went from one to another, ending up in a tent where a representative of the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors (CCCO) was selling handbooks and talking about the need for draft counselors. At the end of the meeting I asked the workshop leader whether I could become a draft counselor. He replied: “Well, I guess so, if you could get anyone to come to you. There is one female draft counselor.” (That female was a Quaker, Honey Knopp.)

We lived just a few blocks from Yale University at that time and students frequently came to our home. I put up a little sign that students would see as they entered our apartment saying they could ask questions about the draft, and some of them did. A group of divinity students asked to meet with us on a weekly basis to discuss what they should do about the draft.

During one such discussion, a young woman mentioned someone we knew who had gone to prison as a noncooperator. She said she thought he now regretted that action. I asked myself what that man would say if he were present. After the meeting, I said to Staughton, “Your next book should be a book of interviews with people who have refused military service, what happened to them, and what they would say to others who are considering it.” “Why me?,” Staughton replied. So I collected and edited a book of personal accounts of war objectors.¹ It was only because we were close to young people who were faced with the draft and military service that it became possible to do that book; and the book, in turn, became a way for war resisters to show family and friends that others were struggling with the same dilemmas.

I loved draft counseling. Sometimes my first reaction to a counselee was dismay at his appearance, but within an hour I had a deep respect for how he saw life, his relations to his family, and his hopes for the future. I talked with many young men who had grown up with religious training, who took religious values seriously, and who had left their churches because they did not see the members or leaders of the church acting consistently with what was being preached. I felt privileged to touch others at this moment when they were struggling with decisions that involved the whole meaning of their lives.

¹ Andrews, *op. cit.*, p. 93.

Because I was not a lawyer at that time, I could not give legal advice. More importantly, draft counselors knew that the counselee was going to have to live with the consequences of his decision, so the decision had better be his. Draft counselors didn't want to engage in "mindbending."

Former counsees who refused induction often had lawyers to defend them. They frequently reported that the lawyers would argue their own theories, rather than presenting the reasons that were at the heart of the matter for the refuser. It was as if the refuser were being tried not on his own grounds but to test some lawyer's theory. There seemed to be a difference between lawyers, who would take a case into their own hands, and counselors, who would not.

I developed a conceptual model. The counselee and the counselor are both experts. The counselor knows about the regulations and what steps to take once the counselee has chosen a particular course of action, but the counselee knows more than the counselor can ever know about the counselee: what he thinks, his family situation, and what he is prepared to do. They work together as partners.

Years later, we both became lawyers. We carried Alice's counseling model with us into the law. Our labor law clients knew more about what went on in the shop than we could ever know, but we could find out the facts that were necessary to prove a claim, and we could present a legal theory that accurately reflected what our clients believed the problem to be.

Accompaniment: Moving To Youngstown

By the early 1970s we were in our early forties. Staughton could no longer find work as a university teacher because of his wellpublicized civil disobedience against the Vietnam War. The federal monies that had made possible Alice's work in early childhood education were drying up. We needed a new means of livelihood.

Also, the Movement of the 1960s was at an end. Blacks told whites to leave the civil rights movement and organize in white working-class communities. The Nixon Administration decided to carry on the Vietnam War with less use of the draft.

We felt that the Movement had come to grief partly because of class. Student activists in universities who protested rather than getting a formal education seemed irresponsible to workingclass parents watching from afar. Sensing a lack of support off campus, student radicals tried to make up for it by escalating their tactics. This only increased the alienation of "hard hats and others whose support students needed to bring! about fundamental social change.

We resolved to try to strike up a conversation with industrial workers. The question was, how? In the 1970s, as in the 1930s, many middle-class radicals went to work in factories.

Staughton There is strong Biblical authority for sharing the situation of the person you are trying to help. Jesus often asked the rich to become poor. He told the rich young ruler to sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor" (Luke 18:22; Matthew 19:21). I once left college after seeing a film about the life of St. Vincent DePaul. Vincent was chaplain to the King of France. Watching from the high poop of the king's galley a race between galleys rowed by slaves, Vincent saw a slave faint at the oar. He clambered down to the bench, and took the oar into his own hands. He took the place of the stricken rower."¹

But when I talked with friends who had gone to work in steel mills, I was told that I would always seem to fellow workers to be exactly what I was: a product of the upper middle class with advanced degrees. "You could be there twenty years and people would say, 'Let's go ask the Professor,'" was one comment. So we resolved to offer what we hoped would be useful skills, but not to pretend to be other than what we were. Later, it seemed to us that this is also what priests and nuns do in Latin America, when they move to some rural hamlet or city barrio but continue to function as pastoral agents, often in clerical garb.

We began as oral historians. Led from one person to the next. we tape recorded recollections of rank-and-file workers and put them together in a book."²³

¹ Grantham's "Account."

² *Ibid.*

³ *C. S. P.*, vol. 11 (1681-85) pp. 130, 134, 228-229, 277. Gray, *op. cit.*, p. 304.

Staughton in the summer of 1971, when the industry-wide Basic Steel Contract was under negotiation, I helped to draft an imaginary steel contract made up of the most radical demands of the many competing union caucuses in the Gary-Chicago area where we then lived. Someone gave us the address of a group in Youngstown, Ohio called the Rank And File Team (RAFT). We put a copy in the mail.

A few days later, as we were sitting at supper, the phone rang. "Hello!" bellowed a mighty voice. "This is Litch from Youngstown. What mill do you workin?" I confessed that I was only an historian. "That's all right," the big voice said, "we like your pamphlet." (Later we learned that Bill Litch talked so loudly because he had been partly deafened from years of work in the mill.)

It turned out that RAFT was planning to picket at the opening round of union-management negotiations in Washington, D.C., and that I would be in Washington that same day. It was arranged to meet at the picket line.

We met and, after a respectable period of picketing, we adjourned to a nearby coffee shop and got to know each other. The picketers included John Barbero and Ed Mann. John and Ed were advocates of racial equality as well as civil liberties. Former Marines, each had opposed not only the Vietnam War, but the Korean War as well; each had belonged to the Akron-based United Labor Party after World War II; they considered themselves socialists, although they didn't often use that word. We had never met workers like these, who believed all (or nearly all) the things that we believed.

Five years later, after acquiring credentials as lawyer and paralegal, we moved to the outskirts of Youngstown.

Using One's Pain

Alice I was hired to work on workers' compensation cases but very soon found myself assigned to work primarily on Social Security disability cases. It was not like draft counseling. The most I could get for any client was money and the disabled needed far more than money. Staughton mentioned my troubled feelings about this caseload to a colleague who unexpectedly replied, "Feed my sheep" (John 21:16).

I knew what it was like to be disabled. I had been disabled, unable to work for more than two years, after surgery that did not heal properly. I had sometimes been desperate with pain and unable to cope with the needs of our children. I remembered our son's friend coming to the house and asking our son, "Is your ma crying again?" So I knew that physical hardship affects your mind and spirit.

I began to love the infinite ways people found to cope with disability: a person who lacked the use of her hand could slide a tray onto her forearm; another who couldn't lift much would fill a large pot on the stove with a small pot, carrying just a little water at one time. I heard about how people had found their personhood in their work. One man had figured out exactly how fast the machine could be set so that the maximum number of bread loaves came down the line without any of them touching each other, the foreman, so he said, would tell the other workers not to make any adjustments after this worker had regulated the machine.

Preparing disability cases became for me a way of expressing love to people. My clients told me that I listened to them as no doctor, nurse, or social worker had done. Because I had to learn about their work history and the activities they could no longer do, I would glimpse the person behind the mask of disability.

Nicaragua

Alice One evening, perhaps in December 1983, I suddenly stopped what I was doing to give my full attention to what was on the TV. A Quaker woman was going to Nicaragua with a group called Witness For Peace. They were going to go into areas of conflict and stand between the warring parties as a deterrent. I thought, “Wow, that’s what nonviolent advocates have talked about for years, but here are people who are going to do it!”

Staughton A nonviolent dimension to the Nicaraguan revolution itself also caught our attention. I read in the New York Times that when the Sandinistas took power in 1979 they did not execute Somoza’s soldiers who fell into their hands. Those who were found to have committed crimes were jailed. All others were released. We also read of an encounter between Tomas Borge, the only surviving member of the group that founded the FSLN (Sandinista Front for National Liberation), and a man who had tortured him in prison. Borge let the torturer go.

Alice So when our son suggested that we rent a cabin on a lake for a summer vacation, I responded, “I’d rather go to Nicaragua!” We did, not with Witness For Peace, but with IFCO, the Inter-religious Foundation for Community Organization, which had ties to CEPAD, an interdenominational Protestant relief organization.

It was six years since the Sandinista revolution when we arrived in Nicaragua for the first time. Miskito Indians in northeastern Nicaragua had been evacuated from their homes on the Rio Coco River but now, in a reversal of policy, were being helped to return. We went to Puerto Cabezas on the Atlantic Coast. With the help of a friend who knew English and Spanish and an Indian who knew Spanish and Miskito, we conversed from Miskito to Spanish to English and back to Miskito. Norman Bent, a Moravian minister, told us about the “Fourth World” of indigenous people. We listened to Ray Hooker retell the Exodus story in modern Nicaraguan form, and heard him speak of his hopes for the new woman, the new man.” We had the opportunity to tape record a discussion with Father Miguel D’Escoto, a Catholic priest who served as Foreign Minister and had recently ended a 30-day fast protesting U.S. support for the Contras.

D’Escoto told us that when the FSLN first invited him to join their effort, he had told them he was nonviolent. “And they said [according to our tape recording]. We know that; we know what you believe, you have written about it; and that’s one of the reasons why we want you. We would like for you to inject that dimension also in our revolution.”

St. Mary of the Angels

St. Mary of the Angels is the neighborhood church in Barrio Rigüero in Managua. During three of our five short visits to Nicaragua in the years 1985–1990 (we used our summer vacations of two or three weeks), we stayed in the home of a family! only a few blocks from St. Mary's.

The liturgy celebrated by Father Uriel Molina at St. Mary's was the Campesino Mass, composed by the Nicaraguan composer Carlos Mejía Godoy in 1975. The following is part of the text of the mass:

You Are the God of the Poor

You go hand in hand with my people
In their struggle in the countryside and city.
You stand in line at the hacienda
To receive the day's wages.
I've seen you in the general store or on the street.
I've seen you selling lottery tickets,
Without being embarrassed to do so.
I've seen you in the gas stations
Checking the tires of a truck.
And eating snow cones there in the park
With Eusebio, Pancho and Juan Jose.

Chorus

You are the God of the poor.
The God that's human and simple,
The God that sweats in the streets,
The God with the weather-beaten face
And so when I talk to you,
I speak as my people do.
Because you're the working class God,
The Christ who's a laborer too.

The music to the mass was played at St. Mary's by a band of half a dozen young men, most of them (so we were told) veterans. One feature of the liturgy was the so-called Peace of God, when all present would circulate through the church, embracing or shaking hands with others. Many of the celebrants were elderly women, small in stature, who carried photographs of sons who had been killed in the war.

Staughton At one Peace of God, a bearded, middle-aged man bounded across the church to embrace me. It was Abbie Hoffman, whom I had last seen in a Chicago jail in August 1968.

"We Shall Overcome" was sung in Spanish and in English as a regular part of the liturgy at St. Mary's. I felt that wild horses could not have kept me from taking communion at that Catholic church.

In 1987 our friend Joe Mulligan, a Jesuit priest from the States, arranged an interview with Father Uriel and translated. I explained my predicament to Father Uriel: "for the Christians in the United States I was too Marxist, and for the Marxists I was too Christian. I think Marxism is a very important tool of analysis, in fact, the best one I know, but when it comes to deciding what to do, how to live, Marxism is not sufficient. From the standpoint of the Christians, I was a poor Christian, and from the standpoint of the Marxists, a bad Marxist. Coming to Nicaragua, I have the feeling that there's a whole country that feels the way I do."

Father Uriel responded in part as had Miguel D'Escoto by pointing to the paradoxical nature of atheism. The Good Samaritan, D'Escoto had said in 1985, was an atheist, but "he did what our Lord said we all had to do if we wanted to be saved." Now Uriel remarked: "In the time of the New Testament, Christians were called atheists. They rejected the gods of the empire and the standard religious beliefs, so they were called atheists. Now there is a new need for a kind of atheist vision where the idols need to be knocked over and the true God is to be found, because the old conception of God doesn't speak to people today."

Father Uriel also commented that "we ourselves may not be the ones to discover our role but others may point us to it." He recalled that at one very grim moment in the struggle against the Somoza dictatorship, he had talked to "a young man who never came to church but was a very dedicated person. I said,

Things are looking very bad, maybe we better pull out because it is looking like it is all over and we are all going to be wiped out.' And the young man, William, said: 'If you do, then the whole community will lose their hope, because your presence here is during the day like an open door and at night, a light'."

In El Bonete

On our last visit to Nicaragua, in 1990, we stayed for a week with two Catholic nuns in a village named El Bonete near the Honduran border. Our notes, written while there, say:

Carmencita is from El Salvador, Nelly from Argentina. They belong to the Little Sisters of Jesus. A small capilla (chapel) is part of their house. It is about ten by twelve feet. The altar is a tree stump with a vase of flowers on the floor before it. Shoes are left at the door. Worshippers sit on planks resting on concrete blocks or on mats that cover most of the floor. On one wall hangs an orange fabric, with photographs of Archbishop Romero and of the six Jesuits killed in San Salvador in November 1989. Onit Carmencita has embroidered Romero's famous words about grains of corn that must die so that there may be new growth, and two ears of corn, yellow and brown in their green sheaves.

The four of us sang a great deal. Some songs were primarily religious. Thus a song of this part of Nicaragua begins:

When a group of brothers approaches the altar,
God's smile is there.
Lord, we are coming today
To praise you
And to thank you for so much goodness (tanta bondad).

In other songs the longing for a more just world is uppermost. El Salvador has its own campesino mass, the Salvadoran popular mass, written in the base communities of San Salvador in 1978–80. These are the words to the dismissal (despedida) that closes the mass:

When the poor come to believe in the poor
We will be able to sing of freedom.
When the poor come to believe in the poor
We will build fraternity.
See you later, my brothers,
The mass has ended
And we've heard what God said to us.
Now we are clear,
We are able to sing,
We need to begin our task.
We have all committed ourselves
At the table of the Lord
To construct love in this world,
To the brothers' struggle
To become a community.
When the poor seek out the poor
And organization is born
That's when our freedom begins.
When the poor proclaim to the poor
The hope that he gave us
His Kingdom is born among us.

Return to Quakerism: Nonviolence

Our new friends in Nicaragua were not pacifists. D'Escoto considered revolutionary violence a "concession for a world in transition." Father Uriel spoke of the university students who had come to live with him in Barrio Riguero. "When many of these people went into the mountains to fight in the armed struggle, I stayed in this community... and felt that what we were forming here was the... spiritual rear guard for the people who were there fighting in the mountains." Sister Carmencita was the most direct. Several members of her family had been killed. In El Salvador, she told us, torture is the people's daily bread. She concluded: "I think there is a right to defend oneself."

The Gulf War

During the Gulf War in 1991, we picketed every day at noon in downtown Youngstown. We began by encircling a marble memorial on which were carved the names of local servicemen who lost their lives in Vietnam. Our presence there was particularly irritating to some Vietnam veterans. We talked with them. We agreed to move our picket line to a location that was just as visible but less offensive to them. It became a regular part of what we did to step out of the picket line and talk with any heckler or obvious opponent. We probably did not change any minds, but at least respectful relationships were established. Their presence rapidly diminished.

Alice For me, the Gulf War brought a clear affirmation of Christianity. In my view, retaliation and retribution only lead to more suffering, more hatred, and intransigent obstacles remain to be overcome for generations. Unless we can learn to forgive, to forgive “seventy times seven” (Matthew 18:21–22), where is there hope for the future?

Nonviolence and forgiveness are not mere backing down. Nonviolence, as Barbara Deming describes it, “requires stepping forward, with one hand restraining while the other hand offers a better way, maintaining one’s own presence and dignity while respecting the very different experience and outlook of one’s adversary, appealing to basic values that all humans can understand. This is what I experienced on that picket line.

Staughton I recall that when we decided to picket—and I was among those who suggested it—I felt, “Well, fifteen years of workin Youngstown may be going down the drain. But we have to do it anyway.”

What actually happened surprised me. One very outspoken man looked me in the eye and said, “Lynd, you know I disagree with you about the war.” Then everything went on as before. Another man came up to me as I was walking with a group of retired steelworkers along a sidewalk in Cleveland. “You know I agree with you about the war,” he said.

It seemed to me that for both men the critical thing was that they had known us personally for years. It was as if they figured, “This is what you’d expect Staughton to do.” It made no difference whatsoever to our work or to the way in which the community viewed us.

Retirees

Much of our work in Youngstown has been with former steelworkers. Many of them proudly defended this country in World War II or the Korean War. Nonviolence is not part of their creed.

In 1986, when the second largest steel company declared bankruptcy and cut off medical benefits for retirees, an activist organization of retirees quickly formed. It was named "Solidarity USA" after Solidarnosc in Poland. The retirees collected petitions, went on bus trips to the court in New York City and to call on legislators in Washington, D.C. There were community rallies and pray-ins. One former local union president would often say, "It's time to get out the baseball bats!" But that never happened. Rather, a decision was made to go and confront whomever it was they thought had the capability of doing something that was needed.

Shortly before the Oklahoma City bombing in April 1995, a retired school teacher began to come to Solidarity USA meetings and to talk about the need for forming a posse to protect our rights. We, Staughton and Alice, were troubled. After the Oklahoma City bombing we raised the issue with Solidarity USA. The chairperson immediately spoke out: "Since 1986, we've had not one violent hand in this group! We've had our words. We've had our arguments. We've told them just what we felt. They don't like it. But that's the way to do it."

Return to Quakerism: A Believable Jesus

Is it necessary to believe in the virgin birth, Jesus Christ as the Son of God, and the resurrection of the flesh, in order to practice a preferential option for the poor? We don't think so.

John Dominic Crossan has described a believable Christianity in the Historical Jesus. Crossan is a Catholic scholar who has done a rigorous job of determining which passages of the New Testament most likely reflect what Jesus did and said. Jesus, as Crossan depicts him, was himself a poor man, who experienced the oppression of people living under the Roman Empire, who rejected guerrilla warfare, and who chose to be a healer, convincing others that "the kingdom of God is within you."¹ If Crossan is not mistaken, Jesus was a believer in the inner light and in equality, not church-building, and he lived among the poor, sharing whatever they set before him. He showed concern for the needs of their bodies as well as of their souls.

According to Crossan, the major thing on the minds of the Gospel writers was not fact but meaning. Crossan does not find a factual basis for the virgin birth or the details of Passion Week or the resurrection of the flesh. He thinks that in these passages, the canonical authors searched the Scriptures to determine what must have happened if the life and death of Jesus were to fulfill prophecies about the Messiah.

Crossan believes that myth is basic faith in story form. Whether or not the incident of the Good Samaritan occurred in fact, it is consistent with Jesus' message. After explaining that the Good Samaritan acted as a neighbor to the man who fell among thieves, Jesus concluded, according to Luke 10:37: "Go, and do thou likewise." This message is what is important, whether or not the incident actually took place.

Crossan suggests that whereas John the Baptist believed that God intended great, transformative changes in the near future, Jesus considered that the Kingdom of God was already here, already available to any seeker. In the apocryphal Gospel of Thomas (composed before the other Gospels in about 50–60 A.D.), Jesus tells the disciples that what they look for is already present; their error is in awaiting it rather than seeking to discover it.²

The way of life Jesus urged on his companions, according to Crossan, was sharing food for the body and healing for the soul:

¹ Henry C. Carey, *The Slave Trade, Domestic and Foreign* (Philadelphia, 1853), estimated the number of African bond-laborers imported up to 1790 to be 264,000. Gray, (op. cit., p. 354) seems to favor this count and Richard B. Morris, *Encyclopaedia Of American History* (New York), p. 513, appears to accept Carey's figures. Philip D. Curtin, *The Atlantic Slave Trade-A Census* (Madison, 1969) p. 72, on the basis of "recent authorities," suggests a figure of 275,000. Ninety-three per cent of the African bond-servants were in the South in 1790. Assuming that 93% of them were originally brought to the South, the Carey and Curtin figures indicate that the number brought to the South was between 244,000 and 259,000.

² Of all the plantation colonies, Maryland had the greatest proportion of European bond-servants. There they constituted about ten per cent of the population. (Eugene I. McCormac, *White Servitude in Maryland, 1634–1820* [Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, series xxii, Nos. 3–4 (March-April, 1904)], pp. 29, 32–33, 111; A. E. Smith, *op. cit.*, p. 336.) On the basis of a total European-American population of 1,166,000 in the southern colonies in 1790 (Morris, *op. cit.*, p. 513), therefore, we can assume that not more than 100,000 were bond-servants, and that the number had never been greater.

not “almsgiving but... a shared egalitarianism of spiritual and material resources.”³ In Crossan’s view, Jesus’ healing was empowerment, telling the poor not to take the ideology of the oppressor as their own, not to internalize the oppressor’s image of themselves. (What Crossan articulates sounds like what we heard from “delegates of the Word” and members of base communities in Nicaragua.) Jesus looked at the world and said, “This is not what God wants.” Jesus’ program was empowerment from the bottom up, to rebuild peasant dignity and hope without waiting for God to do it.⁴

We believe that there is Scriptural authority for an approach to Jesus’ teaching based on what people do, not on what they think. Jesus says that people who feed the hungry, visit the imprisoned, and comfort the afflicted, will experience salvation even if during their lives they are unaware of Jesus and give no thought to him (Matthew 25:31–46). Saying “Lord, Lord” is not the path to salvation, for the righteous will be known by their fruits not by their words (Matthew 7:20–21). The unbeliever who does good deeds the Good Samaritan will be preferred to the church member who passes by on the other side (Luke 10:30–37).

While the number of European bond-servants may have peaked before 1790, for the purposes of this speculation, that fact is offset by the fact that they were present in relatively large numbers before the African bond-servants were.

³ See Gray, *op. cit.*, p. 371.

⁴ Gray, *op. cit.*, pp. 370–371. Wertenbaker, *op. cit.*, p. 127.

Conclusions

Like most other Friends, we ourselves are not poor. We have siblings, children, and grandchildren. We feel it would be irresponsible to desert those closest to us or to impose hardships on them for the sake of others. But our experience suggests to us that there is a middle path between, on the one hand, living in the inner city and giving all that one has to the poor, and, on the other hand, confining one's well-doing to financial contributions, demonstrations, and other occasional support for worthy causes.

The following are things we think we have learned. We offer them as challenges and concerns.

First, it seems to us that liberation theology teaches an important lesson for Friends concerned to practice reconciliation. Our goal must be a society of equals. Friends should be wary of mediation if it leaves in place the inequality between the rich and powerful on the one hand, and the poor and oppressed on the other. At a minimum one should seek what André Gorz calls "qualitative reforms," that is, reforms that give more voice in decision-making to those with little power, and thus represent a step toward equality.

Second, if Friends are to address oppression and injustice, Friends need to encounter in a day-to-day manner the life situation of the poor and oppressed.¹ If we can rearrange where and how we live our lives, giving time and energy, that may be more important than giving money. (Of course, in the process of giving time one will also inevitably spend money.) The strategy we, Alice and Staughton, pursued in relation to the civil rights movement, the draft resistance movement, and the labor movement, was a strategy of acquiring a skill useful to the disadvantaged, and then going to live where that skill could be made available. We propose this as a viable model.

Third, we believe that Friends must be willing to go to outof-the-way places and stay there for long periods of time (as some already do). It is sobering that so many who called themselves "revolutionaries in the 1960s burned out or dropped out when the movements of that decade failed to produce instantaneous, total transformation. (In any rational estimate, passing the Civil Rights and Voting Rights acts, ending the war in Vietnam, and starting the women's movement, were significant accomplishments for so short a time.) Friends must be prepared to be long-distance runners.²

Fourth, Friends need to be building community. Selffulfillment is not a sufficient goal, for ourselves or for others. The labor movement has a slogan, "an injury to one is an injury to all." This means that people look out for each other. We want to encourage people to change the circumstances that bear down hard on them. This process requires not only individual growth but also the insights that come

¹ Based on the assumption that at least a half, and probably a larger proportion of the European bond-servants went to the southern colonies. (See A. E. Smith, *op. cit.*, "Appendix," especially, "Conclusion," pp. 335–337.)

² Winthrop D. Jordan, *White Over Black* (Chapel Hill, 1968), pp. 48, 91, suggests this same question and makes the unsupported assumption that the plantation owners could have enslaved non-English Europeans if the owners had been able to conceive of such a monstrous transgression against white Christian fellowship. Since I am here occupied in presenting positive theses, I leave polemics aside. Just one note: "White-over-white" perpetual slavery was instituted in Britain, for Scots coal miners and salt-pan workers, in 1606, a year before Jamestown was founded, and it was not completely ended until 1799. Only objective difficulties, not moral or racial principles, prevented a wider practice of the system and eventually were decisive in bringing about its discontinuance. See "Slavery in Modern Scotland," *Edinburgh Review*, vol. 189 (1899), pp. 119–148. John Ulrich Nef calls that essay "the most important treatment of the subject." (John Ulrich Nef, *The Rise of the British Coal Industry* [London, 1932], p. 157.)

through shared experience and action with others. Travellers on this path also need periodically to meet with a community of seekers to re-center and reenergize themselves.³

Finally, we urge Friends to trust their weight to the idea that the Kingdom of God is available here and now. These words are written on a day when we made our monthly visit to a friend who is serving a long sentence at a local prison. The main subject of conversation with our friend in prison was his growing belief in nonviolence, which he is daily challenged to put into practice. For us, just to be in the visiting room of that penal institution, surrounded by children, parents, and siblings of the imprisoned men, all conversing with animation, laughing, expressing love, is to be convinced that the great majority of the prisoners would not be there if society gave them the chance to make a living. Going to that room is more like going to church for us than any other experience we have. A young woman in one of Barbara Kingsolver's novels, a volunteer in revolutionary Nicaragua, describes what we think it might feel like to live as if the Kingdom of God were already here.

[T]he very least you can do in your life is to figure out what you hope for. And the most you can do is live inside that hope. Not admire it from a distance but live right in it, under its roof. What I want is so simple I almost can't say it: elementary kindness. Enough to eat, enough to go around.

The possibility that kids might one day grow up to be neither the destroyers nor the destroyed. That's about it.⁴

³ A. E. Smith, *op. cit.*, p. 261. James C. Ballagh, *White Servitude in the Colony of Virginia* (Baltimore, 1895), pp. 52–53. McCormac, *op. cit.*, p. 48. Warren B. Smith, *White Servitude in Colonial South Carolina*, (Columbia, 1961) p. 74.

⁴ *York County Records, 1674–76*, pp. 206, 221, Virginia State Library, Richmond. Bruce, *op. cit.*, vol. 2, p. 104. A. E. Smith, *op. cit.*, pp. 265, 269.

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- Orbis Books, Box 302, Maryknoll, NY 10545, provides the fullest selection of titles in English available in the United States.

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4. Outlaw Kings and Rebellion Chic

Deleted reason: Not anarchist.

Author: Alister MacQuarrie

Topics: liberalism

Date: March 27, 2019

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Source: Retrieved on 25 October 2023 from newsocialist.org.uk/outlaw-kings-rebel-chic

Four hundred die-hard rebels flee an alien moon ahead of the imperial fleet, “the spark that will light the fire” of galaxy-wide revolution. An émigré queen brings an army of traitors, nomads, and freed slaves to the shores of her mother country, promising to “break the wheel” of feudal politics. A secret society of teenage wizards, under the name of their dead teacher, vow to destroy the Dark Lord or die trying.

Then what?

The Non-Ideological Hero

The revolutionary is everywhere in pop culture, but revolutionary politics are conspicuous by their absence—or by their vilification. As the liberal order collapses and open authoritarianism takes its place, our films, TV dramas, and videogames are filled with rebel heroes. Yet the heroic rebel on screen is often very evasive about the principles behind their actions. In many cases, the rebel hero does not take up arms for any specific idea of a better world. Rather, the rebel hero most often turns to force because of personal injury. Even while engaging in political violence, they are non-ideological heroes.

Mark Fisher argues that modern liberal democracy presents itself as non-ideological beyond ideology, a ground state¹. In a similar way, the heroic rebel in pop culture stands above (say it with a sneer) politics. What beliefs the non-ideological hero does have are often vaguely defined. They may dislike bigotry, despite casual prejudices, but have no particular interest in structural racism as a social problem; they may be called upon to restrain marginalised comrades who “go too far.” The non-ideological hero is against tyranny, again in a general sense, but has no particular interest in the political process, or in building institutions to resist tyranny. Though not always privileged by the old status quo, they are satisfied by a change at the top, trusting that, if good people are left in charge, things will work out.

David Mamet once wrote that the archetypal American hero is a peaceful man pushed far enough that “the very tenets of pacifism themselves would be offended if he did not come out and fight”². This is perhaps the epitome of the non-ideological hero: a man of peace with tremendous capacity for violence, with no interest in anything very much beyond self-defence.

¹ A. E. Smith, *op. cit.*, p. 267. The quaint phrase, “stealth of oneself,” is cited in McCormac (*op. cit.*, p. 62) from a seventeenth-century Maryland law on runaways.

² 2 Hening 26. Thomas Cooper, ed., *Statutes at Large of South Carolina* (Charleston, 1839) vol. 3, p. 17. Warren B. Smith, *op. cit.*, pp. 75–76. The details of the law varied from colony to colony and, from time to time, in each colony. For this essay, Virginia, the first and pattern-setting southern colony, furnishes most of the examples, the dates of the various acts being given. “The discovery of the great resource of profit in raising tobacco,” wrote Ulrich B. Phillips [“Plantation and Frontier,” in Eugene D. Genovese, ed., *The Slave Economy of the Old South* (Baton Rouge, 1968), p. 3], “gave the spur to Virginia’s large-scale industry and her territorial expansion ... (and) brought about the methods of life which controlled the history of Virginia through the following centuries and of the many colonies and states which borrowed her plantation system.” In another article republished in the same volume, Phillips states that “... the legislation of Virginia was copied with more or less modification by all the governments from Delaware to Mississippi.” (“Racial Problems, Adjustments and Disturbances,” pp. 26–27).

The most important secondary sources on European bond-servants in Colonial America are A. E. Smith, *Colonists in Bondage: White Servitude and Convict Labor in America, 1607–1776* (Chapel Hill, 1947); Richard B. Morris, *Government and Labor In Early America* (New York, 1947); and Marcus W. Jernegan, *Laboring and Dependent Classes in Colonial America, 1607–1783* (Chicago, 1931). Other useful specialized studies for this essay have been E. I. McCormac, *White Servitude in Maryland, 1634–1820* (Baltimore, 1895); and Warren B. Smith, *White Servitude in Colonial South Carolina* (Columbia, 1961).

British and American culture has always had a strong tendency to abhor “ideology,” which is discussed as if it is something suspicious, even foreign. Particularly under Clinton in the US and Blair in the UK, politicians insisted they were pragmatists first and foremost, unconcerned with ideology or dogma, even as they triangulated in ways that seemed to largely serve the needs of capital. In the time since, that hostility to ideology among elite liberals has transformed into a kind of performative ignorance—a virtuous void. Witness commentators and politicians from the centre, many nominally intelligent and well-educated, proudly declaring they have no idea what “neoliberalism” is (and presumably no concept of Google); or that Corbyn’s Labour party is a vanity project for elitist, south-coast, alternative, intellectual, left-wing, etc. Anna Soubry, in a recent interview, seemed to find the idea that the newly-minted Independent Group might have a specific political platform absurd. They believe in sound economics and common decency, *of course!* Quite self-explanatory.

Separately, there is in screenwriting a kind of uncodified rule: villains act, heroes react. The hero, according to traditional Hollywood structure, can’t fulfil their destiny until an extraordinary event drags them out of the world they know. More often than not, that event begins with the villain. Harry Potter is only the Chosen One because Lord Voldemort killed his parents. Luke Skywalker would have stayed on Tatooine dreaming of adventure, until Darth Vader’s attack on a rebel ship sends a secret message to his farm. Frodo would be safe and happy in Hobbiton if not for Sauron. Heroes rarely set out to change the world. Villains want change, and heroes run to keep up.

Yet go back to Mamet’s line. In many of these stories, the hero is, reluctantly or proudly, a violent figure—and they’re good at it. Not only that, but their violence is entirely justified, either because their enemies are not fully human (the cloned Stormtroopers in *Star Wars*, the degenerate orcs of *Lord of the Rings*) or because a state of war excuses it (as with *Harry Potter’s* Death Eaters, or the servants of corrupt leaders in *Game of Thrones* and *The Hunger Games*). Mamet justifies heroic violence by saying his peaceful man “is given so much provocation” that he can’t stand it no more³.

Again, this is typical of heroes: violence is made permissible by extreme personal injury. Often their family is under attack, like William Wallace in *Braveheart*, who leads a rebellion against the English after his childhood sweetheart is brutally executed; or Luke Skywalker, again, whose aunt and uncle are killed by Imperial forces; or Katniss Everdeen, who volunteers to take part in the titular games to protect her sister. Many of these characters live with occupation, oppression, and state brutality as part of their daily lives, but they don’t turn to violent resistance until their families are directly threatened or killed. When heroes commit political violence, it must be to avenge a personal injury. This is supposed to be substantively different from political violence committed for ideological reasons, which receives a much less sympathetic treatment.

Revolution Without Revolution

When we see violent characters who kill for primarily political reasons, they are often anti-heroes at best, outright villains at worst. The idea of the full circle revolution—of the secret dictator hiding in the throat of every rebel leader, waiting to leap out and betray the non-ideological hero—is utterly pervasive. It appears in videogames, where good old-fashioned all-American heroes like Jim Raynor of *Starcraft* or Booker DeWitt of *Bioshock Infinite* are betrayed by villainous revolutionaries Arcturus Mengsk and Daisy Fitzroy (and after all they’ve done for them!). It is common in films, from supervillains like Magneto and Killmonger, liberationists written as would-be conquerors, to the rebels of *The Hunger Games*, who vote to continue the games as soon as they’re in power, except with the children of the dethroned elite rather than the children of the poor. The same reversal is mentioned in *A Song of Ice and Fire*, where rebel slaves, once liberated, enslave their former masters; in the TV version, an evil fundamentalist visits the kind of cruelty on the King’s Landing nobility that they visited on others. In all these examples we see an echo of the primal fear of every oppressive class, the nightmare at the

³ A. E. Smith, *op. cit.*, p. 272.

heart of modern white supremacy: what if someone did to us what we've done to them? Liberation is re-imagined as the world turned not so much upside-down but mirrored.

Game of Thrones' High Sparrow (Jonathan Pryce) provides an instructive example. Writing in Vox, Emmett Rensin notes the near-universal hatred for his character among fans and critics alike. The High Sparrow, violent, homophobic and misogynist though he and his flock may be, is no worse than many characters *Game of Thrones* presents as sympathetic. Given their ardent egalitarianism and their commitment to the poor, the Sparrows should appeal more to modern viewers than the scheming nobles. Their body count is certainly much lower than non-ideological hero Jon Snow, or Daenerys, a revanchist warlord with a questionable commitment to liberation.

Rensin attributes the hatred of the High Sparrow to his hypocrisy, but I don't think that's quite right. What is terrible about the High Sparrow is that he has no personal grievance. He didn't see his father killed by the "good guys," like Killmonger. His family weren't murdered by his oppressors, like Magneto. By his own account the High Sparrow was a cobbler who became disillusioned, found religion, and now, thanks to the vagaries of a civil war among the elite, finds himself in a position to overturn the social order. The feudal system of Westeros never injured him personally. He simply came to believe it should be torn down, and acted accordingly.

We seem to find this faintly repellent. We are so used to looking for an ulterior motive that, when we can't find one, we grow uncomfortable. If a good person can commit violence simply because they believe it's right, without any hidden ambition, then nothing stops us from acting to change the world. We can no longer hide behind the cosy fiction that any of us could be a hero if only we were pushed far enough. The High Sparrow strips us of our excuses.

So if killing for personal injury is more comfortable for us, and killing for ideological reasons is villain's work, then what are our rebel heroes actually fighting for? After all, they are certainly committing political violence. But to what end? Sticking with *Game of Thrones*, the dragon-riding Daenerys is among the most open about her political goals. The scion of an ousted royal family, Daenerys initially wants only to reclaim her throne. But by freeing slaves to build herself an army she becomes "the Breaker of Chains," a liberator figure. When asked what her ultimate plans are, Daenerys compares the power struggle between noble families that defines Westeros—the "game of thrones" itself—as a rotating wheel, and vows to break it, once and for all. Easy enough to say. But judging by Daenerys' actions, "breaking the wheel" does not mean abolishing either monarchy or aristocracy. Her court contains freed slaves and mercenaries, but remains mostly aristocratic. Her allies in Westeros are old noble houses—the spokes in the wheel—and she demands their fealty as any queen would. She has no clear vision for how to change the fortunes of the poor she intends to rule, except that she, Daenerys, is good, and her rival is wicked.

Her imitators are similarly vague. *Outlaw King* and *Mary Queen of Scots*, both strongly influenced by *Game of Thrones*, are at pains to portray their respective heroes as woke monarchs. *Outlaw King's* Robert the Bruce is a humble, mild-mannered, decent sort, who fights "for the people, not the land." But it's not obvious that "freedom" in this context means anything more than peasants bowing to Scots nobles instead of English—the wheel turning again. In *Mary Queen of Scots*, Mary deserves the throne because she's the plucky underdog. Simply by positioning two monarchs as rebels, we are supposed to sympathise, without even the semblance of a cause.

In the *Star Wars* films, the heroes don't just pose as rebels, they are explicitly a violent rebellion against the Galactic Empire, a dictatorship that replaced a nominally democratic republic. So far, so good; they fight to restore the Old Republic. Yet nowhere in the films is it ever explained what the republic actually stands for. In the prequel films, it appears to be institutionally corrupt and vastly unequal, with the only law enforcement provided by unaccountable warrior monks. Is that what the rebels of the original trilogy want to restore? In *The Last Jedi*, perhaps the most explicitly political *Star War*, the rebels *seem* to have principles. A trip to an alien casino full of arms dealers suggests the machinations of intergalactic capitalism behind the imperialist New Order. But it's still done in winks and nudges. Nobody in the rebellion is calling for the overthrow of space capital; no rebels argue with equal vehemence for the Girondin position. When one character delivers the triumphant line "That's

how we're gonna win. Not fighting what we hate, saving what we love," she seems to mean only the love the rebels have for each other. It is unclear what they fight for beyond that. When there is friction, in *The Last Jedi* or spin-off *Rogue One*, it's over tactics, not politics. Rebellion in *Star Wars*, rather than a means to an end, is a camouflage that conceals a total void of ideology.

This void is at the heart of nearly all on-screen rebellions in mainstream culture. They fight for platitudes ("freedom," "the people," "the light," "the old ways"). Rarely do we see any contention or exposition of those platitudes. They are self-evident. Explanation is unnecessary—and messy. The Empires of fiction are bad because they do bad things to us, and we're good because we're not them. But as the High Sparrow reveals, it's a symbiotic relationship. When the Empire does bad things to us, maybe then we'll become the heroes we always wished we could be. In this is the seed of all those asinine ideas that Trump would be good for art, or would bring the Left together, or provide the jolt that the system needed. And until the Empire injures us personally, we are quite justified in doing nothing.

Who Profits?

A popular culture in which rebellion is vague enough to be meaningless, in which the heroic rebel is non-ideological and motivated by personal injury more than anything, is rather convenient for the ruling class. And in making personal injury a prerequisite for rebellion, rebellion is neutered. In *Star Wars*, the rebels are fully justified in fighting, because the Empire is a brutal dictatorship that can only be removed by force. So too for *Harry Potter*, *Game of Thrones*, *The Hunger Games*, *V for Vendetta*, or many other films about plucky rebels. In *The Shape of Water* or *Stranger Things*, the American government provides cover for violent conspiracies that exist above the law. In these situations, the liberal democratic system (or its fantastic equivalent) no longer functions. Rather, it is the breakdown of the rule of law that allows the heroes to suffer personal injury. To the extent that they fight for anything, they fight for the restoration of "normality"—always usefully vague.

Violence that does not proceed from personal injury requires no such breakdown. This kind of primarily ideological violence can be directed against a perfectly functional system—functional, at least, for the perpetrator—simply because it appears the "just" thing to do. No wonder, then, that in our mass media, the characters practising ideological violence are cast as morally unsound. If normality is not self-evident but a site of contention, then it problematises easy narratives of rebels vs tyrants. And if dispute over the political system is enough to justify force, then that implies violence against the modern Western state, even its violent overthrow, could be justifiable. This is understandably concerning for many writers, who tend to come from backgrounds closer to the Lannisters than the "smallfolk."

The Empire of *Star Wars*, for all its Nazi imagery, also drew on American conduct in Vietnam. The fall of the republic in *Revenge of the Sith* invited parallels to Bush-era power grabs and the early War on Terror; as did the oppressive regime of *V for Vendetta*, repurposed by the Wachowskis from the original comics' fears about Thatcherism and the National Front. Reflecting on the themes of *The Hunger Games* ten years on, Constance Grady points out that most of its readers are far closer to the villainous elites in the Capitol than the poor children fighting for their amusement in the arena. The *Harry Potter* books make it clear that, however evil Voldemort may be, all the structural violence and supremacist ideology he represents was already deeply embedded in the wizarding government before he took over, echoing all the ways empire has warped the very roots of the British state. In *Game of Thrones*, neither the rule of the Targaryens nor any of their successors could be considered just or fair for the commons. At what point is the violent overthrow of these systems justified? And by whom?

The closer rebel characters come to a definable ideology, the more likely they are to be written as villains. At the same time, the emotive aspects of rebellion—the heroism of the underdog, the thrill of fighting the power—are rendered safe for public consumption by taking out any explicit political ideology. Even when rebels jump out of the screen, like the Guy Fawkes masks borrowed from *V for Vendetta* by real protestors, they are often diluted. In the transition from comic to film to symbol of

protest, the more detailed exploration of anarchism in the original text is lost, leaving a void that can be filled by a wide variety of groups whose only common thread is opposition to authority. The effect of all this is to suggest that violence is somehow more sympathetic the less its perpetrators believe—that heroism decreases the more detailed your policy proposals get. If Luke Skywalker was fighting for galactic communism, or Daenerys intended to create a series of peasants' councils to govern Westeros, or Harry Potter wanted to smash the Ministry of Magic and overturn wizard supremacy, we would have to confront serious and difficult questions about when political violence is appropriate, for whose benefit, and for what purposes. I don't believe those are questions pop culture is incapable of asking. They are questions we do not want to ask.

5. Think of the (queer) children

Deleted reason: Not anarchist.

Subtitle: Minnesota's sex education requirements fail LGBTQ+ youth

Author: Ava Gardener

Date Published on T@L: 2021-12-13T20:49:07

Source: LGBTQ+ identities

Notes: CW: Within this op-ed I discuss experiences of homophobic/transphobic assault/abuse implied to be of a sexual nature; if you need support, crisis counseling, or advocacy please contact the Aurora Center for Advocacy & Education at 612-626-9111 or Outfront Minnesota at 800-800-0350.

I first learned about LGBTQ+ identities as an elementary student of the Minnesota public school system. This education took place not in the classroom but on the playground, by male classmates who were my teachers. And through them, I learned that to be “gay,” as they called it, was to be reviled and ridiculed, and that, as a quiet, unathletic ten-year-old boy with long hair, I fit the designation. Entering both middle school and puberty, a desire taking shape within me made me worry that they might be right. My classmates adapted their lessons to degrade this desire out of me, to associate it not with pleasure but with shame and violation. When it came time for health class, the lessons, school-sanctioned this time, reaffirmed this message through what they omitted, what they considered too taboo to mention. Consequently, I learned to put up a more acceptable facade; I cut my hair short, began weightlifting, and played the part of a boyfriend in a heterosexual relationship. Internally, I focused all my shame into molding a new identity, but no matter how hard I tried, I could not purge who I was.

It was not until I met others who were out that I started to accept my bisexuality; it took me far longer to accept my transgender womanhood. If my classes had expressly included queer experiences, it's likely I would have made peace with these identities sooner. Given the range of experiences of today's youth, the time has come for Minnesota's education requirements to treat LGBTQ+ identities as normal and healthy variations of the human experience.

Minnesota has long been an LGBTQ+ trailblazer. The first legal same-sex marriage in the United States took place within Minnesota in 1971. In 1975, it was home to the first legal protections of transgender people, passed in Minneapolis. And in 2018, it became the fourth U.S. state to allow a nonbinary designation of state driver's licenses. However, Minnesota's progress in this regard has not extended to sexual health education, which has remained virtually unchanged for the last 20 years. After first focusing on HIV/AIDS reduction in the late 1980s, Minnesota ended the 90s with a shift toward preventing adolescent pregnancy through an abstinence-focused curriculum. This law led to the continuation of Minnesota's Education Now And Babies Later (ENABL) program, which, like many other abstinence-only curricula, was found to be ineffective after a state report in 2003 found that sexual activity in middle schools doubled during a single year of the program. While the program was terminated, the requirement that sexual education in Minnesota must help “students to abstain from sexual activity until marriage” is still in place today, ensuring that sexual education in our state cannot progress past its moralistic roots.

While Minnesota law does not explicitly prohibit discussion of LGBTQ+ identities within sexual health classes, its omission speaks a thousand words. Although most states neither require nor prohibit such topics, surveys indicate that they are rarely addressed,

with only 8.2% of LGBTQ+ students having received inclusive sex education curriculums. Teachers and parents alike typically assume their students are straight and cisgender until they indicate otherwise, and unfortunately, this means that sex education is taught without LGBTQ+ learners in mind. In effect, Minnesota's current approach denies certain students relevant sex education based on their sexual orientation and gender identity.

Most parents, regardless of political and religious affiliation, support teaching sex education comprehensively, as do many educational and medical organizations. However, when school districts seek to rectify this exclusion without the support of state law, they frequently face severe pushback by groups at the social and political fringe. A school in Richfield, a Minneapolis suburb, attempted in September to teach a curriculum including several roleplays, a few of which included LGBTQ+ characters. In response to this inclusion, political groups seized upon the story, with school board members accused of "child abuse," "disparaging [students'] religion and culture," and "intentionally confusing children about their gender and sexual orientation." During a similar incident, a Utah Canyons School District program was shut down over the presence of a link to a website with LGBTQ+ inclusive sexual health information. Due to this disproportionate political pressure, local action on this issue can only do so much without state backing.

The pressure to limit sexual health education to heterosexual and cisgender contexts has significant impacts on sexual and gender minorities. Students who received exclusionary education report that they felt sexually unprepared, invisible, and less able to make sense of their identity as a result. This contributes to health disparities, with those in the LGBTQ+ community facing higher rates of intimate partner violence, risky sexual behavior, and STI contraction than their peers. LGBTQ+ students of color face the brunt of this marginalization.

In contrast, the presence of inclusive curriculums improves the mental health and safety of LGBTQ+ students, reducing bullying, decreasing substance use before sex, and increasing the age of sexual initiation. For a population that already faces massive health inequities in these areas, this inclusive education is all the more vital.

So what would an inclusive sexual health education curriculum look like? Despite fear-mongering claims, comprehensive sexual health education is focused on providing information that is both age-appropriate and attuned to each student's specific needs. Unlike Minnesota's current standard of abstinence-only education, these classes place emphasis on fostering mutually respectful and consensual relationships, recognizing the rights and responsibilities that each student has within those relationships, and reflecting that sexuality, and sexual diversity by extension, is an aspect of being human. Although the term "sex ed" implies a focus on physical intercourse, comprehensive sex education's main focus is on healthy relationships in general across identities, whether those relationships include a sexual, romantic, platonic, familial, or self component or not. Due to the foundational importance of healthy relationship skills for developing bonds of all types throughout one's life, some of these programs begin as early as kindergarten, providing children age-appropriate (and publicly available) instruction on diversity across families, bodies, and boundaries. This information has been found to reduce incidence of domestic violence, better students' communication skills, and even improve adolescents' relationships with their parents. Even when only evaluated through the metric of reducing the incidence of unwanted adolescent pregnancies and STI/STD transmission across student populations, these programs still come out on top over LGBTQ+ exclusive abstinence-only programs. Sydney Jordan and her colleagues in the Minnesota House are currently working on bill HF 358, which would require the inclusion of "diverse sexual orientations and gender identities" within sexual health education. However, without substantial public support, this bill faces an uphill battle, as previous efforts have repeatedly been thwarted by political

fear-mongering and partisanship. Minnesota owes it to youth to ensure that sexual health education standards include LGBTQ+ identities, so please make your support of this bill known to your elected officials. Looking back on my experiences within the Minnesota public school system, I wonder how many other students are currently going through that same adversity that I experienced then. How many are currently feeling unseen, invalidated, and alone because of who they are? I urge you to write a letter to your House representatives advocating for HF 358 so that Minnesota youth can the inclusive sexual health education they need.

6. A Planned and Coordinated Anarchy

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Subtitle: The Barricades of 1971 and the “Diliman Commune”

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Topics: Philippines, student movement, commune, anarchy, history, Stalinism, communist party, communism

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Abstract

In early February 1971, students at UP Diliman erected barricades, fought off the military, and briefly established the “Diliman Commune.” Using material produced by the “communards” themselves, along with contemporary press reports, I reconstruct the dramatic narrative of the commune and debunk two prominent myths: that it was a spontaneous uprising and that it was an isolated event. The commune was a part of a widely coordinated set of barricades raised by the radical groups Kabataang Makabayan (KM) and Samahan ng Demokratikong Kabataan (SDK) in service, in the final analysis, to the political interests of their ruling class allies in an election year.

Introduction

For nine days in early February 1971, students at the University of the Philippines (UP) Diliman erected barricades around their campus, fought off repeated attempts by the military to tear the barricades down, and took control of the university. While the occupation of the Diliman campus invariably merits passing mention in the wave of memoirs, both personal and collective, produced over the past two decades, it has not been subjected to serious scholarly scrutiny.⁴ As a result, two myths, which entered circulation in the months immediately after the events themselves, spread and became the established narrative of what became known as the “Diliman Commune.” The first is that the events were limited to Diliman; they were not. Barricades went up at the University Belt in downtown Manila and at UP Los Banos simultaneously, and there were pitched and protracted battles waged at both locations. Subsequent accounts entirely ignored these concurrent barricades.⁵ The second myth is that the Commune emerged spontaneously. A headline article of *Bagong Pilipina* in its February 1971 issue expressed this conception: “The Diliman Commune was a spontaneous reaction to the needs of the Diliman Republic” (Berbano and Castillo 1971, 1). The story stuck.

Both myths were largely the product of silence. The Diliman Commune has been the subject of countless tangential references in a broader body of work on martial law-era politics, but not the subject of direct scholarly scrutiny. The heady rush of events in the first two weeks of February 1971 left those of Diliman, the flagship campus of the state university, at the center of popular consciousness, while the

⁴ Andrews, *op. cit.*, p. 40. Historians generally regard this quotation as apocryphal. Nevertheless it is a true statement; Berkeley hanged 23 rebel captives while Charles II hanged a total of 13 (not counting Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw, whose dead bodies were exhumed for hanging) for the regicide of his father. (Morris, *Encyclopaedia of American History*, p. 23. *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, “Regicide.”)

⁵ Breen, *op. cit.*, p. 10.

details regarding barricades elsewhere went largely unreported. Many scholarly works examining other aspects of the martial law era based themselves on this narrative and thus made passing mention of “the Diliman Commune.”⁶ Treated as such, its role in a broader, coordinated campaign of barricades was overlooked. Where coordination clearly reveals planning, isolation by easy inference suggests spontaneity.

A good deal of the conduct of the students and individual members of the Kabataang Makabayan (KM) and the Samahan ng Demokratikong Kabataan (SDK) throughout this affair was, of course, spontaneous. The barricades were launched, however, by a political leadership with a conscious orientation, which shaped the boundaries and channeled the direction of the spontaneous social anger that was finding expression in their erection. This leadership secured its own ends through the students in a planned and coordinated fashion, which is the logical conclusion that I draw from the overwhelming weight of historical evidence presented in this article.

Using the manifestos, resolutions, and various ephemera produced by the “communards” themselves and combining these with contemporary newspaper reports and the official investigation conducted by the University of the Philippines, I have reconstructed a detailed narrative of the barricades of February 1971 to demonstrate their planned and coordinated character. In this I relied above all on the forty-three boxes of documents contained in the Philippine Radical Papers (PRP) Archive housed at UP Diliman and subsequently microfilmed by Cornell University. Any attempt to understand the internally contentious and immensely influential role of the left in Philippine politics in the lead up to martial law must grapple with the complicated contents of this invaluable collection.

I digitized every page of the PRP and carefully indexed each item. Many items were misdated; others were of obscure origin. By working over this material repeatedly, I was able to reconstruct — to triangulate on the basis of lies, half-truths, and honest accounts — an understanding of what had transpired. Much of this material was ephemera: single-page fliers announcing a demonstration on a particular issue. Many were undated because they were handed out a day before the rally, but I reconstructed the date of almost every item on the basis of vocabulary and topical references.

Stalinism and the Two Communist Parties

An immense social anger fueled the political developments of the late 1960s and early 1970s.⁷ The brutality of the American war in Vietnam, the skyrocketing cost of living, and the increasingly repressive state apparatus — all bound up with the crisis of capitalism and the relative decline of the postwar economic hegemony of the US — combined to create a revolutionary situation throughout much of the globe. In the Philippines, Pres. Ferdinand Marcos began preparing the instruments of dictatorship, while his ruling-class opponents, many organized within the Liberal Party (LP), began plotting his ouster, concerned that they should be in power prior to the imposition of military rule. The affair known as the Diliman Commune was a manifestation of a broader trend in radical politics in the years leading up to the imposition of martial law. This article seeks to demonstrate the role that the ideas of Stalinism played in the unrest of the time. However, this role cannot be understood simply at the level of abstraction, for it requires the complex reconstruction of historical narrative to reveal Stalinism’s precise social function. What I find is that, on the basis of their shared program of Stalinism, the Moscow-oriented Partido Komunista ng Pilipinas (PKP) prepared to endorse Marcos and his imposition of martial law, while the Communist Party of the Philippines (CPP) and its front organizations labored to safely contain the explosive energy of a decade of unrest within the pistons of the bourgeois opposition’s political machinery.

The Stalinist bureaucracies in first Moscow and then Beijing sought to consolidate their economic privileges and positions through the nationalist program of building socialism in a single country, an idea antithetical to the basic Marxist principle that socialism could only be built on an international

⁶ Morgan, *op. cit.*, p. 24.

⁷ *C. S. P.*, vol. 23, p. 718 (15 April 1708).

scale. This program made paramount the political task of securing the borders and trade of the country in which socialism was to be constructed. International socialist revolution was no longer the order of the day, but rather the securing of alliances, diplomatic gains, and trade deals with other countries in opposition, above all, to Washington. This required intimate ties with a section of the ruling class within these countries. The task for Communist parties around the world was therefore not to organize the working class to seize power, but to secure the support of a section of the bourgeoisie for trade and diplomatic ties. To this end they heralded to the working class and peasantry that the tasks of the revolution were national and democratic only — and not yet socialist. In this national democratic revolution a section of the capitalist class, they claimed, would play a progressive role. On this basis, the Communist party leadership could offer the support of workers, the youth, and peasant groups to a section of the bourgeoisie and in return secure support for the foreign policy interests of the Communist bloc. As they each sought to build socialism in one country, Moscow and Beijing did not merge their economies and, as a result, their rival sets of national interests diverged and led to open conflict, precipitating splits across the globe.

Growing social tensions split the PKP along fault lines drawn by the Sino-Soviet dispute. In 1965 the party, including its youth wing, the Kabataang Makabayan (KM) [Nationalist Youth] under the leadership of Jose Ma. Sison, supported Ferdinand Marcos in his campaign for president. In 1967, however, a majority of the leadership of the party expelled the cohort around Sison, who were drawn to the political line of Mao Zedong and Beijing. In late 1968, the expelled members founded a rival party, the CPP. The PKP and the CPP — adhering to the lines of Moscow and Beijing, respectively — were both Stalinist organizations, but they were oriented to rival sections of the capitalist class.⁸ In keeping with the more conservative line of Moscow, the PKP saw in Marcos and his machinations toward dictatorship this “progressive” wing who would open ties with the Soviet bloc and move the Philippines away from subservience to Washington. The CPP meanwhile, using the radical rhetoric of protracted people’s war and the anarchistic enthusiasm of the Cultural Revolution, was able to channel a great deal of the unrest of the times behind the increasingly restive bourgeois opposition to Marcos, in particular Benigno “Ninoy” Aquino Jr., the Lopez brothers (Vice Pres. Fernando Lopez and businessman Eugenio Lopez), and the Liberal Party.⁹

The split in the PKP led to a split in its youth wing, fragmenting the KM. The majority of youth, drawn from the peasantry, stayed with the PKP and founded a new organization, the Malayang Pagkakaisa ng Kabataang Pilipino (MPKP) [Free Unity of Filipino Youth]; Sison retained hold over a substantial portion of the university-based youth in Manila, who remained within the KM; and a number of the more well-to-do and artistic layers within the KM, drawn above all to the anarchism of the Cultural Revolution, broke with the KM and founded the Samahan ng Demokratikong Kabataan (SDK) [Federation of Democratic Youth].

It was in this context of social unrest, political tensions in the ruling class, and the emergence of two Communist parties that the massive explosion of protests that later became known as the First Quarter Storm (FQS) shook the first three months of 1970. Prior to the storm the leadership of the SDK had been closer to the MPKP than they were to the KM, and they had even campaigned together in the summer of 1969. As Marcos’s forces cracked down on protesters and the MPKP responded by blaming the activities of the KM, the SDK shifted to the camp of the CPP and its front organizations. The elite opposition began providing the protesters with funding, favorable press coverage, and access to television and radio broadcasts.

The year 1971 was an election year and the ruling class opponents of Marcos sought another explosion of protest to destabilize the president and secure sympathy for the opposition slate. Sison, writing his political report to the Second Plenum of the First Central Committee of the CPP in September 1970, launched a brief ultraleft policy, which lasted until August 1971 and which closely paralleled the

⁸ *Ibid.*, vol. 24, pp. 156–158, 739; vol. 23, p. 759.

⁹ *Ibid.*, vol. 29, p. 272 (18 March 1717).

third period policies of the Comintern from 1928 to 1934 (AB 1970).¹⁰ The Stalinists in 1928 declared that a new, third historical period since the 1917 revolution had begun, which would be marked by an uninterrupted upsurge of the revolutionary masses. On this basis, they split the working class, denouncing the Social Democratic parties as “social fascists”; attempted to seize control of the trade unions and split them, forming so-called red unions; and declared that after Adolf Hitler rose to power he would crush the social democrats and facilitate the rise of the Communist parties. Their slogan was “After Hitler, us.”¹¹ In a similar fashion, Sison declared that the masses were in an uninterrupted upsurge, that state repression increased their resistance, and that dictatorship “can only fan the flames of revolutionary war in the country” (ibid., 14). In early February, as the barricades were erected, the front organizations of the CPP attempted to seize control of a number of trade unions — splitting them, including the union of striking jeepney drivers — and set up headquarters for its new, red unions in Vinzons Hall on the UP Diliman campus. This brief “third period” lasted until six days before the Plaza Miranda bombing, when the CPP abruptly reversed course and issued instructions that its front groups should attempt to win over the so-called middle forces — conservative middle-class elements — by entering various organizations, whom they had recently decried as reactionary, including Catholic student groups. On this basis they campaigned for the Liberal Party in the November election (Scalice 2017, 591–613, 649–56). The barricades and the resulting Diliman commune were an expression of this third period policy.

As 1971 opened, Marcos approved a set of oil price hikes, and jeepney drivers responded by launching a strike. On 13 January police opened fire on the striking drivers and protesters, injuring over a hundred and killing four. Marcos declared a week-long moratorium on the oil price hike, and the strike was temporarily called off (Dalisay and Benaning 1971; PC 1971a). On 25 January Marcos delivered his State of the Nation Address. Protesters assembled, and everyone anticipated another storm akin to that of a year prior, but the day passed peacefully. Antonio Tagamolila (1971a, 6), SDK member and editor of the influential UP Diliman campus paper, the *Philippine Collegian*, wrote, “Peace has a way of beclouding the issues ... The issue to clarify once more, is that the people are still at war, a war declared and imposed by the ruling classes led by their fascist puppet chieftain.”

At the beginning of the year, the SDK reported that Dioscoro Umali, the dean of UP Los Banos, had announced that he possessed information on the group’s intent to take over the Diliman and Los Banos campuses and occupy the administration buildings. The SDK denounced Umali’s claim as a “fairy-tale” and a “fantasy” from his “ever-recurring nightmares” (SDK-UPCACS 1971). Umali’s claim was not at all far-fetched. Ericson Baculinao, chair of the UP Diliman Student Council and a leading member of KM, had threatened precisely such an occupation when presenting a set of fifty- seven demands from the students to UP Pres. Salvador P. Lopez in October 1970 (Go 1970, 7; Scalice 2017, 526). On 25 January 1971, the same day as the disappointingly peaceful protest in front of Congress, the Sandigang Makabansa (SM), the UP Diliman campus student political organization of the KM and SDK, which in 1970–1971 controlled the UP Student Council, published an issue of its paper, *Ang Sandigang Makabansa*, revisiting these demands, which they declared were not being fulfilled, but the final move rested with the students. In language invoking the *Internationale* the article concluded, “Matagal nang nabibinbin ang 57 kahilingan at ang gagawing nagkakaisang pagkilos ang siyang magiging huling paglalaban” (The fifty- seven demands have long been detained and the upcoming united action will be the final struggle) (SM 1971).¹² Preparations for the occupation of campus administration buildings were in place.

The SDK was now firmly in the camp of the CPP, and its leaders followed the party’s orders and abided by its discipline. The culmination of the process of its “rectification” was the SDK’s First National Congress, which was held on 30–31 January at the UP Asian Labor Education Center. *Militant but Groovy*, the anthology of accounts regarding the SDK written by a collection of its own members,

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, vol. 16, p. 101 (10 February 1698).

¹¹ *Ibid.*

¹² Cooper, vol. 11, p. 153.

stated that the process of “rectification and return to mainstream were consolidated at its First National Congress ... The theme of the congress was ‘Unfurl the Great Red Banner of the National Democratic Cultural Revolution’” (Santos and Santos 2008, 11; *PC* 1971c). During the two-day event, Dulaang Sadeka staged a performance of Bertolt Brecht’s *Mother*, translated by Rolando Pena and Ma. Lorena Barros and titled “Bandilang Pula,” after the red flag carried by Palagea at the end of the play (SM 1971, 4; Santos and Santos 2008, 34).¹³ In the aftermath of the barricades, *Bandilang Pula* became the title of the SDK paper, and, much later, the name of the official paper of the New People’s Army (NPA).

Barricades: Diliman, University Belt, Los Banos

“Amid the hubbub over the violence at the January 13 rally and the threats of violence at the FQS anniversary rally, the issue of the oil price hike got somewhat sidelined. Gasoline prices were not rolled back” (Quimpo and Quimpo 2012, 90). On 1 February, the morning after the SDK congress had concluded, the jeepney drivers launched a renewed strike and the KM and SDK launched a coordinated campaign of obstructing thoroughfares throughout the country, ostensibly in support of the strike. They erected barricades at UP Diliman and Los Banos and in the University Belt. These were the primary barricade sites, but according to the *Collegian* barricades were erected at least briefly by students in Laguna, Baguio, Rizal, Cavite, and other locations (*PC* 1971c).¹⁴ The putting up of these barricades was a coordinated and centrally directed campaign but, because of the prominence given to the Diliman Commune, records of the barricades erected elsewhere are partial and sporadic.

While they pointed to the jeepney drivers’ strike as the reason for their construction of barricades, it was but a pretext for the KM and SDK. In the wake of the disappointment of 25 January, they needed to foment street battles and provoke state repression. The KM shut down traffic on Mendiola Bridge on 30 January, two days before the jeepney strike resumed, claiming they were commemorating the Battle of Mendiola from the FQS a year earlier (Giron 1971). The state seized on the violence of the barricades as a pretext to break up the strike. On 2 February Manila Mayor Antonio Villegas, citing “suspicion of creating disorder in the city,” ordered the arrest without warrant of Lupino Lazaro, secretary general of Pasang Masda, the primary jeepney driver union involved in the strike (*PC* 1971b; Giron 1971; SDK 1971a). With the arrest of its leader, the strike quickly died. The students at the barricades, however, continued their protests and campus occupations despite the fact that the strike, which they claimed to be supporting, had ended days earlier (AS Rooftop Junta 1971a).

On 1 February the barricades went up in earnest. According to the account in the *Mirror*, “about 60 per cent of public vehicles, including jeepneys, buses and taxicabs continued operating that Monday in Manila and the rest of the Metropolitan area” (Giron 1971, 1). The students, however, “barricaded streets, solicited strike funds from drivers of passing vehicles, stoned buses and cars that did not stop when they directed them to turn back and ... set up pickets in Manila and Quezon City for the jeepney drivers” (*ibid.*). The students lit a bonfire at the junction of Azcarraga and Lepanto Streets; traffic through the vicinity was shut down, and all Divisoria-bound vehicles were routed through Quiapo. “Passengers in the few buses operating pulled up the window shades to avoid stones,” Giron (*ibid.*) wrote. The students maintained the barricades in the University Belt the next day. A street battle raged between protesters and the police in front of the University of Santo Tomas (UST). Students threw rocks, handmade bombs known as “pillboxes,” and Molotov cocktails; for their part, the police fired on the students. By the end of the day, three people had been killed: Danilo Rabaja, 19, of the Philippine College of Commerce (PCC); Renato Abrenica, 24, of UST; and Roberto Tolosa, a 12-year-old sweepstakes ticket vendor, who died of a bullet in the back. Twenty-nine others were injured. Barricades and protests continued in the University Belt throughout the first week of February; by Friday, 5 February, two more had been killed. Fernando Duque, 19, a UST student, “fleeing from police and drivers battling the students,” was

¹³ *C. S. P.*, vol. 16, pp. 390–391.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, vol. 24, p. 454.

hit by a pillbox explosion on the head. A “battle took place on Dapitan street when students resorted to stoning the vehicles, hurting passengers and drivers. The drivers fought back with stones” (ibid., 6).

On the Los Banos campus, we know that there were barricades sealing the main entrance to the university on 4 February and that two more sets of barricades were built on 8 February, shutting down the campus (SDK 1971c). The SDK and KM claimed that the barricades were being erected in support of the striking drivers. Most of the drivers, however, ended their strike on 6 February, while the students maintained and expanded the barricades. They “permitted the drivers to operate up to the barricades” (pinayagan silang pumasada hanggang sa mga barikada) but prevented them from continuing their routes through the campus. At least one jeepney driver, after the majority ended the strike, attempted to drive his vehicle through the barricades and the students assaulted him, throwing pillboxes at his vehicle (*PC* 1971f; Atos 1971).

On 7 February a large contingent of conservative civic groups — the Lions Club, the UP Student Catholic Action (UPSCA), and others — approached the barricades to request that they be taken down. The barricades were making life difficult, they said, for the residents of Los Banos. The students, led by Vicente Ladlad, refused. By 9 February it was anticipated that the constabulary would assault the barricades, and the students fortified themselves with pillboxes to “defend (ipagtanggol ang) UP Los Banos” (*PC* 1971f, 3). The account of the barricades at Los Banos published in the *Collegian* ends here. The anticipated battle never occurred, for the KM and SDK, on the basis of instructions from “underground,” lifted their barricades simultaneously at Diliman, Los Banos, and the University Belt on 9 February.¹⁵

The Diliman Commune

Monday, 1 February

While street battles raged on Azcarraga and provincial traffic was shut down in Los Banos, the KM and SDK erected barricades on the UP Diliman campus. The Physical Plant Office had installed loudspeakers in the Arts and Science (AS) building at the request of the UP Student Council, and the council used these speakers to instruct students to boycott their classes and man the barricades, while “groups of activists made rounds of classes being held, interrupting proceedings in the classrooms” (Committee of Inquiry 1971, 1). The campus at the time remained a public thoroughfare; you could drive its wide, acacia-lined streets from Commonwealth to Katipunan, and a good deal of traffic passed through on a daily basis. Barricades were put up across both the front entrance to the campus as well as the rear entrance at Lopez Jaena (Manzano 1971, 4). While they were initially erected to “stop public utility vehicles from entering campus,” *Bandilang Pula*, the paper which the students manning the barricades began publishing on 5 February, wrote that all vehicles, public and private, were being stopped and asked to take another route, and anyone who wished to enter the campus was instructed to get out and walk (Taguiwalo and Vea 1971; *BP* 1971a, 2). The students manning the barricades were armed with pillboxes and Molotov cocktails and waved a red banner. The young men on the barricades were responsible for preventing vehicles from entering the campus, and young women were assigned to solicit funds from those who had been turned away.¹⁶

Hearing of the disruption to traffic on campus, UP Pres. S. P. Lopez instructed Col. Oscar Alvarez, chief of campus security forces, to request that faculty vehicles be allowed to pass. Alvarez inspected the barricades and returned to report to Lopez that “everything was in order” (Committee of Inquiry 1971, 1–2). By midday many of the students wished to go to lunch, and there were not sufficient numbers to maintain the obstruction, so they knocked over a tree and placed it on the road. The security forces returned and attempted to remove the tree that was blocking traffic.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, vol. 29, p. vii.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, vol. 11, pp. 317–318.

A skirmish developed, during which pillbox bombs and gasoline bombs were thrown at the UP security guards. One guard drew his side-arm and fired warning shots. The students retaliated with bombs resulting in the injury to [sic] five security guards. More students arrived and reinforced the barricades. Their number was variously estimated at two to three hundred. (ibid., 2)

At 12:30 in the afternoon, UP mathematics professor Inocente Campos arrived in his car. Campos was a known figure on campus, having on several occasions threatened students with failing grades if they participated in demonstrations; students complained that he had pulled out a gun in the classroom and menaced them with it, on one occasion going so far as to fire three “warning shots” (Evangelista 2008, 44). Campos’s abusive and violent behavior had been reported by students to the campus administration for over a year, but no measures were taken against him (Vea 1970, 3). At the barricade, Campos accelerated and attempted to drive through the barrier. “Upon recognizing the professor, students on University avenue began throwing pillboxes at his car. The left rear tire exploded, forcing the car to a stop” (Committee of Inquiry 1971, 3). Dean of Students Armando Malay (1982a, 1) described the situation: “it looked to me that the car was disabled, because its rear was jutting out of line, like a woman with an enlarged derriere.” An account written by the barricaders themselves reported that when the students saw Campos, they shouted “It’s Campos ... throw pb [pillboxes] at him ... he’s a fascist!” (Si Campos ... batuhin niyo ng pb ... pasista iyan!) (Manzano 1971, 4). Campos emerged from his damaged vehicle wearing a bulletproof vest and a helmet and opened fire on the students with a shotgun. Malay (1982a, 6) described Campos as having “a grim smile on his face” as he shot into the crowd of students. Campos reloaded his shotgun and continued firing, shooting one of the students, Pastor “Sonny” Mesina, in the forehead.

Members of the UP Security Forces, who had been standing nearby since their attempt to remove the tree barricade, arrested Campos and took him to the Quezon City Police Department (QCPD). The students burned Campos’s vehicle (Palatino 2008, 103; *BP* 1971a, 2). Mesina was taken to the UP infirmary and then transferred to Veterans Memorial Hospital, where he was unconscious for several days and died Thursday evening, 4 February (Committee of Inquiry 1971, 3; *BP* 1971a; Santos and Santos 2008, 83). Mesina was 17 years old, a first-year student at the university who had joined the SDK a week earlier and on the day of his death had opted to march with some of his friends rather than go to a movie with others. While Mesina was in the hospital, Tagamolila wrote an editorial stating, “The hero of the day is undoubtedly Pastor Mesina, a freshman activist, who was seriously wounded by an insane man we had allowed to roam in our midst,” while Mario Taguiwalo wrote that “Sonny was not an activist nor a revolutionary, but he tried” (Tagamolila 1971b, 6; Taguiwalo 1971, 9). The Bantayog ng mga Bayani monument would later inscribe that Mesina “earned the honor of being considered UP Diliman’s ‘first martyr’ ... he gave his life for academic freedom.”

S. P. Lopez had been watching events through binoculars. About fifty students angrily left the barricades and marched to the university administrative building of Quezon Hall, storming the offices of Lopez, tearing plaques off the wall, shattering windows, and throwing rocks. One student threw a piece of wood at Lopez, hitting him in the chest (Committee of Inquiry 1971, 3). Baculinao confronted Lopez, demanding to know why the latter sent security forces to the barricade without first informing him. He blamed Lopez for the actions of Campos, claiming that had the security forces not been present Campos would not have been emboldened to shoot.¹⁷ Tension mounted, and it seemed increasingly likely that a student might physically assault Lopez. To defuse the tension, as was the KM’s standard practice, Baculinao led the group in a loud rendition of the national anthem after which they left Lopez’s office.

Lopez later recounted that he was summoned that afternoon to the military headquarters of Camp Aguinaldo for a meeting of a shady cabal known as the “Peace and Order Council” (ibid., 5–6). Justice Secretary Vicente Abad Santos, chair of the council; Executive Secretary Alejandro Melchor; Defense

¹⁷ Gray, *op. cit.*, p. 366. Bruce, *op. cit.*, vol. 2, p. 51.

Secretary Juan Ponce Enrile; Col. Tomas Karingal, QCPD chief; and Gen. Eduardo Garcia, head of the Philippine Constabulary discussed how best to suppress the students at the flagship state university. The council called for the forced entry of the police into the campus, but Lopez protested, citing a prior agreement with Quezon City Mayor Norberto Amoranto to keep the city police off campus and to leave policing to campus security forces (*UP Gazette* 1971, 20). The council stated that the agreement was not legally binding. A decision was reached, over Lopez's dissent, that the police would enter the university and clear out the barricades, and it was further decided that if the police could not successfully carry out this action the constabulary would be deployed. Enrile warned that, if the mayor refused to allow the deployment of Karingal's forces on campus, the constabulary would take over city hall. The council went to Quezon City Hall to inform Amoranto of the measures they were taking. Lopez's account (Committee of Inquiry 1971) of his meeting with this junta provides a rare insight into just how advanced were the preparations for military rule. If elected leaders or democratic norms interfered even slightly in the suppression of unrest and dissent, the military leadership was poised to strip their powers away.

With the police deployed at every approach to the university, students set up new barricades on the west entrance guarding Commonwealth Avenue. Lopez continued to protest against police on the campus, but Karingal disregarded him; at 3:00 in the afternoon the QCPD broke down the barricades and arrested more than eighteen students.¹⁸ The UP Student Council issued a leaflet on 1 February denouncing the shooting of Mesina, singling out S. P. Lopez for blame for having "abetted and encouraged" the UP Security Police, who "brutally attempted to disperse the students by firing indiscriminately at the crowd" (UP Student Council and Samahan ng Kababaihan ng UP 1971). Palatino (2008, 104) correctly noted that, after the first day, "the issue was no longer the oil price hike but the interference of the military on campus" (hindi na pagtaas ng presyo ng langis ang isyu kundi ang panghihimasok ng militar sa loob ng kampus).

Tuesday, 2 February

Early Tuesday morning the students rebuilt their defenses, incorporating the burned-out remains of Campos's car into the barricades (Malay 1982b, 6). Leaflets for and against the barricades circulated throughout the campus that morning. A group calling itself the "decent elements of the UP Student Council" signed a document on behalf of the entire council denouncing "student fascism." Their leaflet read, "UP vilest [sic] activist Sonny Mesina was shot in the head yesterday, when in self-defense Prof. Inocente Campos fired at fascist students who want to reign supreme in UP" (UP Student Council 1971). The Samahan ng Makabayang Siyentipiko (SMS 1971), meanwhile, issued an appeal to continue support for the jeepney strike and opposition to fascism on campus, concluding by summoning everyone "to the barricades!" This was the last mention of the strike during the Diliman Commune; after the morning of 2 February, this pretext was dropped entirely (*ibid.*).¹⁹

The police and the students tensely eyed one another over the barricades. According to the *Collegian*, the standoff broke when the MPKP drove a jeep past the barricades, leading an assault by the police (*PC* 1971f). *Bandilang Pula* described the jeep as flying a flag with a sickle on it, and the students at the barricade expected that the jeep contained reinforcements. In their own version of events, the MPKP claimed that the KM-SDK hurled pillboxes at their jeep, which was bearing MPKP activists and striking drivers (MPKP-UP 1971b). The MPKP carried a leaflet with them, which stated "the massing of hundreds of [Philippine Constabulary] troopers and Quezon City policemen armed with high-powered firearms in the University is a naked act of fascist repression ... However, we also see the necessity of criticizing certain elements within the student ranks who committed acts of unwarranted violence against UP personnel and property" (MPKP 1971a).²⁰ They called on students to "sustain the struggle against American oil monopolies," but also to "expose and oppose petty-bourgeois pseudo-revolutionary

¹⁸ *C. S. P.*, vol. 32, p. 425.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, vol. 16, p. vii.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, vol. 12, p. 517.

elements.” Behind their jeep came the police, who immediately began firing tear gas; the students at the barricades retreated before the onslaught. The front organizations of the PKP had played no part in the barricades until now, for they stood on the opposite side of this battle; as they entered Diliman they were accompanied by the military.

By 1:00 in the afternoon, S. P. Lopez was engaged in an argument with QCPD chief Karingal, demanding the removal of the police from the university campus. After several skirmishes between police and students, the police appeared to withdraw. At 2:00 in the afternoon the students declared that UP was a “liberated area” (Giron 1971, 6). The upper floors of the AS building were seized by a group that called itself the AS Rooftop Junta and flew a red flag from its roof. The students used the rooftops of the AS and Engineering buildings to throw Molotov cocktails and pillboxes at the police during subsequent encroachments (*BP* 1971c, 5). Barricades were set up in front of the AS Building.

But police took the road behind the building, cutting off the students’ retreat and many of them were caught. Students battled the militarists at Vinzons Hall where activists held their meetings. Fourteen students were injured when Metrocom soldiers captured the area. At this point, Kabataang Makabayan members of Ateneo de Manila reinforced the UP students. QC Major ELPidio Clemente ordered the attack on two girl dormitories where ten male students fighting the police with bombs sought refuge. In ten minutes the Sampaguita and Camia halls reeked of gas fumes and the cries of 200 occupants resounded. Girls trapped inside broken glass windows and squirmed through broken glass, lacerating or bruising themselves. They were in tears. (Giron 1971, 6)

The students poured water on the road to dampen the effect of the teargas, shouting out to the Metrocom that they were pouring gasoline. The Metrocom began to attack from the grass, as the pillbox bombs routinely did not explode on soft impact (*BP* 1971c, 5). Low-flying helicopters flew over the campus, dropping teargas bombs in addition to those being thrown by the Metrocom. The students began streamlining the production of Molotov cocktails, using Coke bottles taken from the cafeteria, two drums of crude oil that were available on campus, and curtains torn down from the AS building. The exchanges between the Metrocom and the students continued until late in the night, and at some point the students set the barricades on fire. The embers of the barricades were still smoldering the next morning (Daroy 1971, 8, 9).

Wednesday, 3 February

The DZMM radio station, owned by Eugenio Lopez, sent its Radyo Patrol truck to the campus on Wednesday morning, and Dean Malay issued an appeal to the nation to provide food and supplies to the barricaded students. S. P. Lopez called on the entire university community to assemble in front of Palma Hall, where KM leader Boni Ilagan opened the assembly, recounting to the students the events of the past two days. Lopez addressed the students, stating that what was at stake in the struggle over the barricades was the militarization of the campus (Malay 1982d, 8; Daroy 1971, 9). Mila Aguilar (1971) reported that at the end of Lopez’s speech “a band of white-helmeted fascists were sighted at the corner of the Engineering building 100 meters away from the Arts and Sciences steps, where the gathering was being held.” The students grabbed “chairs, tables, blackboards” and brought them down into the street (*ibid.*). The barricade rapidly extended down the length of the AS building, and Molotov cocktails and pillboxes were distributed up and down the line. The students occupying the rooftops were given *kwitis* (fireworks) to launch at helicopters flying overhead.

A negotiating team, including the dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, some faculty members, and student representatives, went to meet with the police. The “white-helmeted fascists” were the Metrocom, under the command of QCPD Major Clemente, who was chiefly concerned with the removal of blockades from the main thoroughfares so that buses could pass. Marcos gave orders directly to

Clemente to have his men stand down as long as Lopez and the university administration took responsibility for the situation. Clemente and the negotiating team reached an agreement that the buses would be rerouted down Commonwealth Avenue, skirting the north side of the campus; however, as Clemente pulled out his forces, he secretly arranged to leave behind snipers at various locations throughout the campus (Daroy 1971, 9; *BP* 1971c, B).

During one of the police assaults on Vinzons Hall — it is unclear on which day — Danilo Delfin was critically wounded by a gunshot to the lung (Daroy 1971, 9). Delfin was not a supporter of the commune guarding the barricades. He was a member of the Vanguard Fraternity, a right-wing organization opposed to the KM and SDK. Delfin later stated that he was caught in the crossfire and that the trajectory of the bullet revealed that he was shot in the back by the KM-SDK from behind Vinzons Hall (*Convocation Sabotaged* 1971). For a brief time after the events, Delfin was hailed by the KM and SDK as a hero and a “martyr” of the movement. When he revealed that he was a Vanguard member who had been shot in the back, he was denounced. In mid-1972 he wrote a bitter public letter:

A year and half after, I’m still confined to a wheel chair, unable to walk or stand by myself. The doctors say that in a year or two, I might finally be able to walk. I don’t know.

Last year, right after the barricades and during the early part of the campus campaign, some groups on campus, specifically those who set up the barricades, were praising me as Kumander Delfin, one of the heroes and martyrs of the barricades. Until I told the truth during the AS confrontation [in July 1971]. Since then I have been consistently denounced as a propagandist for Malacanang. In a wheel chair? (Delfin 1972)

At 5:00 in the evening, Senators Benigno Aquino Jr., Salvador Laurel, and Eva Estrada Kalaw went to and spoke on the Diliman campus, proclaiming “their concern over the military force under control of President Marcos. They called upon the military units on the edges of campus to withdraw” (ang kanilang pagkabahala sa puwersang militar na kontrolado ni Pang. Marcos. Hinikayat nilang umalis ang hukbong militar sa kapaligiran ng kampus) (*PC* 1971f, 5).²¹ Aquino brought bags of food for the students on the barricades (*BP* 1971d, 6). The senators then met with S. P. Lopez in his office to discuss the affair. While they were in conference, Marcos called Lopez and stated that he was ordering the withdrawal of all troops and that students would not be issued a deadline for the removal of the barricades (Malay 1982e, 7). Marcos, it seems, astutely decided to allow the students to tire of the barricades, which lasted for five more days.

Lopez (1971) issued a press statement calling for the resumption of classes, stating that he was “unalterably opposed” to police entering the campus, but called upon students to tear down the barricades so that classes could resume. The students continued to man the barricades, however, tearing down the stage lights from the AS theater and installing them on the top of the AS hall to serve as a searchlight. They began renaming the UP campus buildings; the campus itself they renamed the “Democratic Diliman Commune.” The accounts of the renaming are contradictory. According to various sources UP was renamed Stalin University; Abelardo Hall became Dante Hall; the Faculty Center became Jose Ma. Sison Hall; Palma Hall became Dante Hall; Gonzalez Hall became Amado Guerrero Hall (Canoy 1980, 2; Rosca 1971, 10). The only renaming that I can independently verify is Jose Ma. Sison Hall because the students scrawled Sison’s name in large red letters on the walls. By Wednesday night, essentially all police and military incursions on the Diliman campus stopped, according to the commune’s own publications. The KM and SDK occupied the campus exclusively until they took the barricades down (*BP* 1971e, 7).

²¹ *Ibid.*, vol. 29, p. 181.

Thursday, 4 February

By Thursday morning, the university had a “lack of students,” the streets were deserted, and the commune was “isolated.” Those who remained at Diliman were the members of the UP chapters of the KM and SDK, who had been joined by members from other universities (Aguilar 1971).²² The majority of the student body, however, had left. Those remaining on the campus elected a provisional directorate, of which Baculinao was made head (Malay 1982c, 6).²³

The occupying students, now styling themselves as “communards,” broke into and seized the DZUP radio station, renaming it Malayang Tinig ng Demokratikong Komunidad ng Diliman (Free Voice of the Democratic Community of Diliman) (Gonzales 1971, 3; Aguilar 1971, 8; Baculinao et al. 1971). *Bagong Pilipina* described the “liberation” of the station: “The university radio station which used to play and cater to well-educated bourgeoisie [sic] listeners (who else could afford to appreciate Beethoven’s symphony, who else could find time to relax at night and listen to bourgeois’ [sic] music?) was liberated and occupied by the progressive sector” (Berbano and Castillo 1971, 3). The KM and SDK began broadcasting, receiving extraordinary assistance from the Lopez family. DZUP had a broadcast radius of 5 kilometers and, according to Armando Malay (1982g, 1), “nobody (but nobody) had been listening to it before.” ABS-CBN, the national broadcast network owned by Eugenio Lopez, announced that the station had been captured and it was being broadcast at 1410 AM. Having made this announcement, Lopez then arranged the nationwide rebroadcast of the students’ programming. The 5-kilometer campus station now reached the entire archipelago. The student operators managed to burn out the vacuum tubes of the radio station, but these were promptly replaced by a wealthy anonymous donor (*ibid.*; *BP* 1971d, 6).

Eugenio Lopez did not merely supply the means of broadcast to the students, but he also supplied the content. As part of Marcos’s presidential campaign in 1969, he had commissioned the production of a film depicting what were supposed to be his years as a guerrilla during the Second World War. The film, *Ang mga Maharlika*, starred Hollywood actors Paul Burke (as Marcos) and Farley Granger. B-grade movie actress Dovie Beams played Marcos’s love interest.²⁴ Throughout the course of 1969 and most of 1970 Beams and Marcos carried on a love affair and, without Marcos’s knowledge, Beams recorded the audio of each of their encounters. Imelda Marcos, stung by the scandal, arranged to have Beams deported as an undesirable alien in November 1970. Beams responded by threatening to release the recordings. Ferdinand Marcos made an offer of US\$100,000 to Beams for the audio tapes, and the US consul carried out the negotiations on his behalf. Beams refused and called a press conference during which she played a portion of her recording, featuring Marcos singing “Pamulinawen” (an Ilocano folk song) as well as the sounds of their love making. A pair of reporters broke into Beams’s hotel room and stole the audio tapes, and the tapes wound up in the possession of the Lopez media conglomerate (Rotea 1984, 132; Rodrigo 2006, 210). Much as they desired to humiliate Marcos, they could not broadcast the hours of recorded bedroom conversation and noises over their radio network. The Diliman Commune provided the ideal pretext for their broadcast, and they supplied the students with the audio tapes. The KM and SDK cheerfully broadcast Beams’s audio tapes, punctuated at times by performances of the Internationale, and the Lopez radio network carried the broadcast nationwide to the immense humiliation of Marcos. The KM and SDK had been provided with a means of addressing the entire nation, and they made little attempt to present a political perspective. They occupied their time broadcasting explicit sexual recordings in an attempt to embarrass Marcos on behalf of a rival section of the bourgeoisie (Santos and Santos 2008, 83; Malay 1982g, 6; Gonzales 1971, 3).

By mid-Thursday afternoon, the students had broken the lock off the door of the university press, intending to use it to print a newspaper for the Commune. Expressing concern that the students might

²² Leo Francis Stock, ed., *Proceedings and Debates of the British Parliament Respecting North America*, 5 vols. (Washington, 1924), vol. 2, p. 46.

²³ A. E. Smith, *op. cit.*, pp. 111–113, 117, 325–329, 335–337.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 324.

break the press, Dean Malay (1982f, 7) offered to provide them with several regular press employees: “one or two linotypists, a makeup man, and others you might need.” By the next morning the students had published a newspaper for the barricades, *Bandilang Pula*. In addition to the press and radio, the students took over the chemistry laboratory, which they used for the production of Molotov cocktails and other explosives. On 4 February Tagamolila (1971b, 6), at the head of the *Collegian*, published an editorial on the Commune, writing

The scholar turned street fighter becomes a truly wiser man. The political science professor hurling molotovs gets to know more about revolution than a lifetime of pedagogy. The engineering and science majors, preparing fuseless molotovs and operating radio stations, the medical student braving gunfire to aid his fellow-activist, the coed preparing battle-rations of food, pillboxes, and gasoline bombs, by their social practice realize that their skills are in themselves not enough — that the political education they get by using those skills against fascism is the correct summing up of all previous learning.

Friday, 5 February, to Tuesday, 9 February

As the threat of police invasion receded, life on the UP Diliman campus settled into a routine. On Friday morning, the UP Student Catholic Action issued a statement that hailed the student victory over the “fascist” invasion of campus, but stated that the threat had passed and called now for the removal of the barricades (UPSCA Law Chapter 1971). At some point in the early stages of the barricades, the police, for unspecified reasons, had arrested the cafeteria workers. Food production on the campus thus fell to the students themselves. “The President of the UP Women’s Club undertook this task. Foodstuffs came in as donations; they were cooked up at the Kamia Residence Hall and brought in ration to the various barricades” (Daroy 1971, 10). A resident of Kamia, Babes Almario (1971, 4) wrote a sympathetic account of the Commune in which she claimed that an “agent ... was caught in the act of sabotaging the molotov cocktails we had neatly laid out as if in preparation for a buffet, and he was dealt the revolutionary punishment of the communards.” Almario did not specify what this “punishment” was. The number of students continued to dwindle. Kamia, which customarily housed 200 students, by Friday only housed twenty (Reyes 1971).²⁵

Nine days after they erected them, the students who still remained on campus voluntarily tore down the barricades, and life at the university returned to normal. In his history of the campus, Jose Ma. Sison wrote that the Diliman Commune ended “only after the administration accepted several significant demands of the students and the Marcos regime accepted the recommendation of the UP president to end the military and police siege, and declare assurances that state security forces should not be deployed against the university” (Sison and Sison 2008, 58). Sison’s account is entirely false. The military siege had been lifted days before the commune ended; assurances that state forces would not be used against the campus existed before the Commune was formed, and the events of early February marked a significant step toward their rescinding; and while the commune did publish a set of eight demands, only two were eventually partially granted and none were granted prior to the lifting of the barricades. According to Jerry Araos, whose SDKM played a key role in the arming of the barricades, “the barricades ended only when a decision from the underground [i.e., the CPP] ordered their abandonment” (Santos and Santos 2008, 77). The barricades in the University Belt and at UP Los Banos were lifted on the same day in a coordinated manner; evidently, they had all received the same instructions from the CPP leadership (*Tinig ng Mamamayan* 1971).

Major explosions and fires broke out on both the Los Banos and Diliman campuses as the barricades were being taken down. Whether these were carried out by provocateurs, students opposing the lifting of the barricades, or as a final action of the “communards” before their removal is unclear. At 3:00 in the

²⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 330.

morning, thirteen drums of gasoline on the Diliman campus, “set aside by students at the Sampaguita residence hall, suddenly caught fire” (biglang lumiyab ang 13 dram ng gasolina na itinabi ng mga maga-aral sa Sampaguita residence hall), while several hours earlier, at 10:00 PM, a large explosion took place at the UPLB armory (PC 1971g, 9). *Ang Tinig ng Mamamayan*, the publication of the Los Banos barricades, speculated that it might have been set off by the NPA, but a week later SDK UPLB chair Cesar Hicaro said that the idea that “activists” had carried out the bombing was “laughable” (katawa-tawa). He instead alleged that Dean Umali, in cahoots with the constabulary, had carried out the bombing to frame the activists (*Tinig ng Mamamayan* 1971; PC 1971h, 2).

As the barricades were taken down, SDK leaders Tagamolila, Veal, and Taguiwalo wrote a three-part front-page editorial in the *Collegian* assessing the now finished commune. Tagamolila (1971c, italics added) stated,

The ever-growing recognition by the masses of the evils of imperialism and the fascism of its staunchest ally, bureaucrat-capitalism, has in fact been accelerated by the very violence with which the fascists sought to silence the masses. ... The more the imperialists need to exploit the masses, the more the masses protest. The more the masses protest, the more violent will be the suppression. The more violent the fascist state becomes, the more politicalized and the stronger the masses become.

In keeping with the line of Sison and the CPP, the KM and SDK argued that the violence of “fascism” was serving a good purpose: it was accelerating the growth of revolutionary consciousness. Fascist suppression, they claimed, made the masses stronger. This political line would lead Sison and the CPP to hail the imposition of martial law in 1972 as a great advance in the struggle of the revolutionary masses (Scalice 2017, 775–79). Veal assessed what he perceived to be the errors of the Commune, which he described as the result of “the failure to concretely assess the concrete situation.” Among its errors he listed the “adoption of a purely military viewpoint,” which led to “unnecessary pillbox explosions ... Taxis were commandeered without much regard for the political significance,” a situation that was “subsequently rectified in the following days ... Taxis were all returned” (Taguiwalo and Veal 1971, 9).

On 12 February, three days after the removal of the barricades, the Malayang Komunidad ng Diliman published its second and final issue of *Bandilang Pula*. The paper announced that the Commune was being normalized in order to “consolidate gains,” but did not specify a single one. It claimed that the removal of the barricades was undertaken in return for the “presenting of demands.” Not one of the demands had been granted; they had lifted the barricades in exchange for the privilege of presenting them (BP 1971e). The demands were:

- Rollback the price of gasoline.
- Guarantee against any military or police invasion of campus.
- Justice for Pastor Mesina [not specified what this was]
- Free use of DZUP radio
- Free use of UP Press
- Prosecution and dismissal of Inocente Campos [apparently distinct from justice for Pastor Mesina]
- Investigation of the UP Security Police; prosecution and dismissal of all officials and police who collaborated with the military invasion.
- All students with connections with military or intelligence must disclose their connections on registration on pain of expulsion.

They wrote

It is not out of fear that we lifted the barricades ... We decided to lift the barricades on the basis of national democratic and revolutionary principles and primarily on the basis of tactical considerations.

The conditions of the barricades which were those of an emergency and of actual resistance, cannot be maintained as a permanent condition. The fascist military — of course for its own purpose — has [sic] by and large withdrawn its own force by Thursday ... The constant exactions, limited resources, both human and material, and the necessity for consolidation were circumstances that also had to be considered. (ibid.)

The communards' own account reveals that they tore down the barricades not to secure the withdrawal of the military, but because their own numbers were dwindling and because of broader, unspecified political considerations. In response to their demands, students were eventually given unspecified "reduced rates" for use of the UP Press and were allocated airtime at DZUP in "accordance with the rules of the University" (Malay 1982i 6). The initial allotment of airtime was two hours a day under some form of supervision (*PC* 1971i, 9). The hours at DZUP controlled by the KM-SDK rapidly expanded until they had nearly complete control of the station by the end of 1971. It was, however, the product of gradual expansion and was not the result of a demand granted in the wake of the barricades. Lopez's stations continued to rebroadcast DZUP throughout greater Manila and the surrounding provinces until the declaration of martial law. Inocente Campos was not dismissed, and in the wake of the barricades he resumed teaching math on the Diliman campus (*PC* 1972, 2).

Aftermath

The police filed nine charges against Baculinao, including illegal detention, malicious mischief, arson, attempted murder, and five cases of theft. A taxi driver, Pedro Magpoy, filed charges against several students for detaining his Yellow Taxi for ten hours; another taxi driver, Francisco Cadampog, complained that the students had set fire to his Mercury Taxi in the afternoon of 5 February (*PC* 1971e, 9). Malay, whose account is highly sympathetic to the students, wrote that the students had "commandeered" a motorcycle with a sidecar from a local driver, had detached the sidecar and incorporated it into the barricades, while the motorcycle was used by the student leaders on campus. The owner of the tricycle requested from Malay that the motorcycle and sidecar — his source of livelihood — be returned to him, and Malay (1982h, 6) instructed him to speak to Baculinao. On 8 February UP Student Councilor Ronaldo Reyes (1971) wrote a memo enumerating acts of violence and theft, which he alleged unnamed outsiders had committed behind the barricades, including the death by stabbing of an Esso security guard who lived on the UP campus.

As the barricades came down, the walls of the buildings throughout campus were found to be festooned with "revolutionary" graffiti. Taguiwalo and Vea (1971, 10) wrote on 10 February that "the slogans and caricatures that decorate the buildings were the product" of the "revolutionary artists" of the Nagkakaisang Progresibong Artista-Arkitecto (NPAA) (United Progressive Artists-Architects) and the SDK-Artists Group (AG). Across the fagades of Palma and Melchor hall "revolutionary slogans were scrawled in red paint," the famed Oblation statue had been doused with red paint, and the walls of the Faculty Center had "Jose Ma. Sison" painted all over them (Malay 1982h, 6; Palatino 2008, 104; Vea 1971, 10).

The leaders of the barricades began to recognize just how unpopular the "commune" was with the majority of the student body now returning to campus. They undertook a two-part response, officially defending the barricades while denouncing "outsiders" for any "excesses." The UP Student Council under Baculinao passed a resolution declaring that "barricades are fine ... the UP Student Council endorse

barricades as a form of protest.” A second resolution was passed on the same day commending the “revolutionary heroism” of Mesina, Delfin, and others (Baculinao, Pagaduan, and Coloma 1971; Baculinao, Pagaduan, and Vea 1971; Baculinao 1971). The Student Council resolution laid the foundation for the subsequent myth of the Commune, declaring that the “barricades arose spontaneously and immediately gained mass support.”

The official endorsement of the barricades did little to make them popular with the student body. Seizing the opportunity, the MPKP began putting up posters on campus attacking the KM and SDK, some of which read “Wage revolution against American Imperialism, not against UP” (KM 1971, 7). On 10 February the MPKP (1971a) issued a leaflet denouncing the Diliman Commune as “a well-planned sabotage of the national democratic movement ... Under the pretext of sympathizing with the jeepney drivers’ struggle against US oil monopolies, the KM-SDK faction ‘occupied’ the UP for 2 weeks and indulged in anarchistic and vandalistic actions that greatly undermined the fundamental interests of the movement.” The MPKP-UP (1971a) continued:

Instead of going out of the narrow confines of the university and joining the pickets set up by the striking drivers outside, the KM-SDK had chosen to barricade themselves inside UP under the illusion of securing a “liberated area” ... the KM-SDK infants however over-acted in declaring UP a “liberated area,” looting the AS cooperative store, robbing the BA college of typewriters, smashing chairs and burning tables, blackboards, wall clocks and bulletin boards, ransacking the UP Press, and renaming several buildings in honor of dubious characters from whom they apparently draw inspiration.

The KM and SDK leadership, in the second and final issue of *Bandilang Pula*, admitted that

sa pagtatapos ng mga unang yugto ng pagpapasok ng militar, ang mga organisasyong estudyante ay unti-unting nabawasan sa kawalan ng mga kadre na dapat sanang mamamahala sa mga barikada. Marami ring nagsasayang ng mga paputok na ginastusan ng salapi. Dahil din dito, ang mga ibang namamahala sa barikada ay di galing sa UP. (*BP* 1971f, A)

after the first wave of troops entering the campus, they lost many cadres, who left, and should have been managing the barricades. Many wasted their explosives that were paid for with money. Because of this, the barricades were often run by outside forces.

The theft and vandalism, they claimed, were the work of these outsiders:

Dahilan din sa kakulangan ng organisasyon, maraming mga kahina-hinalang impiltrador ang nakapasok upang magsabotahe sa kaligtasan ng mga ari-arian ng UP tulad ng paglusob at pagnanakaw sa iba’t ibang lugal ng kampus sa panahon ng kaguluhan. (*ibid.*)

Also, because of a lack of organization, many suspicious infiltrators were able to enter and sabotage the security of the properties of UP, breaking into and robbing many places on campus during periods of confusion.

We know, however, from the students’ own accounts, that the “communards” themselves had broken into many of the buildings on campus and taken “university property.” The literature of 1 to 9 February is replete with accounts of breaking windows, tearing down curtains and stage lights, and confiscating barrels of crude oil, for example (*cf.* *BP* 1971a, 1971b). Rather than defend these actions as necessary for the defense of the barricades, the leadership disavowed them, claiming that they were carried out by infiltrators. The SDK began directly blaming the MPKP for the vandalism and theft that had occurred during the Commune, arguing that if the MPKP had manned the barricades with them there would have been sufficient forces to prevent such crimes (SDK 1971f, 10).

The criticisms, however, were not merely being raised by the MPKP. Adriel Meimban, president of the UP Baguio Student Council, wrote to the *Collegian*, assessing the pickets and barricades at the

various university campuses. The issue in every protest, he stated, was “fascism, fascism and fascism” (Meimban 1971, 8). In Meimban’s assessment, far from winning over public sympathy, despite the brutality of the police, the methods of the students were alienating the public. He wrote, “What was ironical was that the students already suffered physically from pistol butts, karate chops and other manhandling tactics, yet the public opinion deplored and discredited the cause espoused by the students. ... [In the wake of the protests] our credibility with the Baguio populace has firmly registered a zero point.”

S. P. Lopez initiated a Committee of Inquiry into the causes of the barricades, which issued its final report on 17 March based on interviews with seventy-eight participants, including students, faculty, police, and university officials. Baculinao and many of the leaders of the Commune refused to be interviewed, choosing instead to assign Sonny Coloma, one of the spokesmen of the barricades, to head a Diliman Historical Committee charged with commemorating the Commune (PC 1971j). In July the KM and SDK ran Rey Vea for Student Council president, but the unpopular memory of the graffiti-festooned and vandalized campus cost them the election.

The August bombing of the Liberal Party *miting de avance* at Plaza Miranda provided Marcos the pretext to suspend the writ of habeas corpus. Baculinao and a host of other figures tied to the CPP had flown to China on 20 August, the day before the bombing (Lacaba 1971, 6). The KM and SDK, erstwhile communards, threw themselves with gusto into an aggressive campaign for the election of the Liberal Party slate (Scalice 2017, 673–91). When the LP won six out of eight senatorial seats, they published an article through their joint organization, the Movement for a Democratic Philippines (1971), claiming that with the election of John Osmena, Jovito Salonga, and the rest of the LP slate, the “Filipino masses” had “fully repudiated the fascist regime of Marcos.”

In September 1971, less than a month after Marcos’s suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, Gintong Silahis (1972), which had emerged out of the SDK and established itself as an independent national democratic drama group three months earlier, staged a play, *Barikada*, at UP Theater. *Barikada* was promoted as a play freely based on the events of 1–9 February 1971. The program for the event informs us that the make up for the *Barikada* performers was done by Beautifont, high fashion cosmetics, “distinctively formulated for the Filipina”; the next page was headlined “Destroy the state machinery of the ruling classes” (Gintong Silahis 1971). There was an anarchistic tone throughout the performance, calling for the destruction of the old culture and the smashing of the state, but never for the seizing of state power. Behn Cervantes staged the production, which was modeled on the style of Peking Opera, with choreography and songs entitled “Paper Tiger” (Tigreng Papel) and “The People Are What Matter” (Ang Tao ang Mahalaga). It concluded with fifty red flags waving throughout the auditorium and the singing of the Internationale. The event was sponsored by La Pacita Biscuits, and they staged repeat performances on 8–9 October (SDK 1971e, 2). Fernando Lopez, the vice president of the Philippines, locked in fierce political combat with Marcos, arranged for the play to be staged at his family’s prestigious Meralco Theater (Santos and Santos 2008, 119).²⁶

The play focused entirely on the events at Diliman. By the end of the year the “commune” was the only portion of the barricades remembered. As was often the case, Diliman had become the focus of attention not because the events there were more dramatic but simply because it was the elite flagship campus of the state university.²⁷ While Mesina, whose presence at the barricades was almost accidental, is now commemorated at the Bantayog ng mga Bayani, Abrenica and the others who died in downtown Manila in the street battles of 1–9 February have been forgotten.

²⁶ C. S. P., vol. 24, p. 739.

²⁷ Gray, *op. cit.*, p. 348. Wertenbaker, *op. cit.*, pp. 81–82. McCormac, *op. cit.*, pp. 28–29. A. E. Smith, *op. cit.*, pp. 325, 331–332, 336.

Conclusion

There is a culture about the Communist Party of the Philippines and its affiliated organizations that is simultaneously inflected by amnesia and nostalgia. The KM, under the leadership of Jose Ma. Sison, had endorsed Ferdinand Marcos for president in 1965, but four years later they denounced him as a fascist and entered an alliance with the bourgeois opposition. They did not account for their prior support, but buried it: "Oceania had always been at war with Eastasia." This cultivated amnesia was combined with a nostalgia for an imagined past. Young people joining the party or its front organizations learn of the First Quarter Storm and the Diliman Commune, events that are never understood historically, but simply appreciated as the great moral lessons of the past, examples of the revolutionary heroism of their predecessors. This appreciation is not entirely baseless. The youths and workers who fought in the battles of the 1960s and early 1970s were often heroic, proving themselves capable of self-sacrifice and endless labor. The best layers of an entire generation fought courageously, and many in the end were tortured and killed by a brutal dictator. But to what end? Here the only honest means of honoring the struggles of this generation is to subject to careful study and trenchant criticism the program and machinations of their leaders. Such an historical examination, to which this article is a small contribution, reveals that the sacrifices made by these youths and workers were first demanded and then dispensed with by Stalinism, which ensured that their lives were no more than grist on the millstone of dictatorship. Much of the Stalinist parties' political authority among the masses derived from their claim to be Marxist; I am challenging that claim.

On examination, the barricades, particularly the affair known as the Diliman Commune, proved to be an unmitigated defeat for the KM and SDK, which lost almost all connection with the striking jeepney drivers and a great deal of support from the student body; as a direct result of the barricades, the SM lost the 1971–1972 campus elections. The barricades were taken down without a single demand being granted. They provided yet another pretext for Marcos's declaration of martial law. At the end of nine days, at least one student was dead, another paralyzed, and many were wounded; if we include the University Belt barricades, the death toll grows to seven. The erection of the barricades was not a spontaneous expression of student anger or response to police encroachments. They were a calculated policy, an expression of the program of Stalinism, planned in advance and implemented by the leadership of the KM and SDK, with the motive of service to a section of the bourgeoisie that in 1971 was looking to topple Marcos and secure office for itself.

In September 1972, Inocente Campos was acquitted on all charges. The judge ruled that Campos "acted upon an impulse of an uncontrollable fear of an equal or greater injury" (*PC* 1972). Campos shot Mesina in the head, the judge argued, because he feared "a greater injury" than the death that he dealt to an unarmed 17-year-old. A week later, Marcos declared martial law.

Abbreviations Used

AB	<i>Ang Bayan</i>
AS	Arts and Sciences
AG	Artists Group
BP	<i>Bandilang Pula</i> , the publication of the Diliman Commune
CPP	Communist Party of the Philippines
FQS	First Quarter Storm
KM	Kabataang Makabayan
LP	Liberal Party
MPKP	Malayang Pagkakaisa ng Kabataang Pilipino
NPA	New People's Army
NPAA	Nagkakaisang Progresibong Artista-Arkitecto
PC	<i>Philippine Collegian</i> , the campus newspaper of UP Diliman
PKP	Partido Komunista ng Pilipinas
PRP	Philippine Radical Papers
QCPD	Quezon City Police Department
SDK	Samahan ng Demokratikong Kabataan
SDKM	Samahan ng Demokratikong Kabataan Mendiola
SDS	Students for a Democratic Society
SM	Sandigang Makabansa
SMS	Samahan ng Makabayang Siyentipiko
UP	University of the Philippines
UPLB	UP Los Banos
UPSCA	UP Student Catholic Action

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7. Reversing the “Model”

Deleted reason: Not anarchist.

Subtitle: How Will the Millions Get Organized?

Author: Kim Moody

Topics: Labor Union, trade unions, syndicalism, labor notes

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The membership can only be a sounding board, even the delegates ... they cant make decisions... The idea of wisdom emanating from the bottom is full of shit, not because they are stupid but because they have a job which is not running the union and knowing all the intricate business about it. Consequently their inability to come up with initiatives is limited.²⁸

—Leon Davis, President, Hospital Workers’ Union, 1199

It seems fairly obvious that mass actions leading to social upheaval will require the organizing of the unorganized at Amazon and Walmart, the high-tech outfits and platforms, the nonunion steel minimills and auto plants, warehouses and unorganized truckers, the rest of the nations hospitals and sites of social reproduction, and other new and old industries that can provide the organized power and continuity to the sort of diverse upsurge already taking shape if the political impasse is to be broken. Breaking the impasse is inconceivable without a dynamic, powerful organized labor movement.

Yet, the pandemic has done massive damage to an already declining labor movement. In 2020 unions lost 428,000 private sector members. The largest hits were in hospitality and leisure, at 161,000 lost members, and manufacturing, down 110,000. The losses, of course, were mainly due to the sharp drop in employment in these two sectors. Ironically, this led to a slight increase in overall union density from 7.1 percent in 2019 to 7.2 percent. A surprising 77 percent of the decline was among white males, while Black, Latinx, and women workers made tiny gains.²⁹ Building the sort of powerful labor movement needed to break the impasse will obviously require a massive effort of a sort not seen since the 1930s. While many socialists would probably agree with that proposition, just how to go about that is a matter of controversy.

One of the most widely read and listened to experts on union organizing these days is Jane McAlevey, whose books, lectures, and online seminars have influenced many on the left.³⁰ An experienced organizer, McAlevey presents a well-worked-out model of successful organizing. One that, taken as a whole, is, however, itself controversial. Its advantage is that it seems practical and, indeed, many of her suggestions

²⁸ In the continental colonies, even in good times, no more than a third of the European bond-servants were able to complete their terms of service and establish themselves as independent farmers. (Wertenbaker, *op. cit.*, p. 80); by the end of the century, the proportion was only five or six per cent. (*ibid.*, p. 98). But the situation of the freedmen in the insular colonies, Jamaica, Barbados, and others, was even worse. Bond servants completing their terms there left the islands by the thousands on that account. (*C. S. P.*, vol. 7, p. 141, 14 December 1670) Those who did not succeed in getting away began to constitute a destitute proletarian “white” sub-class. The special measures enacted, or at least considered, by the Anglo-Caribbean ruling class to provide some safety margin of racial privileges in this circumstance, anticipated similar measures in the continental plantation country. Among these were the exclusion of non-whites from work as skilled tradesmen, and the extension of the franchise in order that these destitute whites might then be able to sell their votes to the bourgeois candidates at election time. (*C. S. P.*, vol. 7, p. 141, 14 December 1670; vol. 14, pp. 446–447, 16 July 1695).

²⁹ Morgan, *op. cit.*, p. 24.

³⁰ Which came first, racism or slavery? In the post-World War II era of national liberation upsurge, a related controversy has occupied much attention of American historians. One side, the “psycho-cultural” side, holds that white supremacy is “natural”, the result of an “unthinking decision”; that it derives from human attributes not subject to effective eliminative social action. The

are well grounded. First is McAlevy's useful distinction between organizations that engage in advocacy and mobilization and those that engage in actual organizing. Advocacy is the sort of thing NGOs do that don't really involve their typically poor clients themselves except in walk-on parts. Mobilization is the practice of many unions in which the members are occasionally activated for a campaign or even a strike and then sent back in silence to the workplace. UAW organizer and dissident Jerry Tucker used to call this the "spigot approach"—turning the flow of worker action on and off by command. McAlevy pretty much dismisses these approaches to social change and insists that organizing is meant to produce permanent, sustainable worker organization and power. This, of course, is one reason why people pay attention when she speaks or writes.

Central to all three of her books and her approach to revitalizing the labor movement is her model of organizing. This model, and she insists it is a model, can be found in schematic form in *No Shortcuts*³¹ but is presented throughout these works in the context of gripping stories of her experiences as a union organizer, official, and consultant that bring the model to life. It has to be said, as well, that the organizing drives, contract negotiations, and campaigns she leads across these many pages, unlike many in recent decades, end up winning.

The model she advocates does not exist in a vacuum. It is explicitly counterposed to the more narrow approach she attributes to legendary community organizer Saul Alinsky and that is employed by many US unions, according to McAlevy. This has particularly been the case in the years since John Sweeney

other side, the "social" side, believes that racism arises from socio-economic, rather than natural, conditions; that (at least by implication) it is susceptible of elimination by social action.

Evidence of early instances of enslavement of Afro-Americans is stressed by the "psycho-cultural" school as proof of the "natural antipathy" of white and black. On the other hand, as Jordan (foremost of the "psycho-culturalists") puts it, "Late and gradual enslavement undercuts the possibility of natural and deep-seated antipathy towards Negroes ... if whites and Negroes could share the same status of half freedom for forty years in the seventeenth century, why could they not share full freedom in the twentieth." (Winthrop D. Jordan, "Modern Tensions and the Origins of American Slavery," *Journal of Southern History*, vol. 28 [1962], pp. 19–30, loc. cit., p. 20.

Of all the historians of the "social" school whose work I have read, only the black historian Lerone Bennett, Jr., in his article, "The Road Not Taken," *Ebony*, vol. 25 (1970), no. 10 (August), pp. 70–77, and in Chap. III of his new book *The Shaping of Black America* (Chicago, 1975), succeeds in placing the argument on the three essential bearing-points from which it cannot be toppled. First, racial slavery and white supremacy in this country was a ruling-class response to a problem of labor solidarity. Second, a system of racial privileges for white workers was deliberately instituted in order to define and establish the "white race" as a social control formation. Third, the consequence was not only ruinous to the interests of the Afro-American workers but was also "disastrous" (Bennett's word) for the white worker. Others (such as the Handlins, Morgan and Breen) state the first two points to some degree, but only Bennett combines all three.

Although I learned of Bennett's essay only in April 1975, the same three essentials have informed my own approach in a book I have for several years been engaged in writing (and of which this present article is a spin-off), on the origin of racial slavery, white supremacy and the system of racial privileges of white labor in this country.

The comparative study of the systems of social control in the various slave-labor plantation colonies in the Americas, combined with a study of Bacon's Rebellion, its origin and aftermath, can contribute much to the resolution of the question, in favor of "deliberate choice" and against "unthinking decision." In the continental plantation colonies (Virginia was the pattern-setter) the Anglo-American ruling class drew the color line between freedom and slavery on race lines; any trace of African ancestry carried the presumption of slavery. The same Anglo-American ruling class drew the freedom-slavery line differently in Jamaica and Barbados (as did other European ruling classes elsewhere in the Americas). The poor white became not only economically, but politically and socially, marginal in the British West Indies generally. In the southern continental colonies the bourgeoisie came to base their system of social control upon the white proletarian and semi-proletarian and subsistence agricultural classes. In the southern plantation colonies the free person of any degree of African ancestry was forced into an illegal or semi-legal status, as a general rule. The same Anglo-American ruling bourgeoisie deliberately created and nurtured this group as a petit-bourgeois buffer-control stratum in the Caribbean island societies. These are all decisive differences which cannot be explained on the basis of "psychology" or "English cultural heritage."

Finally, and more important, while the Anglo-American bourgeoisie had, by their prior experience in Providence Island and Barbados, learned the profitability of equating, or seeking to equate, "Negro" and "slave," the masses of European (at that stage almost all English) bond-servants in Virginia had not accepted that point of view. Instead, they intermarried, conspired, ran away, and finally revolted in arms together with African bond-servants. Racial slavery could not have existed, and did not exist, under those circumstances. Under such circumstances, to attempt to solve the "labor problem" by increasing the number of African bond-servants, reducing them to hereditary lifetime servitude, and making them the main productive labor base of the society would have been like trying to put out the Jamestown fire with kerosene.

³¹ *Ballagh*, A History of Slavery in Virginia, p. 56.

became head of the AFL-CIO in the mid-1990s in an attempt to revive a slumping labor movement. Since it is painfully obvious that neither the top-down reforms implemented by Sweeney's "New Labor," as she calls it, nor the limited innovations in organizing tactics have succeeded in turning things around for the labor movement as a whole, McAlevey's counterposed organizing model has a lot of credibility.

The purpose of the model, McAlevey insists, is to activate workers so they can express and use the power they have in both the workplace and community. It is not simply to increase union numbers at any cost, as her former employer the Service Employees International Union (SEIU) often prioritizes, but to increase worker power. The initiative in her examples comes from the organizer whose job is to identify and develop the organic leaders in the workplace. This is not a simple task. Organic leaders are not necessarily the first person to step forward during an organizing drive, much less the "loudmouth" who sometimes stands up to the boss. Rather it is the person in the work group to whom others look for advice or help in various aspects of life as well as on the job. Such natural leaders may be anti-union, as some of her experiences reveal, but it is the job of the organizer to win them over if possible. Identifying such leaders is only the first step. She cites former syndicalist and Communist Party leader in the 1930s William Z. Foster to the effect that, "Organizers do not know how to organize by instinct, but must be carefully taught."³² So, the next task is to train new leaders in organizing methods.

Part of the training of organic leaders and, more generally, the rank and file is the continuous charting or mapping of the workplace to locate the strengths and weaknesses of the organization and campaign. This becomes the basis for further actions. Along with this are what she calls "structure tests." These are essentially escalating collective actions that create confidence, demonstrate and test power, and build a solid majority of about 80 percent in order to win a representation election or eventually 90 percent to carry out a winning strike. Along with this goes "inoculation," preparing workers for the lies and barriers management or their hired union-busting guns will throw up to thwart the union drive. So far, all of this is pretty well known at least to the best union and workplace organizers. These ideas, without the official organizers' "lingo"—to use McAlevey's own term—can be found in *Secrets of a Successful Organizer*, published by the publication and worker education center *Labor Notes*, which draws on the experience of rank-and-file workplace organizers, activists, and leaders as well as union staff organizers.³³

What is more original is McAlevey's approach to the postrepresentation phase of union organizing: the negotiation and campaign to win a first contract. As she points out, winning the first contract is a major stumbling block and almost half of new unions fail to gain a first agreement. Most unions separate the representation phase from that of negotiating the contract. Once the union has won recognition, the organizers are pulled and sent elsewhere and a new crew of professional negotiators along with lawyers are brought in. After all, negotiating a contract these days is complex. McAlevey argues convincingly that the two phases need to be continuous and connected in terms of personnel because, for one thing, the organizers have presumably developed the trust of the workers. For another, the employers and their unscrupulous hired guns don't stop fighting, lying, and throwing up barriers once negotiations start. Quite the opposite.

Not only does McAlevey insist that the organizers must still be in charge to lead the fight, but that negotiations should be open to any and all members. Many unions have rank-and-file "negotiating committees," but these famously sit in the hall or the next room, forced to thrive on pizzas while the officials and lawyers do the real negotiating. McAlevey brings the workers and their leaders into the negotiating session. Some are trained to present demands, many come and go at lunch or break time. The horrified faces of management that she describes and their ineffective protests at such unconventional interventions not only build the solidarity of the workers, but for the readers who haven't experienced anything quite like this make for terrific reading.

All of these organizing techniques, McAlevey argues, need to be in a strategic context. Simply responding to random "hot shops" where workers contact a union for help will not expand labor's power

³² *Ibid.*, p. 57.

³³ Bruce, *op. cit.*, vol. 2., p. 111.

sufficiently to make a difference³⁴ Union campaigns should be “industrial or geographic” in nature. In particular, she emphasizes service industries that can’t be moved abroad, notably education and health care, which also have the advantage of close community connections. Her own experience in health care organizing is a clear example of an industrial orientation. In such strategic campaigns, for example, experienced organizers can draw “on workers in the same union but in a different unionized facility, who have experience winning hard-to-win NLRB elections and big strikes.”³⁵ This strategic emphasis seems sensible, but certainly leaves an awful lot of unorganized workers who don’t fit in the strategy de jour out of the picture.

Despite the vivid narrative and the positive ideas, as I read through these three books, I became more aware of McAlevey’s emphasis on professional organizer (or officer or consultant) *initiative* in virtually every phase of union life. Although I had been on a panel with McAlevey and heard her speak a few years ago, I hadn’t picked up this consistent, at times overarching, domination by staff organizers in representation elections, contract campaigns, and even strikes. Despite my own longtime emphasis on rank-and-file initiative and power, like most people concerned with the future of unions I recognize that organizers are an important part of the labor movement. I even did a stint as one back in the day. They are often thrust onto the front lines of combat with capital, make personal sacrifices, and do, indeed, help workers get organized to gain representation, win an initial contract, conduct a victorious strike, and sometimes build workplace organization. To be fair, in *No Short Cuts* McAlevey attacks the notion put forward by some organizing directors that “the workers often get in the way of union growth deals.”³⁶ Nevertheless, throughout the three books it is *professional organizer initiative* that recurs again and again and plays the central and dominant role in all the campaigns she is directly involved in, and even in some cases where this emphasis is misplaced, such as her discussions of the teachers’ unions in Chicago and Los Angeles.³⁷ The initiative of countless “untrained” workplace organizers and the part played by experience in their development is by and large absent.

Simple numbers and common sense dictate that unions cannot possibly be revitalized, democratized, and massively expanded through the initiative of professional organizers and other staffers alone. They simply cannot do everything and be everywhere, every day in a movement of millions trying to organize tens of millions. Failures aside, their successes at best produce incremental growth that cannot even keep up with membership attrition. Even the multiplication of such organizers several times over, though it would help matters, could not possibly produce the sort of exponential growth in both numbers and power needed to shift the balance of class forces that McAlevey and the rest of us desperately seek.

Without the grassroots initiative, day in and day out, of countless unidentified workplace organizers be they organic leaders, activists, or interested members with tides no grander than shop steward or local union officer—if that—unions cannot function let alone grow. McAlevey’s idea of using unionized workers to approach the unorganized in the same industry is obviously a good one. But if this is left only to the *initiative* of labor’s too few, overworked organizers it won’t be nearly enough. Worse yet, if this sort of worker-to-worker organizing occurs only with the *permission* of top leaders, which is typically the case, it will never be enough or display the sort of initiative that can impress the unorganized and give them a sense of ownership in the union. Clearly, it will take much more of the sort of worker self-activity and initiative such as we saw among industrial workers in the 1930s and public employees in the 1960s

³⁴ Gray, *op. cit.*, pp. 362–363. 2 Hening 170, 296.

³⁵ 3 Hening 453.

³⁶ 2 Hening 260. Ballagh, *A History of Slavery in Virginia*, p. 47.

³⁷ Ballagh, *A History of Slavery In Virginia*, p. 47. In South Carolina, in the earliest years of the colony, Indians were enslaved more extensively than was ever the case in other colonies. But this practice was, on the whole, counter-productive for a number of reasons. The Proprietors were anxious lest the practice cost the colony the services of those Indians who were serving as returners of runaway Africans. (*C. S. P.*, vol. 13, pp. 331–332, 18 October 1690) The European indentured servants were enticed with promises of land (only exceptionally realized); but no such illusions were possible for the Indians, who could only lose what land they had under the European plan. The English were, furthermore, concerned not to increase the danger of Indian collaboration with the Spanish and French. I do not share the occasionally expressed opinion that relatively few continental Indians were enslaved because of a lack of adaptability to agriculture.

and 1970s, and have seen recently in the 2018–19 strikes of education workers, as well as the first signs of action by workers at Amazon, Instacart, Uber, Google, and other corners of the digitalizing economy in the midst of the COVID-19 pandemic. Later, I will look in greater detail at this question. To investigate this problem further, however, we need to look at what McAlevey sees as the roots of union decline over the last half century.

“Who Killed the Unions?”

This is the tide of a key chapter in McAlevey’s most recent book, *A Collective Bargain: Unions, Organizing, and the Fight for Democracy*, the most “big picture” of her three books. The bulk of her answer to this question is straightforward: Taft-Hartley and subsequent court decisions, professional union-busters, and globalization. Each of these has played an important role in throwing up barriers to organizing—at least in those all too few cases where workers or a union even attempt to seek representation. Taft-Hartley gives the boss a legal advantage and the unionbusters provide the muscle and intimidation, while globalization allows employers to threaten to move abroad and close up shop. As the record shows, these are, indeed, frequently effective in derailing organizing drives and first-contract campaigns. This story is true as far as it goes, although it downplays the far more persistent role of management in fighting and demoralizing unions and workers day in and day out. It is also the official union leaderships explanation for the decline, retreat, and crisis of the organizations they lead. The problem with this story is that it lets the top leadership, the union hierarchy off the hook for their own role in the crisis of organized labor, certainly in the US.

This is not a question of good or bad people. All union leaders are not the same. Some are clearly much better than others, and that can make a difference. The problem lies in the whole practice of bureaucratic business unionism that emerged in the US most clearly during and after World War II. Taft-Hartley and McCarthyism played a role in this to be sure. But business unionism as a philosophy and practice had its roots way back in the era of Samuel Gompers and his “pure and simple” unionism. The post- WWII expansion and modernization of this old view, however, was based primarily in the simultaneous abandonment of the workplace and labor process in favor of wages and benefits—the US “private welfare state.” This, in turn, led to an increased insulation of the leadership, administration, and the conduct of bargaining from the membership. Along with this came the unions turn from a broader social agenda, their political defeat, and Taft-Hartley. Labor historian Nelson Lichtenstein has controversially but correctly called this turn away from efforts to win broad social gains politically toward the private welfare state the “product of defeat, not victory.”³⁸

By the early 1950s, this defeat included productivity bargaining that linked wages and benefits to worker productivity increases and hence speedup and, more recendy, lean production, extreme work standardization, digitally driven tasks, surveillance, etc. Even before this, the inclusion in most contracts of “management’s rights” (to control the workplace) and “no-strike” (during the life of the contract) clauses became a feature of bargaining that surrendered the unions’ ability to fight over working conditions and their members’ ability to resist through direct action.

Instead, union members got the multilayered grievance procedure that postponed settlement and stripped workers of a major source of power. McAlevey is justifiably critical of such grievance procedures, but doesn’t recognize their roots in this fundamental compromise with management. The surrender of shop-floor power to management also involved the sidestepping of labor’s own racial problems in its organized work sites, which, among other things, led to the failure of “Operation Dixie,” the CIO’s attempt to organize the South in the late 1940s, further undermining labor’s growth and bargaining power.

All of this led to a decade or so of worker rebellion in the 1960s and 1970s by Black and white workers often inspired by the civil rights movement and characterized by rank-and-file caucuses, Black caucuses,

³⁸ 3 Hening 449–450.

wildcat strikes, contract rejections, and the energizing of a new generation of industrial workers. With few exceptions, the union leadership did everything possible to crush the rebellion, helping to deplete rather than harness the energy of this social upsurge.³⁹ Such growth as labor experienced in that period came largely from the self-initiative of public sector workers, a process I participated in twice as a rank-and-file volunteer activist and leader and once as a staff organizer.

The decline of the unions in terms of numbers, organizing efforts and victories, and the use of the strike accelerated in the aftermath of this failed rebellion as union leaders turned to wage and benefit concessions, labor-management cooperation schemes, two-tier wage systems, and an increased reliance on right-ward-moving Democratic politicians and pressure tactics that did not depend on worker self-activity. This disarmed the labor movement as a whole without in any way blunting capital's offensive against the unions and workers in general. In 1979, United Auto Workers' president Doug Fraser referred to capital's offensive as "one-sided class"⁴⁰ war.

Among the shocks that introduced labors retreat and the entire neoliberal era were the 1980–82 double-dip recession that destroyed millions of unionized manufacturing and other jobs, the Chrysler bailout and associated union concessions which ended pattern bargaining in auto, setting the precedent for other industries, and Reagan's firing of the striking air traffic controllers. But it was the subsequent behavior and practices of the union leadership of the major unions, with few exceptions, that further institutionalized long existing inclinations toward class collaboration. This, in turn, has made it even more difficult to organize the unorganized, a side of the story missing in McAlevey analysis of union decline.

Unions are contradictory organizations that are both institutions and social movements meant to combat the pressures of capital on wages and conditions.⁴¹ Their tendency toward bureaucratization in unions is not an example of Robert Michels's "iron law of oligarchy," nor an inevitable "Weberian" cure for large organizations. The problem stems from the leadership's position as negotiators caught between the demands of capital not only for lower immediate costs, but for the long-term profitability and survival of the business in the vortex of real capitalist competition, on the one hand, and the needs of the membership, on the other. To deal with this contradictory situation the elected leadership tends to institutionally insulate itself and its institutional resources from membership pressure while nonetheless having occasionally to call on that membership to give it the power it needs in negotiations to resist management's pressure up to and including a strike. It is this dilemma that gives the "union"—that is, the top leadership in particular—the appearance of being a "third party" that McAlevey refers to in *No Shortcuts*.⁴²

McAlevey, of course, is right that the union is not a "third party," as some management experts would have it, but a working-class institution. Nevertheless, it is one that necessarily attempts to mediate the contradictions inherent in the capital-labor relationship. This is one reason why almost all the "reforms" and "new" tactics of the 1990s and beyond implemented by the officialdom have emphasized forms of pressure that bypassed the self-activity of the membership: corporate and "leverage" campaigns; the fake counterposition of "organizing" and "service" models; union mergers that give the appearance of growth while increasing bureaucracy; the conglomerate nature and fragmented departmentalism of most unions resulting from mergers; the recruitment of former student radicals rather than members as organizers; "neutrality" or, as McAlevey calls them, "election procedure agreements" with management to facilitate organizing; the election of Democrats of any sort at all levels; and the insane split in the movement with the formation of the Change to Win federation in 2005.

In this context, it is also a fact that in most unions organizers are accountable to the union officialdom that hired them, not to the membership or those they are organizing. Some organizers manage a good deal of autonomy and initiative, as McAlevey did in her time with the SEIU in Las Vegas vividly

³⁹ 4 Hening 133–134.

⁴⁰ *C. S. P.*, vol. 42, pp. 140, 207–208, 304.

⁴¹ 2 Hening 462.

⁴² 2 Hening 479–480.

described in *Raising Expectations*. Nevertheless, organizers are responsible to those who pay their wages, send them where *they* want them, and supply or deny them resources to carry out their assignment. There is, of course, no law that organizers cannot be chosen by the union membership just as the leaders are, but that would rub against the grain of business unionism even at its best.

There is an alternative or at least a strong countertendency to this longstanding trend toward bureaucratization of the unions and the routinization of collective bargaining away from the influence of the membership. It lies in union democracy stemming first of all from direct democracy and worker-initiative in the workplace, most commonly in the form of elected and *collective* workplace organization—not just isolated stewards buried in casework. The “representative democracy” characteristic of most unions is insufficient to create leadership and staff accountability because it involves only the occasional exercise of leadership selection in which the incumbent leaders have control of union resources and lines of communication. More often than not, the officialdom is capable of constructing a machine or loyal network strong enough to prevent the erosion of their power, even if the individuals at the top change from time to time. It is for this reason that simply running slates against incumbent leaders seldom changes things significantly.⁴³

This is where the idea of rank-and-file movements based in strong workplace organization, caucuses, and networks that connect the various work sites comes into the picture. I will discuss this below in the context of McAlevey’s discussion of the reform movements in the Chicago and Los Angeles teachers’ unions as well as the 2018–19 upsurge in teacher strikes. But first, let’s look at the final point in her explanation of “who killed the unions?” It’s one of the top leadership’s most effective alibies—globalization.

Imports, Outsourcing, and the “Other”

One of the most common explanations for labor’s decline and retreat in the United States coming from union organs, leaders, and sometimes friendly think tanks and academics is the loss of American jobs to overseas outsourcing and/or imports. To be sure, fingers are pointed at the employers who do this outsourcing and importing, but the focus is inevitably on the foreign “other.” The foreign perpetrators have changed somewhat over time from the Japanese steel and automakers of the 1970s and 1980s, to the Mexican *maquiladoras* of the 1990s and 2000s, and most recently, of course, the Chinese who seem to make everything and be everywhere even though they account for just one-fifth of US imports. The story has just enough truth to be credible. Jobs in some industries such as textiles and garment have been all but wiped out by imports, while inputs to other goods production have gone overseas.

The Case of Steel

One of the unions that routinely points to imports as the major source of lost jobs is the United Steelworkers of America (USWA). Steelworker employment has, indeed, plunged in the last four decades or more as has the steel membership of the USWA. Imports are one factor in this job loss, but by no means the only or even the most important cause. One is productivity. To put it simply, the workforce in US steel production fell by about 65 percent from the early 1980s to 2017, while the “man-hours” required to produce a ton of steel fell by 85 percent. The major reason for this was the rise of electric arc (AR) “minimills,” which require far less labor per ton than traditional Basic Oxygen Furnace (BOF) mills.

Imports rose to about a quarter of US steel consumption by the 1980s and to an average 30 percent between 2012 and 2018, after which they fell back to 25 percent. Minimills, on the other hand, have risen from 31 percent of domestic production in the 1980s to around 60–65 percent in the last two decades.

⁴³ 2 Hening 481–483.

This is about 50 percent of total consumption, a far larger share than imports. Employment in BOF mills, where almost all union members work, of course fell over the years. What seems clear is that more of these lost union jobs fell to productivity, on the one hand, and the shift of domestic production to non-union minimills, on the other, than to imports. The USWA did little to resist job reorganization or to organize the minimills.⁴⁴

One of the problems with citing imports, including outsourced intermediate inputs, as an explanation for the loss of union jobs, however, is that US manufacturing output as measured by the Federal Reserve grew by about 130 percent, or a fairly healthy 3.5 percent yearly average, over the neoliberal period from 1982 to 2019.⁴⁵ So, even if imports took a significant bite out of US production, growth on this scale should have created jobs. That is, imports could explain why domestic production grew somewhat more slowly than in the “golden” and more pre-global era of the 1950s and 1960s, but they cannot account for such a massive loss of manufacturing jobs within this level of growing domestic output. The reason for this scale of job loss lay primarily in the double whammy of recurrent recessions resulting from capitalist turbulence and productivity gains from management’s application of lean production and work-pacing technology. That is, the contradictory course of capital accumulation, on the one hand, and management-led class struggle, on the other, drastically reduced employment in manufacturing despite significant growth in output. Table VIII shows the loss in manufacturing production jobs during the four major recessions of the neoliberal era.

Table VIII: Manufacturing Production Jobs Lost During Recessions**

Years⁽¹⁾	Manufacturing
1979–1982	2,751,000
1990–1991	663,000
2001–2003	2,198,000
2008–2010	1,797,000
	Total 7,409,000

Source: BLS, “Production and Nonsupervisory Employees, Total Private, Manufacturing,” *Data, Tables & Calculators by Subject*, 2018, <https://www.bls.gov/webapps/legacy/cesbtab6.htm>;

National Bureau of Economic Research, “US Business Cycle Expansions and Contractions,” 2012, <https://data.nber.org/cycles/cyclesmain.html>.

If repeated recessions eliminated jobs on a monumental scale, significant productivity growth between recessions prevented the recovery of the vast majority of these jobs once growth resumed. Between 1990 and 2000 productivity in manufacturing rose annually by 4.1 percent, while from 2000 to 2007, just before the Great Recession, it increased by an average of 4.7 percent a year.⁴⁶ This was sufficient to hold down job growth despite a significant increase in manufacturing output per year from recession trough to recovery highpoint in the 1980s (4.1 percent) and 1990s (6.4 percent). From 2001 to 2007 output grew by an annual average of only 2.8 percent, compared to 4.1 percent for productivity, costing some 2 million jobs even before the next recession. From 2009 to 2019 output grew by 2.4 percent a year and productivity increased by about 2.5 percent so that manufacturing employment grew only slowly by about 1 percent a year, mostly in lower-productivity jobs.⁴⁷

⁴⁴ 3 Hening 451.

⁴⁵ 2 Hening 481–482.

⁴⁶ 3 Hening 451.

⁴⁷ 3 Hening 459.

(1) From January of first year to December of last.

(1) From January of first year to December of last.

(1) From January of first year to December of last.

In the case of the 2020 COVID-19 recession over 1 million production and nonsupervisory manufacturing jobs were lost between February and April as the virus and lockdown took hold, according to BLS figures. By the end of the third quarter in September the number of jobs was still over half a million below the February level despite a 12 percent increase in output. The culprit was a well above average productivity increase of 4.6 percent.⁴⁸ The embrace of labor-management cooperation by union leaders and the acceptance of lean production and work-intensifying technology that enabled these levels of productivity cost millions of jobs.

Pinning all this job loss on “globalization” lets the labor officialdom off the hook in two damaging ways. First it reinforces the sort of labor nationalism that sees the foreign “other” rather than the home-based boss as the culprit. At its worst, this has been expressed in the “Buy American” slogan of the 1970s and 1980s, a lingering sentiment that Trump has played effectively. Even at its most liberal where, for example, concerns for the negative impact of NAFTA on Mexican workers in the *maquiladora* plants are sometimes expressed, this approach still encourages nationalist sentiments and takes the fight for secure and decent employment out of the hands of workers and into those of the lobbyists and legislators who are supposed to stem this tide of foreign goods with “fair trade.”

Second, while even the strongest of unions with the best of leaders could do little in the context of collective bargaining about capitalism’s tendency toward recurrent crises, they could certainly have done a good deal about labor intensification resulting from lean production, and the work-pacing and surveillance technology that prevented the recovery of jobs between recessions. Instead, for nearly four decades most union toplevel leaderships have engaged in joint “problem-solving” and cooperation with management, wage and benefit concessions, strike-avoidance tactics, one-sided political dependency, appeals to nationalism, and their own form of “social distancing” from the membership. Throughout these books, McAlevey’s criticism of this type of union leader who has been the norm for decades is focused primarily on Andy Stern at the national level of SEIU and his associates. For all her contempt of some other top leaders and “clueless” unions, McAlevey lets the majority of the contemporary labor officialdom off the hook on all these counts.

CIO “Model”?

McAlevey sees her model of organizing as rooted in the CIO’s “high- participation model anchored in deep worker solidarities and cooperative engagement in class struggle.”⁴⁹ Though high-participation and solidarity were certainly central to the birth of the new industrial unions of the 1930s that eventually formed the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO), to call the events that led to this a “model” is a stretch to say the least. This turbulent upsurge bore little resemblance to a well-organized and conducted NLRB or “election procedure agreement” (neutrality) representation election, collective bargaining campaign, or even the “model” strikes that McAlevey describes. Rather it arose from a mass grassroots-initiated strike movement that began in 1933 when the number of strikes more than doubled and that of strikers grew by over three and a half times, most without any official union leadership. This disorderly strike wave would continue through to its highpoint in 1937 when the victory of General Motors workers’ unconventional and illegal sit-down strikes turned the tide in favor of the new unions.⁵⁰

The course of events that led to that victory doesn’t resemble that outlined in McAlevey’s model or that of most representation campaigns in recent decades. As I wrote in the introduction for the republication of Sidney Fine’s classic *Sit-Down*:

⁴⁸ 2 Hening 481–482.

⁴⁹ 3 Hening 442.

⁵⁰ 3 Hening 451.

The order of events in Flint in 1936–37 were the opposite: build the union in the workplace among those willing to join, take action according to plan even with a minority membership, demonstrate the power of the union, win recognition and bargaining, and recruit a majority.⁵¹

I am not suggesting this will necessarily work in today’s circumstances, but that as circumstances change so might the way and order in which workers organize themselves. Like those of automobiles, organizing “models” can get out of date.

During the first three or so years of the upsurge of the early 1930s, the as yet unidentified or developed “organic leaders” and activists in hundreds of mines, mills, and factories led their fellow workers into action and organization without waiting for the professional organizers to arrive. This was the case even when in 1933 John L. Lewis sent his (often leftist) organizers into the coalfields in anticipation of the passage of Roosevelt’s Section 7(a) of the National Industrial Relations Act (NIRA), which was supposed to grant the right to organize. As recent research by historians

Michael Goldfield and Cody Melcher has shown, his organizers reported in 1933 that “the miners had been organizing on their own.” As noted in chapter 5, labor historians have found that the coalminers had organized themselves, while steelworkers had joined the old Amalgamated Iron and Steelworkers by the thousands and struck before the passage of the NIRA in 1933.⁵² This was even more the case in other industries like auto, rubber, and electrical goods where there was no pre-existing national union—at best federal locals of the AFL which rapidly proved ineffective and were abandoned by the workers.⁵³

When the upsurge in auto began in 1933–35, the Communist organizers Bob Travis and Wyndham Mortimer, whom McAlevey cites, and the Socialist activists and organizers she doesn’t, Kermit Johnson (in Chevy 4) and Roy Reuther (Travis’s assistant in 1936–37), were rank-and-file organizers in various plants around the Midwest. While they were already leaders and organizers in their workplaces, Travis in Toledo, Mortimer in Cleveland, and Reuther in Detroit became staffers in Flint only after autoworkers across the Midwest had been in motion for almost three years. In other words, that era’s “organic leaders” and activists stepped forward on their own as rank-and-file organizers, sometimes as part of worker-based political tendencies well before there were any full-time organizers. Along with the key role played by radical rank-and-file workplace leaders, the birth of the CIO was a classic example of collective worker self-activity.

More particularly, McAlevey credits her organizing techniques to Hospital Workers’ Union Local 1199 prior to the merger of a majority of its local unions with the SEIU in 1998. Though her direct experience was with 1199 New England, which covers Connecticut and Rhode Island, she attributes the organizing model to the union’s founding Local 1199 in New York under the leadership of Leon Davis. 1199 is, of course, famous for its militancy, atypical social unionism, “Bread and Roses” cultural program, embrace of the civil rights movement, and endorsement by Martin Luther King Jr., among

⁵¹ To contrast the status accorded European and African bond-servants, is not to suggest that the life of the white bond-servant was anything other than hard and oppressive. A. E. Smith believes that “the vast majority of them worked out their time without suffering excessive (!) cruelty or want, (and) received their freedom dues without suing for them.” Presumably he means the “majority” of those who survived their period of service. For, he conceded that “The system of white servitude was cruel” on account of the hard labor it imposed on persons “generally unfitted for such a life,” and so much so that in the early colonial period “fifty or seventy-five out of every hundred white servants died without ever having a decent chance at survival.” (A. E. Smith, *op. cit.*, pp. 278, 303–04.)

Morris says that the shift to main reliance upon African laborers did not bring with it an improvement in the conditions of the European bond-servants. They continued to be “subject to the severest disciplinary measures.” He cites with approval Eddis’ well-known comment that “Generally speaking they (the European bond-servants) groan under a yoke worse than (Biblical) Egyptian bondage.” (William Eddis, *Letters From America*, Cambridge, 1969, p. 38). Morris relates in some detail the record of more than a score of cases of brutal treatment, including murder by violent blows and deliberate starvation, rape, torture, and inducement of suicide, in which the masters with rare exception, were only lightly punished, if at all. Morris decided not to add more examples because to do so “would be to give the screw many a turn and in the long run immunize the reader by harsh repetition.” (Morris, *Government and Labor*, pp. 486–497.)

⁵² *C. S. P.*, vol. 15, p. 451; vol. 11, p. 130.

⁵³ Herbert Aptheker, *American Negro Slave Revolts*, (second edition, New York, 1969) pp. 163ff, 169ff, 176f.

other things. 1199's founding leaders, Leon Davis and Elliott Godoff, were Communists who originally formed a union of pharmacists in the 1930s. Their Communist-led union then organized hospital workers in New York City beginning in the late 1950s, before the air trails of McCarthyism and the House Un-American Activities Committee had been fully swept away by the winds of a new era of revolt —quite an achievement.

The subsequent history of 1199, however, does not reveal a democratic union adept at training grassroots leaders, at least above the workplace delegate (shop steward) level. When Davis retired in 1982, the union fell into a decade of leadership crisis as first Davis's handpicked successor, Doris Turner, and then her replacement Georgianna Johnson proved unprepared and incapable of leading or uniting the union. This was primarily because they had been given little leadership experience or responsibility, which remained in the hands of Davis and other top leaders. This story has been told in detail in *Upheaval in the Quiet Zone*, a history of 1199 by Leon Fink and Brian Greenberg that, oddly enough, McAlevey recommends.⁵⁴ What it revealed was that despite its elected delegate system of one delegate per twenty-five workers, 1199 was not a particularly democratic union, nor did it attempt to bargain over the nature of hospital work, or as Fink and Greenberg put it, "pressed no claims for work reorganization" and limited its bargaining to wages and benefits.⁵⁵ In both regards, it was, despite its militancy and social movement characteristics, fairly conventional in its organizational and bargaining practices. It was, in fact, a union with a highly centralized leadership in the person of Leon Davis, who said:

The membership can only be a sounding board, even the delegates ... they can't make decisions... The idea of wisdom emanating from the bottom is full of shit, not because they are stupid but because they have a job which is not running the union and knowing all the intricate business about it. Consequently, their inability to come up with initiatives is limited.⁵⁶

This, of course, is the more frequently unspoken assumption of business union leaders throughout the American labor movement. It is the central reason that genuine leadership development is *not* a part of most union cultures above routine stewards' training and why leadership transitions are mosdy managed affairs even though there is an election. In the case of 1199 it led not only to a decade of internal chaos and racial conflict, but to this unions eventual subordination to the even more bureaucratic structure and bizarre leadership of the SEIU under Andy Stern. Ironically, this kind of all too typical top-down leadership also means that all those "organic leaders" back in the workplace never really have the opportunity to take initiative beyond grievance filing or to learn of the "complexities" that are the monopoly of the inner sanctum.

This doesn't mean that the organizing "model" proposed by McAlevey is wrong per se in today's limited context. What it does mean is that, by itself, it is insufficient to produce the kind of democratic, workplace-based, member-led unions, like those of the early CIO, needed to take on capital, expand, act as the backbone of the broader social upsurge, and lay the basis for bigger political changes. It should be obvious that most of today's unions in the US have failed to grow and win because they are bureaucratically incapable of deploying the collective power of the members beyond the framework of conventional bargaining and equally conventional strike strategies and tactics. There are exceptions in a number of the effective strikes of the last few years, or even a longer period, but they are exceptions. There is much more to winning a strike these days than just getting the 90 percent participation McAlevey proposes. The question then arises, one that McAlevey does not address despite her discussion of West Virginia, Chicago, and Los Angeles teachers' strikes: How we are to make our unions suitable for class struggle in an era in which the forces arrayed against workers are more massive than ever?

⁵⁴ C. S. P., vol. 36, p. xxiv.

⁵⁵ The dread memory of Bacon's Rebellion was still a reference point for the plantation bourgeoisie forty years after the event. Governor Alexander Spotswood reminded the Council of Trade and Plantations of the great cost of suppressing the Rebellion, in a letter dated July 19, 1715. (C. S. P., vol. 28, p. 301).

⁵⁶ C. S. P., vol. 11, pp. xxvi, 130, 134, 277.

The question is: How or even if we are to transform most of today's bureaucratic unions into democratic organizations with genuinely accountable officials and staff? How are we to gain collective membership power beyond occasional "participation"? How are we to get unions in which workplace leaders are allowed to lead and there is a culture of debate and dissent rather than conformity in the name of "unity," as well as an atmosphere in which rank-and-file initiative in the fight with capital is encouraged? There are plenty of examples of efforts to democratize unions and improve their ability to fight the boss. These range from large-scale ones like the Teamsters' reform movement that nearly toppled the Hoffa bureaucracy in 2017 to scores of local rank-and-file caucuses and movements, the best-known example of which is, of course, the Coalition of Rank-and-File Educators (CORE) that toppled the old guard of the Chicago Teachers Union in 2010. What then does McAlevey say about this and other aspects of the democratic upsurge of teacher militancy and organization of the past several years?

Reversing the "Model"

It would be unthinkable these days to write a book on US unions without mentioning the great teachers' rebellion of 2018–20. While McAlevey doesn't present this as the industry-wide upsurge it has become, she does include accounts of the strike of the West Virginia education workers and the reform movements in the Chicago Teachers Union (CTU) and the United Teachers of Los Angeles (UTLA). To my mind, these important struggles have more in common with the real CIO upsurge from 1933–37 and that of public sector workers and rank-and-file rebels in the 1960s and 1970s than most union struggles these days. These were struggles initiated, organized, and led in the first instance not by professional organizers, but by workers who had "a job which is not running the union," as Leon Davis so indelicately put it, yet were nonetheless organizers in the full sense of that word. Only after winning election to top positions and initiating the process of transforming the union did they hire full-time organizers to help firm up the union and prepare for the subsequent strikes.

Despite all the stressful hours teachers put in both in and out of school these days, these self-selected leaders and activists managed to organize grassroots caucuses, community alliances, stronger workplace organizations, and mass strikes that have rippled through the US education system. Grassroots leaders from West Virginia and half a dozen other "red" states, along with the successful caucus-based union takeovers in Chicago, Los Angeles, and partially in Massachusetts, and the formation of a national rank-and-file teachers' caucus, the United Caucuses of Rank-and-File Educators (UCORE), have changed the picture of teacher unionism dramatically in a few short years.

It is worth noting, therefore, that in the case of the Chicago and Los Angeles examples McAlevey discusses, the order of her "model" is reversed. First the "untrained" rank-and-file workers organize, lead a series of fights (structure tests?), and take over. Only then are the full-time organizers hired, most of whom themselves come from the ranks and have no formal training but a good deal of experience.⁵⁷ In these examples, and many others, it was in fact "wisdom emanating from the bottom" that made the elevation of struggle and the transformation and democratization of the union possible. McAlevey, of course, knows that workers can develop leadership skills in the course of struggle. But for her this seems to be something exceptional and "extraordinary." She writes of the workers at the Smithfield packing plant in North Carolina with a tone of surprise, "As the story of this fight will show, the intensity of the previous fight made some of the workers' leaders extraordinarily skilled, because of their experience in *struggle*."⁵⁸ That struggle involved two mass wildcat strikes in 2006 led by the immigrant Latinx workers in the plant before the organizer from the United Food and Commercial Workers arrived.

⁵⁷ From the time of the message of the Council of Trade and Plantations to the king, 10 January 1698, the establishment and maintenance of an adequate white militia is a recurring theme of official documents. (C. S. P., vol. 16, p. 101; vol. 22, p. 489; vol. 24, p. 450; vol. 2, p. xviii, 70; vol. 36, p. 118, are some examples.)

⁵⁸ 3 Hening 336.

The “model” McAlevey proposes is less a replica of the early CIO’s rise than an effort to stretch the essentially restraining and routinized Wagner Act/Taft-Hartley framework of industrial relations to its limits. For decades, however, rank-and-file initiative in this context has been muted by a combination of the monopolization of real decision-making at the top, the routinization of bargaining and shop floor grievance handling, no-strike and management’s rights clauses in most contracts, the ceremonial and boring nature of most union meetings and conventions, and has been further paralyzed by the fear generated by the economic insecurity of the neoliberal era. Substituting greater and more skilled organizer initiative cannot undo this routinized institutional framework by itself.

In this context, the attempt to find more effective ways to organize and fight can be traced to the debate over organizing that began in the 1990s, inspired by victories like the Los Angeles Justice for Janitors campaign in 1990 and the ascent of John Sweeney’s “New Voice” team in 1995. It was carried further in the works of Kate Bronfenbrenner, Tom Juravich, Ruth Needleman, Bruce Nissen, Bill Fletcher Jr., and many others, as well as in the pages of *Labor Notes* and books it has published. At least two conclusions followed from that research and debate in terms of unionization drives: membership involvement in organizing produced more representation wins, and community support can make a difference.⁵⁹ That is, when these practices themselves do not just become more routinized rituals or temporary “mobilizations” in a top-down “strategy,” as often happens.

The ideas McAlevey is proposing add to the best of these conclusions whatever their actual origins. They have been and will be used to extract victories from time to time. Nevertheless, even taken together all these innovations in organizing have not turned things around. On the contrary, they have at best contributed to the rearguard resistance to American labor’s continued retreat in the face of relentless employers’ aggression. So, we have to ask if they are sufficient for both the conditions and the possibilities that have emerged in recent years and are now taking shape? If not, what can we point to that might make a real difference?

Much has changed in the US labor movement and the context in which it struggles to survive over the past three or four decades. The working class and union membership are more racially diverse and women play a much larger role in both. Most unions have reversed the anti-immigrant positions many held prior to the acceleration of immigration after the mid-1980s. At the same time, the very nature of work and the labor process has morphed yet again from simple lean production to its digitally driven reign of super-standardization (eat your heart out Frederick Taylor), surveillance, and work intensification. This transformation of work now embraces virtually all types of labor. The increasing tendency of educated “millennials” to be pushed down into the working class brings a new source of energy but also uncertainty about one’s social or class identity. The multiple connections of the production of goods and services have been tightened by the development of a global, information-driven logistics infrastructure that didn’t exist even at the dawn of the twenty-first century.

All of this can seem overwhelming. Yet, some of these changes also present new opportunities for working-class organization and action. The tightening of work and the connections between workplaces, between goods producers and service producers, and their key points of convergence in major urban and metropolitan areas has rendered employers more vulnerable.⁶⁰ McAlevey makes note of this briefly, but it is an aspect of contemporary capitalism that needs analytical development as a strategic framework.⁶¹ The downward mobility of so many “millennials” brings some new energy to the digitalized, sometimes irregular or platformed workforce from younger workers who are not that different from today’s teacher insurgents. At the same time, increased racial diversity and the growing role of women often give today’s struggles a more representative, universal, and solidaristic character than many of those in previous eras.

⁵⁹ 4 Hening 125.

⁶⁰ 4 Hening 197.

⁶¹ 4 Hening 202–203.

What may prove to be the most important development in creating a renewed labor movement, however, is the increase in worker self-activity found across the various divisions in the workforce. As David McNally has shown, this has increasingly taken the form of mass strikes across the world and by many different groups of workers and others, a major sign of changing times.⁶² In the US, the teachers' movement is the most obvious example of this, but it is evident in the rise of nurse militancy and unionism as well. Direct actions by immigrant workers that go back to the 2006 "Day Without Immigrants" and Smithfield strikes McAlevey discusses, but arise almost continuously in unexpected corners of the economy such as small actions at Amazon as well as larger ones in the traditional "pastures of plenty" such as Washington State's apple orchards. Perhaps most unexpected, of course, are the many signs of worker selfactivity that have arisen amidst the twin crises of renewed recession-cum-depression and the COVID-19 pandemic that accelerated it. Workers at Amazon, for example, have gone where traditional unions feared to tread. The worker-initiated Amazonians United has engaged in "deep organizing," as they call it, forming locals across the country, contacts around the world, and building on small actions (structure tests?) with an approach in which there are no professional organizers and that mixes up McAlevey's order of things.⁶³

While it may seem remote from union activity, even the mass widespread protests at the police murder of George Floyd in Minneapolis represent a form of self-activity that is likely to influence events beyond even the protests' immediate focus on the depth of racism and police brutality in the US. Urban upheavals, protests, and riots were an integral part of the rebellion of the 1960s and 1970s. Black workers who rebelled in the streets of Detroit in 1967 were among those who struck and formed Black or integrated caucuses in the auto plants in the following years. My own experience in both public sector organizing in the 1960s and rank- and-file activity and a very long strike of telephone workers in the early 1970s convinced me of the impact Black militancy had on the thinking and actions of both Black and white workers in that period.

Furthermore, the protests and rioting in response to George Floyd's murder have been more visibly multiracial than those in the 1960s or even Ferguson. To a greater degree than in previous protests and riots over police murders of Black people, those over George Floyd's death have had more union support, although many top leaders including Rich Trumka of the AFL-CIO stopped short of criticizing the police "unions" for their complicity in defending killer cops.⁶⁴ Given the intensity of these mass demonstrations, there's no reason to doubt that today's protesters and rioters will return to their jobs cleaning the offices of the rich, assisting the sick in hospitals, stacking shelves in a supermarket, or picking and packing in a warehouse with anything but "attitude." Protest and militancy are contagious. Just as the upsurge that began in Ferguson created a new wave of activists and gave birth to Black Lives Matter, so this latest rebellion in the streets by working-class people may create unknown workplace leaders and activists who will be disinclined to take the boss's shit anymore.

This huge outpouring across the US and the world saw a multitude of handmade signs and few famous speakers in its first week or so—except for the ubiquitous Al Sharpton. It was truly an uprising of "untrained" organizers, "undeveloped" organic leaders, activists who skipped a structure test or two, and people who had never protested before. It can be argued that its very spontaneity will make it hard to sustain. Even if so, my guess is that, like the mass hunger marches and early strikes that preceded the CIO, this will prove to be one of the greatest organizer training sessions in a generation or two.

The rise of collective worker self-activity and, therefore, of natural workplace organizers will be the biggest "structure test" of US unions and labor leaders in generations. The advice McAlevey offers in her "model" is mostly good and useful. But it addresses institutional arrangements that have decayed without suggesting how to transcend them. At the same time, the "model" preserves or even enhances

⁶² 5 Hening 19.

⁶³ 4 Hening 202–203.

⁶⁴ Randolph's speech to the Virginia House of Delegates, January 21, 1832, was published as an abolitionist pamphlet, and is available at the NYPL. Summers' speech to the House of Delegates was given four days earlier, and was printed in the *Richmond Enquirer* on February 2, 1832. "Civis's" comments appeared in the newspaper on May 4, and the reply to "Appomattox" on March 3.

a dominant place for the professional organizer that can miss or even discourage the most fundamental ingredient of power—collective worker initiative from below. The time has come to reverse the “model.”

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Paul F. Clark, Peter Gottlieb, and Donald Kennedy (Ithaca, NY: ILR Press, 1987), 15–16.

8. You Shouldn't Have to Pay to Be Alive

Deleted reason: Not anarchist.

Subtitle: Reasons and Direct Action Possibilities for Labor-Free Income

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Topics: universal basic income, common resources, plutocracy, ableism, direct action, guaranteed income, anti-work, resource-based economy, social profit, wealth

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Human beings are a highly intelligent primate, and highly social creatures. We create art, music, gender-affirming surgery, highways, spaceships, submarines, and plenty more. We've reached the depths of the ocean and the atmospheres of other planets. Yet we still live in a system that coerces us into copious amounts of mindless, breakneck-paced labor just to survive, and it leaves us resentful. Why?

Some of the most common jobs are being a store clerk/cashier, food service worker, or call center representative. These are the occupations that most people fulfill with all the waking hours of their lives. But not by choice. The majority of these people aspire to higher callings. These are simply the jobs that are available on a consistent basis and without prerequisites. Choosing not to work within the available labor market results in an inability to pay rent, afford healthcare, buy textbooks, provide for your child(ren), etc. Sadly, the same holds true even for most people working within this market, particularly those in service positions.

Isn't it a little ridiculous that in this age of emergent technological advancement, most people are doing something they don't want to do? Even people who may have been initially excited to get a job inevitably end up exhausted by the sheer amount of physical and mental labor that comes with the 40-hour work week, on top of home/familial responsibilities. Obeying an authority figure that's getting rich off of your labor for 8 hours a day, 5 days a week, depletes one's capacity for motivation. Service workers gracefully tolerate daily abuse from rude customers and their managers, all while operating beneath restrictive company policies about how employees can spend their time on and off the clock! According to the World Health Organization, 745,000 people die per year due to being overworked and excessively stressed. In the current socioeconomic system, your time can be owned by somebody else who will risk your life to maximize their profits.

What would it take for people to be able to exist without existential dread looming over their heads? How could that be accomplished?

Give people a choice. Give people their freedom—that beloved ideal around the world—but give it materially. Any way you measure it, people cannot be “free” to live their life how they wish if they are obligated to perform dreadful and sometimes meaningless jobs until they're too tired to do anything else. Human beings need greater ownership of their time. While there isn't any mainstream, material exit from working for others, the minimum next step of meaningful progress to liberation is the ability to tell an employer “your terms of employment are bogus and would rob me blind, I'm not going to work for you.” Today, even though that statement would be true, prospective employees must bow their heads and suck it up until they can retire—with the caveat that wage deflation and the foreseeable trajectory of inflation have rendered the possibility of retirement futile for most.

In a world where people are literally paying in blood (plasma) for an education, it's safe to say that people need more material support from society. In a monetary economy, that means people need access to more money. Hence: Universal Basic Income.

Objections to UBI are usually founded on the idea that money possessed is money earned. But when you analyze the most common monetary exchanges and realize how little cash even exists in circulation, it becomes clear that the main objective of money is to influence labor. In essence, one's monetary worth equates to how much of other people's labor one can control. The very wealthy can hire scores of employees, can buy the most difficult-to-produce goods, and can hire assistants to take care of their affairs. People who are financially disadvantaged must toil for the wealthy, having little to no say in the matter. Ultimately, money is not obtained by creating bigger and better futures for humanity, but by increasing the percentage of human labor that fuels the current system. Capitalists who end up billionaires are not the people who work 100 hour weeks producing iPhones (a popular Christmas gift), but the people who manage to negotiate the most exploitative contracts for those mega-laborers, pay the least amount possible, and expand their extant model of exploiting the working class. They are rich because they are the controllers of labor.

Moving money around, then, stoichiometrically cancels out to a question of freedom. How much freedom you can afford is determined mostly by conditions of birth. Wealthy people are nearly always descendants of wealthy families, inheriting what is known as "generational wealth". Poor people are nearly always descendants of poor families who've occupied the most oppressed regions of a given country. Trans people, people of color, non-men, queer people, and all the other marginalized groups see pay gaps, meaning these people have particularly low access to freedom. Which of these groups you might be born as (or even develop into) is outside a person's control.

Racial disparity is particularly severe because each generation collects new trauma while inheriting the old.

By this point in time, humanity has innovated and manufactured enough stuff for everyone to live a materially blissful life of loving their partner(s), spending time with friends, and finally getting around to learning the sax or koto. The problem isn't that we don't have enough bread, houses, or phones (i.e. "scarcity"). The issues lie in how these goods are produced and accessed. The market forces of supply and demand are both manipulated by wealthy proponents of "free markets" and by the politicians they finance to create artificial scarcity and facilitate extravagantly profitable price gouging. As a result, prices for everything essential are rising way faster than wages.

Supply is arbitrarily reduced with technology being made to break, and by throwing everything from food to gadgets into the trash when it can't be sold, utterly wasting the time and labor people put into producing these things. Mass purchasing, as with landlords buying houses en masse for the explicit purpose of renting it for a profit, also drives down supply.

Burning the candle at both ends, capitalists also invest copious resources into directly manufacturing demand through advertising and media outlets. Each person, on average, sees anywhere from 5,000 to 10,000 ads per day, breeding desire for commodities they would have been happy without and subsequently influencing cultural values as a whole. Cosmetics companies have a sordid history of reifying toxic beauty standards to psychologically torment women into purchasing their products. Fox's celebration of US military hegemony drums up perpetual support for the arms industry. Marketing gives corporations subliminal dominance over the public, simultaneously driving sales and legitimizing the jobs they offer. Useless and destructive industries thus thrive and employ millions of people who could otherwise be contributing meaningfully to their communities and society as a whole.

Universal Basic Income is a platform which acknowledges this wasted wealth and potential by reducing the amount of labor people are forced to provide their exploiters. The work has essentially already been done, for the most part, to create a world where people can work a few hours a week. Our ancestors struggled to make things easier and better for us, yet that liberty is continually eroded as it gets more and more expensive for a person in the working class to live on Earth. People who physically, mentally, or emotionally cannot work might get a pittance from unemployment, if they're lucky enough to fall into a specific, predetermined category. When do we, who were born into the class of people who service our society, say that we have been robbed long enough of what our families have already earned? When do we realize that humanity is wasting its potential?

Beyond Hope: A Cogent and Effective Solution

Labor-free income is based on sound science. When people no longer fear for their survival, they can begin to consider what's next. They get a chance to breathe. Take stock of their life and what they want to do. Explore new careers. Devote time towards learning. Get involved in their community.

A society where people feel supported is a society of people who want to support others. Numerous studies suggest that receiving support not derived from coerced labor doesn't hurt the economy. What it does do is give people freedom to decide how they spend their time. This translates into an environment that demands employers offer jobs that are fair and worth doing. People who are in the debt trap of low wage work, climbing cost of living, and inability to build equity will have an out, and the corporations who choose wage theft for profit will lose their cutthroat monopoly on the labor market.

A future with dependable, labor-free income doesn't require technical innovation as much as it requires reorganization. The tech is already out of the bag. We have robots, machine learning, and sophisticated management tools. The reason society is not taking full advantage of these technologies is simple: doing so would completely obsolete a cornerstone of capitalism—dirt-cheap human labor. Of course, automation doesn't have to be expensive to implement either, but that's another story. When humans have the bargaining power to meaningfully negotiate terms of employment, employers will finally have to make work appealing and treat their employees with respect. If said scenario 'forces' employers to automate production and services, the working class still wins via the amount of work needed to sustain society decreasing even further.

Some companies would certainly flounder, but rightfully so. The most profitable companies have gotten where they are by turning exploitation into a science. Their techniques include coercing new hires into alternative dispute agreements, forbidding workers from using the bathroom as much as they need, drenching employees in anti-union propaganda, and illegally paying below minimum wage. If a friend treated you like this, they wouldn't be your friend for long, yet corporate culture sells the idea that their competing co-workers and management are their "family". Said companies also secure direct lines of contact with politically powerful people, via lobbying and campaign donations. The United States, for instance, has gotten to a point of total harmony between the super-rich and Congress. There is literally zero correlation (5% with an 8% margin of error) between which laws the public wants passed and what Congress actually passes. Economic elites on the other hand enjoy a 70–86% chance of their preferences being written into law. This is an ongoing ethical disaster. Impairing these companies by forcing them to sacrifice profits for livable working conditions isn't the terrible thing that most news outlets clamor about.

Many Roads to the Dawn

Ideally, UBI could just happen when enough people with power finally listen to the desperate pleas of the citizens to have a livable life, and take heed of the countless deaths of despair caused by economic disenfranchisement and social alienation. The ingenuity to pull it off certainly exists, but perhaps not the political power.

Labor-free income offers the economic power shift that could lead to a new Renaissance. Building up momentum and popular support is an ongoing effort, but the number of people who have to get on board is massive due to the constant pushback by plutocrats, via state-sanctioned murder and culture-wide miseducation. In the United States, the Black Panthers organized towards it, then they were dismantled from the inside by COINTELPRO. Martin Luther King Jr. advocated it, he was shot. Thomas Paine argued for a form of it, but our history books usually leave that out. We need to realize that the government does not offer an avenue to UBI happening in countries like the US.

Alongside the political barriers to the traditional conception of UBI as a recurring paycheck paid by the government, there is another, more left-leaning critique to consider. If UBI is offered via simple

payouts/money, there is overwhelming historical precedent for a radical inflation that would defeat much of the benefits gained by the working class, as it would become possible to charge people more for rent, food, and other living essentials. However, if the material disbursement were to happen by way of directly giving people goods and services, the possibility of inflation is nullified.

It's time to stop asking for it to be given to us, and just do UBI ourselves.

Let's build infrastructure that is designed with the principles of human dignity at the forefront. Practice giving things away. Pay things forward to people who are needier than us. Build up our communities with mutual aid and set examples of social profit. Help a friend cover an emergency bill if we get a nice bonus. Talk to people on the fence. Teach people about the possibilities of a world with unconditional income. We can help build the new world in the shell of the old.

Make these small changes to your lifestyle, and (as the virtue ethicists argued) they will change the way you think about human relationships. It is hard for most people in a capitalist world to conceive of large-scale structural alternatives to capitalism, and we see that in the perpetuation of money and state control in nations that successfully revolted against those same features of the previous ruling apparatus.

Once you get familiar with mutual aid, you can begin to accept that true change is going to come about when a big enough collective of people decides to create member-owned, member-controlled, single-payer systems for acquiring housing, food, healthcare, education, and all the other things that make human life thrive.

Allow me to share my own project for inspiration. Learning about how severely people are being exploited made me want to act, and I didn't feel like the options were enough. How do we prevent all the predicted global catastrophes like climate change and nuclear apocalypse, on top of all the socioeconomic hardships facing people here and now, when power has become so concentrated among the economic elite? Well, we have to work together. To do that, we need to have the same kind of management tools that big businesses use, but designed with democracy and collaboration at their core.

I've wanted to learn web development for years, but being so worn out from café work made it impossible to focus for long enough to make progress. When I was laid off because of Covid-19 and started receiving Pandemic Unemployment Assistance, a mere shadow of Universal Basic Income but enough for me to live frugally, I finally had time to actually finish my course and make a website where people could coordinate grassroots action.

The idea is to bridge the gap between large-scale initiatives and specific action that people can practically take on within their own constraints. Anybody can submit an "issue", or concern about the world. An issue can be linked to other issues that cause it, so complex problems can be divided into simpler ones. Anybody can submit a project, which might be completely new or draw from existing direct action campaigns. Projects can be broken down into tasks, which outline specific, easily approachable steps that individuals can take. Some of the most important initiatives will certainly be those of economic empowerment: production.

Although there's a whole lot more to the project, I've already got the website started. It's ready to use for documenting global issues, sharing solution-oriented projects, mapping the connections between issues and projects, forum discussion, and location mapping. Additionally, there are already designs for myriad functionality in the future. The next step will be coding.

And this is just one idea, one component of a possible infrastructural renaissance. What might you come up with if you had a year or two to simply recover from how exploited you've been in the struggle to survive? If your living needs could be provided for, would you help build a world that could provide the same to all?

Moneyless Society and One Community Global are among a few systems-change organizations that both have their boots on the ground, starting work on permaculture and physical communities for people to reinvent their socioeconomic relationships. You can find tons of other groups on MoSo's own website to join and help. There's no short supply of inspiration from which you can draw. The exciting thing about these projects is their purpose to create infrastructure that frees up people's time from

unnecessary work. Unlike the capitalist economy, working in the live-for-free movement is work towards liberation.

9. Imagining an optimistic cyber-future

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Mastering most things humans do requires lifetimes of practice. Woodworking, gardening, and painting are just a few crafts whose histories stretch back thousands of years. But modern telecommunication, the act of communicating nearly instantaneously with someone from afar, is different. Its history is so short that there is relatively little of it: the very first electric telegraph is not even 200 years old, the first telephone patent was granted in 1876, and the World Wide Web was invented in 1989—a mere 32 years ago. The very newness of digital telecommunication means that the Internet we know today is still in a sort of genesis moment. Cyberspace has barely cooled from its initial big bang. The nature, shape, and ultimate utility of our galaxy of computerized (inter)networks are still being formed.

Cyberspace’s infancy partially explains its volatility. In the last half century, computing power made at least three great migrations. It first existed solely at specialized, isolated campuses. These early, lonely mainframes were like stars in a mostly empty sky. Then came the Personal Computer (PC) revolution of the 1980’s, which rapidly dispersed compute power among homes as though the corporate mainframes burst into millions of pieces. Most recently, compute power has coalesced into datacenters like planetary bodies forming from so much stardust. Consumers know this latest formation as “The Cloud,” in which multinationals like Google and Facebook are the strongest gravitational forces. The pendulum swung from centralized to decentralized, and then back to (kind of) centralized again.

Next time the pendulum swings—and it will—what might the catalyzing event be? What shape might the networks that connect our modern world take? And to what ends might we apply such a shift in compute power?

Such questions are critical exercises for honing our collective imagination. They help us refine the language we’ll use to describe the future we want to make real. Unlike the trajectories of stars in the sky, what computers do and how they connect to one another are not choices preordained by God. We decide. And since the impact computers will have on our lives is ultimately up to us to determine, imagining an optimistic cyber-future is the first step towards improving our relationship with digital technology.

Social media and its role in society

What is civilization if not knowledge concretized into the physical world around us? Homes have running water because of piping first laid years ago. We call this “plumbing.” But plumbing is an activity only possible because of thousands of years spent refining the practice of moving water from one spot to another, an activity so important to so many follow-on activities that our civilization built increasingly specialized tools and water-handling infrastructures to make the task easier, like aqueducts, reservoirs, and water pumps. Modern hydraulic engineering techniques would probably seem magical to early plumbers, but each improvement was relatively obvious when it was first introduced. Most of this “obvious” knowledge no longer exists directly in any living plumber’s memory because it is instead embodied by the very tools plumbers use; an S-trap pipe “knows” how to create a liquid seal under a sink whether or not those using the sink realize its importance.

Similarly, what is society if not the aggregate of communication between individuals? Social life is defined by—and exists within—the abilities one has to communicate with other people. Love letters sent to a sweetheart, dinner conversation with friends, watching the nightly news, or waiting in your car at a red light are all examples of society taking shape in real-time: they are communiqués from one individual or group to another reinforcing or reshaping their position in society. Some social norms erode, others strengthen, and new ones appear as people interact. Society therefore depends on the ability of its participants to contact one another, which means it needs to have a medium over which its participants can engage in expressly social behaviors. Framed in this light, the term “social media” could be understood in the profound way it needs to be if we are to use it as a collective social good.

Unlike the Social Media™ of today, which stimulates an imminent need for human connection but is never meant to fulfill it, the social media of our optimistic cyber-future will fulfill existing needs for human connection but will not be designed to stimulate a need for more. Imagine no more notifications pressuring you into meaningless interactions. No more “happy birthday” reminders from people you friended decades ago and haven’t talked to since. An end to newsfeeds full of FOMO-inducing selfies.

Instead, social media will support pro-social community interactions, and eschew hollow engagement. Its purpose will be stimulating human(e) connections that prioritize the emotional/mental, spiritual/intellectual, and physical/material needs of the people connecting. This simply means that time spent using online platforms will be primarily intended to support *offline* metrics, rather than being designed to addict users to the online activity itself.

The cacophonous distractions of Facebook and Twitter notifications will be gone not because selfies aren’t ever taken or shared, but because the “front page” of social networks more honestly serve the needs of actual life. As you log in, instead of being encouraged to doomscroll, imagine being presented with a tip on homemade bread-making posted by the proprietors of your neighborhood bakery. Perhaps you are acquainted with them through their 50th anniversary video call “party” some months back, an event that had simultaneous in-person and virtual meeting spaces as has become commonplace. Also, you don’t “follow” the bakery account to receive the update any more than you stalk an individual across town as they go about their day. Rather, you simply happened to be in the same (cyber)space at the same time and “overheard” them in the middle of a public discussion about bread-making. This mimics the way your ear naturally tunes in to a conversation between people you know when you walk by them on a crowded street. Browsing social media will feel more like strolling downtown, and less like quietly wiretapping a distant target.

A social medium that serves rather than subverts the social needs of individuals is also by definition more capable of providing society with a healthier connective tissue, or social fabric, from which positive connection can more readily grow. By recognizing social media as a critical shared resource worthy of protection in the same way rivers and streams are, our social networks can return to being sites of communal engagement over community matters that are defined more prominently by events that shape our day-to-day lives rather than distant celebrity, the way neighborhood centers, town squares, and even marketplaces are today. This does not mean we imagine a total absence of long-distance communication, but rather a restoration of healthy priorities in which the embodied human condition is reflected in the digital technologies we use to go about our lives.

Engaging with our friends, neighbors, and communities will focus once again on concerns over physical space and matters that are relevant to our material lives, rather than some future afterlife, incorporeal existence, or sensational spectacle.

Privacy, property, and abundance for everyone everywhere

Property laws have long been used as a strategy to manage the working class. During the Industrial Revolution, labor militancy was at times effective at disrupting property’s supremacy. Union organizing

could resist the most exploitative aspects of industrial capitalism because a boss's dependency on the workforce offered workers a means to slow the widening gap in power and control over material resources.

Today, Big Tech employs a similar strategy, though its logic is stretched past absurdity. Workers rent access to online services laced with behavioral trackers from electronic strip malls, where they buy stuff they don't need, hawked by "influencers" using social networks designed to addict them to hatred, fear, and disinformation. All this user data is sold to corporations as fuel for powering AI systems capable of replacing and outperforming us in both manufacturing and service jobs. Data itself is now treated as a form of property, *intellectual* property, even though the logic of ideas is incompatible with the logic of material things. In this new "attention economy" we are making the machines who are buying our thoughts.

In "A Hacker Manifesto," Mackenzie Wark identified the enabling characteristic of such an economy: the way information is being commodified. Intellectual property, she writes, is an abstraction of capital, which is itself an abstraction of land. In the industrial age, economic value was tied directly to the limited amount of land that could be owned. By abstracting value from land, landowners were the first to generate intangible wealth as stocks and bonds.

But abstractions cut both ways: take abstractions too far and their concrete forms lose their immediate potency. For example, a group of workers alienated from their land have few capital resources with which to stage a rebellion, but a group of *telecommunicating* workers need not rely on the concreteness of physical place to generate value and can thus access new and different resources with potentially fewer constraints. The ability to telecommunicate, as Andrew Feenberg observed, "shifts the boundaries of the personal and the political," extending "politics into daily life"; events as varied as the Arab Spring, the Black Lives Matter movement, and the formation of patient advocacy coalitions such as recent COVID-19 Long Haulers groups are all examples of this.

While it is the people capable of developing a telecommunications network who benefit most from its physical deployment, it is the network's topology that determines who will ultimately benefit most from the doubly-abstracted currency of the data-as-property generated by activity on the network. In a centralized system like Facebook, Facebook is the main beneficiary because all activity is directly mediated by Facebook. By design, mere activity on Facebook's network inevitably enriches Facebook. This is analogous to the way the rentier class extracts money from renters, preventing them from building wealth through home ownership. With the emergence of digital subscription services like Netflix and Spotify, workers must contend with the legal regime of (intellectual) property, technical centralization, and the economics of rent-seeking all at once.

But the same activities made possible by existing centralized systems are also possible on decentralized infrastructures precisely *because* of data's abstractedness. Decentralized networks provide another benefit: they enable coordination with no single command center, which is itself an obstacle to acquiring data-as-property. Mesh topologies do not inherently enrich an existing monopoly, but rather the participants themselves. A group of telecommunicating workers organizing on a centralized system might be able to use tools unavailable to early 20th century labor unions, but their organizing still won't produce wealth of their own. By switching to a decentralized system, the act of organizing itself becomes an act of self-enrichment with no theoretical limit in the data/attention economy.

Imagine how such a communications network could make political discourse of immediate material benefit to those who engage in it. Reclaiming speech from being a data-product mined from our minds will return it to our communities as social cohesion, creating a virtuous circle enriching our collective consciousness. Discourse will highlight reasonable argumentation, aided by collaborative annotations and speedy fact checking tools to help people avoid regurgitating misinformation, opening up opportunities for more productive interactions.

Community-oriented discourse inherently favors local businesses, keeping local wealth in the community. As social ties grow stronger within the bounds of physical proximity, the line between public and private property will inevitably blur. Neighborhood wellbeing systems will grow out of these ties, too, connecting and strengthening interactions where we look after each other to provide security. Rather

than outsourcing our individual safety to Ring cameras sending video streams of our homes to police departments, neighborly telecommunication is used to supercharge existing physical-world alternatives like people letting their neighbors know if they need someone to look after their kids or pets. The “neighborhood network,” no longer wholly operated by Amazon Sidewalk, will become a way to break the ice between neighbors and encourage community engagement.

Meanwhile, as the value of data increases, the notion of “property” will continue to evolve from describing objects we own to describing knowledge we share. The most valuable things in life are already those things that are worth as much “used” as they are “new,” a distinction that no longer exists in cyberspace. And so the endless replicability of digital things, once punished as “piracy,” will be embraced as a way to create new wealth rather than suppressed in the pursuit of rent.

The rise and fall of techno-feudalism

As the Internet embeds itself into more elements of daily life, more people recognize that the gap between State and Corporation is closing. The global economy has already become increasingly codependent with multinationals who are amassing State-like powers and developing bureaucratic governance structures. Critical government functions already rely on corporate operators who are increasingly defining the same government policies they operationalize. Government has all but abandoned its sovereignty as it merges with industry, since government relies on industry to function. Meanwhile, industry is aggressively grafting itself to government since it relies on the functions of the State to police its labor force and to legalize exploitative employment practices. Over time, Silicon Valley will replace everything with robots, and politicians will turn to ever more draconian measures to quell rebellions against the technocracy on which their governments depend.

As glaciers melt, wildfires rage, and government services fail, we imagine more and more of us will recognize the need to decentralize power to push back against this dystopian chimera. We will establish many new heterogeneous infrastructures for networking, storing, and sharing information, because this is important for regaining our autonomy. It has in fact already begun.

Many dual-power projects and self-owned telecoms networks are exploring ways to thrive while minimizing their cooperation with existing capital. The material conditions and physical components necessary for such success are becoming more accessible. For example, physical telecoms infrastructure—radios, cabling, and internetworking devices (routers)—are now almost as ubiquitous in cities as wild grass on ancient plains.

Since the Internet is at its core a set of interconnected computers, many people in dozens of countries already have all the materials they need to service many of their day-to-day needs without involving large companies or sums of money, like keeping phone numbers synchronized across multiple devices, planning their days with a digital calendar, or drafting documents. We need only take a few steps beyond such modest origins to imagine far more impactful uses for the same equipment where security, autonomy, and activism are interwoven. This realization is leading more and more people to abandon monopolistic corporate services by providing the services they need for themselves using “home-brew servers” running Free Software, like a generation of pioneering digital homesteaders. Even better, in cyberspace, newcomers need not displace an indigenous people to settle cyber-land because the metaphorical “land” itself is virtually infinite.

The Internet as we know it today collapses the experience of distance, making every location in cyberspace feel as near as any other location. But in our optimistic cyber-future we will have resisted the temptation to abandon the physical realm, and thereby the Earth, by focusing instead on interconnecting our own servers and local networks with those of our neighbors. This will have been a key step in building the community-owned and surveillance-resistant networks that eventually give rise to powerful autonomous territories, having enabled us to conduct local coordination on local infrastructure, rather than on Facebook’s.

Like the earliest stars in the emptiest skies, these pockets of freedom will grow out of mutual aid networks and good old fashioned neighborly camaraderie. There, an economy organized around freedom and care rather than production and consumption will mean certain needs—food distribution, educational pedagogy, and more—will be fulfilled differently than in the surrounding bureaucracy. The autonomous pockets will quickly seek to interconnect, covering more ground as their practices and networks mature.

Meanwhile, the techno-feudalist State will continue intentionally destroying its citizens' lives through overwork and fascist concentration camps, weakening its ability to extract labor and enforce dogmatic ideology. Its citizenry will face an increasingly stark choice between ecological harmony and autonomy or eventual extinction and serfdom. Surrounded by technology that has turned everything around them into a tool and anything into a weapon, they betray the State, choosing liberty over patriotism.

Fleeing the *ancien regime* grants us access to new spaces for learning and more “free time” for filling with our own curiosity and desires. In-person connection will be encouraged by merging physical resources like tool lending libraries with intellectual resources like traditional book libraries, further enabling cross-disciplinary exchanges that propel a neighborhood's development. In some cases, certain data stores could be most easily accessed in-person at one of these next-generation community hubs, reminiscent of the best parts of religious gatherings or nightclubs.

Borders separating rural and urban areas will fade as telecommuting will become more feasible in more jobs. Weather monitoring equipment will be installed at inner-city community gardens. It will be maintained with the same care and by the same team that ensures the crops there are properly watered by the weather-sensing irrigation system hooked up to the region's intranet. Such geographical consciousness also makes it easier to imagine more ecologically sustainable futures, in which anti-racist modes of energy production rebalance the burden of climate disaster more equitably across the Global North and the Global South, perhaps by encouraging both individual and institutional action that brings solar energy production costs down.

Having rejected the absurdity of intellectual property, the autonomous regions will be covered by a near total mesh network like an electronic circulatory system. Important public archives, like Wikipedia, will be automatically copied in full to numerous locations in each neighborhood. This will make the notion of paying for Internet access obsolete because residents won't want to pay to reach a distant server when the majority of what we need is readily available in one of a number of nearby locations freely accessible via myriad routes. Horizontally scaling out data stores also dramatically reduces the strain on long-distance links, enabling the autonomous regions to more easily establish free peering relationships with one another. This enmeshed communication will further support anti-colonialist practices of inter-communal, inter-generational, and even international activism that continues to fuel the downfall of the former techno-feudalist society.

Automation will continue to economically devastate the techno-feudalist State due to its zeal for punishing idleness, causing bread lines to grow to horrific lengths. In contrast, the autonomous regions will use increased automation to reap productivity out of shortening work weeks. Eventually, as more economic activity is automated, organized asynchronously, or people simply become willing to embrace new methods of work (without being forced to do so by a traumatic global pandemic), everyone will finally be free to make their own choices about how they spend their time.

Empty city lots and even residential lawns will be transformed into food forests. Next door to each of the food lots, social knowledge hubs will be built because food will be revered as the center of social life. These hubs will host seed-swap events for other urban farmers, replete with seed library catalogues, food share and organic waste systems, and eco-education events. They will publish digital calendars, and the same system will be used to coordinate work schedules among community members. This infrastructure could also catalyze in-person encounters by combining digital resources such as poetry libraries with a platform to participate in poetry readings and writing workshops.

No longer will the social function of something like a garden be made separate from its material function. Telecommunication can facilitate their rejoining. Perhaps it was always meant to.

10. The Gender Binary Is a Tool of White Supremacy

Deleted reason: Not sure if this is anarchist.

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Author: Kravitz M.

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The transgender community is in the public eye more than ever — and people are *not* pleased about it. From physical harassment to being refused medical care, transgender and nonbinary individuals often have a difficult time living as who they are. Many deny our identities altogether, claiming that they're an odd fad that shouldn't be acknowledged. Others claim they're unnatural as they go against the trusted — albeit rigid and fragile — gender binary.

Declaring that the only genders are female and male, both defined by physical characteristics, the binary sees any deviation from this system as artificial and freakish. This worldview allegedly justifies transphobia. Cisgender people treat this binary as if it were infallible. Enforcing it wherever possible, they code almost every part of their lives with gender, from the way they sit to how they express emotions.

While the past few decades have given people a bit of wiggle room within the confines of their gender, they're still confined. Why? If this binary is so instinctual, why are there people today who contradict it, or even actively fight against it?

In truth, it's not gender variation that's a recent invention, but the Western binary that abnormalizes it. While the term "transgender" wasn't popularized until the 60s and "genderqueer" not until the 90s, gender expressions outside of a rigid male/female dichotomy are as old as civilization. The reason it seems contemporary is due to its ferocious eradication from history and common knowledge. This suppression was carried out and perpetuated by none other than racism and antisemitism.

Historical Gender Variance

As many more are aware of today, cultures worldwide have often recognized genders other than "male" and "female." India's *hijra*, which has existed for millennia, has an essential place in Hinduism and a socio-cultural role as performers. Judaism recognizes no fewer than six distinct sex¹ categories in its classical texts and tradition. In Oaxaca, Mexico, the third gender *muxe* dates back to the pre-Columbian era. The South Sulawesi Bugis people recognize five genders which have been crucial to their society for at least 600 years.

Now, not all pre-colonial societies had such views on gender, and non-Western gender systems could be just as insulting as our binary. These cultural genders are not inherently "nonbinary," either, since the systems that contained them do not operate on a binary whatsoever. I bring them up only to illustrate the historical existence of multi-gender systems.

The Dagaaba people in present-day Ghana didn't assign gender based on anatomy, but rather on a person's energy. Some other West African tribes don't assign genders at all, or at least not until age five or after puberty. African scholar Malidoma Somé notes that "at least among the Dagara people, gender has very little to do with anatomy. It is purely energetic. In that context, one who is physically male can vibrate female energy, and vice versa. That is where the real gender is."

Oyèrónkẹ́ Oyěwùmí's *The Invention of Women* (1997) illustrates how pre-colonial Yoruba society did not see gender as a determinant for what people could or couldn't do. Their categories were notably

permeable; the terms “man” and “woman” were reasonably insignificant. Several pre-colonial societies also had a relatively fluid approach to relations between men and women. They weren’t always opposites or sharply divided subjects, and in some societies, women had many of the same rights and participation in society as men.

Even in Europe, French poet Kalonymus ben Kalonymus expressed a longing to have been born a woman in one of his fourteenth-century works. Though it’s impossible to be sure of the poem’s sincerity *or* ben Kalonymus’ identity, its content could be seen as gender dysphoria through a contemporary lens. Seventeenth-century Colonial Virginian servant Thomas(ine) Hall² and eighteenth-century Jens Andersson were arguably bigender, and the Public Universal Friend (1752–1819) explicitly identified as genderless.

European doctors and philosophers used to only acknowledge one sex: male. “Females” were simply males with inverted penises. That began to change during the “long eighteenth century” (1688–1815) when Western society began shifting towards a two-sex system to generate additional chasms between men and women. Gender wasn’t just a role but now a complete physical, anatomical, and physiological difference. With colonialism, European settlers proceeded to force their rigid views on gender upon the civilizations they invaded.

Colonial Gender in Action

In “The Coloniality of Gender,” philosopher Maria Lugones notes:

It is important to consider the changes that colonization brought to understand the scope of the organization of sex and gender under colonialism and in Eurocentered global capitalism. If the latter did only recognize sexual dimorphism for white bourgeois males and females, it certainly does not follow that the sexual division is based on biology. The cosmetic and substantive corrections to biology make very clear that “gender” is antecedent to the “biological” traits and gives them meaning. The naturalizing of sexual differences is another product of the modern use of science that [Anibal] Quijano points out in the case of “race.” ...[S]exual dimorphism served and serves Eurocentered global capitalist domination/exploitation.

In India, colonial officials judged the worth of hijras via British ideals of manhood despite hijras not being men. Seeing them disobey masculinity British masculinity, officials attempted to “correct” their behavior and banish them from the public eye. Colonial police forcefully cut off the long hair of hijras they encountered, stripped off any feminine attire then sold them “men’s” clothing. This bombardment wasn’t exclusive to hijras, either — anyone appearing to be a male cross-dresser was persecuted. In the British mind, the femininity of anyone believed to be men needed to be eradicated by any means possible.

They introduced the Criminal Tribes Act (CTA) in 1871, aiming to eliminate the hijra. Concerned about the alleged moral threat these people caused by their existence, the CTA began revoking their civil rights and imprisoning them for dressing in a feminine manner or engaging in the performances crucial to the income and social role of hijras. The presence of hijras society became evidence, to the British, of India’s inherently debauched and morally corrupt nature. Within several decades through the brutal efforts of the CTA, hijras were systematically disenfranchised. Despite their attempts to petition the government for permission to express themselves, the government denied them, and Indian society began to see hijras as a threat to their community. Today, hijras typically live as outcasts and frequently endure severe discrimination.

In North America, white settlers viciously stifled Native American views surrounding gender and sexuality. Over a hundred tribes recognized more than two genders (an umbrella term coined in 1990 for these genders and sexual identities being “two-spirit”), some having as many as six. Colonizers found this shocking and sinful and sought to exterminate these alternative gender structures.

One way they did so was through violent cultural assimilation in residential schools, where two-spirit students struggled significantly with their identity and mental health as officials forced them into European gender roles. They no longer had agency in their self-expression; they either assimilated or were killed (though many were killed regardless). Assimilation dissolved many formerly accepted Indigenous customs. It proved so effective that many Native Americans are not even aware of their previously broader gender systems today. Two-spirits in the 21st century may be met with rejection and outright hostility by their families and tribes.

Many cultural genders had significant spiritual and religious roles. The Indonesian *bissu* is rightfully revered as a ritual-leading priest, hijras can grant blessings to people during events like weddings or childbirth, and two-spirits typically hold a sacred, ceremonial function in their communities. Practitioners and leaders like these are naturally influential. They also go against the white Christianity that colonization rests its worldview on and justifies itself with. Colonizers figured that if they could eradicate the genders linked to these non-Christian religions, they could eliminate not only their power but the beliefs themselves.

As Melissa N. Stein discusses in *Measuring Manhood: Race and the Science of Masculinity, 1830–1934* (2015), race became the purview of nineteenth- and early twentieth-century American science. White people used their physical gender standards and proposed sex differences to “prove” their superiority to Africans via scientific racism of the mid-1800s. Many know of the previous measurements of skulls for determining racial purity, but people also used similar evaluations to affirm their gender.

Numerous middle-class white women used phrenology — the assessment of bumps on the skull — to reassure themselves of their womanhood and distinguish themselves from other races and lower economic classes. “By promoting women’s health as good for ‘the race,’” Carla Bittel writes in “Woman, Know Thyself,” “phrenology encouraged good breeding and recommended that women select partners with heredity in mind.” Phrenologists in the United States argued that the procedure demonstrated that Europeans were morally and intellectually superior to other races.

The methods used to explain racial differences through biological means also depended on sexual characteristics. European men saw African men’s genitals as excessive and threatening, thus animalistic. African women who sported larger clitorises than most white women became evidence of white purity and black hypersexuality. In South Africa and Namibia, many Khoikhoi women had notably elongated labia, regarded as animalistic compared to white women. One Khoikhoi, Saartjie Baartman, was exhibited in London and Paris in the early 1800s due to the perceived abnormality of her labia and buttocks. A star of freak shows, white scientists found her to justify their racist beliefs.

Women and Race

Kyla Schuller’s *The Biopolitics of Feeling: Race, Sex, and Science in the Nineteenth Century* (2018) delves further into how sex difference as we understand it today is also a racial difference. The nineteenth-century saw white scientists declaring that only white people could achieve binary sex differentiation. By contrast, people of color allegedly hadn’t evolved enough to differentiate between “male” and “female.” Essentially, they were “unsexed,” and this inability to reach this full sexual dichotomy was yet another marker of racial inferiority.

Lugones elaborates on this separation from the categories “women” and “nonwhite,” stating:

It is part of their history that only white bourgeois women have consistently counted as women so described in the West. Females excluded from that description were not just their subordinates. They were also understood to be animals in a sense that went further than the identification of white women with nature, infants, and small animals. They were understood as animals in the deep sense of “without gender,” sexually marked as female, but without the characteristics of femininity... Thus heterosexual rape of Indian women,

African slave women, coexisted with concubinage, as well as with the imposition of the heterosexual understanding of gender relations among the colonized — when and as it suited Eurocentered, global capitalism, and heterosexual domination of white women. But it is clear from the work of Oyewumi and [Gunn] Allen that there was no extension of the status of white women to colonized women even when they were turned into similes of bourgeois white women. Colonized females got the inferior status of gendering as women, without any of the privileges accompanying that status for white bourgeois women. Though, the history presented by Oyewumi and Allen should make clear to white bourgeois women that their status is much inferior to that of Native American women and Yoruba women before colonization.

Schuller sees this reality as the reason white women ritually vote for misogynistic white supremacist candidates. White supremacy is their selling point, surpassing their desire for female liberation. Considering that white women participated heavily in the slave market, making up about 40% of all slave owners in the 1850s-60s, this isn't too shocking. Stephanie E Jones-Rogers's *They Were Her Property: White Women as Slave Owners in the American South* (2019) reveals that "their very identities as white southern women are tied to the actual or the possible ownership of other people." They also fully participated in the KKK and lynching.

Nineteenth and early twentieth-century feminist movements virtually only fought for *white* women — womanhood, in their eyes, was a white phenomenon. Eugenic feminism, beginning in the late 1800s, might be the most blatant example of how white supremacy guided early feminist politics. Eugenic feminists wanted mainstream eugenics to meet their feminist views so they could work on breeding a superior race. Victoria Woodhull, a prominent American eugenic feminist, saw eugenics as more important than the right to vote.

The movement declined by the 1940s when it became harder to gather support and combine feminism with eugenics. In terms of fighting for women of color, however, the white suffrage movement wasn't at all an improvement. Many white suffragettes — and white women in general — played a crucial role in maintaining white supremacy and crafting white supremacist politics. They were "segregation's constant gardeners."

Transmisogyny's Racist and Antisemitic Legacy

The Nazi era is yet another example of gender's white supremacy. Out of a desire to "purify" German literature in the 1930s, books opposing Nazi ideology were burned, including those proposing broader views on gender and sexuality. The most significant of these documents were produced by sexologist Magnus Hirschfeld, who coined the word "transvestite" and founded the Institute of Sexual Research in Berlin. His clinic was the first to administer gender reaffirming surgeries to transgender people regularly — and the earliest target of the book burnings. Nazis destroyed over 20,000 books housed in the building, which they then took over for their personal use. Hitler deemed Hirschfeld "the most dangerous Jew in Germany" due to his work.

Joni Alizah Cohen notes that "Eugenic sexology understood homosexuality essentially through the lens of gender, specifically as the corruption of the male body and psyche by femininity." Richard Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis* (1886) described sexual inversion as happening in four increasingly degenerative states, the gravest of which being feeling like the "opposite" gender: "With reference to the sexual feeling and instinct of these urnings [homosexuals], so thoroughly permeated in all their mental being, the men, without exception, feel themselves to be females; the women feel themselves to be males." The former experience, while now crudely worded, is arguably adjacent to what people would now call transgender womanhood.

Arguably, homophobia during the Nazi era was largely due to contempt for the gender deviance associated with gayness rather than sexual orientation alone. We can see this with Ernst Röhm, the

Nazi militia's gay co-founder and Hitler's close friend. He and other gay members of the army did not consider themselves gay because they viewed gayness as effeminacy, not only same-gender attraction. To them, their attraction to men was manly and thus acceptable. On November 13, 1933, the Hamburg City Administration requested the Head of Police to "pay special attention to transvestites and to deliver them to the concentration camps if necessary."

Today's transgender, nonwhite, and Jewish communities bear the brunt of all this destruction as we try to restore our humanity. This has proven to be an uphill battle at best. Many far-right conspiracy theories point to Judaism as the source of transness, and Transgender Woman-Exclusive Radical Feminists (TWERFs) notoriously use white supremacy to "determine" womanhood. TWERFs are curiously indiscriminate in their discrimination. They often harass not only transgender women, but *any* woman outside the Eurocentric boundaries of femininity.

The body of Caster Semenya, a South African Olympic runner, has been under fire since she was eighteen. The International Association of Athletics Federations questioned her testosterone levels and made her "prove" she was a woman through sex verification. When the association verified she was female, they then insisted she take medication to lower her testosterone levels or risk disqualification from running events. They argued her natural body put other runners at a disadvantage.

Despite them coercing her into altering her body to keep her athletic career, TWERFs saw this as a victory. They asserted that Semenya was a man due to her hormones, despite her genitalia. (Ironically, TWERFs also refuse to see transitioning transgender men as men due to their genitalia, despite their hormones.) On the other hand, when people discovered Michael Phelps to have half the lactic acid of his competitors, his gender wasn't questioned at all. The public celebrated his genetic upper hand.

Images of four female runners from the 2019 Chinese National Athletics Championship were spread widely on Twitter, many TWERFs declaring that as many as three of them were men. Yet despite their short hair and "unconventional" physiques, all the runners were cisgender women. The Chinese Athletics Association explicitly confirmed that none of the runners under attack are transgender, but TWERFs refused to believe them. Some went so far as to claim the government was gaslighting the public. Members of the Iranian women's football team went under similar allegations in September 2019 due to their "masculine" appearances.

Modern transphobic (particularly transmisogynistic) rhetoric continues to be notoriously antisemitic. Mary Daly calls transgender women the "final solution" of women in her book, *Gyn/Ecology: The Metaethics of Radical Feminism* (1978), where she warns that they desire an "inability to distinguish the female Self and her process from the male-made masquerade." The "final solution" phrasing alludes to the extermination Jewish people in Europe. Kevin MacDonald, who the Anti-Defamation League names "Neo Nazi's favorite academic," declares that it's the Jewish goal to destabilize societal norms like the Western gender binary.

His online magazine, *The Occidental Observer*, features many articles written by his followers who blame Jewish people for the spread of "transgender ideology." One published by Andrew Joyce claims that Jewish sexologists leaning towards fluid, "Talmudic interpretations" of gender, are denying "biological reality." Another by Brent Sanderson asserts that "the focus of the [Jewish] 'identity politics' agenda has now shifted to deconstructing traditional Western views about what it means to be a man or a woman." Far-right rhetoric remains immensely concerned over the preservation of supposed "biological" divisions, as they are the foundation and justification for their ethnonationalism.

Politically active TWERFs like Cathy Brennan and organizations such as the Women's Liberation Front routinely work alongside misogynistic conservatives and white supremacists to bar transgender rights. Brennan has collaborated with the Pacific Justice Institute — which has compared same-sex marriage to the Holocaust — to fabricate stories of transgender women assaulting young girls in public restrooms. Jennifer Bilek wrote an article arguing that transgender "ideology" is the work of wealthy "elites," particularly Jewish people. Mentioned for funding the "transgender agenda" are George Soros — who Nazis frequently point to as proof of Jewish people controlling the world — and Jewish transgender activists Martine Rothblatt and Jennifer Pritzker.

It's unsurprising that gender essentialism is a primary doctrine in "gender critical" radical feminist thought, even though gender essentialism arguably works against gender equality and several scientists question its alleged accuracy. TWERFs routinely cling to the notion of the "biological woman" to keep transgender women out of women's spaces and frequently examine women's physiques to "determine" if they're transgender or not (by the way, Non-classical Congenital Adrenal Hyperplasia — NCCAH — is particularly common in cisgender Ashkenazi Jewish women, occasionally accused to be male due to this condition).

Speaking of which, Donald Trump recently proposed a rule which would allow homeless shelters to force transgender women to go to men's shelters. A memo from his administration explains how to "spot" them: "factors such as height, the presence (but not the absence) of facial hair, the presence of an Adam's apple, and other physical characteristics which, when considered together, are indicative of a person's biological sex." If the rule passes, shelters would be allowed to request proof of "biological sex" from homeless women assumed to be transgender. Interestingly, though, even the rule admits that there is little available "data suggesting that transgender individuals pose an inherent risk" to cisgender women.

It's most often nonwhite and Jewish women — transgender or not — who will face the brunt of this physical scrutiny. This doesn't seem coincidental in the slightest, especially not when dominant society's ideals of femininity depend on whiteness. Claiming the size and proportion of body parts can accurately distinguish between genders reflects grimly on scientific racism, eugenics movements, and Nazi-made literature describing how to spot a Jewish person. Demanding perfect obedience in rigid expectations for the body excludes many cisgender women from what TWERFs consider "natural" womanhood.

Conclusion

The Western gender binary soaks in blood. Sculpted by a shifting European society in the nineteenth century, it restricted the liberty of its people and swiftly oppressed the lives of those who contradicted it. Regardless of society teaching its new mold to itself, civilizations that communicated their identities differently now lead "unnatural" and "deviant" lives. They went against a strict model they hadn't even known beforehand. People repressed thousands of years of history to justify these newly introduced rules of gender, and everyone feels the aftermath. These rules explicitly favor the white body at the expense of everyone else.

Gender variation is not unusual or historically unknown in the slightest, and implying otherwise contributes to the violence that forced these notions on so many people. Any system trying to sort people into clear cut groups will have its fair share of outliers. The outliers aren't subhuman. Much like evolution occurs on a gradual scale with no clear distinction as to where one species ends and the next one begins, humanity cannot be sharply defined, and punishing ambiguity will not eradicate it.

Our current political climate sees fascism on the rise and transgender bodies ceaselessly up to debate. One cannot be a genuine ally to nonwhite or Jewish people while disparaging the transgender community. Likewise, it's unfeasible to discuss transgender history or issues without bringing up colonialism and race. To be transphobic — to discredit the millennia of gender variance in different cultures, to insist that one's body defines their mind, to cast transgender people as degenerate — is to be racist and antisemitic as well.

11. DIY Template for Horizontal Bylaws

Deleted reason: Usufruct Collective is libertarian socialist but not all of their texts ought be on the library

Author: Usufruct Collective

Authors: Usufruct Collective

Topics: assembly, democratic assemblies, Direct Democracy, constitution

Date: 04/04/22

Date Published on T@L: 2022-11-12T00:00:00

Source: usufructcollective.wordpress.com

Notes: added all relevant features

Introduction:

Structure, process, decision making, as well as rights and duties within formal groups are important for group functioning, achieving common goals, and solving common problems. Without a defined form and process, unaccountable and arbitrary power can easily emerge within an organization. But for freedom loving people, there is a problem when trying to formulate horizontal organizations: The most common examples of constitutions/bylaws etc. are hierarchical, bureaucratic, and with a significant amount of arbitrary and vicious rules. The entire topic of horizontal governance is practically alien to most all who ideologically agree with hierarchical politics and is even alien to significant segments of anarchists and Marxists.

The following is a DIY bylaw template that includes some fundamentals for directly democratic organizations. The DIY bylaw template is specifically made for community assembly projects but can be adapted to other groups. The following template is based on synthesizing features from historical and contemporary organizations that have various libertarian socialist practices.

The following bylaws are both skeletal and imperfect. The exact features included and wording used need to be fleshed out, made more clear, and adapted to needs and preferences of specific groups achieving specific goals in specific contexts. These bylaws on their own, if given no revision and adaptation, will likely not make sense for the group you are trying to form. There are also some places very intentionally left blank and incomplete for groups to fill in the blanks and flesh out what a specific section consists of. Hopefully such sentences with blanks for people to fill in (as well as occasional commentary on the bylaws within the template itself) will serve as a reminder that the following template needs to be adapted to the group you are forming. If a group copies and pastes the template to flesh out and adapt to needs/preferences/conditions, it is important to think through each point.

Some features of these bylaws refer to features that are necessary to or otherwise generally conducive to good organization. Other features are far more contingent and optional. For all of the strengths of good bylaws: even when they are fleshed out and tailored to specific needs, preferences, and relevant variables, good bylaws are merely one layer of defense against hierarchical, unprincipled, structureless, anti-strategic, and ineffective organization; A living content is needed to fill the form for a horizontal organization to develop ethical and effective action. Good formal features and processes are necessary but insufficient for developing liberatory organizations and the overall flourishing of liberatory content.

In the following, the use of * within parenthesis will indicate commentary as distinct from yet included within the template.

Points of Unity:

(*For social movement groups and popular organizations: this refers to shared processes and practices and goals. They can be used as a mission statement, features bylaws are in harmony with and/or based on, as supplementing the bylaws, and/or as skeletal features that can be made into a full program when fleshed out, adapted to local contexts, and given a strategic orientation for how such features can be developed as means and ends. The following points of unity are not an ideological litmus test but practical agreements about organization. For ideologically and theoretically specific groups– which

are distinct from social movement groups and popular organizations that have common practices and processes– points of unity can be adapted to fleshed out ideologies and theories.)

1. Direct Democracy: Direct Democracy is direct collective decision making. Decisions about common problems and common projects of this association are made in assemblies by all those effected through dialogue and then voting.
2. Horizontality: The development of institutions and relations that do not have hierarchical rule (referring to top-down command obedience) within the structure and decisions made. (*This can be elaborated as needed– but for groups that are not ideologically specific groups it is important for this point to be about shared goals, practices, and processes rather than a shared ideology. There are other potential ways of phrasing this point that can include the substance of what horizontality refers to such as non-hierarchy, or egalitarian relations, or even equality. The latter two wordings would require definitional elaborations and other words to correspond to the richness of what horizontality refers to, but those words can make sense for pragmatic communication at times).
3. Free association of persons: Free association refers to freedom of and from associations as well as freedom within associations. Each and all should have the guaranteed right to participatory activity– and each and all have the duty to uphold the participatory activity of others.
4. Mutual Aid: Multidirectional support to help meet one another’s needs and desires. (*Can be expanded to include commoning as a shared practice and goal orientation)
5. (*The above is a very minimal and skeletal conception of a points of unity document. Various other points can be included such as direct action, federalism/confederalism/co-federalism/inter-communalism, etc. For example, direct action in particular can be very useful in a points of unity document both to give projects an oppositional character against hierarchical relations and to make an additional clear distinct break from statist politics. And federalism/confederalism/co-federalism/inter-communalism is crucial to avoid parochial localism and reach out beyond one’s backyard to forge a commune of communes. That being said qualities of an organization do not need to be in the official points of unity for them to be crucial features of a specific group and what a specific group does. And additional points can be added to a points of unity document overtime as a group coheres around a more coherent goal and practice orientation. Yet having “direct action” and federalism/confederalism/co-federalism/inter-communalism in a points of unity document sooner than later can help a group orient itself towards such practices and avoid the vices of indirect action and parochialism.)

Bylaws:

Decision Making Process:

1. Decisions are made through deliberation.
2. Agenda is to be created by and approved by participants. (The agenda can have different sections for the meeting as needed: Such as introductions, report backs, specific discussion topics and action plans, to announcements, etc.)
3. Delegated and rotating facilitator calls on people as they volunteer to speak OR otherwise meeting can go round robin style where everyone speaks in turns by passing the speaker role in a circle.
4. There is a search for full agreement through dialogue. (Deliberation involves: Problem analysis, goal setting, alternative proposals, positives and negatives of multiple proposals)

5. If there is not full agreement, then deliberation occurs until discussion is sufficiently exhausted.
6. If full agreement is not reached, then decisions are made by simple majority (51%+ of the vote).
7. Decisions must have a form and content in harmony with the points of unity and/or bylaws/bill of rights of the assembly.
8. Different kinds of direct democracy protocols (such as voting for an issue, or deliberation style of people in favor of and opposed to a proposal taking turns, etc) can be mandated and recalled by assembly through the above processes.
9. Assemblies happen at ___ time at ___ location. (*Could for example be monthly, every two weeks, or weekly, etc. depending on the group... and ideally at a consistent space that can meet needs of participants)
10. Proposed changes to bylaws must be brought up at least two meetings prior to them being voted on.
11. Quorum is __% of membership or otherwise __ amount of people. (*Varies depending on group. Group participation will fluctuate depending on ebbs and flows. Ideally group participation is consistent enough that this quorum is rarely if ever a concern. Quorum should neither be too big nor too small. It is good to generally aim towards the lower numbers until a group is sufficiently populated and consistent that it warrants raising the quorum.)

Membership:

1. Living in or being in XYZ block/neighborhood related to assembly based group. (*This point is for community assembly groups only; groups that are not community assemblies would have different criteria. And ideally horizontal assemblies would exist in any community one lives in or moves to, and ideally such assemblies connect inter-communally to help each other out and to develop and self-manage inter-communal commons.)
2. Agreeing with the minimal features of the group. (*Could be bylaws, points of unity for process/practices of a group, etc. not to be confused with agreeing to a specific ideology/theory)
3. (*Under the context of living under capitalism: optional to add dues for those able to contribute. For example dues could be for those over a specific income or otherwise as a pay what you want to kind of dues system. Assemblies should be accessible to the dispossessed and impoverished. And if assemblies have resources at their disposals, they will be able to do more to address root causes of inequality and absolute deprivation of resources through practices of the assembly. And participatory budgeting is a way to practice democracy, fuel various projects of the assembly, and even help members of assemblies out in times of need, etc.)
4. (*Adapt specificities of membership to what kind of group you are forming. There will be significant differences for a community assembly group, a tenants' council, a radical union, an ideologically specific group, a single or multi issue social movement group of some kind, etc.)

Committees/Working groups/Embedded Councils:

1. Policy making power is held within the general assembly.
2. Working groups and embedded councils are to be mandated from below by the general assembly.
3. Working groups and embedded councils can not make policy over and above the general assembly.

4. Self management exists for working groups and embedded councils within the bounds of the protocols and policies made by the general assembly.
5. Working groups and embedded councils are made out of people who agree to implement specific policies. (*It is very possible to disagree with a policy as ideal but still agree enough with the policy to implement it.)
6. Some of these committees are open committees for any volunteer to join whereas others are made out of those specifically delegated. Some committees are continuous standing committees whereas others are periodic special committees that dissolve after a specified more short term function is complete.
7. Working groups and embedded councils report back to the general assembly.
8. Working groups and embedded councils (as well as policies for working groups and embedded councils) are instantly recallable by the general assembly.

Some Potential Committees are as follows:

1. Common Infrastructure Committee or a Mutual Aid Committee of some kind: Could have general function or specific functions as needed. Specific committees could focus on various ways of developing communal and intercommunal fields, factories, workshops, community housing, building community owned co-ops, communal food systems, free stores, tool libraries, community food programs, community technology projects, community potlucks/block parties, etc.
2. Direct Action Committee/Solidarity Network: Could have general functions or specific functions as needed. Direct action committee/network would help tenants, workers, the unemployed, the exploited, the dominated, and the dispossessed through direct action.
3. Special action committees to organize specific direct actions
4. Special committees for various periodic events
5. Reforestation committee
6. Committee for organizing a larger than usual scale assembly or gathering
7. Childcare committee for either during meetings or in other contexts. (*Can be organized intercommunally so that people do not have to miss meetings to do childcare. Responsibility can be shared and rotated so it is not a burden).
8. Collective Incubator Committee: a committee of the assembly designed to spawn a separate organization of some kind

Delegated Roles:

1. Roles are to be delegated by the general assembly directly.
2. Such roles are to be administrative and communicative and have no representative policy making power.
3. Roles are to be mandated by people directly and instantly recallable.
4. Roles can be mandated through: nomination or self-nomination and voting on a person to have such a role+agreement by person delegated to a role, or through lot+agreement by person delegated

and the collective delegating, or through specific roles being and passed around in a circle after a set period of time in such a way where everyone able and willing takes turns, etc. (*The above shows multiple ways groups can delegate specific roles and functions to persons. Groups can choose multiple paths forward, use a combination of multiple methods, or choose specific ways of going about the above process for specific delegate positions).

5. Such roles exist for a maximum term of 6 months (*Or some other amount of time that makes sense for the specific roles and contexts... Roles can be staggered to help pass on knowledge needed for various functions to the next delegate).

Some potential Delegated roles are as follows:

1. Secretary: takes notes at meetings. (*Can alternatively be rotated each meeting)
2. Backup facilitator: ready to facilitate if no one else wants to. Helps to teach people who want to facilitate how to do so if needed.
3. Digital Communications: reads and responds to specific kinds of emails in specific ways (*Within the bounds of mandates and relevant protocols).
4. Treasurer: Accounts for money. All decisions about spending are made through participatory budgeting.
5. Co-Federal Delegate: Meets up to deliberate with co-federal delegates from other assemblies and report back to the general assembly where actual policy making power resides.
6. (*There could be several roles created that are related to assembly functioning that can rotated on a monthly basis between people able and willing so as to 1. help share responsibility for reproducing the organization and to 2. share knowledge and skills)

Co-federal Decision making:

1. Spokes Councils of different assemblies can meet up regularly and as needed.
2. Spokes councils are co-ordinative and communicative.
3. Delegates of assemblies are to bring communication to and from assemblies and delegate councils.
4. All policy making power remains in direct assemblies.
5. Decisions that are co-federal in nature are to be made by a majority vote of persons within co-federal agreements bounded by the points of unity/bylaws, or alternatively simple majority of persons and assemblies bounded by points of unity/bylaws.
6. Decisions are made at the lowest possible level.
7. (*This part is intentionally left extra skeletal and will need to be figured out between multiple groups)

Conflict Resolution:

Arbitration/mediation/restorative justice/transformatiive justice

1. One on One direct communication.
2. Communication and mediation assisted by a person or people all parties agree to.

3. Mediation circles facilitated by trained mediators to find mutual resolution. (If the assembly has relationships with trained mediators willing to support outside of the assembly that can help out. In an intercommunal federation, different assemblies can offer one another support for these functions)

4. In the most extreme of cases, involving sufficient (*To be carefully specified) levels of harm and violation of freedoms of others: the assembly can deliberate and vote to disassociate from a person if and when they are found by sufficient evidence to have caused sufficient unjust violence and/or violations of freedoms of others (until if and when such a person has been found by the assembly to have changed their behaviors).

(*It is important to make this section more clear with specified standards.)

(*Other conflict resolution that can make sense as part of how a liberatory society functions more broadly includes: breaking up fights, self defense, defense of others, freely associating and dissociating, diffused social disapproval. And most importantly solving root causes of social problems.)

Bill of Rights:

(*These are aspirational and make more sense as features for a good society where libertarian socialism can functionally exist and be constitutionalized. For example: a budding community assembly can not guarantee access to the means of production and existence until those have been sufficiently seized on a sufficiently intercommunal level. This section is intentionally left particularly incomplete but can serve as a starting off point for both aspirational rights. And some of these rights can function within a horizontal assembly that exists within the context of a hierarchical society.):

1. Rights of each and all have the rights to self management on every scale– including horizontal Politics and economics and the means thereof.
2. Rights of each and all to the means of production and the means of existence.
3. Rights of each and all to freedom/of/from/within associations.
4. Freedom from hierarchy and domination.
5. Rights of communal assemblies to self-management.

12. Strike Strategy

Deleted reason: writer is not anarchist

Subtitle: A practical manual for labor on the conduct of strikes

Author: John Steuben

Topics: labor, strike, union, labor organizing, wildcat strike, organizing

Date: 1950

Date Published on T@L: 2022-11-25T00:00:00

Source: Retrieved on 3/13/2022 from <archive.org/details/strikestrategy00steurich>

Foreword

The strike is an integral part of American life. In the struggle for a decent, secure life it is labor's necessary weapon.

In the early history of the American labor movement most strikes were spontaneous. But for a long time now all have been actions conceived, planned, and carried out by labor unions. Notwithstanding this fact, labor has not sufficiently generalized its experience and has failed to formulate on the basis of its rich and varied strike history a set of fundamental principles of strike strategy. It is time to do so. Realistic strike strategy is the surest path to strike victory.

No two strikes, to be sure, are exactly alike. But neither are any two military battles, and yet military strategy has long been a recognized science. There are enough common elements in all strikes to make possible the establishment of a sound strike strategy. Once this has been done, it will be simple to determine the correct strategy and tactics for the preparation and conduct of each strike, taking into consideration the nature of the industry, the character of the union's objectives, the type of employer, the state of organization of the workers, the surrounding political atmosphere, and the physical set-up of the plant or industry.

It is with a view to removing strikes from the realm of guess-work that this book was undertaken. It is by no means an exhaustive study; much more needs to be thought through and developed before we can call strike strategy a science these pages are only the first efforts in breaking new ground.

The book is divided into four major sections, the first of which is devoted to a brief history of strikes from 1776 to the present; an examination of the relationship of strikes to politics, local and national; and an effort to apply lessons drawn from military strategy to counteract the methods of actual warfare which have been used by employers.

Part Two is designed as a manual for labor on the actual conduct of strikes. The third section contains an analysis of strikebreaking techniques used by industry, and Part Four studies the qualifications necessary for effective strike leadership.

A good deal of space in the book has been devoted to the matter of violence in time of strike. Labor, of course, needs no pointing out that such violence does not originate with the workers. Workers are fully aware that it is the employers and their agents within the ranks of organized labor who are responsible for force and violence. But the accusation of violence has been too consistently raised against labor organizers, labor unions, and the entire labor movement to pass over lightly in a book about strikes. Perhaps while arming leaders with detailed facts and giving them a solid basis for countering employer tactics, these chapters will in some measure expose the real perpetrators of violence. It is high time to tear off the mask of those who in the name of "law and order" commit every violence and throw the guilt of it on labor.

I want to thank the many friends and co-workers in the labor movement who helped me with criticism, suggestions, and material. I am particularly grateful to Lee Candea, who spent much time in doing research for this volume. It is to her that I am indebted for material on the more recent strikes.

John Steuben

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Part One

Chapter 1: The Right to Strike

We Are Strike Conscious

Ever since the factory system became the basis of our mode of production, strikes have been its inseparable accompaniment. Each generation of wage earners, it seems, has been forced at one time or another to resort to the strike weapon. Notwithstanding the continuous efforts of our newspapers and other sections of the press to convince the worker that strikes are detrimental to him, to his family, and to his fellow workers, the number of strikes and the number of people involved in them have increased in direct proportion to the growth of industry. At times millions of workers are directly involved in these battles between capital and labor. At times the battles spread over many States and indirectly involve millions more.

Just what is a strike?

A strike is an organized cessation from work. It is the collective halting of production or services in a plant, industry, or area for the purpose of obtaining concessions from employers. A strike is labor's weapon to enforce labor's demands.

In the United States all efforts to outlaw strikes, to discredit them morally, to destroy them physically, or to find formulas to stifle them at birth have failed and we dare say always will fail. To be sure, strikes have at times been done away with elsewhere. Hitler outlawed them in Germany and Mussolini in Italy. But history shows that where there is any vestige of democracy workers fight desperately and, if need be, die to maintain the inalienable right of free men to organize and strike.

It is quite understandable that people should fight for the good things of life. But why do workers fight so hard for the right to strike when the exercise of that right entails such hardships? No one suffers more from a strike than the striker and his family. An employer may lose some profits, the public may be inconvenienced, but the striker loses his entire livelihood for the duration of the battle. All income stops, economic paralysis grips the family. More often than not there are hardly any savings to fall back on. Nor can those engaged in a strike always know how it will culminate a strike is like an illness, its end is unpredictable. Want, emotional stress and strain, physical danger, uncertainty all these come with the strike. Yet threaten to outlaw it and the worker and his union will fight desperately to maintain the right to strike.

A multitude of factors arising out of the economic system under which we live make it imperative for the worker and his union to guard the right to strike with all the strength at their command. To abandon the strike is to abandon the concept of wage labor; for the essence of wage labor as opposed to slave labor, is refusal to work when conditions of work become unbearable. Abraham Lincoln expressed this better than anyone else when he said:

I am glad to see that a system of labor prevails in New England under which laborers can strike when they want to, where they are not obliged to work under all circumstances... I like the system which lets a man quit when he wants to and wish it might prevail everywhere. One of the reasons why I am opposed to slavery is just here. (D. J. Saposs, Readings in Trade Unionism.)

There is no disagreement within the ranks of labor about Lincoln's point of view. From the right to the left wing of labor there has always been unanimity as regards the necessity of preserving labor's right to strike. Leaders of the past and leaders of the present stress this point, and on more than one occasion William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, has declared:

The fundamental difference between a free man and a serf is that the free man has the right to withhold his labor and to join with his fellows to improve the conditions under which he works. (William Green, Labor and Democracy.)

In a certain sense the history of American trade unionism has been the history of a continuous fight to maintain the right to strike. For nowhere in the world are workers more strike conscious than in the United States. This is all the more curious because the majority of workers here do not, as in Europe, think in terms of society being divided into distinct classes whose interests are diametrically opposed. In America the instinctive manifestations of consciousness of class express themselves in the economic rather than the political field. American workers talk conservatively, think conservatively. For the most part in political matters they even act conservatively; we have no independent political party of labor, nor a mass Socialist or Communist movement as on the European continent and in other parts of the world. But in the use of the strike weapon American wage earners are the least conservative. Nowhere else have workers so readily and so frequently laid down their tools.

Safeguarding the Right to Strike

The struggle to maintain the right to strike has been carried on with the courts, with conservative Presidents, with Congress, with powerful employer combinations, and at times even with our armed forces. It is being waged with no less fervor today. A numerically weak and inarticulate trade union movement was successful in the past. It defeated the old conspiracy laws, government by injunction and organized strikebreaking. There is every reason to believe that the trade union movement of today, 15 million strong, with the industrial form of organization and with a more advanced leadership can and will defeat all efforts to rob the worker of the freedom guaranteed by the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

At the present stage of the struggle the chief danger is not that the right to strike may be completely taken away. Rather is it that this right may be so emasculated through federal and State legislation that it would become merely theoretical. Labor has to be ever on the alert to prevent an infringement of the right to strike; for the attack is nowadays more devious than of old. Those who are bent on wresting from labor its basic right have put on the cloak of duplicity. They profess to be labor's friends, they loudly speak of labor's "inalienable rights," but they sponsor and vote for bills which in practice destroy such rights. They would lull workers into a false security by paying lip service to the right to strike. In all the anti-strike legislation put forward in recent years the measures proposed have begun with the general statement: "Labor's right to strike is recognized." But then have followed provisions devised to rob the strike weapon of all its force.

There are periods when the right to strike is in special danger and those are the times calling for greatest watchfulness. A national emergency such as a war opens the door to an attack; it is so easy under the pretext of emergency to railroad through legislation that will permanently take away the right to strike. During both world wars employers exerted their utmost efforts to outlaw strikes for the duration of hostilities. Their efforts failed, particularly during the last war, because of labor's vigilance. The AFL and CIO were firm in their insistence that the right to strike must not be jeopardized even in times of national emergency. Typical of labor's stand on this basic issue was the declaration of the CIO convention in 1940:

Labor must ever be vigilant to guard against any action which, under the pretense of furthering national defense, will seek to deprive the workers of their fair share of those increased earnings, or to deny them their fundamental right to organize into unions of their own choice, or to strike. The protection of these rights is necessary to assure the workers that they will not be relegated to a position of economic slavery.

Labor's record during World War II, when under the inspiring leadership of Franklin Delano Roosevelt we became the world's arsenal of democracy, showed the cry of "national emergency" to be merely a pretext for reactionaries bent on permanently outlawing strikes. Labor, realizing the anti-fascist character of the war, pigeonholed its grievances and voluntarily refrained from resorting to the strike weapon.

The "Cooling Off" Tactic

Another period when labor's right to strike is in danger is when Congress and State legislatures are dominated by extreme reactionary forces. The Taft-Hartley Law was enacted in such a period. The passing of this act shows how much ground the big business interests and their lobbies have gained since the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and fully bears out the contention that the greatest danger is not that strikes will be illegalized outright, but, rather, that they will be so crippled through a host of provisions as to reduce their effectiveness to a minimum. The Taft-Hartley Act, for example, requires that a union having a collective bargaining agreement shall give a 60-day notice of a strike to the employer. This provision alone takes away a number of advantages. First, the element of surprise, so important in strike strategy, is practically wiped out. Second, it gives the employer two valuable months in which to prepare against the impending strike. Third, in seasonal industries food canning, garment making, building trades, etc., etc. a two months' delay might prove disastrous; for to be confronted with a strike after the height of the season would play havoc with the union and the workers on strike. Another provision of the Act has the force of extending the two months' delay to nearly five; the Government is granted the right, after a strike is declared in many industries, to issue an injunction that will be in effect 80 days during which time the workers may not strike. Labor's enemies have lately been referring to this kind of legal stalling as a "cooling-off period. The very term denotes bias against labor. It implies that labor is so hot-headed that there is need of a federal law to cool workers off. It creates an impression in the minds of the public that the trade unions are always ready to strike at the drop of a hat.

The "cooling-off" provisions are in the Act not for the purpose of making labor think twice and encouraging it to find a solution without resorting to a strike. The real meaning of a compulsory "cooling-off" period is that a status quo condition is established for the union while the employers gather every conceivable weapon for use against the proposed strike. To expect that during the so-called "cooling-off" period the grievances of the workers will disappear is naive, is infantile. CIO President Philip Murray hit the nail on the head when he declared: "The imposition of 'cooling-off restraints would be a negation of collective bargaining rather than its encouragement."

A period of reaction is a time when labor has to be especially vigilant. The Taft-Hartley Act is but one of the insidious attacks on the right to strike put over in such a time. There are others. In recent years, in a number of States, laws have been adopted that tend through similar provisions seriously to weaken labor's right to strike.

The "National Emergency" Device

As we noted above, the cry of "national emergency" is raised in wartime to cloak attacks on the right to strike. Of late the term has been used in another connection. Particularly since enactment of the Taft-Hartley Law, employers, with the help of Congress, have used the phrase as a peacetime pretext to restrain and nullify labor's right to strike. When certain key industries are confronted with a strike, it is declared that if these workers strike a "national emergency" will be created.

This has brought about a curious situation in America. Those working in our basic industries, upon which our entire economy depends, are reduced to a state approximating second-class citizenship. Buttonhole makers and candlestick workers may exercise the right to strike because their cessation from work could not be said to create a "national emergency." But railroad and steel workers, coal miners and longshoremen are denied the use of the strike weapon. (This partly explains why miners, steel workers, electrical workers and longshoremen have put up the greatest resistance to the Taft-Hartley Law.)

Add to the aforesaid encroachments on labor's basic right the vicious interpretations and decisions of the National Labor Relations Board in applying the Taft-Hartley Act, and the picture becomes clear. The interpretations and decisions of the Board constitute another attack on the right to strike. What an insult it was to workers and their unions when the Board decided that not only can scabs remain in the factory, but that they have the right to vote in elections supervised by the National Labor Relations Board!

Strikes as Expression of Discontent

What are the underlying causes that force workers to strike? Economists, newspapermen and radio commentators have spoken and written millions of words against strikes. They have attempted to prove

that a prolonged strike eats up the very wage demands for which the workers are striking, and that it takes months to catch up financially. They have argued that most strikes end in compromise then why not compromise in the first place? There are those who claim that there would be hardly any strikes at all were it not for a small group of selfish and power-hungry labor leaders. Increasingly we hear the argument that the “reds are responsible for strikes.” Some newspapers even absolve the leaders of the unions involved and put the blame for strikes and walkouts entirely on “Communists.” Others, again, concentrate on being great defenders of the “public,” which they portray as an innocent victim of the strike. In recent years, the cry of the “right to work” has been advanced as an argument against strikes.

These and other arguments are by now well known to the average American worker. Yet strikes, and the number of workers involved in them, do not diminish. On the contrary, as time goes on, the strike weapon is resorted to by ever new sections of wage earners such as telephone workers, bank clerks, foremen, newspapermen, teachers, engineers, insurance agents and similar groups. Indeed, during the past decade there was hardly a wage earner’s family that did not have some member on the picket line.

Obviously, the arguments popularized in our press and on the radio are not convincing, and obviously, standard surface causes for this or that strike, or group of strikes do not tell the whole story of why workers strike. The strike is a social phenomenon of great significance in our economic life and cannot be explained so lightly. What the anti-strike economists and writers fail to understand is that a strike is a social act and, as such, goes beyond the boundaries of the immediate and specific economic demands brought forward by the workers involved. In a certain sense a strike is an elementary, unconscious expression of revolt against conditions which the worker is no longer able to tolerate.

These broader aspects of strikes have been recognized by many government experts on labor, and by the more serious-minded economists and historians. Miss Florence Peterson, for many years a leading authority of the United States Department of Labor, in her preface to a study on strikes, says very significantly:

The strike is a cultural development, a conventionalized expression of discontent. It involves mass action and presupposes a belief in the efficacy of mass action... A strike is an evidence of discontent and an expression of protest. While some strikes arise over minor internal shop matters, most of them have a broader application and are directed towards a change in basic working conditions or employer-employee relationships. The number of strikes, and their magnitude, is, therefore, one instance of the degree of industrial unrest existing at any particular time, or in any particular situation. (“Strikes in the United States, 1880–1936,” 17. S. Dept. of Labor Bulletin, No. 651.)

The strike is not something that workers can be talked out of. Compelling economic, political, social and psychological factors combine to make it the worker’s natural expression of revolt against things as they are.

Striking for Dollars and Cents

Yet the immediate grievances that bring about a strike should not be minimized when seeking the explanation of why workers strike. Strikes always have some immediate objective, are always specific, are always *for* something or *against* something immediately important to workers. In the early history of American labor the ten-hour day was the important issue. In periods when the cost of living goes up, workers strike for wage increases. During past depressions, they struck against wage cuts. In recent years, many strikes have developed around one central issue union recognition. To stress the broader social aspects of the strike is not to lessen the significance of the immediate causes. It is merely to bring out the fact that the strike phenomenon cannot be reduced to dollars and cents.

But even from the viewpoint of dollars and cents the strike is not a losing proposition. A study of wage movements for a period of years will show that general wage increases, in peacetime, came about as a result of a strike wave, or a threatened strike wave. The latest examples are the post-war strikes that established a pattern of wage increases to meet the rise in the cost of living. We may also cite numerous examples of wage increases to non-union employees – white collar and administrative workers – *after* the union employees struck and obtained such increases. In certain unorganized industries employers have granted partial wage increases in an effort to stem the tide of organization, but in the final analysis even

such types of wage increases have resulted from the fear of the strike weapon. *There is unquestionably a connection between the relatively high standard of living of American workers and their high degree of strike consciousness.*

Moreover, another factor should be taken into consideration when balancing up the credits and debits in the “dollars and cents”* argument. American workers are aware that in times of peace there is a wide discrepancy between the ability of industry to produce and the ability of the public to buy. They know that under our system of private enterprise and production for profit relatively few workers have full employment the year round. Therefore, very often a strike does not at all reduce the *annual* income of the workers involved. The manufacturer’s orders remain, and are produced after the strike is over at higher hourly or weekly rates. When the *annual* income is figured, the striker frequently finds himself ahead even with time out for the strike.

Do Strikes Cause Higher Prices?

In recent years the anti-strike propagandists have concentrated on the argument that each strike wave means a dollars and cents loss to the workers because strikes are followed by a rise in prices. They elaborate on this by stating something like this: “Why are you workers so foolish? You go out on strike; you gain a wage increase; your pay envelope is slightly higher, but when you go to the grocery and furniture stores, or when you buy an automobile or refrigerator, you pay a lot more”

On the surface it sounds like a substantial argument. But when analyzed, it falls apart. Strikes or no strikes, prices have been steadily rising for the past four decades. Numerous instances could be cited from the past and present showing that prices have gone up without any relation to wage movements. Examples could also be cited of prices remaining the same after wages were cut. There is nothing automatic about price increases. They do not take place because wage increases mean a drop in profits for the employers. A comparison of the rate of profits of large corporations before granting wage increases and after does not indicate that employer profits dropped when the workers got more pay. On the contrary, some corporations showed even higher profits.

Actually, the explanation of the price rises in recent years at least in part is that employers in certain basic industries took advantage of the upward adjustments in wages and increased prices. This is true of such basic industries as coal, steel, automobiles and electrical manufacturing. Employers in these and other industries raised prices not because they had to or go bankrupt; they did it in order to maintain their very high rate of profit and even increase it. Labor has been too slow in exposing the ‘higher prices’ argument. That argument is just sand thrown in the eyes of the workers and the general public.

Why Not Compromise?

How about the anti-strike argument: all strikes end in compromise, so why not compromise before striking?

To begin with, the strike has always been the weapon of *last resort*. Responsible union leaders and union members do not jump into a strike without very serious consideration of all that is involved. A union and its leaders spend many a day and many a night pondering whether all avenues of solution have been exhausted before deciding on strike action. Direct conferences with employer representatives, pressures short of a strike, utilization of mediation machinery of both the State and federal government, public appeals, and other steps are all tried before resorting to a strike. It is precisely because no reasonable compromise can be reached that unions are forced to take strike action. The argument “why not compromise in the first place” should be directed not against unions and union leaders but against employers. Quite often an employer agrees to a compromise after the strike is declared when, by showing good faith across the conference table, he could have obtained that same compromise without a strike.

Union leaders are not inflexible. As a rule the workers and their union demand from the employers only what they think is reasonable. But they know they cannot always win all of their demands. They measure the success of a strike by the degree of justice obtained. For example, a union may consider a twenty cent hourly increase as reasonable. It may finally accept fifteen cents and be gratified that the workers have received a substantial part of what was sought for them. There is but one thing a union cannot compromise on across the conference table – and that is labor’s very minimum demands.

Most wage and hour negotiations do, as a matter of fact, end up in compromise and agreement rather than in a strike. Let us take the first post-war year, 1946. It was a year of great labor disputes arising out of the rapid increase in the cost of living and the change from a wartime to a peacetime economy. Practically all the unions were involved in wage negotiations. During that year, 4,650,000 workers manned picket lines. But during the same year, the AFL had a membership of over seven million, the CIO a membership of six million, and the four independent railroad unions had a membership of 454,000. Altogether over thirteen and one-half million workers belonged to unions. Yet less than one-third of the membership resorted to strikes. The other two-thirds compromised without strikes. It is only fair to conclude that when management bargains in good faith, labor unions are willing to compromise before striking.

As for the argument that it is selfish and “strike happy” labor leaders, and not rank and file workers, who are responsible for strikes, that notion has been fairly well destroyed by the War Labor Disputes Act, which required workers to decide by secret ballot whether or not to strike. Even a perfunctory examination of the results of such balloting will show that the workers do their own thinking; in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases the rank and file voted with overwhelming majorities for strike action when, in their opinion, it was the only avenue through which they could obtain what they considered their just demands. A strike was, is, and will remain labor’s weapon of *last resort*.

Is the Public the Victim?

Let us now examine the argument that the public is the “innocent victim” of strikes.

In the first place, who is the “public”? The wage earners and their families are the largest single group of consumers and are, therefore, surely a very important section of the “public.” And their welfare and prosperity are certainly important not only to themselves but also to other large sections of the “public” to grocers and clothing and furniture dealers, to doctors and dentists and lawyers, to automobile dealers and restaurant keepers and owners of movie houses. Workers with a greater buying power create conditions for greater prosperity. Workers existing on substandard levels create conditions for depressions and economic crises.

Take a look at our industrial centers. Pittsburgh, Youngstown, Gary, Homestead and McKeesport are great steel centers. The prosperity of those communities depends upon the economic status of the steel worker. The same is true of Detroit, Flint, Dearborn. Did we not, during the last great depression, term some of those industrial centers “ghost towns”? Surely, it is in the interest of the “public” that the workers in those and a hundred other industrial centers shall constantly improve their economic status. Is the “public,” then, the strike “victim”?

The *real* public the workers, the farmers, the professionals, the storekeepers and the salesmen have long realized that strikes, in that they are a means of improving the wage earner’s standard of living, are in the interest of the public. The real public, conscious that underlying, intolerable conditions are responsible for the strike, displays a deep-rooted sympathy toward men on strike and takes in stride whatever inconveniences strikes create. In recent years, no amount of full-page advertisements, anti-strike editorials and radio lambasting succeeded in seriously affecting the true, warm, sympathetic feeling of the public toward those on strike. The public may be temporarily aroused against an individual labor leader – the object of a concerted and well-organized press and radio campaign – but not against those marching on the picket line, nor against the things for which they are fighting.

There was a time when “scabbing” was quite a profession, and a well paid one. Scabbery of the old-fashioned kind hardly exists today. The stigma of “scab” is sufficient these days for social ostracism. This, in itself, attests the real public opinion regarding strikes.

Now for the last anti-strike argument: namely, the “right to work.”

Raising the “right to work” argument in time of strike presupposes that those on strike have been *forced* to strike. But this, as pointed out above, is clearly an impossibility. No labor leader, regardless of how strong a personality he is, could *force* thousands of workers to leave their jobs. Scarcely a strike has taken place in recent years without the workers involved voting such action. In fact, numerous examples

of strikes exist where workers laid down their tools when such action was contrary to the will and advice of their leaders.

In reality, it is not the unions but the employers who block the “right to work.” A clear example is the struggle of the miners during late 1949–1950 for improved conditions and a new contract, which was blocked by the coal operators, thus forcing the miners on a 3-day work week. The miners and the union were certainly anxious to work a 5-day week. After six months of vain efforts to come to an agreement, the miners balked at continuing the limited work schedule and declared: “We want 5 days or nothing, ... The miners are pretty damn sore about the delay... We want to get the contract business settled once and for all.” (N.Y. Times, January 15, 1950.) It is obvious in this situation who interfered with the “right to work.”

Not labor leaders but employers have exerted force against working freedom. They have used every means in their power to stop workers from exercising their own free will to work or not as they saw fit. Intimidation and bribery are standard methods to prevent, or weaken, a strike.

The public relations men in the employers’ pay know very well that union leaders do not and cannot force workers to strike. The “right to work” cry is raised not to defend the workers’ freedom but for quite another reason. It is a slogan meant to confuse the public and the striking workers. There is a carefully disguised meaning in the phrase. It is that a small group of scabs have the right to cross a picket line. Usually the slogan is broadcast when the employer plans a back-to-work movement. But of this more will be said later. Suffice it to say here that it is only in time of strike that employers and their henchmen start talking about the “right to work/” When mines, mills, and factories close down, either completely or in part, employers are very silent about the “right to work.” Yet it is in this meaning of the phrase that the interest of the worker lies. It is this meaning of the “right to work” that he would like to see written into the Constitution.

Chapter 2: The Great Tradition

Strike strategy and tactics cannot be understood and mastered without some knowledge of strike history. To deal with all the strikes in the American labor movement would, obviously, be impossible here; the strike is a deep-rooted American tradition and strike struggles have been many and gigantic. We must limit ourselves to a general survey of the nature and character of those strikes which were typical for the various periods, dwelling particularly on those that introduced something new. As we examine the various types of demands, how the strikes were conducted, and what the attitudes of employer and government toward them were, gradually a strike pattern will emerge.

Among the early strikes in America was that of the printers in New York City. While the city was occupied by British troops in 1776 the printers demanded a *wage increase* from their employers, and were refused. They thereupon ordered a “turn-out” and forced the employers to grant their demands.

Twenty years later, 26 Philadelphia printers conducted a successful “turn-out.” This time the strike was not for but against something – a *wage reduction*. The strike call indicates that benefits were paid the strikers: “We will support,” the call reads, “such of our brothers as shall be thrown out of employment on account of their refusing to work for less than \$6.00 per week.” (Florence Peterson, “Strikes in the United States, 1880–1936,” Dept. of Labor Bulletin, No. 651.)

In 1791, the Philadelphia carpenters struck a blow in the long fight to reduce the hours of labor, a fight not yet ended they conducted the first strike for a *10-hour day*.

Between 1796 and 1799, the Federal Society of Journeymen Cordwainers (shoemakers, that is), conducted three strikes in Philadelphia. The first two were led by *strike committees*, called “tramping committees.” The third introduced the *paid trade union official* – “walking delegate” so called. While the first two strikes resulted in wage increases, the third was only partly successful. It lasted ten weeks and was not without violence.

In 1800, a sailors' strike occurred in New York. They demanded a wage increase from \$10 to \$14 a month. Their *leaders were arrested and sent to prison*, and the strike was lost.

In 1805, the Philadelphia Society of Cordwainers called yet another strike. It resulted in the *first attempt of employers, in this country, to invoke the aid of the courts to prohibit strikes and organization of workers*. The leaders of the strike were prosecuted under the British common law doctrine for criminal conspiracy. The Court declared: "A combination of workmen to raise their wages may be considered in a twofold point of view: one is benefit to themselves ... the other is to injure those who do not join the society. The rule of the law condemns both." (John R. Commons & Associates, *Documentary History of American Industrial Society*, Vol. III.) The jury found the shoe workers "guilty of a combination to raise their wages."

Nothing daunted, the strike-conscious shoemakers in 1809 called another strike, this time in Baltimore. It was the first general industry-wide strike. According to an indictment of 39 strikers, they were charged with "compelling an employer to discharge certain employees and preventing them from obtaining employment elsewhere." This seems to indicate that the shoe workers were seeking *closed shop* conditions.

In 1824, the first known strike in which *women participated* took place in Pawtucket, R.I., when "female weavers" struck with men against a wage reduction.

A year later, a strike of women alone occurred among the tailoresses of New York. During the same year, the *first great strike for the 10-hour day* was called in Boston by six hundred carpenters.

In 1829, the first known strike of *factory operatives* occurred. It was called by the textile workers in Paterson, N.J. This is the first known instance of the calling out of the *militia to quell the strikers*.

Such were the beginnings of the great strike tradition. It was in these early struggles that a pattern was carved out. As the years went on, this pattern was elaborated and enriched. Reviewing the struggles, Florence Peterson makes these interesting and revealing observations:

The period from 1776 to 1830 not only witnessed a considerable number of industrial disputes in comparison with the relatively few persons working for wages at that time, but the causes of these strikes and the tactics pursued by the strikers and the employers bear close similarity to those existing today. These years saw the introduction by the workers of the walking delegate, strike benefits, the use of the general strike when an individual strike proved ineffective, picketing, social ostracism and sometimes physical violence towards "scabs," and the use of militia and the courts by the employers and public authorities. ("Strikes in the United States, 1880-1936," Dept. of Labor Bulletin, No. 651.)

There was, however, one marked difference between these strikes and those that occurred later. The early strikes were mostly spontaneous walkouts of unorganized workers, or of workers who organized expressly for strike action and disbanded after the strike.

In the 1830's most of the strikes developed around the workers' demands *for a 10-hour day and against the rising cost of living*. These strikes assumed a more militant character and spread alarm among the employers. "The times" said the *Philadelphia Gazette* of June 8, 1835, "are completely out of joint ... our streets and squares are crowded with an idle population. Some manifestations of violence have already taken place; -our buildings are at a stand, and business generally is considerably impeded." During this period there seems to have been a *greater degree of solidarity among the workers*. When in 1836 the carpenters, masons, and stonecutters of Boston joined in a strike for the 10-hour day, the trade unions sent money and adopted resolutions pledging to stand by "Boston House Wrights who, in imitation of the noble and decided stand taken by their Revolutionary Fathers, have determined to throw off the shackles of more mercenary tyrants than theirs." (John R. Commons, *History of Labor in the United States*, Vol. I.)

In the 1840's. The long depression that lasted until the gold discoveries of 1849 retarded the trade union movement and reduced the number of strikes. Those that occurred were *anti-wage-cut* protests and most of them ended in failure. The strikes were outstanding for their violence and long duration. One that deserves special mention is the Boilers strike of 1842 which arose out of a wage cut in the Pittsburgh rolling mills. The strike was lost, but three years later a second strike brought the workers a

wage increase. The State of Pennsylvania was one of the main strike centers. Among the few victorious strikes was that of the twelve hundred journeymen tailors of Pennsylvania who in 1847 won wage increases after a four months' strike. In 1848, Pennsylvania passed a 10-hour law for textile and paper mills and bagging factories. Many strikes had to take place before this law was put in operation.

In the 1850's. The strike movement went up again in the fifties. The outstanding demands during this period were for wage increases, the closed shop, shorter hours, abolition of night work, greater frequency and regularity of wage payments, substitution of cash for store scrip and restriction of apprentices. Unlike those of the forties, the strikes ended essentially in victory for the workers. During this period there also developed a "restrike" movement. It was especially popular in the building industry where, owing to the absence of written contracts that fixed wage scales, the workers would strike in the spring of the year for wage increases and in the fall to prevent decreases. Among the interesting strikes in the fifties, from the viewpoint of new demands, was the strike of 1,700 shoe workers in Philadelphia in 1859 for *uniform rates in all shops*. During the same year, the coal miners in the Monongahela Valley in Pennsylvania struck for *scales at each pit* for weighing the miners' coal.

In the 1860's. From the viewpoint of demands and results, the strikes during the sixties did not have the same uniformity as those in previous decades. The Civil War years developed conditions that varied from State to State and this reflected itself both in the demands and in the outcome of the strikes. A new element now entered into the strike scene – the *first national employers' association*. The Iron Moulders International, the strongest union of the time, in 1867 called a strike in Cincinnati against a 60 per cent wage cut announced by the National Stove Manufacturers and the Iron Founders Association. The strike against this association of manufacturers lasted nine months and ended in defeat for the workers. Discouraged, the union turned its attention to co-operatives. During the same period, the iron manufacturers of Pittsburgh *locked out* the puddlers in reply to a demand for wage increases. The struggle was finally settled by arbitration. This was the first recorded wage *arbitration* case in the United States. It was also during the sixties that striking New England shoe workers for the first time were threatened with competition of low- wage Orientals; Chinese from California were imported into Massachusetts as strike breakers.

In the 1870's. In the decade of the seventies the trade unions made remarkable progress in building national unions as well as initiating the 8-hour movement. In 1872, 100,000 workers in New York struck and *won the 8-hour day*, mainly in the building trades. This decade also saw the birth of the "yellow dog contract." It came about as a result of an unsuccessful textile strike in Fall River, Massachusetts. When the strikers returned to work, they were forced, as the "price of re-employment," to sign agreements to join no labor union. Another innovation came in 1877, the year of "the great railroad strike." In connection with this strike, the *Federal troops were called out against the workers for the first time*. As an answer to the growing powers of industry, in the late seventies the *Knights of Labor* emerged into the open from a secret society and changed over into a *national trade union* center calling for the organization of all toilers "to check the power of wealth."

In the 1880's. The decade of the eighties is one of the richest in labor history. It witnessed the *birth of the AFL*; the great *mass movement for the 8-hour day*; the Haymarket riots followed by a wave of reaction; strikes and lockouts in the railroad and packing industries; the *first Congressional investigation of "labor disputes."* Of all these, the most important development was, undoubtedly, the 8-hour day strike movement. It had now become a nation-wide struggle.

In the 1890's. The outstanding feature of strikes in the nineties was their appearance on a mass scale in the newly trustified basic industries. The great Homestead strike, the Pullman and miners' strikes attracted much attention. It was during the Pullman strike in 1894, led by Eugene V. Debs and the American Railway Union, that one of the most sweeping anti-strike injunctions was introduced. When the Homestead strike was lost, it was felt to be a serious setback to the trade union movement. A significant angle of the strikes in this period was the growing demand of workers for *union recognition* – 490 strikes for it as compared with 194 in the eighties.

In the 1900's. The struggle for the 8-hour day and union recognition remained the principal demands of the workers in the nineties. It was also during this decade that the *strike movement spread toward the Western states*. The Western Federation of Miners and, later, the *Industrial Workers of the World* were in the leadership of many Western strikes, and up to this very day the deep imprint of their militancy upon the Western labor movement remains.

Pre-War Striked – 1910–1916. The period between 1910 and our entry into the First World War was a time of growth for organized labor. The basic demands of the workers remained the same – the 8-hour day and union recognition. However, in 1914, with the outbreak of World War I, the workers were confronted with a new problem: the tremendous rise in the cost of living. This brought forward an additional central demand – *substantial wage increases*. In 1915 and 1916, 4,924 strikes took place. Of these, 1,386 were for wage increases. The two most important strikes during this period were the *Lawrence textile strike*, in 1912, and the *Colorado Fuel and Iron strike* in 1913–14 better known as the “Ludlow Massacre.” The significance of the Lawrence strike is that it was one of the first mass strikes led by the IWW in the East and that the strike was victorious. It was one of the early tests in militant strike strategy, and proved superior. The Colorado Fuel and Iron strike was not just an ordinary strike for higher wages. It lasted fifteen months and still remains one of the longest strikes in American history. Over fifty people – miners, wives and children – were murdered in this strike.

Wartime Strikes – 1917–1918. During our two years in the First World War the *strike movement reached large proportions*. Over two million workers participated in the strike struggles, despite the stubborn opposition of AFL leaders to any wartime strike movement. The chief causes were the ever rising costs of living and the determination of the workers to obtain recognition of their unions. Outstanding strikes of this period were the packinghouse strike, the lumber workers’ strike in the Northwest, the machinists’ strike in Bridgeport, Conn., the Seattle general strike, the coal miners’ strike, and the strike of the Boston policemen.

Post-War Open Shop Offensive – 1919–1923. After the war the strikes assumed a general defensive character with the unions fighting desperately against wage cuts and for their very existence. In the basic industries the unions were nearly wiped out, and many craft unions became mere skeletons of their former selves. Never before did the government assume such an open strikebreaking role as during the open-shop offensive; the government’s main weapon was a *wholesale application of injunctions*. During this period the most important strike was the great 1919 steel strike, led by William Z. Foster and receiving a varied degree of support from 24 AFL International Unions.

The Coolidge Period – 1923–1928. Despite the oft-repeated theory that “strikes develop in time of prosperity,” during the Coolidge administration there were very few. Every year there was a decline until in 1928 there were fewer strikes than at any time since 1884. One great strike there was the *textile strike in Passaic, N.J.*, led by the militants of the Trade Union Educational League. The strike attracted national attention and received the support of the broad labor movement.

The Economic Crisis – 1929–1932. When the depression came, labor unions were too weak and demoralized to fight back the *new wage-cutting offensive of the employers*. In 1930, for example, when the wage slashing campaign was at its height, only 182,975 workers were on strike. This, too, can be compared with the year 1884. A relatively large number of strikes against wage cuts were called by independent unions during the years 1929–1933. The National Textile Workers, the Needle Trades Workers Industrial Union and the National Miners Union, affiliated with the Trade Union Unity League, are some of the unions that led such strikes.

The NRA Period – 1933–1935. With the establishment of the National Recovery Act a *strike wave once again spread from industry to industry*, coast to coast, electrifying the whole nation. Causes? The failure of employers to wipe out the wage cuts while reaping new millions of profits; the growing determination of workers to organize into their own unions, buttressed as this now was by Section 7-A of the National Recovery Act, which gave workers legal sanction to join a union of “their own choosing.” The strikes were so numerous that only the most outstanding can be noted. In 1933, 30,000 miners from the “captive” and hitherto unorganized mines struck and won. The strike of 60,000 garment workers, of

whom the majority were as yet unorganized, resulted in victory. Among other important strikes during this year were those of 12,000 shoe workers in Lynn, Mass., 5,000 workers of the Weirton Steel Co.; and 9,000 tool and die makers in the automobile plants of the Detroit area. *A new upsurge had begun among the unskilled and unorganized workers.* In one year the total of workers involved in strikes jumped from 324,210 to 1,168,272. The strike wave reached its peak in 1934 and continued on into 1935, the workers actually threatening nation-wide strikes in all the major industries – automobile, textile and steel. The general strike in San Francisco; the general strike in Terre Haute, Ind.; the national textile workers strike; the magnificent strike of Auto-Lite workers in Toledo, Ohio; the significant 1-day strike of 20,000 New York City truck drivers – to warn a judge against enjoining their union (the first strike of its kind); the strike of the Camden, N.J., shipyard workers; the strike of the 12,000 New York painters; and the strike of 15,000 aluminum workers in New Kensington, Pa. – all these were part of the great strike parade. Altogether, during these two years, 2,583,908 workers participated in strikes. The demands and aims of the two years were similar, but the moods in which the strikes were conducted were very different. While in 1933 the workers struck under the illusion that they would be protected by Section 7-A, in 1934–1935, there was deep disillusionment with government labor boards. In 1933, the NRA was labor’s “Magna Carta”; in 1934, it was the “National Run Around.”

CIO Strikes – 1936–1941. The CIO strikes for recognition of the newly organized industrial unions in the basic industries and for wage increases assumed proportions never dreamed of by the most optimistic, most militant labor leaders. In 1936, 788,648 workers were involved in strikes. In 1937, the number jumped to 1,860,621. In 1938 the total dipped to 688,376 but the following year it rose again to 1,170,962. *The outstanding feature of these strikes of the late thirties was that during this period labor was definitely on the offensive* – workers fought relentlessly for wage increases and union recognition. Another outstanding characteristic was that, for the first time since the end of World War I, the workers in basic industries such as auto, steel, rubber, electrical, etc. participated in such great mass strikes and that nearly all ended in complete, or in substantial, victory. A unique feature of this strike wave was the introduction of the *sit-down, or stay-in, strike technique*, which proved very effective. The sit-down began in 1936 in the rubber plants in Akron, Ohio, and spread to the auto industry. It has been estimated that from September 1936 through May 1937 sit-down strikes directly involved 484,000 workers and closed plants employing 600,000 others.

Although the newly organized CIO unions led the majority of the workers engaged in strikes, the AFL unions also played a major role. In 1937, for example, 583,063 – or 30% of the total workers on strike – were led by AFL unions.

In 1940 the strike wave declined sharply. The total involved in strikes dropped to 447,000 and enabled Secretary of Labor Perkins to declare that the number of strikes was much smaller than in the somewhat comparable period of national emergency, 1916–1917. In March of the following year the first wartime medium to handle many labor problems was created when President Roosevelt appointed the National Defense Mediation Board.

World War II Strikes – 1941–1945. Even the most consistent enemies of labor must admit that its *wartime record was one of patriotism, devotion and sacrifice.* A month before Pearl Harbor, the annual convention of the CIO declared that labor “appreciates more than any other group that in this grave crisis, mediation and peaceful solution of our industrial disputes is of the utmost importance to America/” Similarly, the AFL at its convention went on record as “unequivocally committed to a policy of mediation of labor disputes.” Labor adopted this attitude because of the anti-fascist character of the war, and it kept its pledge well. The U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics recorded that with the attack on Pearl Harbor “several strikes then in progress were immediately called off, and several threatened strikes even where strike votes had been taken were cancelled.” In 1942 there was not a single strike authorized by the national leaders of the AFL or CIO. The only major exceptions occurring in 1943 were the coal stoppages. Labor’s no-strike pledge was so well kept that when efforts were made to discredit labor within the ranks of our armed forces, Chief of Staff General George C. Marshall in August 1944 sent instructions to all orientation officers in the army stating that loss from strikes from shortly after

Pearl Harbor until July 1, 1944 “represents less than one-tenth of one per cent of the total labor time available. This bears out the statement of the Secretary of Labor to Congress that the no-strike, no lock-out pledge of labor and management ‘has been kept at a rate of 99%.” Such was labor’s record in a time of grave national crisis.

Post World War II Strikes, 1945-1947. The first two years of the post-war period saw a new strike wave with new demands and peculiarities all its own. The chief demand was for a wage increase. With the change from longer wartime hours to a 40-hour week during reconversion and with elimination of wartime bonuses, the take-home pay had decreased, while the cost of living continued to increase. Nearly three and a half million workers participated in these strikes in 1945, and 4,650,000 in 1946.

The new feature of these post-war strikes was the increasing “*fringe*” demands brought forward by the unions. These included medical plans, insurance, pensions, holiday and vacation pay and portal-to-portal pay. Another feature was the *industry-wide character of the strikes*; such was the case with steel, auto, electrical and marine. The fact that the strikes of the post-war years were of longer duration than those of the late thirties indicates that opposition on the part of the employers toward organized labor was growing.

A strike of major political importance was America’s first nation-wide railroad strike. This took place in May 1946. President Truman broke it in an old-fashioned way – by *threatening to use the armed forces against the strikers*, and this act, more than any other, showed Truman’s complete departure from Roosevelt’s labor policies. The injunction obtained by the Truman Administration *against the coal miners*, in November 1946 was a natural follow-up.

In this post-war period a development of great significance was the growing number of *general strikes*. At Stamford, Connecticut, in January 1946, 12,000 workers crippled the industrial life of the city in the first general strike in that State. Both the AFL and CIO participated in this stoppage in protest against the State Police breaking up the machinists’ picket lines at the Yale & Towne Lock Co. In February 1946, a general strike took place in Lancaster, Pa., in support of the striking bus and trolley men belonging to the Street & Electric Railway Employees, AFL. On March 4, 1946, 10,000 AFL and CIO workers declared a general strike in Houston, Texas, in support of an AFL union of city and county employees. During the same month in the city of Rochester, N. Y., over 30,000 AFL and CIO members, together with workers of the independent unions, tied up the city for twenty-two hours in support of the AFL Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees. On July 23, 1946, 13,000 workers in Hartford, Conn., proclaimed a general strike in support of UE machinist and electrical workers. On November 22, 1946, 25,000 workers in Camden, N. J., walked out in support of newspapermen striking at the Camden *Courier-Post*. On December 3, 1946, over 100,000 AFL and CIO workers tied up the city of Oakland, California, in protest against strike-breaking efforts by the city police and Kahn’s and Hasting’s department stores.

Unlike the strikes of 1918 and 1919, the strikes of 1945 and 1946 were generally successful and helped to consolidate many of labor’s wartime gains.

Taft-Hartley Period – 1947-1949. The years 1947, 1948 and 1949 present an interesting strike picture. In 1947 only 2,170,000 workers went on strike – less than half as many as in 1946. In 1948 the number declined to two million. The decline can be traced to a number of factors: the anti-strike provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act; the enactment of vicious, anti-labor laws in a number of States; the leveling off of the rise in the cost of living; growing unemployment; the abandonment of militant tactics by the top leadership of the CIO; and the absence of sustained organizing campaigns by the AFL and CIO.

In 1949 the trend changed, and it became a record year for strikes, with about 3,100,000 workers involved. Union demands for pensions and social insurance plans received great impetus and became major strike issues.

The strikes that occurred did not have the same uniformity in objectives as did those of previous periods. Wage increases were among the central demands, but an increased number of other issues were involved. In 1947 some 370,000 telephone workers struck for a nation-wide collective bargaining agreement and wage increases. In 1948, 320,000 bituminous coal miners struck for a pension plan. During

the same year, the East Coast longshoremen made a welfare plan one of their major demands. A novel demand made by the employees of the Keystone Dress and Rubber Company in Philadelphia was a holiday for every worker on his birthday, or, if he preferred to work, double pay. In 1949, 100,000 Ford workers struck against increased speed-up. The Brewery Workers of New York, and 7,000 workers of the Singer Sewing Machine Company also made the fight against speed-up their major demand. During this same period the UMWA declared a one-week holiday. This action, John L. Lewis announced, was taken as a result of “the splendid production record” of the miners. The three outstanding strikes in 1949 were in the steel mills, the coal mines and on the Hawaiian docks.

An interesting development in connection with a number of these strikes was the political aspect. In April 1947, in Iowa, 100,000 AFL and CIO unions declared a one-day State-wide general strike against proposed anti-labor legislation then pending in the State legislature. In June of the same year 200,000 miners struck in protest against the passage of the Taft-Hartley Act. One of the chief causes for the 1948 West Coast maritime strike was an attempt of the employers to eliminate the hiring hall – under a provision of the same law. Another 1948 strike growing out of the Taft-Hartley provisions broke out at a Du Pont plant in Charleston, W.Va.

Most of these strikes were of long duration. The telephone workers were out 40 days; the West Coast longshoremen 95 days; the packinghouse workers, 10 weeks; the farm equipment workers, 5 weeks; the San Francisco cab drivers, 4.5 months; the New York brewery workers, 72 days; the Singer Sewing Machine workers 24 weeks; and the Chicago AFL printers 22 months.

It is to be noted that, during this period, there was, proportionately, a larger number of *service and transport workers* involved in strikes. There were the nation-wide telephone strike, the Boston, New York and Louisville bus strikes, the New York and San Francisco taxi strikes, and the Atlantic City hotel workers’ strike.

The uneven result of these strikes is also of significance. The packinghouse strike ended in defeat. The miners were forced to return by court action. The East Coast and West Coast maritime strikes were successful. The Atlantic City hotel strike was lost. The taxi drivers lost in New York, and won in San Francisco. But most significant is the fact that, with the exception of the New York cab drivers, the unions that suffered strike setbacks, although temporarily weakened, were not destroyed, and some have made comebacks since.

Such, in brief, has been the course of strikes in America. The basic elements have not changed greatly since the early days. The protagonists are the same: on one side stands the employer, often backed by the courts and the armed forces, State and federal – the government playing an ever-increasing role against organized labor; on the other side stands labor. The major difference lies in that the stage is larger, the actors more numerous, better organized. Employers have learned to act in concert. And workers, too, have learned that their strength lies in common action. Today organized labor, fighting to protect its standard of living, its jobs, its future, is 15 million strong.

Labor is becoming conscious of its strength and feels, too, the power and importance of its weapon. Looking back at its past, American labor sees that its gains have not come of themselves; employers have had to be forced into every concession they have made. Every basic economic improvement in workers’ lives came about as a result of strikes, every gain had to be fought for and won. Shorter hours, higher wages, job security, curtailment of speed-up, seniority rights, vacations with pay, health benefits and pension plans – all were won on the picket line.

And so will it be, labor knows, in the foreseeable future. Not employers’ humanity, not generosity, not even “enlightened self-interest” will bring labor one jot nearer its goal. History shows that labor can look only to itself and to its natural allies to fight its battles. To hold on to the gains it has already won and to make further economic advances, labor will need to resort in the future to the same weapon that served it in the past – one of its most powerful weapons, the strike.

Chapter 3: Strikes and Politics

It Was Once a "Conspiracy"

The early history of labor in America clearly shows that to strike has not always been recognized as an inalienable right. There was a time when a strike was considered a conspiracy against the State, and those engaged in such actions were tried, and many were convicted, in various courts. As was noted in the previous chapter, in 1805 eight Philadelphia shoemakers were convicted on charges of forming "a combination and conspiracy to raise wages" The indictment against those workers stated: "Our position is that no man is at liberty to combine, conspire, confederate and unlawfully agree to regulate the whole body of workmen in the city. The defendants are not indicted for regulating their own individual wages, but for undertaking by combination, to regulate the price of labor of others as well as their own."

Unquestionably this point of view did not spring up spontaneously on the American continent. Like so many of our legal concepts, it was taken over from the mother country where the idea that a strike was a conspiracy was very generally held. Many workers in England were imprisoned for "leaving their work unfinished," or because of a "conspiracy" to shorten hours and raise wages, and a whole series of so-called "Combination Laws" for some fifty years prevented labor from freely exercising the right to strike. In 1824, these "Combination Laws" were repealed and brought about what is known in English labor history as the "Trade Union Emancipation."

In America, too, the legal right to strike came into being as a result of political action. The pioneers in the American labor movement fought many political battles before the right to strike was firmly established, the fight being essentially between the Federalists and the Jeffersonian democratic forces.

The same thing happened on the Continent. There, as in England and America, political action on the part of labor and other democratic forces brought about the recognition of the strike as a democratic weapon. It is therefore justifiable to conclude that the recognition of the right to strike is an outgrowth of established democratic rights.

How Strikes Reflect Political Conditions

That the strike itself is a political weapon as well as an economic one is evidenced by recent national and international events. In this country during the war years organized labor, considering the defeat of fascism its most important objective, committed itself voluntarily to a no-strike policy. Labor was willing to subordinate its economic and other grievances to this main objective. British labor adopted a similar position. On the other hand, during the same period workers and their underground organizations in Nazi-occupied lands conducted a vigorous strike policy, notwithstanding the threat of death decreed by their Nazi overlords. Economic betterment was held to be the least objective of these strikes. They were essentially political in character and were conducted for the purpose of weakening the military position of their mortal enemy, fascism.

During the first two post-war years the reverse process took place. In the United States there was a major strike wave, whereas European workers after their liberation engaged in scarcely any strike struggles. Organized labor in many European countries made a major contribution to post-war reconstruction by making uninterrupted and increased production its major objective. The reason for this bears on politics. In many European countries the people established pro-Labor, pro-Socialist or pro-Communist governments. To a varying degree this was true of England, France, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Poland and other European nations. The newly established, or extended, democracies concerned themselves with the vital economic, social, and political needs of the workers; hence a great many of their economic problems were solved through progressive legislation rather than through strikes. A great many industries on the continent were socialized, production for profit was eliminated and with it went many of the methods of exploitation which are the economic roots for strikes.

The close relationship between strikes and politics was again demonstrated in the period 1947-1949. As soon as the coalition governments of France, Italy, and other parts of Western Europe went out of existence, great strike waves developed in those countries. In the United States, during the same years, a

number of strikes occurred that would not have taken place had it not been for the oppressive, anti-labor Taft-Hartley Act. The long printers' and West Coast longshoremen's strikes are cases in point.

All this leads to the conclusion that the number of strikes in a given country and their character are a barometer of the political situation in that country; in countries where workers enjoy a maximum degree of democratic rights and play an important political role, and where production for profit has been curtailed or eliminated, the use of the strike weapon is reduced to a minimum.

This is as true for the United States as for other countries, but several elements are present here that obscure the barometer reading. Certain it is that American labor, like labor elsewhere, won many of its objectives through political measures in periods when a progressive administration was in the saddle. Just as certain is it that labor has been forced to resort to the strike weapon to win back the rights taken from workers in a period of reaction. During the decade 1937–1947, the right to belong to a union and the right of unions as collective bargaining agencies were established by the Wagner Act. Although there were many strikes during this period precipitated by employers' efforts to curtail the rights granted under the Act, many unions obtained recognition not through picket lines but through National Labor Relations Board elections. On the other hand, the Taft-Hartley Act, which has taken away many of labor's privileges under the Wagner Act, has provoked a number of strikes that might not have taken place had it not been for the enactment of this law. Also as a result, a growing number of unions refused to sign contracts containing no-strike clauses.

Political Aspects of Strike Strategy

Of late, organized labor has been increasingly charged: with conducting "political strikes." This accusation was pressed particularly against John L. Lewis and the UMW, Harry Bridges and the West Coast longshoremen, Woodruff Randolph and the International Typographical Union, and many other unions. The truth is that in most cases politics are injected not by the unions, but by the government and the employers. Life itself forces the major strikes to assume a political character. Who can deny today that the government virtually has life and death power over labor unions? Who can deny the powers of government in our entire economy? Who can deny the government's hand in a vast employment role? Finally, can labor close its eyes to so much federal and State legislation that affects directly and immediately the course of any strike? Is it not a fact that at no time in our history were unions under so much political supervision as they are today?

Were not the West Coast longshoremen and the printers forced to strike because of Taft-Hartley? Did not John L. Lewis publicly declare during the 1949 coal miners' strike that the dispute could be settled provided the government did not interfere? And was not the Hawaii dock workers' strike prolonged because of such interference?

In stressing the political aspects of strikes, we point out only what is real; it is not intended here to give color to the false notion that labor conducts "political strikes" The intent is merely to point out the realities and the need for labor to be constantly vigilant politically in order to preserve the right to strike.

The understanding that mass strikes assume a political character even though the demands of the workers may be of an economic nature lies at the very base of strike strategy. The failure of some labor leaders to recognize this important fact in the preparation for, and the conduct of, strikes has often been detrimental to the struggle; characterizing a strike as a purely economic battle of the workers has often made it comparatively easy for the employer to enlist "the law" on his side. Strike strategy must take political factors into consideration. For strike strategy does not consist merely of the organizational routine in the conduct of a strike. It calls for the evaluation of all the forces at work – both favorable and unfavorable – and the planning and execution, on the basis of such analysis, of a course of action that will spell victory. It is hardly possible to work out the correct strategy for a given strike unless the analysis includes an evaluation of the political situation on a national, State, county and city basis.

The Fight for Labor Legislation

What is meant by a strike assuming a political character? Or, as a "practical" trade unionist would put it: what has a strike to do with politics?

Every movement in which wage earners, as a distinct group in society, band together against employers, as another distinct group in society, in order to bring about certain changes by “pressure from without” is a *political movement*. For example, a strike to obtain shorter hours in a single factory or trade is an economic movement; whereas, a movement to obtain shorter hours *by law* is a political movement. The history of the labor movement in the United States is rich with examples of political movements growing out of individual economic struggles of the workers.

Take the history of the 8-hour-day movement in America. Here is a perfect example of how labor over a period of decades battled on two fronts – economic and political – for the attainment of a shorter work day. This struggle began in single crafts and towns. With the growth of industry the fight for shorter hours assumed a national character. In 1884, the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions at its convention resolved that “eight hours shall constitute a legal day’s work, from and after May 1, 1886,” This was to be attained through a general strike. On that date some 340,000 workers took part in great demonstrations for the 8-hour day, and ever since then the 8-hour-day fight has loomed big in all major strikes. This struggle more or less culminated in 1938 when Congress enacted the Fair Labor Standards Act. The law was tested and declared constitutional by the Supreme Court in February 1941.

But turning mass pressure toward securing favorable labor legislation is only one of many ways in which economic struggles can assume a political character. Often striking workers are confronted by the armed forces of the federal and State governments, and then the economic struggle assumes a highly political character. For once, the troops are called in, it is no longer a struggle between workers and employers; the government begins to play a very decisive role and often determines the outcome of the strike.

The use of armed forces against strikes is all too prevalent in the United States. During the great railroad strike of 1877 President Hayes sent Federal troops to break the strike. In 1894 President Cleveland sent troops against the Pullman strikers. In 1897 President McKinley rushed troops against striking metal miners in the Idaho Coeur d’Alenes mine. In 1919 President Wilson sent troops to Seattle during the general strike. Soon after, President Harding ordered federal troops into Southern Virginia to break a strike of coal miners. Even President Roosevelt, a great friend of labor, used Federal troops to break the aircraft workers’ strike in Englewood, California in 1941. In 1946 President Truman threatened the striking railroad workers with the use of armed forces.

The use of the National Guard against strikers has been even more frequent. In 1937 alone, at least twenty cities in nine States were occupied by 10,000 Guardsmen, and another 6,000 were mobilized and ready for strike duty. In March 1948, members of the United Packinghouse Workers of America, CIO, employed in the “Big Four” packing houses – Armour, Cudahy, Swift and Wilson – were on a 67-day strike for a wage increase. The strike spread to nine States. It was one of the major post-war strikes in which employers set themselves the objective of destroying a union. Governor Luther W. Youngdahl of Minnesota sent National Guard detachments to Albert Lea to “protect” the scabs. Troops were also designated for duty at Swift and Armour plants at South St. Paul. In Iowa, Governor Robert D. Blue ordered 1,000 National Guardsmen to Waterloo to “protect” the strike-bound Roth Packing Company plant.

Courts Against Picket Lines

The use of the courts and judge-made laws against strikers also testifies to the political character of strikes. Over the years, “legal” actions against strikers have been standard weapons of employers, and many an injunction has broken a strike. For a time the Norris-La Guardia Anti-Injunction Law did away with this ‘legal’ method of delivering a blow below the belt, but with the enactment of the Taft-Hartley Act organized labor is once again confronted with a real menace.

The injunction is a very simple and effective device. All that an employer has to do to obtain one is submit affidavits to a judge, *charging* that the strikers, or the union, are causing injuries to his business. The judge accepts the charges as facts and issues a “preliminary restraining order.” The strikers, with no opportunity to answer, are commanded by this order to abide by the court order. As a rule, the “temporary injunction” lasts for the duration of the strike. These injunctions are so sweeping that,

if carried out, they would strangle any strike or union. They outlaw the workers' right to organize, to strike, and to picket, as well as their right of free speech and assembly. Charlotte Todes, in her pamphlet "Injunction Menace" writes:

Many other acts, commonly considered legal – distributing literature, paying strike benefits, maintaining tent colonies, parading and holding union meetings – have been made crimes under these injunctions. The boycott, sympathy strikes and refusal to work on non-union materials have also been made illegal by injunctions.

Injunctions were first used as strikebreaking devices against the Knights of Labor in the 1880's. With the passage of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act in 1890, injunctions were applied against labor on a large scale. A few of the more recent cases follow.

In 1927 the higher courts upheld twelve injunctions issued on behalf of the Red Jacket Consolidated Coal & Coke Co., prohibiting the UMWA to organize miners of the Southern West Virginia coal fields. This injunction also prohibited the sending of funds for organization and relief purposes and enjoined the union from maintaining tent colonies in the vicinity of the mines. A Federal District Court in Ohio, in an injunction against the miners, stopped them from "displaying any signs or banners containing any language designed to intimidate or insult employees, or prospective employees, within a radius of ten miles of the mines."

In 1931 in Tampa, Florida, a federal injunction prohibited 14,000 tobacco workers from "continuing to maintain and conduct an organization known as the Tobacco Workers Industrial Union."

In April 1947, during the nation-wide strike of 300,000 telephone workers, the New Jersey State Legislature enacted a drastic public utility anti-strike law. The Governor and his State machinery took over the task of breaking the strike. The new law provided that unless the workers returned to work, the union would be fined \$10,000 for each day of the strike. Individual strikers became liable to fines of \$250 and \$500 a day and/or 30 days in jail if convicted of remaining on strike in defiance of the law. Picketing was declared illegal. In this instance the union and its leadership defied the law by remaining on strike and thus turned the telephone strike into a major political event in the State of New Jersey.

During the days of the New Deal the fights of many courts against unionism subsided. But the Taft-Hartley law brought back the courts as a major weapon against organized labor. Among other things, this Act made the unions liable to damage suits. Judge Goldsborough's decision, imposing a fine on the United Mine Workers and John L. Lewis, is now well known. During the 1948 strike of the CIO Oil Workers, more than thirty damage suits, amounting to 30 million dollars, were instituted against the union. The AFL teamsters have been battling against similar "damage suits." During the first seven months of this Act, law suits amounting to over 15 million dollars were filed against unions.

State Anti-Strike Laws

Following the pattern of the Taft-Hartley Act, in thirty States "little acts" were established, some of them even worse than the "big act." According to a study of the Labor Research Association, these State laws included "bans on union security provisions, mass picketing, secondary boycotts and jurisdictional strikes, requirements for registration of unions and filing of financial reports; and clauses prohibiting or delaying strike action in certain industries." (*Labor Fact Book, 9.*)

Some States in their anti-labor frenzy reached the height of absurdity by adopting "right to work" constitutional amendments, or outlawing the closed shop and union shop. Arizona, Arkansas, Delaware, Georgia, Iowa, Nebraska, North Carolina, North Dakota, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia took such action. In New Hampshire and Massachusetts, union security contracts were restricted. Laws restricting, or regulating, picketing were enacted in Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Georgia, Michigan, Missouri, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Texas, Utah and Virginia. Jurisdictional strikes were completely outlawed in California, Iowa, Indiana, Mississippi and Pennsylvania. Also, strikes of public employees were outlawed in Michigan, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Texas. In a number of States, strikes in public utilities were restricted, and in still other States, limitations were placed on union check-offs.

The use of troops and injunctions, the adoption of all kinds of city and State ordinances against strikers, and the anti-labor actions of the courts create a condition where most strikes, originating as purely economic struggles, assume a highly political character. The failure on the part of some labor leaders to recognize "politics" in strikes has resulted in lack of independent political consciousness among the workers. This in turn has resulted in failure to create labor's own political weapons. All of which has very often resulted in placing striking workers in a defensive position.

"Emergency" Laws

The need to recognize the political character of strikes will become increasingly important with time. Strikes today do not involve just a few carpenters or dressmakers as once they did. The American labor movement consists of some 15 million organized workers. Most of our basic and mass production industries are organized, and a strike in any one involves hundreds of thousands of workers. A strike on the railroads, in the coal fields, in the steel mills or in the auto plants has immediate political repercussions on a national, and even international, scale. To look upon strikes, therefore, as purely economic events, is outmoded thinking. Employers are not so naive. They recognize the political nature of a great strike and turn it to account. They contact Congressmen to speak out against a strike, and often threaten labor with punitive legislation. Nor are they slow in utilizing the courts, the press, the radio and local and State authorities. In the post-war strikes, particularly in the coal and railroad industries, the employers faded into the background while various government agencies took the lead in strikebreaking.

Under special "emergency laws," it is possible for a President of the United States to "take over" basic industries confronted with a strike situation. This actually happened in 1948 when railroad workers threatened to walk out. By a Presidential order the Army "took over" in order to stave off the strike. President Truman even threatened to induct the railroad workers into the armed forces. From there on, the railroad workers had to negotiate with Uncle Sam, rather than with the railroad operators. The political character of such a situation was obvious and its purpose clear; the "seizing" of the railroads brought about only one major change: namely, the railroad workers were enjoined from striking. Everything – else profits, management, etc. – remained the same. More. A number of leading railroad officials were given Army commissions, thus doubling their authority. The *New York Post* of May 14 published an article entitled "Army Runs the Railroads, but Only on Paper." The article vividly described the real set-up: "There are no Colonels sitting behind railroad Presidents, looking over their shoulders at papers on the desk, and telling them what to do," it said, and went on about how Mr. William S. Carr, superintendent of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, was "called into service" and became Colonel Carr, with the title of "Deputy Regional Director" for the Army's railroad operation. His superior officer "for the duration" was Gustav Metzman, the President of the New York Central Railroad, who had been sworn in as an Army Colonel to be Commander of the Eastern Regional Headquarters. The *New York Post* made this interesting comment: "Col. Metzman, the Regional Chief, is keeping watch on Metzman, the railroad President."

With the destruction of the Wagner Act, and the enactment of the 1947 Labor-Management Relations Act, the political coloration of strikes has become more pronounced than ever. This Act, by taking away political rights labor won during the last fifty years or more, creates conditions that will necessitate strikes which will be almost entirely political in character. Strike strategists who recognize the political aspects of strikes and are prepared to turn them to account are much wiser labor leaders, and stand a better chance to score substantial victories.

Sooner or later, organized labor is bound to realize that its past gains will never be secure and its future aspirations may never become a reality without independent political action. Our own past history and the history of organized labor throughout the world points to the need for such action. In fact it is not conceivable that the American trade union movement can make substantial headway without becoming an independent political force completely divorced from the two old parties which have proved to be anti-labor.

Chapter 4: Application of Military Strategy

Military and Strike Principles Compared

A Strike is a battle – frequently of large proportions – between two opposing social forces. Is it possible to apply to the battle of social forces basic ideas of military strategy –fighting on the offensive; importance of morale; element of surprise; discipline; mobilization of reserves; capturing the initiative? The answer becomes self-evident when the question is put in the negative thus: Is it possible to win a strike by allowing the employers to place the union and the strikers on the defensive? Is it possible to go through a long strike without high morale? Can strike leaders disregard the need for the strictest discipline? Is it conceivable that a difficult strike can be won without the mobilization of the union’s reserves? Obviously not.

How about the yet more fundamental principles of warfare established by the great German military strategist, General Karl von Clausewitz? Is it possible to apply them to the conduct of a strike? It is. At least four principles may be so applied.

First Principle. “To bend all strength which may exist to the very utmost. Any weakening of forces removes the possibility of reaching the goal. Even if success is fairly certain, it would be highly indiscreet not to bend maximum strength, to make it absolutely certain, because such reinforcement cannot have unfavorable consequences.”

When a union is engaged in a decisive strike battle, no resources may be spared; the union simply must “bend all strength to the very utmost.” The outcome of such a strike may well decide the future of the union and everything must be thrown in to make certain that the strike will be won. In recent years the strikes in the coal fields, in the steel industry, in the electrical and other basic industries have all been conducted on this principle.

Second Principle. “To concentrate all possible forces there where it is necessary to deliver a decisive blow. If necessary, to submit to setbacks at secondary points in order to guarantee success on the main point.”

Clearly, the principle of concentrating all possible forces “there where it is necessary to deliver a decisive blow” can and must be applied to strike strategy. In the case of a company-wide strike at Ford, this would mean concentration first of all on the Dearborn plant. A general strike in the steel industry would necessitate concentration on the United States Steel Corporation.

Third Principle. “Not to lose time. To rapidly strangle in its embryo enemy undertakings and incline public opinion to our side.”

To “rapidly strangle enemy undertakings” is a life and death problem for the strikers and their leaders. Such “enemy undertakings” could be a number of things. They could be back-to-work movements; the importing of scabs; demoralizing rumors; an anti-strike campaign in the press; or efforts to split the ranks of the strikers.

Fourth Principle. “To utilize all our victories with the greatest of energy.”

This principle has been applied most successfully by the United Mine Workers. On many occasions they signed contracts with the Northern coal operators and then utilized this victory to achieve a similar goal with the Southern operators. In the electrical manufacturing industry the principle was applied like this: a strike occurred. General Electric came to terms with the union, Westinghouse remained adamant. The victory in General Electric was utilized “with the greatest of energy” to speed victory in Westinghouse. The union did this in a number of ways. It pointed out to the public that the union demands were just; it bolstered the morale of Westinghouse workers by pointing to victory at GE; it placed Westinghouse in a difficult competitive position.

How Strikes and Warfare Differ

It should not be forgotten, however, when attempting to apply military principles to strike strategy, that there are a number of fundamental differences between a regular army and an army of strikers. The following are the most important:

1. Most regular armies are built on a compulsory basis; an army of strikers is a voluntary army. Aside from moral suasion, a union possesses no power over its forces. Employers, on the other hand, possess tremendous resources which they can bring to bear on workers to force them not to enter the struggle.

2. A regular army fights beyond its borders or against an aggressor within the country. The army of strikers does not fight a foreign enemy. The fight takes place within the country, in and around the location of the factory.

3. The general staff of an army and its corps of officers are carefully selected after years of observation and training. Espionage within the commanding group is, therefore, rare. The general staff of the striking workers, on the other hand, gathers more or less accidentally and in a hurry. Company elements penetrate easily, and these have a tremendous influence on the course and outcome of the struggle. Furthermore, the temptation to corruption and disloyalty is greater in a union than in the army – in part because the element of risk is less.

4. The rear of a regular army is the whole country, and in time of war everything in the rear is geared to the front. The rear of a strike army is the workers' families, the rest of the workers in the same industry, and only on rare occasions is it the labor movement as a whole.

5. A regular army is well equipped with military doctrines and principles tested in a thousand battles. Labor unions, unfortunately, seldom study the experience of strikes other than their own, and sometimes not even that.

6. An army possesses a powerful agitational apparatus which molds the morale of its men – as well as sustaining morale at the rear. A strikers' army seldom possesses such machinery while the employers have at their disposal the press, radio, and other opinion-molding instruments.

Industrial Munitions Against Unions

Much as the strike army differs from the military army, the likeness remains in that strikers still are soldiers in a battle. Strike strategists must not, and indeed cannot, forget this; the employers will not let them, for more and more of them nowadays regard the strike from a military point of view and prepare for it in a military, or semi-military, fashion. The public relations staffs of large corporations would deny this statement and term it propaganda. But the facts given in this chapter – all drawn from the hearings of the La Follette Senate Civil Liberties Committee – will show that the main burden for giving strikes a military aspect lies with the employers and the government. It is they who force labor into a position where it must meet tactic with tactic in order to defend strikers against superior forces.

“Industrial munitions” are a big business in the United States. Several national companies have been specializing for some time in tear gas, machine guns, rifles and pistols for corporations whose workers were preparing to strike. In 1937 the La Follette Senate Civil Liberties Committee brought to light startling figures on the amount of tear gas purchased by corporations and local authorities in industrial centers for use in time of strikes. The Republic Steel Corporation and its subsidiaries during the strike in May and June 1937, purchased tear and sickening gas equipment to the sum of \$49,439.87; Bethlehem Steel's tear gas bill during the same period amounted to \$27,435.31; municipalities in the area affected by the steel strike spent \$34,278 on gas. The Senate records show that every major industrial corporation in the country was stocked with tear gas. This same record shows that the total sales of tear gas by Federal Laboratories, Inc. alone was as follows:

1934.....	\$665,531.99
1935.....	504,369.84
1936.....	431,370.59
Total.....	\$1,601,272.42

It must come as a shock to some to learn that industrial corporations and industrial municipalities have spent in a period of three years over a million and a half dollars for tear gas and equipment to use in strikebreaking. But tear gas is only one item. During this same period, just two corporations Republic Steel and Weirton Steel – purchased from Smith & Wesson, Inc. 228 revolvers. These and other

corporations bought hundreds of other revolvers, submachine guns, thousands of rounds of ammunition and other military equipment.

That industrial munitions play a major role in the strike strategy of employers was pointed out by the Senate Civil Liberties Committee. In March 1939, Senator La Follette presented to the Senate a special report on this subject. In it he declared that there are four chief instrumentalities of anti-unionism: namely, strikebreaking, industrial espionage, private police systems and industrial munitions.

Industrial munitions represent a greater danger in our industrial life than is generally recognized. Private arsenals and the well-trained private military force at the disposal of reactionary, union-hating employers could physically threaten our trade unions, and could even sustain an armed fascist movement in this country. Was this not the tragic experience of German Labor when steel magnate Fritz Thyssen and his associates, together with banker Schacht, financed and armed the Nazis prior to their coming into power? In the late thirties all the reactionary forces in this country built up Tom Girdler as a "national hero." Girdler was pictured as the great industrialist leading a crusade against a "labor armed rebellion." But the La Follette Committee uncovered huge private arsenals in Republic Steel and Youngs town Sheet & Tube plants of a magnitude sufficient to start a civil war. Study the following chart carefully. These facts must not remain buried in the dusty records of the Senate. Strike leaders should know what they are up against when they prepare for a strike battle with steel and other powerful corporations.

**INVENTORIES OF PRIVATE ARSENALS OF REPUBLIC STEEL
CORPORATION AND THE YOUNGSTOWN SHEET & TUBE Co.**

<i>Types of Munitions</i>	<i>Republic Corp.</i>	<i>Steel</i>	<i>Youngstown & Tube Co.</i>	<i>Sheet</i>	<i>Total</i>
<i>Firearms</i>	<i>Number of guns</i>		<i>Number of guns</i>		<i>Number of guns</i>
Revolvers	552		453		1,005
Rifles	64		369		443
Machine Guns	0		8		8
Shotguns	245		190		435
Total Guns	861		1,020		1,881
<i>Gas Guns</i>	<i>Number of guns</i>		<i>Number of guns</i>		<i>Number of guns</i>
Long range	143		14		157
Machine guns	0		24		24
Billie clubs	58		71		129
Revolvers	3		0		3
Total gas guns	204		109		313
<i>Ammunition: Ball Cartridges</i>	<i>Number of rounds</i>		<i>Number of rounds</i>		<i>Number of rounds</i>
Revolver	17,650		19,487		37,137
Rifle	59,350		16,683		76,033
Machine gun	500		40,260		40,760
Total rounds	77,500		76,430		153,930
<i>Ammunition: Shot cartridges</i>	<i>Number of rounds</i>		<i>Number of rounds</i>		<i>Number of rounds</i>
Shotgun shells	5,784		3,950		9,734
Machine gun	500		0		500
Total rounds	6,284		3,950		10,234
<i>Ammunition: Gas</i>	<i>Number of rounds</i>		<i>Number of rounds</i>		<i>Number of rounds</i>
Hand grenades	2,707		689		3,396
Projectiles and shells	4,033		301		4,334
Machine gun projectiles	0		1,357		1,357
Billie club shells	163		789		952
Revolver shells	25		0		25
Total rounds	6,928		3,136		10,064

The stocking of industrial munitions, particularly gas, is not limited to employers in a single industry. The same La Follette report states: "The committee recorded, and tabulated from the books of munitions vendors, \$1,255,312.55 worth of purchases of gas and gas equipment. Approximately one-half of this amount is listed as purchased by large industrial employers, and the remainder by local and State law-enforcement agencies." The report then lists the largest purchasers of gas equipment.

Corporations or Employers Associations	
Republic Steel Corporation	\$79,712.42
United States Steel Corporation	62,028.12
Bethlehem Steel Corporation	36,173.69
The Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co.	28,385.39
General Motors Corporation	24,626.78
Anthracite Institute	17,457.00
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.	16,912.58
San Francisco Employers	13,809.12
National Steel Corporation	12,085.37
E.J. Hunt Co.	12,078.88
Electric Auto-Lite Co.	11,351.96
Ohio Insulator Co.	10,077.88
B.F. Goodrich Co.	7,740.60
Pennsylvania Railroad Co.	7,466.25
Chrysler Corporation	7,000.00
Thompson Products, Inc.	6,867.69
Seattle Chamber of Commerce	5,873.03
Water Front Employers Union, San Francisco	5,512.16
Columbian Enameling & Stamping Co.	5,482.02
Spang Chalfant & Co. Inc.	5,281.35
Total	\$375,992.29

It should be noted that during the past few years the employers have not used industrial munitions on as large a scale as in the thirties. There are a number of reasons for such restraint. First, during recent strikes the employers' objectives were not for an all-out head-on collision with organized labor. Second, the La Follette Committee exposure still rings in the ears of the Tom Girdlers. Third, the Taft-Hartley law is accomplishing for the employers what tear gas and bullets failed to accomplish. However, the conclusion must not be drawn that industrial munitions are no longer a potentially dangerous anti-strike weapon.

Industrial munitions as a strikebreaking weapon generate a dangerous by-product in the form of salesmen. Munitions vendors have become the modern Pinkertons and *agents provocateurs* who stimulate, promote and organize violence in order that they may reap profits from the sale of munitions. Munitions salesmen have been directed to follow "labor troubles and disputes" and to press sales in anticipation of, or during, strikes.

This has been clearly revealed in the reports and correspondence of these munition vendors. A Lake Erie Chemical Co. salesman for New England in 1935 wrote to the main office: "Wish a hell of a strike would get under way." A few weeks later, he reported on the prospects of a general strike in the textile industry and added: "I hope that this strike develops, and matures, and that it will be a damn bad one, we need the money." A representative of Federal Laboratories, operating in California, in 1934 reported to his main office: "Next month should be a good one. Another strike is expected in the Imperial Valley. Things will be popping." This same salesman sent another report: "Dear Mr. Barker: Good news, I hope. The milk strike is supposed to break today. The strikers presented their demands this morning, and we are standing by to await results. I was in touch with Captain Hastings of the Sheriff's Communist squad, this morning, and he is up in the air as to what will take place ... I will let you know as soon as possible the outcome of the milk strike. Here's hoping it is a good one."

In 1935, Lake Erie's St. Louis salesman wrote: "We are surrounded with strikes, but they are all too peaceful to suit me." A similar complaint was registered by another California salesman of Federal Laboratories: "Just a line to let you know that I am still alive and still waiting for a nice juicy strike up here. The darn things don't happen often enough to suit me." Another agent of the same munitions

company bitterly complained against President Roosevelt: "I think someone should get out a restraining order on the President of the United States to prevent him from stopping all these strikes. It seems to me that his actions are absolutely in restraint of trade – that is, as far as we are concerned."

The La Follette Committee report revealed how during the 1934 longshore and maritime strike in San Francisco representatives of both Lake Erie and Federal Laboratories were "on the battle front leading and directing squads of police in gassing crowds of strikers. Between them, I.H. McCarty of Lake Erie, and Joseph M. Roush, of Federal Laboratories, delivered between \$20,000 and \$25,000 worth of gas to the San Francisco police. None of this was paid for by the city, all of it coming out of funds of employers and employers associations, directly affected by the strikes." In a report to his home office, Roush described his part: "I then started in with long-range shells and believe me they solved the problem. From then on each riot was a victory for us. During the middle of the day we gathered all available riot guns that I had and long-range shells and proceeded to stop every riot as it started."

Next day – July 5, 1934 – became known in San Francisco as "Bloody Thursday" because Roush, the munitions vendor, scored a direct hit. He himself described it in these words: "I might mention that during one of the riots I shot a long-range projectile into a group, a shell hitting one man and causing a fracture of the skull, from which he has since died. As he was a Communist, I have no feeling in the matter and I am sorry that I did not get more." In commenting on the bloodshed in San Francisco, Mr. Young, President of Federal Laboratories, wrote: "I want to especially compliment Baxter, Roush, Baum, Greig, Fisher, Richardson and those boys who have given their personal services to direct the activities of the police in the use of this equipment during times of emergency." Senator La Follette declared that this high praise from the President of Federal Laboratories "for the agent who expressed regret that he killed only one Communist, amounted to orders 'to shoot to kill.'"

Those who would challenge the idea that a strike is a battle and that there is a similarity between strike strategy and military strategy would do well to reflect on the foregoing facts.

How Employers Plan for Industrial Warfare

Buying munitions is one thing, tactical preparation is another. Employers do not stock up on gas and revolvers and then just sit back and wait for things to develop; often they hire men with military training and background to survey their plants and outline plans for a "tactical situation."

Just to cite one example: On October 21, 1943, Colonel B.C. Goss, who was also President of the Lake Erie Chemical Company, presented a complete "plan of defense" for the Dodge Main Plant, Plymouth Plant, Jefferson-Kercheval Plant, Highland Park Plant and the Dodge Truck Forge Plants.

As the writer sees your problem [wrote Colonel Goss], it may be compared to several divisions, occupying a corps area. Your four plants, Plymouth, Highland, Dodge Truck and Jefferson-Kercheval are within a radius of two to four miles from your Dodge Main Plant, which may be compared to Corps Headquarters, thus making it possible to follow the best military practice for the disposal of chemical troops. On account of the fact that chemical troops require special training and equipment, they are ordinarily of most value if held as a Reserve Force in a central location and sent to a spot where trouble may be occurring. In your case, it is, therefore, recommended that we regard the four outlying plants more or less as Infantry to be equipped with less severe and, therefore, more simply used chemical weapons. It is further recommended that a Special Chemical Platoon be highly trained and equipped with more severe Chemical weapons as a second line of defense.

In view of such clear preparation for armed warfare, strike strategists have no alternative but to learn how to protect strikers from gas attacks and how to utilize cover and concealment from a line of fire. Hence there is need to master some elementary military facts. This is not something labor desires. As has been stated above, this is being forced upon labor by ruthless employers. How far they intend to go may be judged from the instance of the 1935 Goodyear Rubber strike in 'Akron, Ohio. The company made most extensive military preparations for the approaching strike. It picked several hundred men for special training in the use of rifles, gas, offensive tactics and in how to operate in "wedge formations." To deplore such development is not enough. Labor must know how to protect itself.

However little inclination for military knowledge strike leaders may have, they must, when confronted with an employer's military tactics be able to operate without costly mistakes.

Labor leaders must learn, moreover, what to do when troops enter the picture. In view of how repeatedly this has happened in the past and the certainty of its happening again and again in the future, it is unpardonable neglect of duty to sit back and hope that troops will not be called in. There is every expectation that they will. And when they are, they will operate as if strikers were a foreign enemy. The following secret field orders indicate with what care the other side makes military preparations when armed forces enter a big strike situation.

HEADQUARTERS, YOUNGSTOWN MILITARY DISTRICT

The Amory

Youngstown, Ohio, 4, July 37. 8:00 A.M.

SECRET

Field Orders

No. 11

Maps: Sohio Road Map 1937; Mahoning County Hiway Map; Youngstown City Map; Trumbull County Hiway Map; Warren City Map; Niles City Map; Cleveland City Map.

1)

a) The situation in Mahoning Valley continues quiet. Picketing in Youngstown is practically discontinued. Picketing in Warren has greatly reduced. Pickets at Niles continue to be active. The steel plants in Canton and Massillon are building up their working forces. Picketing in these areas is still heavy. The situation there is quiet. One or more plants in Cleveland will attempt to reopen 6 July 37. The plants in Cleveland are widely scattered. There are several thousand steel workers in Cleveland that are anxious to return to work. The strength of the organized steel workers opposing the reopening of steel plants can be augmented by several thousand workers affiliated with parent labor organization.

b) The 74th Brigade less units left in Youngstown and Canton Districts moves to Cleveland on 5 July 37.

2) Troops remaining in this area will continue to maintain law and order by intensive patrolling.

3) a)

i) The 74th Brigade less 1st Bn. 166th Inf. (Warren), 3rd Bn. 166th Inf. less Co. M (Canton), and Howitzer and H Companies 166th Inf. will march by truck to Cleveland, Ohio at 8:00 A.M. on 5 July 37 to preserve law and order in the city of Cleveland and Cuyahoga County.

ii) The Commanding General, 7th Brigade, will report to and secure from Sheriff O'Donnell, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, instructions in writing as to the employment of the military forces in aid to civil forces.

iii) For time of departure, route, rate of march, etc., see Annex No. 1, March Table attached.

iv) A reconnaissance party from the 74th Brigade will reconnoiter Cleveland plants and bivouac areas on 4 July 37. Civilian clothes will be worn.

b)

i) The 1st Bn. 166th Inf. less Companies B and C will maintain law and order in Warren and Niles.

ii) Sensitive areas and plant entrances will be covered by intensive patrolling. Patrol Schedules will be so arranged that the patrols are at main plant entrances during the changes in working shifts. A machine gun crew with sufficient riflemen to protect gun crew will be maintained at the main entrances of the Republic plants in Warren and Niles.

iii) Every effort will be made to rest the troops as much as possible in view of their possible use in another area.

c)

i) Companies B and C 166th Inf. under command of Captain Albert Rankin, Co. C 166th Inf., will move by truck to Buckeye School, Youngstown at 5:00 A.M. on 5 July 37 and take over the policing of plant entrances in Struthers and on Poland Ave. south and east of Market St.

ii) Sensitive areas and plant entrances will be covered by intensive patrolling. Particular attention being paid to the following entrances:

Rod and Wire plants at Struthers

Stop 14, Poland Ave.

Center St. Viaduct

Stop 5, Poland Avenue

Tube St. and Poland Ave.

d) The Howitzer Company, 166th Inf. in District Reserve at Parmalee School, Youngstown, will also cover the plant entrances at Campbell and Hubbard by intensive patrolling, patrols to arrive at plant gates during change in shifts.

e)

i) The 37th Div. Aviation will furnish planes to the 74th Brigade upon request of the Commanding General, 74th Brigade.

ii) Planes for observation over Youngstown and Canton District will be requested through this headquarters.

f)

i) Extreme secrecy will be maintained in regard to the above moves and shifts of troops. Every effort will be made to create the impression that large numbers of troops are still available in the Youngstown District.

ii) Strict march discipline will be enforced on all moves.

iii) The decrease in size of Youngstown garrison calls for increased vigilance and attention to duty by remaining troops.

4)

a) For administrative details of movements and set-up for remaining troops see Administrative Order No. 7, attached.

b) For redistribution of ammunition and special weapons see Annex 2, Ordinance attached.

c) Captain Frank Jones, MC, and three men from Medical Detachment 134th F. A. will constitute the medical set-up at Youngstown.

d) Regimental Commander, 166th Inf. will leave a medical detachment of one officer and six enlisted men at Warren, Ohio.

e) G-4 will arrange for sufficient trucks at Warren, Parmalee and Buckeye Schools and Youngstown Armory to meet any emergency calling for rapid shifting of any or all troops at these locations.

5)

a) Communications: See Annex No. 3, Signal attached.

b) Command Posts:

Hq. Military District: Armory, Youngstown, O.

74th Brigade: Girard, O., till 8:00 A.M. 5 July 37

Cleveland, O., from 8:00 A.M. 5 July 37

1st Bn. 166th Inf. Armory, Warren, Ohio

Companies B and C, 166th Inf.: Buckeye School

District Reserve: Parmalee School.

By Command of Major General LIGHT:

(Signed) Lee N. Murlin

Colonel, Infantry, Chief of Staff

How State and Federal Troops Operate

Employers are not the only ones who may be responsible for troops in a strike situation. Federal and State authorities have sent troops in time and again. With some rare exceptions, such a move has been a distinct advantage to the employer.

As a rule, a State or federal military force is ordered to enter a strike area during a crucial moment, such as when a back-to-work movement is started, or when company-instigated violence breaks out. Let us say the Governor orders out the National Guard. These troops are directed "to continue to assist the civil authorities in maintaining law and order." On the surface it seems like an impartial task. In reality, however, the troops, in most cases, play a strikebreaking role.

For example, during the 1937 Steel Strike, Major General G. D. Light, commanding the National Guard in Youngstown, issued an order – General Order No. 3A – that seemingly took no one's part. The order merely said: "Persons desiring to return to work shall be permitted to do so and be protected." But the very next day, General Light and his staff met with the city authorities and representatives of the Steel Corporations behind closed doors to map out the back-to-work movement.

The minutes of that conference are reproduced below. What happened is most revealing. It will serve to eliminate whatever illusions may still exist about the "objectivity" of troops in time of strike.

CONFERENCE AT 10:00 A.M. 25 JUNE 1937 WITH CIVIL AUTHORITIES AND REPRESENTATIVES OF STEEL PLANTS

Present preliminary meeting:

General Gilson D. Light, and members of staff

General Henderson and staff members

General Connelly and staff members

Mayor Roberts of Struthers, Ohio

Chief of Police Olsen, Youngstown, Ohio

Chief of Police Davis of Struthers, Ohio

Mayor Evans, Youngstown, Ohio

Sheriff of Trumbull County, Ohio

General Light explained that we intend to carry out the orders of the Governor to the letter. Situation so far quiet. Thought that Sheet and Tube Co. might open first and, after a day or so, open the Republic plant at Youngstown. After Republic has opened here, then the Republic at Warren and Niles.

The Sheriff said he preferred to see all plants opened at the same time.

NOTE: Take up with steel men whether or not to open all plants without restrictions. Ask what suggestions the steel men have to open these plants.

All previous restrictions are now off. Will allow peaceful picketing within the law. No crowds allowed to collect.

GENERAL LIGHT: "We are working in aid of the civil authorities. We are told by the Sheriff what to do but not how to do it."

Plants will have free passage for men and freight just the same as before the strike. All restrictions of any kind on traffic or plants are off. It is believed that military authorities should tell the steel men to open their plants.

General Light stated that headlines of the *Youngstown Vindicator* were written by military authorities for this morning's edition. Also we have all additional troops and equipment that may be needed, including planes, tanks, etc. Civil authorities told that there is no danger of things not being kept under control.

GENERAL CONNELLY: We have been considered enemies of CIO in Stark County, however situation is well in hand. Believe restrictions should be removed immediately.

Civil authorities advised to be very careful about interviews given to the press so that nothing might be misconstrued.

Crowds of curious bystanders must be dispersed, even though not just at the gates.

10:45 A.M. 25 June 1937

STEEL PLANT REPRESENTATIVES ENTERED MEETING

Present (In addition to those at preliminary meetings)

R. M. Welsh, Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co.

W. B. Gillies, Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co.

A. J. Ganthols, Counsel for Republic

Mr. Elliott of Republic Steel

GENERAL LIGHT: We ask the wholehearted cooperation of the steel companies. We are acting under the orders of the Sheriff's offices. No restrictions of number of men or freight in or out of these plants, however we do insist on the cooperation of the steel people. Suggest the Sheet & Tube Co. be allowed to open first, the Republic plant next. Suggested that injunction of the Court be followed in Warren and Niles. Steel men said there has been no trouble about men going back to work in Warren and Niles. They all want to go back to work and the only trouble to be expected is some snipers, etc. Believes there is no danger in letting the bars down.

AGREED BETWEEN ALL THAT ALL BARS BE LET DOWN IN WARREN AND NILES.

As to Youngstown, the Sheriff believes that there will be some trouble about opening Youngstown plants. Steel men from Sheet & Tube want to start Brier Hill and Campbell. Rod and Wire plants to open after we see how it works out.

Hubbard, Ohio Sheriff and steel men agree that Hubbard plant should wait for a few days before opening.

Steel plants will run two shifts, changing at 7:00 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. One gate at Brier Hill and two gates in Campbell to be opened. Additional opening of gates will be agreed upon before opening. Republic Bessemer will not start for a few days. Republic would like to open Stop 5 and Center St. Bridge today.

AGREED BY ALL THAT STOP FIVE GATE MAY OPEN AT THIS TIME BUT CENTER ST. BRIDGE WILL NOT OPEN.

City police will be responsible for the protection of cars parked near gates.

ALL AGREED THAT REPUBLIC WOULD ONLY OPEN STOP 5 THIS AFTERNOON. THREE OPENINGS AT SHEET & TUBE CO. AT BRIER HILL AND 1 AT CAMPBELL. AT 1 STOP 14. STEEL OPERATIONS WILL RUN RIGHT THROUGH THIS SUNDAY.

Police chief asked for help in patrolling the Center St. Bridge and South Ave. Bridge.

Pickets should be confined to gates and kept moving. Steel plants will run telephone lines from plants to Division and Brigade Headquarters.

Contact men for steel plants: Leventry and Norton of Republic Co., Smith Mauthe & Davis at Campbell for Sheet & Tube Co. Southerland at Brier Hill for Sheet & Tube Co.

The following confidential intelligence report is even more revealing as regards the "impartiality" of the National Guard. Note that the strikers are the "enemy."

HEADQUARTERS, 166TH INF.

Campbell, Ohio

22 June 37 - 4 P.M.

23 June 37 – 4 P.M.

24 June 37

S-2 REPORT

1) Picket post maintained by CIO at all points shown on overlay submitted as of 10:30 A.M. June 24.

2) Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. reports an employment of approximately 13,000 men CIO claims 90% of employees as members.

Republic Iron & Steel Co. reports employment within our area of about 4,000 men CIO claims 70% as members.

Total: Y. S. & T. Co..... 11,700

R. I. & S. Co..... 2,800

14,500 men

a) Enemy morale is excellent and well disciplined, under perfect control of their officers and executives. CIO maintains two bread lines or relief stations in our area.

b) Reserves consist of 10,000 to 50,000 CIO members in Ohio (northern) and Pennsylvania Coal field.

c) No changes since last report.

d) No movement of enemy

3) Supplies are unknown

4) Weather – Clear and warm.

5) Enemy operations – none.

6)

a) No arrests made in this section.

b) CIO have ordered pickets into all positions heretofore occupied.

7) CIO have a limited knowledge of our strength. They place entire military force at 4,500 to 5,000.

8) CIO plan no violence; however there are many radicals who would cause trouble or destruction to start trouble.

9) We have the full friendly cooperation of the Struthers, Campbell and Youngstown police.

Robert E. Boyd

1st Lt. 166th Inf. S

Indoctrinating the National Guard

The pro-employer bias of the National Guard so clearly expressed in the foregoing conference minutes and intelligence report is not accidental. Nor are the anti-strike activities of this organization due mainly to the anti-labor attitude of commanding officers. The National Guard has been, and is being, oriented and drilled for purposes inimical to the best interests of organized labor. An analysis of its orientation and training manuals indicates that its public pronouncements of impartiality, of serving “all citizens” and “taking no sides” are just a lot of words uttered to mislead and to distract attention from its real purposes.

In 1933 several manuals were issued in Ohio for the guidance of the National Guard in times of “domestic disturbances.” The one entitled “National Guard in Aid of Civil Authority,” pamphlet No. 1, put out by the Adjutant General’s Department, will shatter all illusions as to the supposed impartiality of this group.

In all strike situations where city and county authorities ask for military aid, the Adjutant General, this manual informs us, sends an officer to the scene as an “observer.” It is the duty of this “observer”

to ascertain detailed information that will, by and large, determine whether or not troops shall be sent. Where does this officer obtain such information? Article 31 gives the answer:

... as the observer works along, provided there is time, he will find it advisable to contact the County Prosecutor, the County Commissioners, possibly the City Council, as well as the Mayors and police in other cities in the county. He will find it most advisable to contact citizens of the community that represent what is called the better and more responsible element. He may do this thru the local Chamber of Commerce; there are also very often other sources and avenues which will lead him more directly to the men he wants.

Note that the observing officer is not instructed to meet with the union leaders, with representatives of the striking workers, or the central labor body in the community. But it is mandatory for him to meet with city and county authorities hostile to the strikers and known to the "observer" as hostile because these are the very authorities who are asking for troops against the strikers. Further, the "observer" is to meet with the Chamber of Commerce and "the better element" in the city.

Article 58 of the manual states that peaceful picketing "seems to have some legal status," but "it is hard to determine when and where it can be 'peaceful' if hoots and jeers, and threats of violence, are part and parcel of it. What will be allowed of the pickets had better be thoroughly understood at the very beginning, and the restrictions be sharply drawn. At the first break-over of these restrictions the privilege should be denied."

Article 59 provides that scabs and those enlisting in back-to-work movements shall be armed:

The question of the carrying of guns by men seeking work, or working under the protection of the Sheriff or the troops, will come up, and either the observer or the Commander of Troops will be approached in the matter. Refer all such cases to the Sheriff and the presiding judge in the Common Pleas Court. Frequently, and especially where the individual has been attacked or threatened such permission will be given.

Article 61 stresses "neutrality" but at the same time clearly establishes the real position of the National Guard toward back-to-work movements:

While we must at all times use every endeavor to maintain complete neutrality, once things get to going it becomes very difficult ... The doctrine that men who are willing to work under the conditions and the wages offered have a right to work and they must be protected in that right has never been so clearly and courageously enunciated and maintained as it has been during the year 1932. The stand taken marks a milestone in the long history of our industrial disputes and seems to be a long step forward ...

Article 64 reveals how vicious is the training of the National Guard and that this training is primarily for use against strikers. Public opinion seems to be the only re- straining influence. Once public opinion has been properly molded, the troops are to do their job "neatly and quickly."

While it may be hard for us to agree that a passive defensive attitude is necessary or advisable, when once conditions require the calling of troops; we are well aware of the fact that the larger general conditions affecting the whole policy of the State's Executive require that public opinion be behind him before he can permit really drastic steps to be taken. Public opinion is slow to form as a rule and it requires State-wide knowledge of the conditions to agree in support of the employment of force particularly in our industrial disputes. The cry of "cossacks" which is sure to be raised by certain groups is practically sure to be taken up by some of the newspapers, and a great deal of embarrassment result. Good strategy therefore demands a cautious policy steadily carried out in the face of growing violence until public opinion is so aroused over the wanton acts of the lawless that the offensive can be taken and pushed with vigor. Officers and men will therefore, very often, have to grit their teeth and suffer humiliation of spirit until the time comes when they can be released to do their job neatly and quickly as the means given them and the size of the problem will permit.

What is meant by a quick and neat job is outlined in Section 73:

There are one or two methods of dispersing or cowing the groups of disturbers which have proven quite successful and which do not involve bloodshed.

(a) The first and most useful of these is gas. The Guard now has a chemical warfare section and it is intended that some of these men shall be sent out with each body of troops. These men are armed with a gas gun and grenades. The guns are used to throw the gas far into the crowd: effort being made to reach the leader groups, which will not be found in the front ranks. The grenades may be used by the officers or selected enlisted men; but they should be equipped with masks as it is possible to scoop the grenades up and toss them back. The men equipped with masks should be pushed well forward and covered by the arms of others. Care must be exercised as to the direction of the wind and the presence of eddies which may carry the gas to points other than desired.

(b) The second is the use of camera. The disturbers just don't like to have their pictures taken and will duck if an effort is made to photograph them.

(c) The third consists of the sending of fast-moving patrols to threaten the flanks and rear of the crowds and to all intent preparing to pocket them. The patrols should be instructed not to expose themselves in the line of fire either the main body or other flanking patrols. Even if it is intended to make arrests, at least one avenue of escape should always be left for the mob to use.

(d) A fourth method, applicable largely to a more prolonged disturbance covering a considerable area, consists in the employment of active harassing patrols, the making of arrests and examining at troop headquarters of individuals suspected of hostile activity. Once in a while you will get the right man; but main object is to give the leaders and active partisans the idea they are being watched. Avoid giving those arrested newspaper publicity if at all possible.

Keep records of all car license numbers known or suspected of use by disturbers and ascertain to whom the licenses were issued. If a certain car shows up on record two or three times, have the operators and owner brought in and warn them.

Such is the "neutrality" of the National Guard. In applying the principles of military strategy to strike strategy, union leaders will do well to keep this "neutrality" in mind and not permit themselves to be surprised.

Part Two

Chapter 5: Preparing for Battle

The watchword of every union should be alertness. A union may at no time regard its contract with management as a guarantee of lasting peace; for American labor history is crowded with lockouts and other forms of attack against unions even when contracts were in existence. In the early twenties, when the employers embarked upon their notorious “open shop” offensive, hundreds of union contracts were declared null and void by simply posting a notice on the bulletin board or through a letter to the workers. More recently, a number of employers refused to renew contracts on the grounds that these unions had adopted a policy of “non-compliance” with the Taft-Hartley Act.

It is much safer to view a collective bargaining agreement as a respite, as assurance of a period during which forces may be gathered for the battles to come. Such an approach guarantees that the gains made and the positions won will be secure and that the union will not be caught napping in case of unforeseen emergencies. This certainly has not been the case in the past. The death of President Roosevelt in 1945, the Republican victory in November 1946, the enactment of the Taft-Hartley law in 1947 presented organized labor with many difficult problems, and most unions were not fully prepared to meet them. The errors of the past should not be repeated. If Taft-Hartley-ism persists for any length of time, organized labor will once again be confronted with a new employer-sponsored “open shop” drive. If the political situation changes, labor may find itself facing many unforeseen emergencies. The unions may be called upon to wage a strike at any time. And the time to prepare for a strike is not when negotiations have broken down but when the union has a contract and the possibility of strife does not appear to be immediate.

Careful preparation for a strike is exceedingly important – very often the conduct and the outcome of a strike depend on the quality of the preparatory work. Two outstanding American labor leaders, whose points of view have been extreme opposites, agree in stressing the matter of preparation. Describing how they got ready for a cigar makers’ strike, Samuel Gompers in his *Seventy Years of Life and Labor* said: “We put into our plans for conducting a strike as much hard thinking as any military strategist ever gave a campaign.” William Z. Foster, on the basis of his experience in the steel strike, declared: “Fundamental to the carrying out of a good strike strategy is a thorough preliminary organization for the struggle. This is the equivalent to the recruiting and training of any army before the battle ... Good preparation gives the workers incomparable greater striking power. It is on the same principle that drilled troops are better fighters than new recruits.” (William Z. Foster, *What Means a Strike in Steel*)

Preparing the Newly Organized to Strike

Strike preparations must necessarily vary. What they are depends on the character of the expected struggle. If the strike is to take place in a factory or industry where hitherto collective bargaining was not in effect, the major task is to bring the workers into the union. This means to develop the organizing campaign to a peak. In such an intensified recruiting and union building drive, care must be taken that the key plants and departments receive special attention.

Another important step in strike preparations in an unorganized, as well as organized, field must be to popularize the economic demands of the workers. As a rule, unorganized or newly organized workers have no appreciation of the value of organization and solidarity. Their chief concern is whether or not they will derive immediate material benefits by joining the union, or by going out on strike. Hence the necessity of popularizing the immediate gains. Many old-time labor leaders failed in their organization

drives on account of their lifeless and abstract slogans. The CIO unions in their formative stages applied the principle of stressing immediate gains and this became a powerful weapon in mobilizing the workers for the approaching struggles. In preparation for the great Ford strike that ended in recognition of the United Auto Workers, the demand for an increase of 10 cents an hour to bring the wage rates of Ford workers up to the standards of General Motors and Chrysler workers was the strongest appeal the union could have made. At the same time this demand exposed the well advertised myth that "Ford pays the highest wages." Every possible avenue must be used to popularize the economic needs and demands.

Reaching the Workers and Their Families

How about strike preparations in industries where the workers are already substantially organized and the unions well established?

There the first task is mobilization of the membership for response to a strike call. This means getting across to the workers three things: first, that the demands presented to the employers are just and wise; second, that these demands can be obtained only through a strike; third, that if the strike is called, they must *actively* participate and stick it out till the very end. To take it for granted that workers will automatically respond to a strike call is a mistake. It is not enough to call a membership meeting and decide by a majority vote on strike action. In most unions attendance at membership meetings is entirely unsatisfactory. Local unions with a membership of several thousand have an average attendance of only several hundred. This means that a majority, or at least a substantial minority, of the workers soon to be involved in a strike struggle remain passive. This is a danger spot and may have a bearing on the strike and its outcome.

Clearly, the union and its leaders must take special steps to reach the passive section of the membership before the strike breaks out. This can be accomplished through the union newspaper and through special bulletins and letters explaining the issues involved. In this connection the shop or department steward, the organizer, or the business agent must be assigned to reach the passive members either in the shops or at home.

Next in importance is to reach the worker's family. A strike upsets the entire normal life of a family. It not only cuts off the income, but it brings tension and anxiety. At the end of the week, Mrs. Striker gets no pay envelope. She cannot pay the bills and do other things that she normally does. She is also subjected to an anti-strike barrage in the local newspaper. And she is worried that something may happen to her husband while on strike duty.

Entirely too often strike leaders neglect the striker's family while the employer, on the other hand, often recognizes the value of concentrating on Mrs. Striker. As a part of strike preparations the following is the least the union can do:

1. Ask the union members to arrange a "family conference" and explain to the rest of the family why a strike is necessary. Urge patience on the wife and children and make them proud of the fact that Dad is fighting for their rights.
2. Address a special letter to the wives explaining why a strike is unavoidable and urging their support.
3. Call a special meeting of the wives and children and have a union leader and some of the more union-conscious wives, who understand the aims and purposes of the strike, address them.
4. Organize a special committee to visit the families that are confused about the issues involved in the strike.

Going to the People

The importance of winning the support of the strikers' families can hardly be overestimated, but the general public must not be neglected either. Every effort should be made to win public opinion to the side of the strikers. The average American genuinely believes in fair play and sportsmanship, yet the average American is at the same time very gullible. Employers and their highly skilled public relations agencies have often succeeded in misleading entire communities about the rights and wrongs of a strike battle.

To counteract employer propaganda and win public opinion to its side, the union must first of all recognize that the game is not played fairly, that bribery, subterfuge, corruption and secret deals are all weapons employed against labor.

In the late thirties when the CIO and AFL unions were engaged in great organizing campaigns, the employers perfected a whole series of devices to mislead the workers as well as public opinion in general. A leading role in this anti-labor campaign was played by the MacDonald-Cook Co. of South Bend, Indiana. This public relations crew, hired by steel and other powerful corporations to plan the campaign to mislead the public, hit on a shrewd idea which they termed the "Harmony Campaign." In each industrial community where the unions were engaged in organizing campaigns the "Harmony Campaign" was instituted. It consisted of 13 full-page cleverly worded advertisements prepared by the MacDonald-Cook Co. and printed at regular intervals in the local newspapers. These ads were so written as to first create the impression of impartiality and even a sympathetic attitude toward the employees and then gradually worked up to an attack against unions.

The game would have been fair had these ads appeared in the name of the steel or other corporations which helped to formulate them and paid for them, or had they appeared in the name of the public relations firm. Instead, the names of prominent citizens of the community were attached to them, the signers often not knowing that the ads were company inspired, company subsidized, and company edited. Nor did they know that these same ads appeared in other cities with another set of local signatures.

This example of unfair play has been elaborated here so as to bring home to the union preparing for a strike that it must have no illusions about the impartiality of most newspapers. Too often local newspapers and radio stations in industrial centers work hand in glove with the employers.

To win public opinion to the side of labor the union must work out a detailed plan of action. The following should be done:

1. Union leaders should confer with editors of local newspapers, present the union's point of view, and ask that the paper avoid displaying a hostile attitude toward the thousands of citizens who may be forced to go on strike. Should the paper, while claiming to be neutral, depart from a neutral position, the union should lose no time in exposing the hypocrisy.

2. Where the union knows that little can be expected from the local newspaper, the union must be prepared to present its position in paid advertisements.

3. In preparation for the strike, the union must purchase radio time. The broadcasts must explain that the union has tried to prevent a strike and that in the event a strike occurs the responsibility will be the company's. The broadcasts must also emphasize the mutual benefits to the strikers and the community if the union's demands are met by the employers. Such broadcasts must be of a popular nature.

4. In the event that space in the newspapers or radio time is not available, the union must print a message to the community. Such a message should be printed as a leaflet and be distributed by the thousands throughout the town or city.

5. A committee of distinguished veterans should be appointed to present labor's case to the leaders of the local veterans' organizations and to urge their support.

6. Similar committees should meet with the Mayor, City Councilman, church leaders, civic organization leaders, heads of political parties, and other influential personalities in the community.

All this must be done as part of the strike preparations. The problem of molding public opinion in support of the strike must not be left until after the strike begins.

In addition to the preparatory tasks outlined above, the union must not neglect a number of others. If there are CIO and AFL locals in the plant or industry, every effort should be made to bring about united action. Dramatic actions that capture the imagination are another pre-strike essential; great mass meetings, parades and radio programs help to develop a strike spirit. Nor can the practical organizational tasks be left to the eleventh hour. Picketing, publicity, finances, legal aid and a multitude of other things must be planned in advance.

Involving the Rank and File

The difference between an army and a mob is that an army is a well organized and disciplined body governed by rules and regulations and led by its own chain of command. No army of strikers can possibly achieve such a high degree of organization. However, if a strike is not to assume the character of a formless mob, it must have its own form of organization and a chain of command corresponding to the needs of the particular strike. This we shall refer to as strike machinery.

The strike organization must have a wide democratic base; that is, a large section of strikers must be involved in the various phases of activity. A strike needs active participants, not observers. Union officers or strike leaders who do not understand, or who minimize, the need for active participation of the workers involved in the strike may well blame themselves should a section of the strikers fall prey to company propaganda and join a back-to-work movement or some other company sponsored move.

Union officers must at all times remember that a strike temporarily transforms the mode of life of those involved. Their daily routine changes suddenly. A striker has a lot of free time. From a worker who had to produce every minute of the day, he suddenly discovers he has many free hours and often nothing to do but spend time in a nearby bar, movie or union hall. The strike machinery must be so planned as to utilize those free hours for the good of the strike.

There is a yet more important angle to this problem. While workers on strike are usually idle, management is not. From the corporation President to the department foreman management is busily engaged in anti-strike activities. One of these is to carefully observe the degree of participation of the rank and file. When management comes to the conclusion that the workers are passive, show lack of interest, and merely "sweat it out," it is greatly encouraged to initiate back-to-work movements and other steps based on the notion that the workers are not solidly behind the union. By the same token, active participation on the part of the strikers has just the opposite effect on management. When the employer sees his workers taking an active part in the strike and that among them are the key people in each department, without whom the plant cannot run, he becomes aware of the strength of the strike. Also, when the workers actively participate in the strike and management observes it, the strikers commit themselves to the union and realize that from then on their future depends almost entirely on the victorious outcome of the battle.

Aside from these considerations, active participation of the workers is essential because a strike is an operative action and requires lots of manpower to handle the thousand and one problems arising daily. Not to have such manpower, or to be unable to utilize it, can have disastrous consequences.

Because in recent years scabbing has become very unpopular some strike leaders have concluded that there is no need for active rank and file participation. In fact, strikers are often told to stay home. Some unions have even adopted the policy of calling off local membership meetings during the strike. Such passivity is distinctly detrimental to the strike. Troops in a wartime army are in constant training till the very moment they are declared in "tactical position." The same should be true of strikers. An army of strikers that is dispersed, inactive, deployed, cannot possibly react to unforeseen emergencies and sudden turns of events. Dispersion weakens morale and destroys the spirit of solidarity so vitally necessary in time of strike.

Organizing the Strike Leadership

The strike machinery itself depends on the scope of the strike – whether it is industry-wide, regional or local. Furthermore, strike machinery must correspond to the needs and peculiarities of each industry. A miners' strike is limited to the various mining communities. A national railroad strike spreads all over the country. A maritime strike could spread over many parts of the world. Clearly, strike machinery in these three industries will, of necessity, vary. Yet there are certain guiding principles applicable to most strike conditions, particularly as they apply to lower levels, i.e., the strike in each community.

If the strike is on an industry-wide basis, or against a company with plants in several States, the top leadership of the union must assume the role of high command. It is provided in a large number of union constitutions that such strikes must be sanctioned by the national officers or the general executive board. Often the international officers come forward as leaders of such strikes. It is generally good policy

when an industry-wide strike is contemplated that a number of top leaders be assigned to key spots to assist the regional or district leadership of the union.

This alone, however, is insufficient. Strike leadership should be much broader than the regular union leadership; for the greater the participation of the rank and file, the stronger the strike. In recent years this has been better understood, and the principle has been applied, although still inadequately. For example, the auto workers, the electrical and radio workers, the steel workers and the coal miners set up industry-wide or company-wide negotiating committees, or policy committees, or scale committees consisting of representatives from each local union. However, in a number of unions such committees are a mere formality, the real negotiating and policy making remaining in the hands of a few top officers. This is unfortunate. Such committees deserve real recognition and should be given more authority. The committeemen, coming as they do from various sections of the industry, are in closest contact with the workers and are fully aware of the needs, desires and sentiments of the rank and file. Trade union and strike leaders who have experienced genuine union democracy know that the rank and file have a great deal to teach them. It has happened many times during tense negotiations that rank and file leaders, fresh from the mills and factories, have made more of an impression on the employer representatives than the full-time union officers.

The participation of the rank and file in the strike leadership is of tremendous value from another point of view. It often happens during strikes that anti-labor newspapers and radio commentators concentrate their attacks against the top leaders of a strike. They do this not only to make the public antagonistic toward the leaders but also to weaken their prestige within the ranks of the strikers. The voice of a rank and file leader in support of the union and its policies has often proved to be the best way of counteracting the anti-strike propaganda.

Utmost care must be taken that no company agent penetrates into a high position of strike leadership. This could be as damaging to a strike as an enemy spy in the ranks of an army high command in time of war.

For all these reasons it is highly desirable that as part of the strike preparations there be set up an authoritative leading strike committee that will include a representative group of rank and file workers. No strike committee, of course, could be considered genuinely representative unless it included adequate representation of Negro workers on strike.

Setting Up Essential Strike Committees

What strike machinery is needed in the various strike-bound communities? There has to be, of course, a local strike committee to take charge of the strike. This will be the most authoritative committee of all. Next in importance is a well functioning picketing committee.

The problem of picketing is so important that it will be dealt with at length in a separate chapter. Here it will be sufficient to say that a picket line can be compared to that regiment in an army which occupies a line in the most forward area of a front. For such troops the army selects its best trained line officers. Similarly, the men in charge of the picket line must be the ablest, most devoted and most courageous strikers. In each union there are veterans. Among them there are distinguished commissioned and non-commissioned officers who have learned to handle men in difficult times. If these strikers have a basic union loyalty, they will constitute a base for a fine picket committee.

Of great importance in any strike is a well functioning publicity committee. An able publicity committee, alert enough to put out strike bulletins, press releases, letters to editors, effective paid advertisements, special handbills to the strikers and the public, and good radio scripts can go a long way in building a high morale among the strikers and cultivating public sympathy. In most cases the anti-union prejudices of the local newspaper and the radio station are one of the greatest advantages an employer has. Such newspapers and radio stations can have a very demoralizing effect on the strikers and can alienate public support. It is wrong for strike leadership to reconcile itself to such an unfavorable position. Experience has shown that it is possible to reverse or at least neutralize such a condition. In recent years many unions have established their own publicity departments with highly trained newspaper people in charge. But this is generally the case only at the higher levels of union organization and

such publicity departments take the place of local publicity committees. The two should supplement each other.

Of equal importance is a strike relief committee. The tasks and duties of this committee will again vary with the strike. Old established unions with substantial treasuries pay regular strike benefits that cover the most urgent needs of strikers and their families. But such unions are few in number. In most cases relief for strikers has to be obtained through the collection of money, food, clothing, and the establishment of regular canteens and kitchens. This is a vital task but also a tremendous undertaking. Often committees of strikers must be sent to nearby farming communities to collect food. Other strikers must visit local unions to solicit funds, and still others must visit the local merchants. Another very important phase of a relief committee's responsibility is to assist strikers in taking advantage of local relief agencies, obtaining unemployment insurance, stopping evictions, processing relief and other applications at strike headquarters, etc.

Since World War II something new has been added to strike machinery – a veterans' committee. In a great many ways such a committee can be of tremendous value to the strike. To begin with, if the assumption that there are many similarities between military and strike strategy is correct, then obviously strikers with a rudimentary knowledge of military strategy can play an important role in any strike. Because of their training and experience veterans can become the spark plugs on the picket line, maintaining and giving examples of discipline. They can also lead the defense of strikers in time of attack from company-sponsored sources. Striking veterans can also become the bridge between the union and local veterans' organizations, whose leadership may be hostile to the strike. Striking veterans' contingents, under the leadership of an able veterans' committee, can become the most important detachments of the strike.

"Citizens' Committees," whether in support of or against a strike, do not spring up spontaneously. Experience, particularly in industrial centers, indicates that an actively sympathetic Citizens' Committee can be called into being by the strikers; for there are strong bonds between the mill hand and the merchant on Main Street. A steel town like Youngstown, an auto town like Flint, or a textile center like New Bedford depends almost entirely, economically and politically, on the workers living in those communities. The greater the buying power of these workers, the more prosperous the community. A successful termination of a strike is thus in the interests of the entire community. The merchants, the professionals, the clergy and leaders of civic organizations need to be awakened to this undeniable fact. A Citizens' Committee sponsored or stimulated by the union becomes an important part of strike machinery.

A good entertainment committee, whose duty is to take care of some of the social needs of the strikers, can go a long way in maintaining high morale and can lend life to a strike. Especially is this true where a large number of the strikers are young. Free dances, free movies, sports activities, and lectures on interesting topics cement friendships among the strikers and foster solidarity. The professional entertainment world is very well organized. Many a Hollywood and Broadway star carries a union book, and is sympathetic to groups of workers on strike. Some of these prominent personalities could be induced to visit strike centers, and their visits would become important events in the life of the strike. An entertainment committee could even venture to organize amateur dramatic groups; plenty of talent can be found in the ranks of the strikers. An entertainment or social committee that is truly enterprising can become as essential a part of the strike machinery as a relief committee.

Among the really important committees often neglected by strike leaders is an investigating committee. This committee could be compared to the intelligence unit of an army. In time of strike wild rumors spread; company "missionaries" spread defeatism; strangers visit picket lines and urge violence; individual strikers are suspected of being in contact with management; somebody is sure scabs are arriving. All this has to be investigated. Or the picket committee reports that a number of strikers have absented themselves over a period of time. Where are those pickets, what are they doing? All the time the company is making moves, some real, others as a decoy. Such developments must be looked into carefully; for every bit of information has meaning for those in charge of the strike. It is, of course, not

advisable to make public who the members of the investigating committee are. Their work would be hampered and the quality of what they did greatly reduced.

The committees outlined above are the principal parts of strike machinery. But other essential committees are needed. A women's committee to develop activities and sustain high morale among the wives of strikers by involving the women in canteen work, picket duty and collection of food can be very effective. Then strike leaders might consider setting up a special trial board to try those who violate strike discipline, as was done during the West Coast maritime strike with good results. A city-wide trade union committee in support of the strike can also become a valuable part of strike machinery.

An Example of Strike Efficiency

The victorious 1936 maritime strike in San Francisco, led by Harry Bridges, offers a fine example of efficient strike machinery. While the strike was still on, the Joint Marine Strike Committee drew up an outline of the organizational machinery in San Francisco in order to give strike leaders in other ports a picture of how the strike was being handled. A great deal can be learned about strike machinery from the excerpt quoted below:

[[The organization which has complete charge of the strike is the San Francisco Bay Area District Council No. 2 of the Maritime Federation, acting as the San Francisco Joint Marine Strike Committee. Each organization is permitted to seat five representatives on the Strike Committee, an increase of two delegates in the representation provided for in the District Council Constitution.¹

The function of the Joint Strike Committee is to lay down the local policy for the conduct of the strike and supervise the work of the various top committees. The most important committees which are under the direction of the Strike Committee, are:

- (1) Central Relief Committee*
- (2) Central Defense Committee*
- (3) Central Picketing Committee*
- (4) Joint Publicity Committee*
- (5) Ways and Means Committee*
- (6) Maritime Federation Patrol*

The Central Relief Committee: Is composed of three delegates from each organization. Approximately 70 members attend the meetings. This committee has its own chairman, secretary, board of trustees, purchasing agent and bookkeeper. Two representatives are seated on the Joint Strike Committee. The relief committee has established a kitchen at 84 Embarcadero, with a seating capacity of approximately 350. Approximately 15,000 meals a day are now being served by the kitchen. In addition, the relief committee and the Ladies Auxiliary No. 3 are caring for approximately 100 strikers' families. Facilities are also provided for housing single men.

Serving and preparing and maintenance of the relief kitchen are in charge of the Marine Cooks and Stewards – which is open approximately 24 hours a day and employs about 200 men.

The Central Defense Committee consists of two men from each organization. This committee maintains an office which is open 24 hours a day and has contacts with lawyers and bail bond brokers and can furnish an attorney and bail broker for any striker who may be arrested, on a moment's notice. This committee has prepared and printed 25,000 instruction cards and distributed them to pickets. The Defense Committee also has two delegates seated on the Joint Strike Committee.

The Central Picketing Committee, which is composed of five representatives of the Joint Strike Committee, has complete authority to issue passes which will permit individuals or material to go through picket lines. This is one of the busiest and most important committees. Its functions include passes to release perishable goods in cold storage warehouses, to permit passengers' baggage and mail and so forth to be loaded and discharged from foreign ships and to release orders for city, county, state or government institutions and vessels. Organizations and pickets are instructed to recognize only this pass. This system centralizes all passes and permits a close check to be kept on who is going through picket

¹ Make this whole section in a table cell like the other inserted documents

lines. Passes are printed in several colors and every few days the committee cancels all outstanding passes and requires holders to obtain new ones.

The Joint Publicity Committee consists of one member from each organization. Two delegates from this committee are seated on the Joint Strike Committee. This committee has charge of arranging mass meetings, sending speakers to outside organizations, preparing leaflets and pamphlets and writing press releases to newspapers, etc.

The Ways and Means Committee consists of five delegates from the Joint Strike Committee. The duties of this group are to coordinate the activities of all sub-committees and to keep a careful check as to the money collected and handled by the Joint Strike Committee.

All committees are required to submit vouchers in duplicate for all expenditures made. These vouchers must be approved by the Ways and Means Committee before checks are issue in payment. The Ways and Means Committee also pro-rates the cost of the activities of the various committees among the affiliated organizations, keeps the books of the council, plans ways and means of financing the various enterprises, keeps a close check on all debts outstanding and money collections and assists the secretary in transacting the business of the Joint Strike Committee.

Maritime Federation Patrol: The Maritime Federation Patrol consists of 64 men. Approximately 6 from each major striking organization. This patrol is divided into four groups of sixteen men each. There are two captains each in charge of two watches and two sergeants on each watch. The patrol works under the direction of the Secretary of the Joint Strike Committee. Members of the Patrol wear a blue armband which bears the letters M.F.P. in white. The duties of the patrol are to keep drunks off the waterfront, to prevent disturbances and report instances of interest to the unions. Several members of the group act as investigators to check up on information relative to the recruiting of scabs, etc. The Patrol has been very successful. There are more than 15,000 men registered for picket duty in San Francisco, since the strike began two weeks ago, and has experienced no disturbance of any kind on the picket line.

A strike leader reading this chapter might say: "These are all very good ideas, but we don't have the people to do it with." This is a wrong approach. Just as in military battles men quiet, modest and untried come forward and become heroes, so workers in time of strike come forward and become leaders. In each local union, in each plant, are hundreds of devoted and intelligent union men and women. They are the shop stewards, board members and numerous other active workers. They, in turn, have hundreds of friends working alongside them. Many of these workers have a great deal of native ability, and a wise strike leader knows how to bring this to the surface and make it operate for the good of the union. All that is needed to turn such workers into leaders is confidence in them, plus training, direction, guidance and strict super- vision.

Solid strike machinery is possible for every union. But it cannot be built in a day or a week or a month. Strike leaders who want to create an effective organization cannot wait until the strike is actually on. Nor, on the other hand, can they perfect the strike machinery before the strike begins. What is needed is a plan, a skeleton organization to build on as the strike goes along.

A strike without solid strike machinery, without a chain of command, without distribution of work and responsibility is exposed to grave dangers that might be fatal; whereas a well-organized and democratically led strike can withstand blows and setbacks and still emerge victorious.

Does a Depression Rule Out Strikes?

It has already been mentioned that the practice of scabbing has been very much discredited in recent years. While this is generally true, strike leaders would be making a serious mistake if they drew the conclusion that under no circumstances can scabbing again become a serious threat to strikes. The past decade is not a criterion. It should be remembered that there is a close relation between scabbing and unemployment and that neither before, during, nor after World War II was there mass unemployment in this country. Such favorable economic circumstances cannot last forever; cyclical crises, depressions and "recessions" are inherent in our economic system. Even as this is being written, unemployment continues to rise, and the fear of its spread has already affected labor's tactics, particularly as they relate to strikes.

Should labor in time of depression shelve its grievances or strike to obtain its objectives? Which is the correct strategy?

It has been long held by many in the labor movement that during periods of depression unions must avoid strikes under all circumstances, the chief reason being the great army of unemployed and the consequent danger of scabbing. Now there may have been some justification for such a theory in the past when the percentage of organized workers was altogether insignificant and in our basic and mass production industries practically nonexistent. With no contractual relations and with no floor on base rates, the unemployed, under pressure of economic misery, were forced to compete against established higher rates of pay and during strikes often replaced those who were on the picket lines. But at present, because of the strength and prestige of organized labor, the problem of strikes in relation to depressions and unemployment can be viewed in an entirely new manner.

Unions and their leaders must discard old concepts that add up to the theory that during periods of unemployment it is impossible to carry through effective strike movements. Such a policy spells defeat without struggle. It invites the employers to take the offensive in the form of wage cuts, and the very existence of the unions is endangered. The truth is that precisely during difficult economic periods labor's militancy and determination must reach their highest peak. In time of battle when an army is confronted with possible reverses, its commanders do not think in terms of an all-out retreat but rather how to develop a counteroffensive. Organized labor can develop a policy and a line of action that will reduce the dangers of unemployment to a minimum. It is within the power of labor to move forward in full-scale economic and legislative offensives against depressions and unemployment.

Tackling the Unemployment Problem

Working out ways and means to deal effectively with unemployment is part of strike preparation. Any leader who adopts an attitude that a union deals only with problems of workers who are employed is short-sighted. His attitude is bound to damage both the employed and the unemployed in the industry. Should the thousands or tens of thousands of unemployed in a given industry develop a feeling that their union is not concerned with their plight and does not put up a fight for their immediate needs, they will look upon the union as a "fair weather friend" and may turn against organized labor.

Instead of playing on the fear of strikebreaking by the unemployed, instead of using this as an excuse for making basic and costly concessions to employers, union leaders would serve their union best by devoting time, energy, and resources to working out a detailed plan that will meet the problem of unemployment in the industry or community. The following could constitute a basis for such a program:

1. Individual unions and organized labor as a whole should initiate a movement for the 30 hour week. With the rapid growth of our capacity to produce, the battle for a shorter work week assumes paramount importance. By labor's taking the lead on this issue, the unemployed will recognize that their own future is bound up with that of organized labor.

2. In shaping up demands for a possible strike, union leaders must include demands the winning of which will result in immediate benefits for the unemployed. In addition to a shorter work week, there should be a demand for a strong clause in the contract that will provide for the application of strict seniority to layoffs and rehiring. A demand for severance pay for all laid-off workers should also be included.

3. The unions should also take the lead in fighting for increased unemployment insurance and other benefits to be provided by the State and federal governments.

4. Labor should initiate broad public works programs such as housing, highways, hospitals, schools, and similar projects that would absorb thousands of unemployed, to be paid at prevailing union rates. Government-financed public works projects were the most popular single piece of legislation sponsored by the early New Deal.

5. Each union must set up its own unemployment department to help the unemployed members to speedily obtain unemployment insurance. The union should give the unemployed legal assistance when they are faced with evictions. When the unemployed are confronted with emergencies, the union should contact welfare agencies and render other assistance, standing by the unemployed as a friend in need.

6. International, as well as local, unions should take steps to eliminate a condition where members, because they are unemployed, lose certain union rights or benefits. A system of special reduced dues rates for unemployed would go a long way toward solving this question.

7. The union should establish the closest relationship with unemployed organizations in the community, giving them all-out assistance in their daily struggles to alleviate their plight.

8. Last, but not least, every union should face courageously and in a progressive manner the problems of the unemployed Negro workers and make them problems of the union as a whole. Since the war ended, unemployment has hit the Negro workers hardest. Because they were among the last hired, the Negroes are the first fired. Whereas seniority is to the white worker a source of security, to the Negro worker it is often the opposite. Often the "seniority" of the white worker is used as a pretext and justification for not putting up a struggle for the rights of Negro workers to remain in industry. The unemployed Negro workers in the industry and community should feel that they have a stake in a winning strike. This means that the union leaders and the white workers must be prepared to make tangible concessions and to offer the Negro workers not just "sympathy" but jobs, promotions to better jobs, and other guarantees in return for all-out support to a strike. It should no longer be one-way traffic.

Achieving United Ranks

No strike strategy is really sound unless its foundation is united and solid ranks. There is no reference here to artificial unity; the unity meant here is a conscious and well-cemented unity that will keep the ranks together come hell or high water. It is a unity based upon the highest interests of the workers. To achieve such unity and solidarity, sincere efforts must be made in several directions.

First and foremost, a high degree of conscious unity must be developed between Negro and white workers. Such unity can never be realized while many trade union leaders are themselves proponents of the vicious anti-labor Jim Crow system. No union has a right to expect that Negro workers will join in an all-out battle when that same union, in one form or another, is guilty of discrimination.

In the past, conservative trade union leaders have attempted to justify their own prejudices on the grounds that the Negro workers are "unorganizable," that they are "scab-minded," and that their leaders are "anti-union." Nothing demonstrated more clearly how false these "theories" are than the first and most progressive decade of the CIO. At its very first convention, the CIO laid the foundation for unity of Negro and white workers. In a special resolution it declared that the CIO pledged itself "to uncompromising opposition to any form of discrimination, whether political or economic, based upon race, color, creed or nationality." The progressive forces within the CIO gave such pronouncements real content and meaning during the period of the great organizing campaigns.

Not only the Negro workers, but the Negro people as a whole and their great organizations enthusiastically responded to the clarion call for organization. The steel, automobile and other basic and mass production industries today would not be as solidly organized without the great contributions of the Negro workers. In recent major strike struggles in the steel, automobile, and packing house industries, the Negro workers came forward as being among the best strikers, making the greatest sacrifice, even though many of their basic economic problems have not been resolved by these and other unions.

It is childish to think that real Negro and white unity can be achieved on the eve of a strike. To the degree that a union in its daily struggles champions the Negro workers, fighting for their rights to be promoted to better jobs, not to be among the first fired, to be given adequate representation on all levels of leadership, to be able to play a leading role in the political struggles for Negro rights, to that degree will genuine Negro and white unity exist in time of strike.

The American labor movement is divided between AFL and CIO and between right and left. This cannot but affect strike movements. Many examples could be cited from the recent past to show the harm these divisions have done. There are labor leaders who have stooped so low as to use some provisions of the hated Taft-Hartley law against workers and unions conducting strikes.

Notwithstanding these sharp differences, there is a deep-rooted solidarity within the ranks of labor. Often this solidarity is so strong that it sweeps aside edicts from the top, or forces union leaders to

yield to the mood of the membership. The general strikes that have occurred in the past represented the highest expression of labor unity and solidarity in time of a major battle.

This aspect of unity will be dealt with in a later chapter. Here we are concerned with unity within the ranks of the workers about to strike: trade union democracy, the autonomous rights of internationals and such rights of local unions within internationals, are the basic prerequisites for unity within the ranks in time of strike. Put in another way, this means that in unions where sharp differences exist genuine efforts must be made to reach unity on the basis of a united front of all forces for the purpose of winning the strike. To guarantee that such a unity program will be carried out, each group and tendency must get representation on all the leading bodies that determine the course and conduct of the strike.

It has been emphasized that such unity must be based on a common objective – winning the strike. Unity “at all cost” could be disastrous. In an industry where the union is controlled by extreme reactionary and corrupt leaders such unity would, in practice, mean surrender to the employers. The East Coast AFL longshoremen were able to obtain partial victories not on the basis of unity with the Joe Ryan machine, but on the basis of repudiating him and his devious deals with the employers and continuing the struggle until the employers were forced to make substantial concessions. Unity with Joe Ryan or his type of labor leader would only weaken a strike instead of strengthening it.

We have also stressed the need of unity on the basis of a full participation of the rank and file in a strike. Very often honest and even progressive-minded trade union leaders do not grasp the importance of this principle. The 1949 CIO brewers’ strike in New York is a case in point. After several weeks on strike the leaders made a settlement with the employers. When the proposition was placed before the workers for ratification, they overwhelmingly voted against it. How could it come to pass that a leadership was repudiated by the membership? There can be only one answer: the leadership was isolated from the moods and sentiments of the workers. The collapse of the 1949 taxi strike is an even worse example of such a gap between leaders and rank and file. This could never have happened if the rank and file had played a leading role. Nor can there be real unity among the workers without a proper appreciation of the role of women in industry. In many organized fields such as radio, communications, electrical industry, office workers, and in service industries, women play a very decisive role. Hence, the need to conduct educational work against “male superiority.” In the above, as well as in many other industries, no strike can be successful without the active participation of women.

Labor leaders with their hearts and minds set on winning a strike will themselves take the initiative in bringing about real unity, or will, at least, readily respond to genuine offers of unity for the common objective – a victorious strike.

Chapter 6: On the Line

Well Begun – Half Done

Military leaders devote a great deal of time and energy to planning the start of a battle. When zero hour approaches, the plan is concrete in every respect. Nothing of importance must go wrong; nothing must be overlooked. Similarly strike leaders must have all their preparations ready for S-Day – for the day and the hour when the strike is to break.

A million and one details must be attended to that will result in good organization on S-Day. Among them are: selection and briefing of picket captains; printing of picket signs, picket cards, identifications; renting strike headquarters and meeting halls; securing sufficient cars and motorcycles; organization of flying squads; establishment of an efficient communication system; setting up of a messenger corps; arranging for bodyguards and protection of union offices; arranging for canteens and first aid stations. Each of these things requires people with administrative ability and sufficiently reliable to be entrusted with the performance of such duties. In addition, the various committees mentioned in the previous chapter must get into action. The strike leader must not let himself be overwhelmed with all these tasks.

He must have deep confidence in the men in battle and their ability to come forward in time of stress and strain.

A strike that begins in a smooth and effective manner offers the union a great many advantages which have a bearing on the course of the battle. It certainly makes a lot of difference whether the workers respond one hundred per cent to a strike call. Surely, then, it is important to discuss and determine in advance the exact hour for the walkout. It is equally important to consider the steps the employer may take on S-Day and what the union can possibly do to counter them. By all means the union must have a well thought out and detailed plan for S-Day. Such a plan must strive to achieve two objectives: first, that the walkout shall culminate in an *effective first blow*; second, that maximum organization be achieved with a minimum of confusion.

Timing: The Value of Surprise

In working on such a plan a strike leader should explore the possibilities of using the element of surprise. Although an approaching strike is never a complete surprise to the employer, yet keeping the exact day and hour a secret gives the workers certain distinct advantages. The shock of the suddenness of the strike, even though generally expected, often demoralizes the company personnel, and by the time they rally most of the workers are already outside the gates.

The element of surprise is not of decisive importance in industries where workers have participated in many strikes, have been unionized over a long period of time, and consequently have a deep-rooted union consciousness. The coal miners are a good example. By now the miners have established a basic credo: "no contract, no work." However, in industries or individual plants where the workers are about to strike for their first contract, or where they are, relatively speaking, newly organized, like the CIO unions, the element of surprise can play an important role. Particularly in a situation where a company is making serious efforts to split the workers on a strike issue, and where the union is aware of a weak and wavering element, a surprise tactic can be of inestimable value.

During the 1937 steel strike in Youngstown, the actual walkout was planned in accordance with this principle. At the appointed hour, the workers from the more strongly organized departments, instead of going directly to the gates, marched through some weaker departments just to give encouragement and impetus to the weak and the wavering.

The element of surprise can also be effective in the extension of a strike. The 1937 General Motors sit-down strike in Flint, Michigan, offers a good example of this. The Chevrolet plant No. 4 is the most strategic plant of the company. To involve the workers of this plant in the strike was very decisive. The company was well prepared with guards and guns to prevent a sit-down in Plant No. 4. The leadership of the strike spread word and made all the outward appearance of preparing a sit-down in Plant No. 9. While the armed guards and other company forces rushed to Plant No. 9, the union, with a specially prepared force, carried through the sit-down in Plant No. 4. "The main purpose of this elaborate procedure was to eliminate any chance that details of the new strike plan would get to the company. The careful timing of the strike, which was to start ten minutes earlier at Chevy 9 than at the other two plants, was the secret substance of the whole design to draw off the armed guards at Chevy 4 and thus lighten the task of the union forces at this crucial point. But everything depended on keeping the company in ignorance." (Henry Kraus, *The Many and the Few*.)

The element of surprise also works in favor of the union when there is a possibility that part of the company strategy is to recruit scabs. This is particularly true in a service industry. In the 1946 Western Union strike in New York the union made a public announcement of the day and hour of the strike – 11 A.M. January 8th. Soon after this was made public the union "learned that the company intended to import large numbers of strikebreakers during that morning, and was hiring *provocateurs* through private detective agencies, whose job it would be to create chaos when the workers attempted to leave the building." To nullify the Company's efforts to prevent an effective walkout, the Strategy Committee decided to advance the hour to 7 A.M. "That evening a limited number of key workers were called in from the main centers and instructed to appear at the office at 6 A.M., January 8. At 6 A.M. the committee met and full plans were finalized for closing down the branch offices ... The plans of the

union went into effect with clockwork precision. Within an hour a mass picket line, thousands strong, completely ringed 60 Hudson Street.”

The Power of a Perfect Walkout

But even without the element of surprise a walkout is completely effective if the strike call is answered 100 percent. The following examples will show how dramatic a shutdown can be when everyone answers the call.

On the afternoon of May 26, 1937, the leaders of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee met in Youngstown, Ohio, and came to the conclusion that “Little Steel,” under the leadership of Tom Girdler, would not sign a contract without a strike. The conference ended late that afternoon and the strike began at 11:00 P.M. By early morning the *Youngstown Vindicator* in a strike *Extra* described the walkout: “The steel mill glow over the busy Mahoning Valley flickered last night and finally died entirely early today. The busy wheels of giant mills of the independent steel industry ground to a complete stop as a strike called by CIO leaders went into full effect at 11:00 P.M. Wednesday.” In the same issue, the paper carried a large picture of a dead open hearth plant with this description: “Yesterday, black smoke, yellow smoke, brown smoke, and white smoke was pouring up from the stacks of Youngstown’s Sheet & Tube’s open hearth plants as molten iron was boiled through various stages to become steel. Today, 12 hours after the S. W. O. C. strike order was issued, *Vindicator* photographer Lloyd Jones found the air clear, the stacks cold, and hardly a man in sight at the open hearths.” No wonder the executives of the steel plants in Youngstown on the same day announced: “We are not going to attempt operations.”

Two weeks earlier, 27,000 Jones and Loughlin steel workers marched out on strike for union recognition. In both plants – in Pittsburgh and Aliquippa – the walkout was just as effective. Zero hour was 11:00 P.M., but shortly after 10:00 P.M. thousands of workers and their families were already converging upon the mill gates to witness a major steel strike, the first since 1919. At 11:00 P.M. the night shift came out. Smiling and proud men were met with cheers by the gathering crowds of day workers and their families as the stream of workers poured out of the mill on the South Side of Pittsburgh. As the night wore on, the glare of the mill died out, the plant was shut down tighter than a drum. In Aliquippa the whole town turned out. Union organizer Smiley Chatek addressed the crowd from an open window of a friendly photographer’s studio. He spoke to the whole town. Next morning Philip Murray proudly told newsmen: “It’s a perfect shutdown.”

The 1937 walkouts in Youngstown, Campbell, Aliquippa, Pittsburgh, and other steel centers are good examples of an *effective first blow* on S-Day. To utilize further this initial victory the leaders of the strike announced to the press the results of the walkout with the comment that “Morale of our people could not be improved upon.” The press release was worded as follows:

UNION LISTS OF STRIKERS

IN MILLS OF 5 STATES

Youngstown, Ohio, May 28. The strikes in the plants of Republic Steel, Youngstown Sheet & Tube and Inland are practically 100 per cent solid, with a grand total of 77,240 workers out of 77,900 on strike, the S. W. O. C. declared late today.

“For reasons of strategy,” the S. W. O. C. statement said, “no strike has yet been called at the Southern plants of Republic Steel, where 2,800 are employed. Sentiment among the men there, however, is excellent.”

The S. W. O. C. strike figures follow:

INLAND

Inland Steel Company, Chicago Heights, Illinois, 1,000 employees – all out.

Indiana Harbor, Illinois – 10,500 employees – all out.
Total – 11,500 employees – 11,500 out.

YOUNGSTOWN

Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company, Brier Hill, Youngstown, Ohio-2,000 employees – all out.
Campbell Plant, Youngstown, Ohio – 12,000 employees – all out.
South Chicago, Illinois – 1,000 employees all out.
Indiana Harbor, Illinois – 8,000 employees – all out.
Total-23,000 employees-23,000 all out.

REPUBLIC

Republic Steel Corporation the strike has been called at the following plants:

Corrigan-McKinney, Cleveland – 3,500 – all out.
Steel & Tube, Cleveland – 500 employees – all out.
Cleveland Plant, Cleveland – 3,600 employees – all out.
Truscon Steel – 800 employees – all out.
Massillon, Ohio – 4,000 employees – all out.
(Republic Steel and Union Drawn Steel) Youngstown, Ohio – 6,000 employees – all out.
South Chicago, Illinois – 3,000 employees – 2,800 out.
Canton Tin Plate, Canton, Ohio – 1,500 employees – all out.
Berger Plant, Canton, Ohio – 1,200 employees – all out.
Stark Sheet Mill, Canton, Ohio – 3,500 employees – all out.
Canton Steel, Canton, Ohio – 3,500 employees – all out.
Warren Plant, 6,500–6,400 out, no production.
Upton Nut, Cleveland, Ohio – 900 employees – all out.
Donner Plant, Buffalo, N.Y. – 2,800 employees – 80 per cent out.
Beaver Falls, Pa. – 350 employees – all out.
Cumberland, Maryland – 400 employees – all out.
Dillworth-Porter, Pittsburgh, Pa. – 300 employees – all out.
Monroe, Mich. – 1,800 employees – all out.
Niles, Ohio – 1,000 employees – all out.
Total employees – 43,400; number out, 42,740.

Thus, out of a total of 77,900–77,240 are out on strike. Morale of our people could not be improved upon. The men are determined that the strike shall be continued until these corporations execute a contract with the S.W.O.C.

This statement generated yet more enthusiasm, for Republic steel workers in Youngstown were anxious to learn if Republic steel workers in other towns had joined the strike, and vice versa. Whatever other weaknesses existed in the “Little Steel” strike, they certainly did not stem from any major defects on S-Day.

How to Handle Backward Workers

It is not always possible to score a perfect walkout on the first day of a strike. This does not necessarily mean a fatal blow to the strike. Such a situation requires that the strike leaders throw the whole weight of the union to bring about a 100 per cent walkout. Often the mistake is made of immediately branding those who do not join the strike as scabs. Such rigidity could hurt the union, particularly in an industry where workers are newly organized. Instead, a speedy campaign must be developed to persuade such weak or backward workers to join the strike. They must be visited in their homes, and striking relatives should be among the visitors. The union representatives must explain to such workers the harm they are inflicting on those on strike, the immorality of scabbing, the permanent mark it leaves on their

names in the community, as well as the actual danger they run of losing the job when the union wins. Only after these or similar steps have been taken and these workers still persist in remaining on the side of the employer should they be branded as scabs and be kept out of the mill by strong picket lines. However, such a policy must be subordinated to the major consideration: utmost speed in eliminating production by scabs in time of strike.

Planning the First Picket Line

Now for the second objective on S -Day maximum organization, minimum confusion.

Never is it more important to remember the key organizational principle that “first things come first” than on S-Day. And what comes first on the first day of the strike? Naturally, the securing of a strong picket line. The first picket line must be planned before the day and hour the strike begins. Advance instructions must be given to shop stewards, or specially assigned union members, that when the strike is declared they are not to walk out of the mill and leave; that, instead, they must mobilize groups of workers in their departments to man the first picket line. Union representatives must be assigned to factory gates to be there at zero hour to help to organize the picket line, to have picket signs ready and, on the basis of what develops during the walkout, to give proper guidance and instructions.

Such union representatives at the plant exits on S-Day must be given strict instructions to call union or strike headquarters to report on the progress of the walkout. This information is vitally necessary to the leadership of the strike. At headquarters not everybody should be allowed to accept such messages. A thoroughly reliable worker must be assigned to this task. The minimum information required is as follows: time when called in, the place from where the call came, the person who made the call, and the condition of the walkout at that particular place. Such a log of reports must be immediately examined by one of the leaders and on the basis of these reports immediate action applied.

Reaching the Bulk of the Strikers

Next in importance to the first picket line is reaching the bulk of the strikers. If the hour is appropriate, it may be wise to call upon the workers to march to a nearby meeting hall, or an outdoor place, where the union leaders will address the strikers, recapitulating the demands and imbuing them with a militant and confident spirit. If it is difficult to arrange such a mass meeting immediately after the walkout, then one must be planned within the next 24 hours. The sooner the better. This meeting must also be the occasion to issue all vital instructions. This could be done by word of mouth, or by printed or mimeographed sheets. The important thing is to have the instructions simple – what to do and what not to do, particularly on the picket line. The following are instructions issued to New York bus drivers during their spring, 1941 strike. They are simple and to the point.

NOTICE!

TO ALL MEMBERS ON STRIKE!

This strike was called by unanimous vote of the membership in the New York City Omnibus and Fifth Avenue Coach Branches to enforce your demands for higher wages and better working conditions on your job and for greater security for yourselves and your families.

To ensure victory, every man must do his part. Carry out every duty assigned to you with discipline and diligence. Obey all orders of your picket captains. Do your duty to yourself, your fellow workers and your Union.

You will receive instructions throughout the strike. The first steps to be taken the first day are as follows:

1. Be sure you have your Union Book with you and exchange it for a picket card at Transport Hall the first day of the strike and that you have this picket card on your person until it is exchanged for your union book.
2. Be sure to wear your uniform whenever on picket duty or any other strike activity. Shop employees may wear either their work or civilian clothes.

3. Be sure to wear the Union Button at all times.

Conduct yourself on the picket line and at all other times and places as a decent citizen and responsible Union man. Disregard all rumors, unauthorized instructions or unofficial reports. Do not talk to strangers except to inform them there is a strike and what substitute facilities they may take. Refer all newspaper men and other persons making inquiries to Union Headquarters.

Above all, do not tolerate any breach of discipline, evasion of duty or violation of Union honor.

Stand firm! With determination and unity in our ranks we are invincible! We are marching for a great victory for organized transit Labor!

Matthias Kearns

General Organizer

Fifth Avenue Coach Branch

and NYC Omnibus Branch

March 10, 1941

The Longer the Line – the Shorter the Strike

The picket line is the heart and soul of the strike. It is the first line of defense and attack in any strike. It could be compared with a military sentry in a forward area. The task of a sentry is not so much to attack an approaching enemy as to hold it back until such a time when the main forces have been alerted. At other times the picket line is the main force.

Unfortunately, many strike leaders have paid little attention to this key aspect of strike action. In this respect old time union leaders are particularly great sinners. Some of them still stick to “professional” pickets and to worn out and dusty “unfair” signs. Among highly skilled craft unions there still lingers the idea that for a mechanic to put on a sign and picket is something that is not nice, something to be ashamed of. Through a constant process of education in trade unionism such thinking can and must be eliminated. The membership must be imbued with a sense of pride and honor when they participate in picketing. Just as a veteran speaks with pride of his participation in this or that battle, so must a union member feel about his part in a strike.

A picket line serves many significant purposes. First and foremost, it tells the world that this plant, mill, factory or mine is on strike. Often when men walk out, the employer inserts “help wanted” advertisements in a dozen newspapers in the vicinity of the strike-bound community. Many innocent unemployed workers respond. Only when they arrive at the gates of the plant do they discover for the first time that they have almost been misled into scabbing.

A picket line is and has been the only sound method of preventing professional scabs from entering the plant. If scabbing has been reduced to a minimum, it is in no small measure due to the effectiveness of the picket line.

Pickets also exert healthy moral pressure on strikers who are weak or weakening and ready to join back-to-work movements. It is not an uncommon sight during a strike to see a group of workers who the night before decided to return to work, but the morning after turn away when they conic face to face with a solid picket line. For this reason a strong picket line weeks after the strike begins is just as important, and even more important, than on the day the men walk out.

A strong picket line tends to have a desired effect on management. It is very demoralizing to the employer and company personnel to see their employees marching on that line with a high spirit and morale. Many an employer on the basis of his own observations of the strength of the picket line has made up his mind that it is futile to continue resistance to union demands. The psychological effect of a strong picket line on management can hardly be overestimated.

The picket line serves another major function: it demonstrates to the public that the employees are solidly behind the strike. Very often management claims that "outside agitators" are responsible for strikes. What better answer could there be than picket lines manned and led by the workers from the plant? The picket line helps to mold public opinion in support of the strike.

Lastly, there is no better place where unity can be preserved and strengthened than on the picket line. As has already been stated, during a strike nothing is more important than unity; company sponsored or inspired dissension could endanger the outcome of a strike. The picket line is the place where solidarity between man and man is being cemented most firmly.

Dangers of Token Picketing

What kind of picket line can accomplish such objectives? Can a strike in which thousands of workers are involved orient itself on token picketing? Too often this is the case. The argument goes that there is no need for mass picketing because the plant is shut and that the company is not endeavoring to resume production with scab labor. But the lack of picketing may encourage the company to bring in scabs. The lack of mass picketing creates a real danger that the mass of strikers may become rusty and dispersed and thus not prepared to meet sudden strikebreaking moves. Lack of mass picketing also prevents the workers involved from becoming active participants and turns them into passive observers. Mass picketing reduces to a minimum so-called emergency mobilizations that are often too late or inadequate.

Mass picketing is the surest road to victory. *The longer the picket line, the shorter the strike.* The picket line is like a mirror, it reflects the morale and strength of the strike. What a sight it must have been when thousands of Ford workers formed a picket line stretching for sixteen miles in a human wall around the Rouge plant!

Fortunately, there is within the ranks of organized labor a growing realization of the importance of mass picketing, particularly in mass production industries. Some unions have even added something new – a pre-strike picket line. Local 436, United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America, in Elizabeth, New Jersey, decided on a rehearsal mass picket line in front of the General Instrument Corporation while the union and the company were still engaged in negotiations. On June 2, 1948, for about an hour before the plant opened for the day, 750 workers, comprising the majority of the employees, staged this rehearsal. The union representative declared that it was "a rehearsal to show our people what it's like and what picket duties are," and "to show the company we mean business." (*New York Times*, June 3, 1948.)

The New York 1946 Western Union strike gave the finest examples of effective picketing. If the strike was victorious, it was mainly because the strike leaders were able to organize the kind of picket lines that attracted and caught the imagination of many thousands of union workers, whether AFL or CIO. The pickets and their sound truck even coined a slogan when union members from all over the city came to their support: "Grab a sign and join the line!"

Not without pride did the report to the 1946 ACA Convention declare: "The great picket line ... became a symbol of this determination. Thousands of unionists joined our lines, swelling it to proportions never before seen in our city. Public figures from all walks of life endorsed our strike and many came to the picket line itself. Religious, fraternal and political organizations gave their support. The picket line was not a straggling group of weary people, but a singing, fighting picket line. When the Company could not break it up by tricks and maneuvers, when the police couldn't frighten the people away, nor the cold keep them away, the Company went into the courts in an attempt to remove, through the infamous injunction, what they couldn't break ... The Picket Director's Committee had to maintain picket lines involving more than 5,000 of our members in many different localities. Never once did the picketing break down during the entire course of the strike, in spite of the fact that the picket lines had to be maintained at night as well as day, in spite of the bitter cold, in spite of the active interference of the police and in spite of the activities of Company agents circulating among the strikers."

Of course, it is not possible to keep a mass picket line going all the time. Nor is it necessary. Those in charge of picketing must allow lulls during certain hours of the day or certain days in the week, but

this in no way minimizes the importance and the need to orient a strike toward a policy of effective mass picketing.

Regardless of the size of the strike, or its character, or where it takes place, the scab is in the final analysis the most dangerous factor. This explains why very often the strikers develop more of a hatred toward the scab than the employer, even though the scab is only a company tool. During tense moments, when State or federal troops enter, or are about to enter, the strike scene, one often hears such expressions as “soldiers can’t dig coal,” or “run the railroads,” or “make steel.” But scabs may.

Nor does it matter very much, in the long run, whether the scabs are “professionals,” or workers who did not go out on strike, or workers who joined a back-to-work movement. The success or failure of a strike depends on the union’s ability to halt production for the duration. Hence, to combat scabs is in every strike one of the major objectives of the union.

The danger of professional scabs is greater in smaller strikes. In organized large and mass production industries, where tens of thousands of workers may be involved in a strike, the employers can hardly expect to man their plants with scabs. Thus they concentrate on weakening the will to fight among their own employees, developing dissension and other divisive methods, and work up to a back-to-work movement.

In recent years scabbing has become as immoral and as indecent a “profession” as prostitution. This is the result of the vigorous campaign which organized labor conducted over many generations against scabbing. Nearly seventy years ago, during a strike of textile workers in Paterson, N.J., one of its leaders called a strikebreaker a “scab.” For this he was arrested, tried and convicted. During that trial a labor attorney formulated a definition of a “scab” that became famous:

A “scab” is to his trade what a traitor is to his country. He is the first to take advantage of any benefit secured by united action, and never contributes anything towards its achievement. He is used during a struggle to defeat his fellow-workmen, and though coddled for the time being by the employer he serves, when peace is restored he is cast out, shunned by his employer, his fellow-workmen, and the whole human family. (S. Gompers, Seventy Years of Life and Labor, Vol. I.)

Years later Jack London, the great American writer, wrote what has become a classic characterization of a scab:

After God had finished the rattlesnake, the toad, and the vampire, he had some awful substance left with which he made a SCAB. A SCAB is a two-legged animal with a corkscrew soul, a water-logged brain, and a combination backbone of jelly and glue. Where others have hearts he carries a tumor of rotten principles.

When a scab comes down the street men turn their backs and angels weep in heaven, and the devil shuts the gates of hell to keep him out. No man has a right to SCAB as long as there is a pool of water deep enough to drown his body in, or a rope long enough to hang his carcass with. Judas Iscariot was a gentleman compared with a SCAB. For betraying his Master, he had character enough to hang himself. A SCAB HASN’T.

Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Judas Iscariot sold his Saviour for thirty pieces of silver. Benedict Arnold sold his country for a promise of commission in the British Army. The modern strike-breaker sells his birthright, his country, his wife, his children, and his fellow-men for an unfulfilled promise from his employer, trust or corporation.

Essau was a traitor to himself, Judas Iscariot was a traitor to his God. Benedict Arnold was a traitor to his country.

A STRIKEBREAKER IS A TRAITOR TO HIS GOD, HIS COUNTRY, HIS FAMILY AND HIS CLASS!

A worker on strike has a moral right, a legal right, and a duty to protect his job and the jobs of his fellow workers. So it is not strange that when it comes to fighting scabs, strikers exhibit their highest degree of militancy. To them the elimination of scabs is synonymous with the preservation of their jobs, which in turn means their very livelihood. The struggle against scabs assumes a variety of forms, each

according to the peculiarities of the particular strike. These forms of struggle depend on the type of scabs used.

As a rule there are three chief sources from which employers recruit scabs. In newly or recently organized shops the employers may still be able to mislead a number of workers who will be induced to remain inside the factory. With such workers the union must reason, must appeal to their conscience, and try to exert a maximum of moral pressure. At least this must be the starting point. When such efforts fail, this group must be branded for what they are and treated as enemies of their fellow workers, the union, and the community. Often this group remains inside the plant for the duration of the strike. While the union continues to make constant appeals to such workers to leave the plant and join the strike, it at the same time takes all necessary measures to keep these scabs isolated.

How effective such isolation of scabs inside plants can be is described by none other than Tom Girdler, the man who thought he could break the CIO. In great detail Mr. Girdler describes what happened to an insignificant group of steel workers in the Niles and Warren plants who did not join the 1937 strike. The strikers picketed the highways approaching the Niles plant. Nor would the railroad workers deliver food to scabs. Within three days after the strike began, Girdler wrote in his *Boot Straps*:

300 of our men were facing a choice of starvation or surrender.

Night had fallen and we were sick at heart because we had failed to keep our promise to Sam Brown at Niles. Scarcely a man left the Republic offices in Cleveland for more than a few hours that night. When morning came Sam Brown reported by telephone, said he had pinched out enough food from the previous evening's meal to give his 300 men a slim breakfast. But they had eaten every scrap. There was not, Sam said, enough food in the plant to feed a mouse. But he felt better when we told him how we were going to get food to Niles that day. We were going to fly it! ... Airplanes were the only answer ...

"Sam, there will be grub there in ten or fifteen minutes. The airplane is on the way. The boys are going to try to drop the stuff inside the plant."

Mr. Girdler went on to describe Republic Steel's first experience in a strikebreaking air lift:

... in a few minutes Sam was back on the wire.

"Now it's coming! I can see it right now, from where I'm standing at my office window."

Charley White was repeating Sam Brown's report for the benefit of an anxious group of officials clustered around him. Several were listening on other telephones.

Then old Sam's voice came over the wire, charged with excitement!

"He's coming down! He's coming down! Lower! Coming lower! We're going to get it now."

Then Sam's voice again: "There it comes. He's dropped a bundle. Breakfast's late, but here she comes!"

Then: "Damn it, Mr. White, he missed the plant."

"What!"

"Yes, sir. Two sacks landed outside the fence. Right now all those pickets are scrambling around snatching our food."

On our first try we had missed a 216 acre plant.

The outcome was that Republic Steel was forced to buy a fleet of eleven planes to deliver food to scabs in the Niles and Warren plants. This company measure dramatically points up the effectiveness of picketing that results in the isolation of scabs inside the plants.

The second chief scabbing source is a back-to-work movement. This is such an important strike-breaking weapon that a special chapter will be devoted to it.

The third source is the professional scabs. Strikers learned long ago how to handle this element.

Can Strikebreaking Ever Be "Legitimate"?

No discussion of scabbery can be complete without some consideration of certain forms of strike-breaking that have recently developed and that are far more dangerous than anything the employers have conjured up so far. These forms of strikebreaking – not all of them entirely new – arise out of sharp differences within the labor movement, aided and abetted by the Taft-Hartley law.

One form operates like this: A union under left leadership goes out on strike. A rival union under right leadership declares that the strike was called for “political” reasons. The strike is declared “illegitimate,” and the workers’ picket line instead of being honored is branded a “political picket line.” On this basis strikebreaking becomes “legitimate.”

This “dog eat dog” policy expresses itself in another form. A union goes out on strike. A rival union forms a clique within the ranks of the strikers to advocate a secession movement. During a difficult moment in the strike these elements invoke the Taft-Hartley law and demand an election to determine which union represents the workers. Thus, instead of presenting a solid front against the employer, worker solidarity splits wide open in a way that even the Mohawk Valley strikebreaking formula – dealt with in later chapters – could seldom accomplish. If the split ends in victory for the rival union, this invariably means a back-to-work movement with disastrous consequences for the workers.

It is almost incomprehensible that a labor union should assume the role of a strikebreaker, yet it has happened a number of times. Let us cite a couple of examples. In 1948 the workers of the Caterpillar Tractor Company in Peoria, Illinois, went out on strike under the leadership of the United Farm Equipment and Metal Workers Union, then affiliated with the CIO. They were striking for a new contract and wage increase. Another CIO affiliate, the UAW, dispatched a group of organizers, allocated \$100,000, and opened a press barrage against the Farm Equipment Union. The UAW invoked the Taft-Hartley law as their gimmick. The strike was broken, the workers returned to work without a wage increase, and the UAW took over a demoralized FE local. Again, in 1948 in Oakland, California, the AFL grocery clerks went out on strike. The AFL teamsters, under the leadership of Dave Beck, offered the employers a teamsters’ contract and thus broke the strike.

Raiding of one union by another in time of strike, injecting of the Taft-Hartley law by one union against another, and branding picket lines “political” as a justification for crossing them are the most alarming developments in our trade union movement. Those who resort to such methods to victimize other unions will themselves become the victims of such a policy. Labor’s rank and file is permeated with a sense of deep-rooted solidarity. It is inevitable that, no matter what justification is offered, they will rise up against leaders who indulge in strikebreaking.

What a Picket Plan Must Include

To organize and maintain mass picket lines is no easy organizational task. It requires a well-conceived plan, blueprinted before the strike begins. Such a plan for mass picketing must be realistic and flexible enough to meet the needs of the specific strike. The plan must deal with each of the following problems:

1. How many strikers are needed daily to man the lines, minimum and maximum?

To determine this the union must take into consideration the number of workers involved in the strike, the number of plants or factories, and the great importance of involving the rank and file in active participation.

2. Which are the most important plants or entrances and how are these to be covered?

Often a strike involves more than one plant in the same community. Not all the plants are of equal importance. There is always a key plant or department, upon which production, or lack of production, depends. The strike-breaking plans of the employer will depend on what happens at the key point of production. Clearly, the union cannot treat such a plant or department in a routine manner. The best picket captains, the most reliable union members and the largest group of pickets must be assigned to such key points, even at the expense of neglecting secondary places.

The key production points are not the sole consideration in organizing the picket lines. The entrance to a plant close to the office is of great importance. In times of strike the offices of management become the general headquarters of the opposite camp. The headquarters are observation posts and important conclusions are drawn on the basis of what is observed. Obviously there is need for a strong and effective picket line close to the office. Let the employer and management see their skilled, their oldest and most popular workers on the line and it will dampen their enthusiasm for holding out too long.

3. What are the vulnerable and possible danger spots for a breakthrough and how shall such developments be prevented?

Just as a military commander constantly seeks for the weakest link in the enemy's chain, so does an employer in time of strike. Experienced strike leaders can foresee a breakthrough and prepare against its occurring by strengthening weak links. Often a back-to-work movement does not begin through a main gate where the picket lines are strong; it is the unexpected places that the union must have an eye on. This is particularly true of plants that connect with railroad lines, canals or rivers. Plants isolated from communities where the strikers live must be taken up as special problems in relation to picketing. But vulnerability, it should be remembered, is not limited to physical layouts of plants or their geographical locations. These other aspects of vulnerability will be dealt with in other chapters.

4. How shall strikers who have not reported for strike duty be reached?

This is a major problem in most strikes which involve large groups of workers. As has already been stated, strikes in which workers are passive observers and not active participants are in constant danger of ending in defeat. A great deal of work in training the workers for active strike duty must be done before and all through the battle.

An appropriate method must be found whereby each striker is accountable to an authoritative committee for his action or lack of action. Some unions conduct regular roll calls. Unions distributing strike relief do so only on presentation of picket cards showing the record of the individual worker on the picket line. Still others ask their members to deposit their union books and exchange them for picket cards.

5. How can the strikers on the picket line be doubled or tripled during emergencies?

Wise leadership takes for granted that during the life of a strike emergencies are bound to arise and prepares for such occasions. Usually strike emergencies arise as a result of a sudden or unexpected company move designed to weaken or destroy the strike. Only the application of immediate action can frustrate the employer's objectives. The ability of strike leaders to rally the membership in such emergencies is of decisive importance.

In the 1937 steel strike in Youngstown the strike leaders organized a very efficient flying squad equipped with cars and motorcycles ready for dispatch to any plant or gate where trouble developed. After the squad had been functioning a few days, the leaders hit upon the idea of listening to short-wave police instructions, and often arrived on the scene of difficulty simultaneously with the police radio cars. In Flint, Michigan, during the January 1937 auto strike, a well organized scout system was established serving as an efficient medium for mobilizing large groups of strikers when emergencies arose.

6. How shall steady contact between the top strike leaders and the special personnel in charge of picketing be maintained?

The picket captains – the men in charge of the line – are entrusted with major responsibility in any strike. Theirs is a difficult task even under the best circumstances. To bring the strikers to the picket line, to keep them on the line, to maintain discipline in face of provocation, to observe all movement in and around the plant and to sense the mood of the strikers themselves are just a few of the responsibilities of picket captains.

The policy-making group among the strike leaders can learn a great deal from the picket captains about the morale of the men, their thinking, the degree of stability of the strike and other vital information which has a direct bearing on shaping strike strategy. The picket captains, in turn, need to be constantly briefed and imbued with confidence in victory. It is for them to transmit this confidence to the men on the line.

7. How can picket lines be protected from intimidation and attack?

Because picketing is the heart and soul of a strike, the employers concentrate on weakening the lines. They do this at first through intimidation. They spread rumors among strikers that if the strike is lost those who picketed will not be allowed to return to work. Through "missionaries" working among women they try to create an atmosphere conducive to the idea that picketing is "dangerous" so that the wives, instead of encouraging their husbands to join the line, will become a force that holds them back. The employers also encourage the idea in the community that "responsible citizens" don't picket, etc.

The union must counteract this kind of intimidation by fostering the conviction that it is an honor and privilege to participate on the line. As has been said in a previous chapter, much of this work has to be accomplished before the strike starts.

Provocation and physical assault can occur on the picket line any time; for the professional strike-breaker operating behind the scene is constantly scheming provocation. A willing tool or "plant" within the ranks of the strikers gives the company the best possible chance of developing provocative action. It is all so simple. A man with a picket sign, or some other person identified with the strike, attacks a representative of management. "Friendly" news-papers appear on the streets with screaming headlines condemning "strike violence." To reduce such provocation to a minimum is a responsibility strike leaders must face.

People known to the union as being unreliable should be excluded from picket duty and carefully watched; an agent provocateur will sooner or later show his colors. During the 1937 steel strike in Youngstown, an officer of a local union constantly urged "rushing the gates," now and then he carried a concealed weapon, criticized the leaders for lack of action. Some time later he was exposed as a member of the Republic Steel police force in Buffalo who had been transferred to Youngstown in expectation of a strike. But company agents are briefed not only to start violence; some are instructed to bring to the picket line seeds of defeatism. Theirs is a "what-is-the-use" line, the strike is "lost," and "let us not be suckers," etc. These are preliminaries to enrolling workers into a back-to-work movement.

A partial answer to provocation and provocateurs is a reliable, able and vigilant corps of picket captains. The stronger the corps of picket captains, the less the chances of provocation. Equally important is the constant education of the rank and file that will result in greater alertness to the methods and schemes of company agents.

It is a common employer practice to plan physical attacks on picket lines, force the strikers to defend themselves and then condemn them for it. Such attacks, carried through by a specially prepared company force, may come from inside the plant or from without.

Self-defense is not only a moral but a legal American tradition. American workers will not tolerate violence without fighting back, they will defend themselves with all the strength and power at their command. They will fight back on the picket lines and they will utilize all legal channels to expose and bring to the bar of justice those who started the violence.

In recent years organized labor faced the problem of strike violence and developed ways to counter it. Among these was the enactment of a federal law prohibiting the import of scabs from other States; and the enactment of State laws and city ordinances prohibiting the swearing in of deputy marshals with criminal records. In some strikes the unions prevailed upon county and city authorities to deputize strikers. In other strikes the unions established "restricted areas" and outsiders could not approach the picket lines without a permit from strike headquarters.

8. How can the line be fed, particularly during bad weather?

A hot cup of coffee during cold weather or an ice-cold drink during hot weather is a great morale builder. During the war our army and Red Cross spent many thousands of dollars to give our GI's this kind of service, thousands of miles away from our shores. But often it is necessary to provide more than a hot or cold drink. During some strikes unions have served sandwiches and even hot plates right on the picket lines. This practice should be encouraged. It is particularly important to serve the pickets on the line when there is no convenient restaurant nearby, or when the strike has been a long one and the strikers cannot easily afford to go to a restaurant. Such a program also is valuable in that it busies the women in the preparation and distribution of the food. Instead of staying at home and brooding, the wives themselves become involved in the strike – at all times a very positive development.

9. How can the lines be made lively and interesting for the strikers and for the public?

A picket line that is dull, uneventful, and lifeless does not attract either the strikers or the public. Marching up and down becomes monotonous. To break such monotony and to imbue the pickets with a spirit of enthusiasm is an essential part of a picket plan.

In strikes where thousands of workers are involved and where picketing takes place on a mass scale, a sound truck can be put to good use. A strike leader can address the picket line at regular intervals; popular records can be played; union songs can enliven the line.

Some unions have livened up the line by distributing daily strike bulletins. In other strikes the picket captains have given daily "orientation" talks, encouraging the men to ask questions, or answering newspaper attacks against the strike.

Special picket line events to attract both strikers and the public must be planned all the time. Such special events include the appearance of the most popular strike leaders, outstanding pro-labor public officeholders, friendly popular actors, writers, or church representatives. Some unions have on occasion engaged a band to play at the plant gate. In strikes in which a large group of young people are involved an outdoor dance can add a lot of color. Whenever a fairly large group of workers are on strike, the leaders can always discover plenty of talent – guitar and harmonica players, singers and dancers. The happier the picket line, the higher the morale, the sadder the employer. Good spirits on the line are also very helpful from a public relations point of view.

10. How can a reliable and constant communication system between pickets and strike headquarters be maintained?

No picket plan can be considered sound without a well conceived communication system. In working out such a system one must consider *reliability, speed, privacy and general efficiency.*

Reliability stands at the top of the list. It is common knowledge that wire tapping is widely practiced even though it is against the law. Information of a confidential nature must not be relayed through a telephone; it is perfectly ridiculous for a picket captain to call the union office only to be connected with the company or local police station. This is particularly true of days when a tense situation exists. A system of runners on motorcycles or in automobiles can be established. When the telephone is being used, the less said the better. During some strikes simple code systems have been established between picket captains and strike headquarters.

To avoid misinterpretation of any kind, it is best to spell out here what is meant by confidential strike information. The following would be of this nature: massing of scabs near the plant and the need for immediate reinforcement of the line; suspicious movements within the plant; observing professional strikebreakers and criminal elements, etc.

The ten points discussed above just about cover the minimum needs for a picket program. For the sake of emphasis one thing needs to be repeated: such a program must be blueprinted *before* the walkout.

Sample Instructions to Pickets

There is, finally, the problem of constantly orienting, briefing and instructing the pickets. In recent years it has become a common practice to distribute to the pickets a set of instructions that must be followed and rigidly carried out. Such instructions, it has already been pointed out, should be simple directives what to do and what not to do on the picket line. The following are a good example. They are instructions issued by local unions of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America to the strikers of Remington Rand Company while on strike in the summer of 1947:

1. Maintain strict discipline on the picket line, the strike headquarters and in the vicinity of the plant. Keep a cool head at all times. Do not fall for any provocations. Report immediately any individuals who are attempting to provoke trouble or incidents. Be firm but courteous in dispatching your picket line duties.

2. Everyone who shows a picket a picket line pass must be permitted to enter the plant. All others must be told to report to the Union Office, or that they cannot enter the plant unless they get a pass.

3. Do not permit anyone under the influence of liquor on the picket line, or to stay in the vicinity of the strike. Escort him away to some place where he cannot do damage. A person who is under the influence of liquor can cause a lot of trouble. No drinking is permitted on the picket line or its vicinity.

4. All questions that are asked by a striker or anybody else must be answered. When a striker is approached by a stranger he should tell him to see the picket captain. If the picket captain does not think he should answer, then he should refer the stranger to the strike headquarters. If the strike headquarters

does not know the answer or does not think they should answer then he should call the Union Office to find out what he should say or do. **IF IN DOUBT OR TO BE SURE, CALL THE UNION OFFICE.**

5. Strikes are won or lost on the picket line. Remember the bigger and stronger the picket line, the shorter the strike. Everyone must serve on the picket line. Contact pickets who you know do not show up to do their part. They may have legitimate reasons why they do not report for picket duty and then they may not.

6. Everyone should report every day at least one hour before their regular work shift for mass picketing. This is everyone's duty. In addition, everyone will be assigned a regular period of picketing, probably about once a week. Check a day or two before to find out exactly when you should report. Remind your pickets a day or two before by visiting or phoning them.

7. Keep a strict record of the attendance of all pickets. Punch pickets' record cards after picketing has been done. Check up on all absences.

8. Report whatever happens on the picket line and its vicinity to the strike headquarters before going off duty.

9. Make sure that everyone knows the responsible picket captain or officers on duty at your station.

10. Report all anti-union rumors and activities immediately to the Union Office.

11. Maintain daily contact with the Union Office so that you may be fully posted on all developments. You will thus be able to keep your pickets informed at all times.

MAINTAIN DISCIPLINE AND ORDER-WHEN IN DOUBT CALL THE UNION.

Chapter 7: On the Offensive

All Together or "One at a Time"

To maintain the offensive is the core of correct strike strategy. On the basis of his experiences in the great 1919 steel strike, William Z. Foster writes on this subject as follows: "We must attack always, or at the worst be preparing to attack. This theory applies as well to the class war of industry as to military war on the battlefield. The workers, like soldiers (and they are the same human beings and subject to the same psychological laws), fight best on the offensive. They are then fired with a sense of power and victory; defensive fighting demoralizes them and fills them with defeatism. Every good strike leader, like every good general, must take this basic fact into consideration."

What does this theory of offensive imply in a practical sense?

It means first of all to spread the struggle. The greater the number involved in the strike, the stronger the feeling and confidence of the workers. This strategy was very ably applied by the CIO in the early days in the automobile industry, particularly in General Motors, where the strike spread from plant to plant. In the steel strike in 1937, the CIO used the same strategy. Instead of striking individual corporations of the "Little Steel" combination, the S.W.O.C. struck most of them at the same time, spreading the strike to seven states and involving 80,000 workers.

When it becomes obvious that the struggle will be sharp and protracted, additional forces must be thrown into battle (if possible) and the strike spread further to render the companies involved additional hard blows. This could be termed a second offensive. In 1919, Foster pleaded with the mine and railroad leaders for joint action he was unable to obtain. In the 1937 steel strike this was partially realized. The UMWA called out on strike 10,000 coal miners in "captive" mines of Bethlehem, Youngstown Sheet & Tube, and Republic Steel. All other coal operators were notified by the union not to attempt to fill the orders of the steel companies. Simultaneously with this action, the CIO dispatched a crew of organizers to Minnesota and Michigan to swiftly organize ore miners working in the mines of the "Little Steel" companies, while the National Maritime Union proceeded with the organization of the barge workers with the hope of preventing the shipment of ore to the struck steel centers before the lakes froze. Here we see a very excellent example of offensive tactics that galvanized the workers on the picket lines.

In recent years, however, in some trade union circles there has developed a certain concept of strike strategy that is detrimental to organized labor. It makes fighting on the offensive pretty nearly impossible. This strategy has come to be known as the “one-at-a-time” strategy. It is based on a theory that only one company in a certain industry will be struck. Then the union would exploit the competitive advantages of other companies as “a club over the heads of the struck company” and force a favorable wage settlement that would then in turn become a “pattern” for the rest of the industry. This strategy was practiced in the auto industry and proved a detriment to the union and the workers. The basic fallacy of this theory is that it exaggerates the importance of competitive relations between employers. It negates the well established fact that when it comes to a battle between labor and capital, the employers in most cases temporarily forget their immediate competitive interests and form a united front against organized labor. This is particularly true of basic and trustified industries.

Walter Reuther used this kind of strategy in 1946 when only the General Motors workers were called out on strike to establish a “wage pattern.” The results were disastrous. The strike lasted four months. The contract that was finally signed opened the door to increased speed-up and “disciplining” of workers. The “one-at-a-time” theory when tested in struggle proved a failure from labor’s point of view. The strike not only failed to establish a satisfactory “pattern” but became a boomerang for the rest of the auto workers.

There are certain exceptional periods when such strategy could work. When labor is generally on the offensive, when a Congress and an administration follow a progressive course, and when there is a crystallized wage movement. But when such conditions don’t exist, the safest course is a united strategy involving all the workers in a major battle. It is not conceivable that in the years to come labor could win major demands based on the “one-at-a-time” strike strategy.

Broader Strategy

It is a major weakness of our trade union movement that it rarely develops a strike strategy based on the united action of several unions. Before the birth of the CIO industrial unions, it was even a common occurrence to have one craft union in the same industry striking while other AFL unions were working. Unfortunately such practices are still current in industries where craft unionism exists. In an article analyzing the victorious strike of the Chicago printers, Woodruff Randolph, president of the International Typographical Union, raised this fundamental issue not without justifiable bitterness. He pointed out that “the Chicago employers enjoyed the regular services of all other unions involved in the newspaper printing industry, many of whom were tied by contracts and prevented by the Taft-Hartley Law and *their own Internationals from helping the printers*. Many failed to comprehend the basic issues involved and even now will turn over and go to sleep again.” (*The Typographical Journal*, October 1949.)

The AFL printers and their leaders had a right to complain against this “sleeping melancholy” of craft unionism. The printers spent eleven and a half million dollars on strikes arising out of the Taft-Hartley law.

This failure to develop broader strike strategy is not limited to craft unionism. Even the industrial unions of the CIO never really developed a broad strike strategy. To be sure, some formal efforts were made in this direction, particularly between steel, auto and electrical unions. But their efforts never went much further than discussions on top levels, or statements to the press.

The great importance of a broader strike strategy came up during the 1949 coal and steel strikes. John L. Lewis brought up the question and in his usual bold manner directly addressed William Green and Philip Murray. He stressed the great importance of the steel strike and the need for the entire organized labor movement to rally behind the steel workers and make this struggle “the uncompromising fight of all American labor.” Lewis proposed raising a joint strike defense fund of two and a half million dollars a week to make it possible for the steel workers to continue fighting. This proposal had a galvanizing effect on the steel workers and the rank and file of all unions. There was a moment of hope; perhaps the powerful unions, regardless of affiliations, would join in a common effort at a time when labor was at a crossroad.

Murray's reply was of a positive nature. He endorsed the plan and declared that the miners were also "engaged in a mighty struggle with powerful employers in the coal industry ... such a defense fund must obviously be available to members of the United Mine Workers." Then Murray went on to say that "The United Steel workers of America and, I am sure, other equally minded affiliates of the CIO, stand prepared to join with the United Mine Workers and affiliates with the AFL to pool their resources for the common defense and general welfare of the labor movement."

Labor throughout the country anxiously waited to hear what the AFL leadership would say to this. When Green's reply came, all hope for united action disappeared. In his answer to Lewis, Green stated: "The pooling of labor's resources while divided as it is today is impossible and impracticable." Once more Mr. Green repeated that there can be no united action without "organic unity."

Again an effort to develop broader strike strategy had ended in failure. Disappointed over the results, Lewis in a bitter frame of mind wrote Green: "You have justified my judgment. I did not think you could do anything. You didn't. You rarely do. Unfortunately, you follow invariably your well known policy of anxious inertia. You cry aloud for labor peace and labor security, but seldom do anything to achieve it."

It does not follow, however, that because such broader strategy has not been realized on top labor levels it cannot be achieved on local levels. In numerous cases it has been achieved. The general strikes that occurred in recent years are also an encouraging sign. Eventually this broader type of strike strategy will become the predominant factor in all major strikes. When that day comes fighting on the offensive will cease to be a problem.

Forestalling Employer Tactics

To maintain an offensive often means to prevent the employers from developing their own. What that offensive is most liable to be, experience has demonstrated time after time. To the employers the most effective method of breaking a strike is the use of unadulterated terror. Whether this terror comes by way of company police, professional thugs (often deputized), city police, or State militia depends on the political situation, but that gas attacks, clubbings and shootings will be part of the employer's plan admits of no doubt. The best offensive strategy the union can use is to nip the planned terror in the bud.

This is exactly what happened when in 1937 the 27,000 steel workers of Jones and Laughlin in Aliquippa and Pittsburgh went out on strike. The company was ready for a blood bath. The union leaders immediately wired the Governor of the dangers involved. Aware of the political strength of the CIO in Pennsylvania, the Governor flew to Aliquippa and warned the company and local police against any violence. The Governor's warning and his visit to the picket line stimulated the already strong morale of the workers and upset the devious plans of the company. Within a few days the workers were triumphant. In a number of other strikes, the union was able to disrupt the plan of terror by forcing the authorities to deputize the strikers instead of professional strikebreakers. This took away a powerful weapon from the employers and taught labor that it must fight for this right in every strike.

Fighting on the offensive also means timely exposure of all kinds of so-called "innocent" public committees secretly sponsored by the employers for the purpose of molding public opinion against the strikers and their unions. At times these committees are so cleverly set up that often they even mislead the workers themselves. In Akron, Ohio, for example, during the great rubber strikes there suddenly sprang up an organization known as the Greater Akron Association. It was headed by the "finest" citizens in the community. The avowed purpose of the organization was to get new industries into Akron, to promote a "more active interest in civic affairs" and to "coordinate some of the different activities" of existing organizations in the city, such as the City Club, the Kiwanis Club and so forth. This organization sponsored radio talks, full-page advertisements and public meetings. Shortly afterward the union, with the help of the Senate La Follette Committee, exposed the Greater Akron Association as a conspiracy against the Rubber Workers Union planned out by the "public relations firm" Hill and Knowlton and paid for by the rubber companies. This same firm organized or directed the Canton Development Corporation that sponsored a wide "community education" program in Canton, Ohio. In Youngstown and other steel centers, similar organizations sprang up, all pretending to be "neutral" and

“impartial.” In many respects such organizations, because they hide their origin, are more dangerous than the open vigilante movements. The union must not hesitate to expose them before their prestige is established.

Examples of Solidarity

Reserves are a very important factor in developing and maintaining the offensive. It stands to reason, then, that large sections of the labor movement must be mobilized in support of the strike.

The spirit of solidarity is highly developed in the ranks of the American workers. This solidarity is so strong that it often brushes aside affiliations, craft interests and orders of conservative union officials. The Seattle and San Francisco general strikes are historic examples of such solidarity. In the many recent strikes in the automobile industry, such solidarity was demonstrated time and again. It was developed during the 1937 steel strike. In Warren, Ohio, the court issued an injunction against the strikers. Gus Hall, the Warren strike leader, appealed to labor to defeat this move. Within 24 hours, 6,000 workers walked out in a sympathy strike. Even the conservative Warren AFL Central Labor Union went on record for a general strike. In Canton, the AFL and CIO unions united against the “Citizens’ Law and Order League” of vigilantes and officially informed the Mayor that a general strike would be called if the vigilantes attempted to smash the picket line. In Youngstown, as a protest against the murder of two strikers at the Republic plant, the powerful AFL Teamsters and Truck Drivers Local No. 377 declared a general strike. The 1,800 truck drivers brought to a standstill all deliveries and prevented all out-of-town trucks from entering the city. At the same time the leaders of the AFL Central Labor body petitioned the court for a temporary injunction to restrain the Mayor from increasing the police force, buying military equipment and hiring gunmen. The spirit of solidarity among AFL workers was so great that William Green and other Federation leaders acknowledged the “bonds of sympathy.” At a press conference in Washington a reporter asked Mr. Green if these AFL local unions would be punished. His reply was significant:

Situations such as those in Youngstown and Canton are of the kind which will develop during strikes. They are entirely due to the local situation and the bond of sympathy which exists between workers, no matter what formal group they may be associated with. They instinctively help and support those who are in distress and it is a good thing. They will not be punished. (Youngstown Vindicator, June 17, 1937.)

The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen stopped switching service at the Republic plants in Youngstown and Canton, crippling rail communications into these plants. The action was taken because the Pennsylvania Railroad sent armed guards to both plants. The railroad crews refused to work in the yards where there were armed guards.

In the great 1941 Ford strike, the AFL teamsters who haul Ford cars to other states immediately notified the strikers that not a truck would roll as long as there was a strike at Ford. Despite the split within the labor movement, it is possible to obtain a degree of solidarity and support from some top labor leaders of an opposite Federation. Thus, in January 1946, when 175,000 General Motors employees were out on strike, five AFL union presidents joined a group of CIO leaders to rally the full support of organized labor behind the UAW-CIO strike. In 1947 when John L. Lewis and the UMWA were engaged in a bitter struggle against Government injunctions, the leaders of the UE locals in the Pittsburgh area offered all-out support, including strike action if need be.

Bringing Up Reserves

Like military commanders, strike leaders must be prepared to throw in reserves.

There are several classifications of such reserves. First, there are the workers most closely related to the strikers. These may be workers of the same industry who are not involved in the struggle. For example, the General Motors and Chrysler workers would be the natural reserves for the Ford strike. There can be no doubt that if the Ford workers had been involved in a protracted struggle, the General Motors and Chrysler workers would have played the role of a powerful reserve. Reserves can also be organized from related industries and nearby industrial centers.

Such reserves are especially valuable during crucial moments in a strike. When on June 23, 1937 the steel companies in Youngstown announced that next morning a back-to-work movement would begin

and that scabs would be fully armed, the strike leaders sent out an S O S call to nearby Akron. Within a few hours the Rubber Workers Union mobilized 4,000 members and a great automobile caravan swept over the main roads from Akron to Youngstown. The main column was preceded by motor-cycle scouts who reported police barricades and guided the rubber workers over unguarded back roads to their objectives in the Youngstown strike areas. During the Bethlehem strike in Johnstown, Pa., the Mayor organized a mob of armed vigilantes and unleashed a wave of terror. More than 6,000 miners from the nearby mines declared a "holiday" and rushed to Johnstown to support their brother steel workers. On that day a U.P. dispatch from Johnstown read as follows:

More than 6,000 coal miners on a 'labor holiday' from the soft coal fields marched into Johnstown today to aid union steel workers striking against the Bethlehem Steel Corporation. Shouting and singing, the miners established picket lines and heard their leaders promise that we can't afford to let the steel workers lose their strike ... with the precision and snap of a well drilled regiment, they alighted from their automobiles and marched to the gates.

Sometimes reserves spring up quite unexpectedly. A major strike in a community often develops a "strike fever"; workers in other industries in the same community become encouraged to do something about their own grievances and walk out on strike. During the 1937 steel strike in Mahoning Valley a number of such strikes occurred and turned out to be very helpful. In Warren, Ohio, the telephone operators struck and cut off all telephone service, except emergency calls. In Youngstown the telegraph messenger boys did likewise. Both strikes hampered the steel corporations' anti-strike activities.

In February 1949, 11,000 Philadelphia bus, trolley, subway and elevated train operators, members of the CIO Transport Workers Union, were on strike. The only available transportation in the city was taxis. The taxi drivers were members of an AFL union. Stimulated by the transport workers' strike, and taking advantage of the fact that taxis were the sole means of transportation and that this made it possible for the taxi companies to double and triple their profits while the transport strike was on, taxi drivers declared a strike of their own. Such a development was of tremendous value to both the CIO Transport Workers and the AFL taxi drivers. When such unexpected aid comes, strike leaders must not be slow to associate themselves with the smaller striking groups and give them all the attention and assistance necessary.

A great reserve, often underestimated, are the women-folk of the strikers. In recent years, a number of AFL and CIO unions have learned to appreciate the important role women can play. The miners' wives are famous for their past militancy and endurance during strikes. The wives of automobile workers are developing a similar tradition. During a grave hour in the Flint sit-down strike, when the City Manager announced in the press that the police force would "go to the plant shooting," they formed a Women's Emergency Brigade of 500 and marched down to the plant to protect their men from violence. "This demonstration was unique in the history of labor," writes Mary Heaton Vorse. "The women marched and marched, their banners and caps brightening the crowd." (Labor's New Millions.) When the Ladies' Auxiliaries in Lansing, Toledo, Bay City, and Pontiac heard of what was happening in Flint, they left their kitchens and hurried to Flint. In the Ford strike, the womenfolk were on the picket line and served 45,000 meals a day. The Transport Workers Union at one time developed a fine Auxiliary, and in one of the New York bus strikes the women were very outstanding. Other unions, and especially AFL unions, will do well to follow these examples.

Not only the women but the children of the strikers must not be neglected. They must be told why their fathers are on strike so that they will be proud of it. Mary Heaton Vorse tells how during the 1937 steel strike in Indiana Harbor, every Saturday was a children's day, the children being encouraged to make up their own slogans and paint them. She found one little fellow printing the sign: "We Are Uman Beans!"

Dramatizing the Strike

Skillful dramatization is an important part of fighting on the offensive because human beings respond so readily to drama. When the dramatic character of the strike is pointed up, it catches the imagination

of the strikers. The public, too, gets the workers' version of the struggle, is moved by it, and often, as a result, ignores company propaganda.

The picket line offers excellent opportunities for dramatization. Realizing that the strength of a picket line is not only in numbers, strike leaders should be alive to these opportunities. The banners should express the grievances and aspirations of the workers. They should tell the story of the strikers. And they should do it in a way that both attracts the public and wins its sympathy and support. The United Department Store Employees during one of their strikes in New York carried signs with drawings of Lincoln and with his famous remark: "Thank God We Have a Country Where Working Men Have the Right to Strike."

Local 1224 of the United Electrical and Radio Workers made a hit when they dressed up a couple of pickets as Santa Claus during hot July days. A picture of the pickets was printed in dozens of newspapers. *The New York Times* carried the picture and the following story:

Santa Claus appeared in the picket lines yesterday. Nearly 250 striking electrical workers adopted this novel anachronism when they picketed the offices of several electrical companies, in support of their demands for union recognition, higher wages and improved working conditions. Led by two members sweltering in whiskers, red flannels and boots of St. Nicholas, the pickets, who chanted a parody on "Jingle Bells" embodying their demands, explained that the Christmas atmosphere had been inspired by the Christmas tree ornaments manufactured by one of the concerns.

The AFL Electrical Union Local 3 in New York produced a very fine example of methods of dramatizing a strike. The leader, Harry Van Arsdale, staged a "blackout" of the Great White Way, the world-famous theatrical center of New York. The newspapers, the radio, and movie cameras covered the "blackout." Next day, the *New York Times* described this dramatic action as follows:

For half an hour last night, the fish didn't swim in the Wrigley sign in Times Square; Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth vanished from the illuminated square on which their likenesses danced for the greater glory of Wilson whiskey, and the coffee in the magnified Silex bubbled no more, although steam forlornly hissed from it. The "blackout" ordered by Electrical Workers Union Local 3 was far from absolute, but it did end effectively the glare from the major "spectaculars" in the theatre district.

It was a very small and relatively unimportant strike, but millions of Americans heard about it.

Shipyards workers in Kearny, N. J., in reply to a newspaper attack that they were hindering national defense, adopted the letter V as *their symbol*. The AFL Chefs and Cooks Union Local 89 organized a mass picket line of Broadway chorus girls in front of the Brass Rail Restaurant on strike. This union, under the able leadership of Harry Reich, produced many fine examples in dramatizing strikes in a service industry.

As it does on a number of other aspects of strike strategy, the 1949 Western Union strike offers a fine example of dramatization. A special day was set aside to bring to the picket line an array of talent that Western Union's money could not buy. Show people, writers and artists, men and women famous on Broadway and known to millions of Americans, joined the picket line. Among them were: Milt Winne, author of *Why I Hate the Nazis*; Mike Gordon, director of *Home of the Brave*; Philip Evergood, one of America's most prominent artists; Bob Newman, Vice President, Radio Writers Guild; Hugo Gellert, internationally known artist; Howard Fast, famous novelist; Fred O'Neil and ten other members of the cast of *Anna Lucasta*; Richard Huey, baritone star of *Bloomer Girl*; Diana Andrews of *Are You With It*; David Burns of *Billion Dollar Baby*; Martin Wilson of *Deep Are the Roots*.

No wonder the union paper was able to announce that "If you want to see the best talent New York has to offer, and the best show in town, you don't have to plunk down \$4.40 or \$6.60 for a seat. In fact, there are no seats. Just come and picket on the Western Union picket line."

Parades of wives pushing their babies in carriages, the establishing of army tents in front of a mill, airplane distribution of union leaflets, a nice picket line at the homes of the scabs and even the boss – it is this kind of ingenuity and technique that dramatizes a strike, wins sympathy and becomes "the talk of the town."

Dramatization must also be applied in the struggle against police or company terror; in raising funds for the strikers; in the exposure of workers' poverty; in public investigations; in mass violation of injunctions, etc.

The principle of fighting on the offensive must be uppermost in the minds of the strike leaders. This means being alive not only to the movements of the enemy, but also to every opportunity of building morale and winning sympathy and support for the strike.

Chapter 8: Public Support

Labor Has Allies

There was a time when public support of a strike was limited to other unions. It was rare for a mayor or congressman, for a writer or actor to come out openly in support of men on strike. Times have changed. And there is every reason to believe that as the trade union movement continues to grow and develop stature in American life, public support of strikes will continue to increase.

To begin with, a great many professional people are learning that they, too, are wage earners. Some of the best known Hollywood movie stars, many outstanding newspapermen, artists and scientists – whose influence on general thinking is not to be minimized – carry union books: they know that the gains of labor are their gains, too. This same realization is being borne in on large sections of the middle class – the storekeepers, the doctors, the lawyers, the dentists, the beauty parlor operators, the motion picture theater owners, and many others. They are becoming increasingly aware that they benefit from an increase in the buying power of the workers. The veterans' organizations, too, which two or three decades ago were openly hostile to labor unions and often played a strikebreaking role, have adopted a more sympathetic approach to labor. And there has been a basic change in attitude on the part of some church leaders.

Moreover, the growing role of organized labor in the political field promises greater public support. The results of the 1948 elections, when some 80 congressmen who had supported the Taft-Hartley law were defeated, will not quickly be forgotten. This major victory was achieved almost exclusively by the labor movement, and many public officeholders will think twice before they align themselves on the side of the employers in time of strike.

Conditions exist today for widespread supporting movements in time of strike. It is wrong to take for granted that the mayor of the town, the congressmen, the city council, the legion post or the priest cannot be won over in support of a strike. All of them are subject to pressures. Whichever side exerts greater pressures stands the better chance of winning support. To be sure, the employers have the heavy guns on their side. But in part the reason for it is that they are generally much more awake to the importance of winning allies. This is not to minimize the terrific economic, political and social pressure a large corporation can exert in a community; employers and company managers are large contributors to local churches, company personnel is strongly represented in the leadership of veterans' organizations, in the Eagles, Lions and Elks, in the YMCA and YWCA. Notwithstanding, public support of the enemy side is not a foregone conclusion. There is nothing automatic about it. Public support must be fought for and won.

In a sense organized labor must compete for it and no strike strategy can be complete without a well conceived plan toward that end. The task cannot be left in unskilled hands. Nor can it wait until the battle has begun. One of the ablest organizers must be assigned to this public relations task long before the strike, so that he will have ample time to work out an effective and all-embracing plan.

How UE Reached the People

The way UE was able to mobilize public support during its crucial strike struggles, particularly against such powerful corporations as General Electric, Westinghouse and General Motors, can serve as a shining example.

It was in the cold winter of 1946 that the UE engaged in its first post-war battle for survival. Some 200,000 UE workers in 79 plants spreading from coast to coast struck for a wage increase. The giant corporations in the electrical industry had thrown in everything they could to destroy, or at least weaken, this powerful union. But the union threw in everything it had, too, and the battle lasted 119 days. In a pictorial history devoted to this gallant strike the UE wrote: "The fight to preserve our union and win a living wage wasn't easily won. Picketing in sub-zero weather, day after day and month after month with no pay coming in, is not easy. Fighting such powerful and fabulously wealthy companies as G.E. or Westinghouse or G.M. is not easy either. But we took all they had and still came back for more. We kept fighting from that early morning in January when the strike started to the last day in May when the strike ended. Men and women, young and old. Even the kids were on the picket line." (*UE Fights for a Better America.*)

It was in this great strike that the UE proved that public support can be won. Fully conscious of the need to mobilize the strike-bound communities in support of the strike ahead of time, even before the strike began the union made this significant declaration: "All fair-minded people within our communities will join with us when they understand how the companies' pinch-penny policies are injuring the entire community."

Then the union leaders began to operate on individual groups and people. As a result, Bloomfield, N. J., a town with a population of 65,000, came out almost solid behind the 8,000 UE workers in the General Electric and Westinghouse plants. The mayor of the Town, John A. Reed, actively supported the strike. Addressing a town rally in support of the workers, he told the men: "Your case is just." He instructed the police to put away their nightsticks for the duration. The merchants proved their loyalty to the workers. One restaurant served 120 strikers. When a newspaper reporter asked the owner why he did it, "Why shouldn't I help?" he replied, "These are my customers." A meat market proprietor who supplied free frankfurters said: "I have no stock in GE except in the workers." A barber shop set aside from 1 to 4 P.M. daily for giving free haircuts to strikers. A bakery supplied rolls and a vegetable market gave potatoes and onions. In one form or another the whole town contributed toward the support of the strike.

What was accomplished in Bloomfield, N. J., was repeated in many other communities. In Lynn, Mass., Mayor Albert Cole wrote the companies urging that union demands be met. In the same town the merchants contributed \$3,000 during the first days of the strike. The town Community Fund made funds available to all needy cases. Druggists set aside medicinal supplies for emergencies. Three of the biggest bakeries donated thousands of loaves of bread and pastry to the union kitchen, and the local dance orchestras donated their services. In Essington, Pa., a Citizens Committee consisting of small businessmen and farmers declared: "We feel that the unions are working in the best interests of the national economy in their efforts to maintain the country's pay envelopes." Official support for UE strikers was voted by city governments and city and town councils from scores of communities. Among city governments to vote support for GE and Westinghouse strikers were: Mansfield, Ohio; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Taunton, Mass.; Newark, N. J.; Pittsfield, Mass.; Bridgeport, Conn.; Ontario, Calif.; Fort Wayne, Indiana; Lynn, Mass.; Cleveland, Ohio; Springfield, Mass.; Fairmont, West Va.; Salem, Mass.; Rotterdam, N. Y.

Even more significant was the ability of the strike leaders to enlist 55 U.S. Senators and Congressmen to make a special public statement declaring: "UE strikers deserve full moral and financial support in their grim struggle for a substantial wage increase and for a decent American standard of living ..."

With each passing strike the UE is adding to its fine record of ability to rally public support. During the 1949 Singer Sewing Machine strike in Elizabeth, N.J., the union reached out into the community and nearby towns to explain to the people why the Singer workers were striking. Street meetings were held in Elizabeth so that the neighbors of the strikers could be told how the speed-up, in that it resulted in lay-offs and declining earnings, endangered the entire community. As in previous UE strikes, the union enlisted the support of the Mayor of Elizabeth and the nearby towns of Winfield and Linden. The mayors of these three towns issued proclamations to the citizens appealing for support to the strike

during tag days arranged by the union. Mayor J. Richard Brendel of Winfield, N.J., himself joined the picket line and in a public statement declared that “the demands of the strikers for better working conditions and increased compensation are in the best interests of everyone.” He then further declared that the “responsibility for this prolonged hardship to the families of the strikers is that of the Singer Manufacturing Company.”

The UE is not the only union that has succeeded in mobilizing public support on the side of the strikers. In the 1946 steel strike the town of Clairton, Pa., made labor history when the city council authorized a \$50,000 loan for an emergency relief fund for the town’s 4,500 steel workers and their families. The Mayor of the town was John J. Mullen, who was also local organizer of the United Steelworkers. The money was distributed to the strikers in the form of certificates to buy food, clothing and other necessities. The New York newspaper *PM*, reporting on this new type of public support to strikers, wrote: “This was a bitter pill indeed for the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corp., whose Clairton works is the biggest coke and by-products plant in the world. The company is the city’s main source of tax revenue, paying approximately 60% of all taxes collected.” (*PM*, January 28, 1946.)

The Story of Reverend Jones

The experience of several unions shows that it is possible to win to the side of the strikers the support of church organizations and clergymen. They, of course, are under tremendous pressure from the employers. Many an anti-labor and anti-strike pronouncement has been made from the pulpit, and on many a Sunday morning people who instinctively felt sympathetic to the strike have been misguided. How little scruple the employers have in pressuring clergymen to influence their congregations against a union or a strike is amply illustrated by the case of Rev. Orville C. Jones.

Reverend Jones was the Pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church in Youngstown when the CIO came to town. He had great understanding of, and sympathy for, the steel workers. He felt it would be better if the steel industry was organized. Because he held such views, top steel officials withdrew their financial support. What happened to the good reverend? The answer can be found in the Hearings of the La Follette Senate Civil Liberties Committee.

Senator La Follette: Reverend Jones, you said you left the church in December of 1937?

Mr. Jones: Yes.

Senator La Follette: Did you leave by request or of your own volition?

Mr. Jones: I resigned. I thought that in view of the general antagonism among the steel people to me it would be better for the church if I withdrew.²

Reverend Jones told the Senate Committee honestly and candidly that powerful corporations can and do exert pressure on the Church. Senator La Follette asked in what form. The rest follows:

Mr. Jones: One family associated with the Sheet and Tube dropped out. I sent a representative to find out why and the representative was told that this man’s boss had informed the man that it would be inadvisable, if he wished to continue his job, to continue attending my church.

Senator La Follette: Who was that?

Mr. Jones: I would rather not give the name unless it is necessary.

Senator La Follette: You mean you are afraid he might lose his job?

Mr. Jones: I think it would be possible.

Mr. Purnell: Senator, I will guarantee that he won’t lose his job. I suggest that his name be given.

Senator La Follette: I will accept your guarantee if the minister will.

Mr. Purnell: I will certainly guarantee it.

Mr. Jones: The man’s name was Smith. (Laughter)

Senator La Follette: Order, please, what was Mr. Smith’s position with the company?

Mr. Jones: I think he was in the metallurgical department.

² This deviates from the original formatting. Originally the conversation markers had periods instead of colons, and no bold or italics. This version adds for simplified reading

Senator La Follette: *What was his first name?*

Mr. Jones: *Harry.*

Senator La Follette: *Did anything else happen that indicated any displeasure on the part of anybody?*

Mr. Jones: *Immediately after my discussion with Mr. Gillies I began to feel considerable pressure from people who were related in one way or another to the officials of the Sheet & Tube. The wife of one official started the story that I had gone into the mill and called the men from their work and urged them to join the CIO.*

Senator La Follette: *Who was that?*

Mr. Jones: *Mrs. Thullen.*

Senator La Follette: *Anything else of a similar nature?*

Mr. Jones: *She incited another woman who was a member of the church council to make an attack on me in the church board, at the next meeting of the church board. This woman charged in the church board that I had been very discourteous, and that Dr. Batman had said that I had been discourteous. In the meantime, two other women heard of her visit there and went to see Dr. Batman. He denied making any such charge and said that I had been perfectly within my rights and they faced this woman with that and, of course, there was considerable heat and not much light.*

Senator La Follette: *Anything else of a similar nature?*

Mr. Jones: *As far as the church is concerned it is a matter of subtle pressure all the time because the steel workers aren't paid enough, especially in times of depression, to support a church and the churches are dependent on the officials largely for financial support, and they steadily withdraw their support from anyone whose views they disagree with, and apparently influence others, friends, to do likewise. It is a perfectly natural and simple thing and yet it amounts to an effective coercion, which means that the ministers of the city do not express independent judgment.*

Senator La Follette: *Did your church have any loss of financial support in this period?*

Mr. Jones: *I expect about 10 families.*

Senator La Fottette: *Name them.*

Mr. Jones: *Well, Mr. Purnell withdrew his support and membership for one. The Thullens. Then Mr. Harry Smith and other members of his family. The Parmenters, who were close friends of Mrs. Thullen, and several others.*

Winning Church Support

Such are the pressures. However, it is by no means true that the possibility of developing strong church support in time of strike is to be eliminated. During the heat of battle in the "Little Steel" strike of 1937 over one hundred prominent clergymen of many denominations, residing in various States and cities, issued an appeal for a settlement of the strike based on the principles of organized labor relations "with signed agreements." Their appeal called attention to the long-standing pronouncements of all faiths favoring the right of collective bargaining. Those who signed this appeal included: Monsignor Joseph F. Smith, Vicar General of the Cleveland Diocese; Monsignor John A. Ryan, Washington, D.C.; Rev. Edgar De Witt Jones, President, Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America; Rt. Rev. Benjamin Brewster, Bishop of Portland, Maine; Rabbi Max Currick, President, Central Conference American Rabbis, Erie, Pa.; Rev. W.T. Clemons, Secretary, New York State Council of Churches; and many other outstanding church leaders in the nation.

In the spring of 1941, when the Ford workers were engaged in their decisive strike, the press all over the nation accused the union of a "conspiracy to block rearmament." The New York East Conference of the Methodist Church came out fully in support of the workers. Its resolution stated: "Familiarity with labor problems from month to month in recent years cuts away the ground from the charge that the present labor situation amounts to a conspiracy to block the effective rearmament of this nation ... It ought to be obvious that we cannot defend democracy by abolishing it. Democracy in terms of structure means a society in which basic freedom of speech, press, assembly and worship are maintained in harmony with equality of opportunity." (*PM*, May 20, 1941.)

During the 1948 packing house strike, in protest against the murder of a striker, a group of ministers joined the picket line. They carried signs with these words: "The cause of justice is the cause of Christ" and "Any resort to violence is a confession of weakness."

Winning the Farmers and Veterans

Unlike the story in the past, farmers and their organizations can be rallied to support workers on strike; unions that have made such efforts have met warm response on the part of farmers' organizations. During the 1946 Schenectady and the 1947 Remington Rand strike in Illion, N.Y., the UE was successful in enlisting the support of the farmers' union. One day in Schenectady a delegation of farmers brought a live cow to the strikers' kitchen. A year later the farmers' unions of Otsego County made a similar contribution to the Illion strikers. In their letter to the strikers they wrote: "If we are to get a decent price for our products, it can only come as a result of industrial people receiving good wages and having a decent standard of living. It is the workingmen who make up the market and who buy our products."

The old-time antagonism between farmers and workers – fostered by enemies of both groups – is breaking down. Farmers today are themselves increasingly union-conscious, many of them having at one time or another worked in industry. Getting the support of farming communities will deprive the employers of a force that in the past was used against strikers. But here, again, such support will not come by itself; it must be solicited.

In the battle for public support of the veterans' organizations, unions will run up against stiff competition from the employers, who have always recognized the key importance of that support. They have consistently endeavored to enlist it, and after World War I were successful in turning the American Legion against organized labor. Since then their pressures have been less successful – at the local level – because there has been a shift in veterans' attitude. In the thirties, when the labor unions embraced new millions of wage earners, including veterans, the organizations of ex-servicemen began to lean more toward neutrality in labor disputes. In 1937, during the steel strike, the American Legion's national headquarters announced that Legionnaires doing strike duty under police command are acting "as citizens and not Legionnaires." Harry W. Colmery, then national commander, announced in a press statement that the Legion's policy is one of "strict neutrality." He made it very emphatic that "The American Legion is not a strikebreaking organization." (UP dispatch, June 17, 1937.)

Today, the possibility of winning veterans' support of a strike is greater than ever. Since World War II, the veterans' organizations have given indication of something more than "neutrality." Part of the reason is that after the war millions of workers joined the veterans' organizations. A large section of these worker-veterans are union members, and in many industrial communities they constitute a majority in their organizations. The growing participation of ex-servicemen in strikes is an indication that the active support of their organizations can be won on a large scale. In some post-war strikes local veterans' posts have declared themselves on the side of labor. In the 1946 UE strike the commander of the Legion Post in Bloomfield, N.J., sided with the union and the strike. In Lynn, Mass., during the same strike, one of the Legion Posts made an unsolicited financial contribution to the strikers.

How effective veteran participation can be was demonstrated in the Western Union strike which rallied a large number of worker-veterans. Their influence was particularly felt on the picket line. In describing their role the union paper wrote: "Four abreast, a thousand strong, veterans of the Battle of the Bulge and the Solomons, GIs and sailors, paratroopers, Wacs, men from the tanks and the air corps and the merchant marine marched on the Western Union picket line and held that line against 300 mounted police." (*ACA News*, Jan. 31, 1946.) The veterans were of tremendous help in preventing the police from breaking up mass picketing.

The potentialities for winning the support of veterans' organizations are great. Union and strike leaders must work for it.

Don't Write Off the Press

To win the support of the press is perhaps the most difficult of all. The average American newspaper is seldom on the side of labor. A great many newspapers don't even pretend to be neutral. Their editorials, cartoons, many columnists and the slanting of the news are anti-labor and anti-strike. From

this, however, one must not conclude that the press and radio must be written off as possible sources of public support. Experience has shown that at least individual columnists and commentators can be moved to side with the strike and that even when the local newspaper or radio station is strongly anti-union, pressure can be exerted to at least curtail or limit their anti-union propaganda.

During the 1937 "Little Steel" strike the press of the nation was almost solidly against the CIO, yet a number of outstanding and nationally known columnists condemned Tom Girdler's stand against signed contracts and for financing and organizing violence. Walter Lippmann wrote that "it is reactionary to wage the kind of fight these independent steel companies are waging ... In Mr. Girdler's policy he can look forward only to fighting on the picket lines." Raymond Clapper, famous Washington columnist, in discussing the strike in Scripps-Howard papers, wrote: "Girdler and his colleagues don't seem to give a damn about anybody else. They won't sign any agreement with organized labor. Thus, sabotaging all collective bargaining effort, they precipitate bloody warfare which is causing destruction of life and property and is demoralizing whole communities." Such statements from such prominent newspapermen were of considerable importance in breaking through a hostile press and helping develop public opinion on the side of the strikers.

It can be done. During the Western Union strike a special press committee was set up. The committee's main objective was to prevent, as much as possible, the press and radio from playing their usual anti-strike role. The committee visited editors, columnists and commentators. They did not accept "out to lunch" and "gone for the day" excuses. They were determined to see those responsible for newspaper policies. The committee managed to meet the editor-in-chief of the *New York Times*, who is "practically inaccessible." For an hour and a half they talked about an unfriendly editorial. The editor finally agreed that the union should submit its point of view and that it would be given six times the space of the editorial.

The *New York Herald Tribune* published an anti-strike column by the labor-hating Mark Sullivan. Result: the managing editor was visited by the press committee and promised to carry the union's answer.

When the committee visited the editor of the *New York Sun* to complain about an editorial, they were told that if they would send in letters presenting the union's point of view, these letters would be printed. The following day the *Sun's* letter page was full of union letters.

In describing these experiences the *ACA News* said that "even details were not overlooked. Jack Benny on his radio program said he just got a wire from Fred Allen. After the program, its sponsor received a call from the committee reminding him that Western Union was on strike."

A hostile attitude on the part of the public at large, or even an attitude of apathy and indifference in time of a major strike, is dangerous; for such a condition is favorable to developing an offensive against the strike. Progressive strike leaders do not permit the employers to gain and hold public support. That support rightly belongs to the men who are fighting for a better life for themselves, their families and their fellow workers.

Part Three

Chapter 9: Violence on the Picket Line

The Connection of Politics and Violence

One of the most important phases of strike strategy relates to employer tactics in breaking strikes. Generally speaking, these tactics fall into three distinct classifications: violence, injunctions and the “Mohawk Valley formula” – the last emerging only in recent years and being the most comprehensive and all-embracing form of breaking strikes. A union, of course, has to be prepared to deal with all three forms. But the immediate political situation in the nation, or in individual States, has a great deal to do with which form – if any – it will have to battle at any particular time. The year 1937 will illustrate this.

In January 1937 the great General Motors sit-down strike took place. This powerful corporation was all set to unleash a flood of violence and, if need be, to tear-gas or machine-gun the workers out of the plants. The same employer was also set for legal violence, as evidenced by the demand for sweeping court injunctions and for troops to be sent into the strike-bound Michigan towns. The union did not, in this instance, have to contend with either form of violence. G.M. plans were frustrated largely because Justice Frank Murphy, then Governor of Michigan and a close collaborator of President Roosevelt, prevented such reactionary moves notwithstanding extreme pressures. The strike culminated in one of the first major CIO victories. In defending his pro-labor course in an address to the graduating class of Duquesne University the Governor declared labor’s unrest was “simply an acute manifestation of labor’s long struggle to protect itself ... and to escape the haunting fear of insecurity by consolidating itself in its job ... Essentially the present conflict between capital and labor represents a renewed and vigorous demand by a large group of our people for new rights and new liberties.” (*Youngstown Vindicator*, June 10, 1937.)

During the same year the “Little Steel” strike took place. The ruling powers in Chicago and in the State of Ohio lined up squarely on the side of the notorious Tom Girdler, head of Republic Steel. The result in Chicago was a massacre of strikers. In Ohio, where Governor Martin L. Davey took the opposite course from Governor Murphy, the result was similar – death and violence against the steel strikers.

The fact that the sit-down strike in Michigan developed under quite favorable political circumstances, while the “Little Steel” strike in Chicago and Ohio ran into the opposite political circumstances, illuminates the point of time and place and that unions and strike leaders must constantly prepare against all eventualities.

The oldest and most persistent form of strikebreaking is unadulterated violence stimulated, sponsored, planned and financed by trie employers. In no country in the world have so many strikers been murdered as in the United States. Yet in most cases those directly and indirectly responsible for killing the men and women who fight for freedom’s cause are never brought before the bar of justice. On the contrary, it is invariably the strikers who are accused of violence.

It is important to substantiate the long chain of murders on the picket line and to place the responsibility where it belongs. Organized labor has not yet fully and thoroughly exposed those who breed strike violence while brazenly accusing the strikers of such crimes. And it has an obligation to do so – not only to the dead but to the living. To fail to do so is to play into the hands of the enemy. For the future of labor depends to no small extent on labor’s ability to prove beyond the possibility of doubt that force and violence are the customary weapon employers use to break strikes and destroy

unions. Every approach to anti-labor legislation has been predicated on the theory that labor indulges in force and violence. What arguments are presented when bills are introduced to limit picket lines if not force and violence? On what grounds do employers demand injunctions if not force and violence? Even the arguments against the closed shop are based on the so-called application of “force” against the “individual liberty” of the workers.

It is a grim picture that emerges as we piece together the historic incidents of violence in the labor battles, past and present a picture of simple people fighting for a decent life for themselves, their families, their fellow workers and meeting with force and brutal violence at every step. The rank and file in the labor movement and even the labor leaders themselves do not know the whole story. Perhaps that is why labor has been so remiss in placing the blame for violence where it belongs. But labor may not remain in ignorance. Strike strategy that will effectively counter employer force and violence must rest first of all on a knowledge of the facts.

1877 – 100 Dead in “Railroad Uprising”

The Civil War was over. Under Abraham Lincoln’s leadership the system of slavery had been defeated in battle, the period of reconstruction and rapid industrialization of the nation had been set in motion. And now, while the slaveowners were on their way out, there appeared on the scene a new and ruthless class of industrial magnates. Among them the heads of the railroads were riding roughshod over their workers and over the farmers whose land they had practically stolen. The Vanderbilts of that day were as hated as the Garys in the twenties and the Girdlers in the thirties.

The railroad workers bore the brunt of the exploitation. Suffering from starvation; working only part time; slaving away from 15 to 18 hours a day; making less than \$10 a week for 70 to 80 hours of work; resentful of being subject to call although not working a full week; irked by not receiving their meager pay regularly; often deprived of railroad passes; resentful of employer hostility to any form of organization – the railroad workers were now asked to accept a drastic wage cut. Such were the conditions and such the immediate grievance that brought on the “railroad uprising” of 1877. The battle was inevitable. All it needed was a start somehow, somewhere. Despite intimidation, lack of organization and leadership, despite the severe unemployment in the country, the railroad workers rebelled.

The historic labor revolt started when forty firemen and brakemen on the B&O railroad in Baltimore refused to work and stopped freight trains from moving on the day the wage cut went into effect. This small, brave group of workmen were immediately dispersed and replaced.

Without advance knowledge of what was happening in Baltimore, an even smaller group of firemen at Martinsburg, West Virginia, quit working. The news spread, and their action was greeted with enthusiasm. Unlike Baltimore, the people of the town rallied speedily in support of the strikers. When the Mayor arrested the strike leaders, the people forced their release. When the Mayor attempted to move the trains with scabs, the people stopped it. Within a few hours the strike spread. The railroad asked for the militia and the Governor obliged by sending in two companies. A miracle happened – the militia refused to open fire and instead fraternized with the strikers. “Angered by this disobedience, Governor Matthews set out personally from Wheeling at the head of two more companies of militia, but he abandoned them at Grafton because of the hostility of the citizens. Everywhere along the line the people were completely in sympathy with the strikers, nor could the troops be depended upon to act against them.” (Samuel Yellen, *American Labor Struggles*.) The *Baltimore Sun* had to admit that “There is no disguising the fact that the strikers in all their lawful acts have the fullest sympathy of the community.”

The strike spread to Wheeling and other railroad centers in West Virginia. The state militia could no longer be counted upon to break the strike. For the first time in the history of the nation a President of the United States was called upon to send federal troops to crush the strike. President Hayes dispatched 400 U.S. soldiers who dispersed the strikers at bayonet point, arrested their leaders, commandeered the trains, and opened the road.

Considering the lack of organization, the entrance of federal troops for the first time into a strike situation should have been a blow sufficient to prevent the further spreading of the strike. But this was

not the case. Railroad workers walked out at Cumberland and Newark, Ohio. The Maryland Governor took no more chances in calling out the local militia. Instead, he ordered a Baltimore regiment to proceed to Cumberland. The workers and unemployed of Baltimore poured out on the streets and attempted to prevent the troops from leaving the city. The militiamen fired straight at the crowd, and when the battle was over, 10 were dead on the streets. Aroused by such outright murder, the working population of Baltimore were in a state of revolt. For three days the rioting continued, and only on Monday, July 23, was an armed peace established. Telling the story of this strike in his *American Labor Struggles*, Samuel Yellen says: "Baltimore was a military camp ... where 700 soldiers guarded the company property with two Catling guns and several field pieces. The total casualties of the affrays were 13 killed and about 50 wounded."

During the same week in Pittsburgh, 500 B&O workers joined the strike. What happened in Martinsburg was repeated in Pittsburgh. The Governor of Pennsylvania ordered the Sixth Division of the militia for strike duty. The militiamen refused to become strikebreakers or murderers; instead, they fraternized with the railroad workers. The Governor ordered 1,000 troops from Philadelphia, including artillery. Upon arrival in Pittsburgh, they proceeded to "disperse" the strikers. Within a few hours 20 persons were killed and 29 wounded, including three small children and a woman. As in Baltimore, the people of Pittsburgh were aroused. They congregated by the thousands, armed themselves, and forced the Philadelphia troops to retreat to the Pennsylvania roundhouse. In the battle another 20 workers were killed. The railroad rebellion spread to Altoona, Easton, Harrisburg, Reading, Johnstown, Bethlehem and Philadelphia. President Hayes appointed General Hancock to take charge of 3,000 U. S. soldiers to crush the strike. In Reading 10 were killed and 40 wounded and a number of workers were shot in Johnstown. More troop reinforcements were needed. The strike spread to Buffalo. The city was turned, Yellen says, into an armed camp "with 1,600 militiamen, the regular police force, 1,800 veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, and 300 citizen volunteers. In the street clashes eight soldiers were wounded and an equal number of workmen killed."

The strike continued to spread to Chicago, to St. Louis and westward. With it the number of dead and wounded continued to mount. In Chicago thousands of workers in shops and factories joined their railroad brothers in sympathy strikes. A demonstration of 8,000 workers was fired upon, with three workers killed and seven wounded. Two days later 10,000 Chicago workers assembled for a demonstration at the Halstead Street Viaduct. Yellen writes that "Soldiers and mounted police arrived, with orders to make every shot tell. At least 12 workers were killed, and fully 100 leaders arrested. The city was patrolled by six companies of the Twenty-second Regular Infantry, the entire Ninth Regular, two regiments of State militia, a battery of artillery, several companies of cavalry, 5,000 special deputies, 500 veteran soldiers, and members of various patriotic organizations ... Each day additional federal troops returned from the Indian wars and marched into the city. In the street fighting, between 30 and 50 men and women were killed and about 100 wounded. On July 28 the first freight train was sent east under military protection."

The railroad strike was broken. Between July 16 and August 1, 1877, over 100 workingmen lost their lives in a fight against a wage cut, against brutal employers, and against a federal administration that sent the country's armed forces to shoot and kill its own citizens. The era of violence against strikers was ushered in and legalized by the federal and State governments.

Who was responsible for the bloodshed? Then, as now, while the strikers were subjected to extreme violence, while they lay dead on the streets of many cities, it was the strikers who were accused of violence. Samuel Yellen found that in a single issue – July 26, 1877 – the *New York Times* referred to the railroad strikers in the following terms: "disaffected elements, roughs, hoodlums, rioters, mob, suspicious looking individuals, bad characters, thieves, blacklegs, looters, communists, rabble, labor-reform agitators, dangerous class of people, gangs, tramps, drunken section-men, law breakers, threatening crowd, bummers, ruffians, loafers, bullies, vagabonds, cowardly mobs, bands of worthless fellows, incendiaries, enemies of society, reckless crowd, malcontents, wretched people, loud-mouthed orators, rapsallions, brigands, robber mob, riffraff, terrible fellows, felons, idiots." All this and more because the railroad

workers fought against William H. Vanderbilt and other railroad magnates who imposed un-endurable wage scales and unendurable working conditions. All this against men, women, and children who were mowed down and bayoneted upon orders of a President of the United States.

The Battle of "Fort Frick" – 1892

Between the Railroad Uprising and the next mass murder, 15 years passed. In 1892 the two opposing forces clashed again, this time in the most basic industry of the country – steel.

The labor movement of that day was fully cognizant of the importance of the Homestead strike; for the outcome of that struggle with Carnegie Steel would influence the course of American trade unionism for a period of several decades. Both organized and unorganized workers throughout the nation responded with spontaneous sympathy, as did thousands of liberal-minded citizens. No strike up to that time received so much financial support as Homestead did. In many industrial centers labor unions set aside special days when workmen contributed a dollar. In Chicago alone in one day twenty thousand artisans and workers made such a contribution. Moral and material support came from England, Ireland, France, Germany and other lands. Homestead was a preview of things to come when labor made its first effort to challenge the cruel exploitation by the emerging monopolies and trusts.

Homestead, Pa., was one of the few key steel centers where the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers had gained a foothold among the skilled workers. This outpost of organized labor in the most important plant of the Carnegie Steel Corporation, where the union had secured a wage scale contract, had to be crushed before it spread to other steel centers.

H.C. Frick was the chairman of the company. He was also one of the wealthiest coke operators in the country. He was a ruthless employer with a consuming hatred for labor unions. In 1889 he smashed a union and a strike of coke workers in the Connellsville region. Mr. Frick directly planned, plotted and schemed for a showdown in Homestead. He insisted that the Amalgamated accept a reduction in wage scales. He demanded a change in the date of expiration of the contract from June to December, making it more difficult for the men to strike in the cold of winter. While pretending to negotiate with the union, the company made preparations, both visible and secret, for the showdown. Enormous fences were erected around the plants, stockades were built, and powerful floodlights were installed. The employees renamed the plant "Fort Frick." There was no longer any doubt that this was it.

The first blow came two days before the expiration of the contract – the workers were locked out. There was no alternative but to accept the challenge. Fortunately, the 3,000 unskilled non-union workers joined the 800 skilled Amalgamated members and the battle was on.

Unlike the railroad operators, who relied on the armed forces to break the strike, H. C. Frick turned to the Pinkerton agency to do the job. A congressional committee to investigate the strike established that, long before the negotiations broke down, Carnegie asked the notorious Pinkerton brothers to assemble 312 professional strikebreakers and thugs, and to purchase 250 rifles, 300 pistols and large quantities of ammunition.

The Strikers' Advisory Committee assumed high command, and its leader, Hugh O'Donnell, lost no time in preparing the strikers to meet the crisis. From all accounts the strike was blessed with an able and determined leadership. One of the members of the Advisory Committee was John McLuckie, the burgess of Homestead. Homestead being a town of steel workers and their families, the Advisory Committee, with the help of the burgess, practically took over the town. Guards of strikers were posted around the plants, in the town, and on the highways and along the banks of the river. Headquarters and a signaling system were set up. At the same time the Advisory Committee offered the county sheriff from 100 to 500 strikers as special deputies. Of course, the offer was rejected.

H.C. Frick proceeded with his plan. The Pinkertons gathered secretly in Youngstown. From there they were to embark in two barges. Under cover of darkness they were to arrive in Homestead and in a surprise move occupy the mills and nearby territory.

But neither Frick nor the Pinkertons properly estimated the vigilance of the strikers. Myron R. Stowell, in his book "*Fort Frick" or the Siege of Homestead* dramatically tells the story of what happened. As the barges approached Homestead they were spotted by scouts. Men on horses galloped to Homestead

and sounded the alarm. "The effect was electrical. It is impossible to comprehend the wild-fire-like rapidity with which the intelligence was communicated to everyone in the borough, much less to understand by what facility the news spread. The town was instantly in an uproar. The preconcerted signal, blasts from the electric light plant whistle, filled the air with hoarse, ominous shrieks. Humanity began to pour from houses and buildings all over the town. Men, women and children who but an instant before had been in sound sleep, thronged into the streets like panic-stricken sheep. Then the men began to shout: 'On to the river!' 'To the River!' 'The scabs are coming!' 'Don't let the black sheep land!'"

The strikebreaking flotilla reached its destination. Thousands of grim men and women were there to meet them. A gangplank was thrown out and soon afterward some fifty Pinkerton men, each with a Winchester repeater, lined up to go ashore. Someone from the crowd yelled out, "Don't step off that boat!" In reply a shot came from the boat, followed by a loud command: "Forward!" The Pinkertons raised their rifles, and in a split second some fifty bullets were hurled into the crowd. "A wild scramble for shelter followed. Up the steep bank into the mill yard and down the river toward the waterworks they hurried for their lives. All this time, however, the Pinkertons kept up a rattling fire, which was briskly returned by about two hundred of the millworkers, some of whom stood their ground, while others had retreated to the mill yard at the top of the bank, gaining protection behind piles of steel billets."

The Pinkertons made a hasty retreat. Firing had ceased. Two of the strikers were dead and a third wounded. A conference between strike leaders and the leader of the Pinkertons followed. "On behalf of 5,000 men," said the steel worker, "I beg of you to leave here at once. I don't know who you are nor whence you came, but I do know you have no business here, and if you remain there will be more bloodshed. We, the workers in these mills, are peaceably inclined. We have not damaged any property and we do not intend to. If you will send a committee with us we will take them through the works, carefully explain to them all the details of this trouble and promise them a safe return to their boats. But in the name of God and humanity don't attempt to land! Don't attempt to enter these works by force!"

The Pinkerton leader, leaning on his rifle, gave his answer in clear and precise words: "Men, we are Pinkerton detectives. We were sent here to take possession of this property and to guard it for the company ... We are determined to go up there and shall do so. If you men don't withdraw, we will mow every one of you down and enter in spite of you. You had better disperse, for land we will!" The strike leader looked at the Pinkertons and after a moment of silence declared: "I have no more to say. What you do here is at the risk of many lives. Before you enter those mills you will trample over the dead bodies of 3,000 honest workingmen."

The strikers were determined that the scabs should not pass. They were aware of the character of the Pinkertons. Besides, two of their fellow workers were already dead. Hastily the strikers armed themselves. They even secured a small cannon, set up steel barricades, and took other measures to prevent the gang of murderers from entering Homestead. For hours the battle raged. The strikers finally set fire to the barges. A white flag was hoisted. The Pinkertons surrendered. They were disarmed and marched up the hill. Seven strikers and three Pinkertons lay dead and many strikers wounded.

For almost five months the ranks of the strikers were solid. The final blow came when Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania under great pressure gave in and sent troops to take over Homestead. Then the strike broke. Organized labor in the steel industry was routed.

Would there have been violence in Homestead had H.C. Frick not brought in the Pinkertons? We have an authoritative answer to this question. Governor Pattison in a press interview declared: "I am of the opinion that there would not have been a drop of blood shed if the proposition had been accepted to let the locked-out men guard the premises."

The steel workers have never forgotten the Homestead strike. Forty-four years later, during the early days of the CIO organizing drive, in June 1936, 4,000 steel workers attended a "Homestead Memorial Meeting." This gathering honored the memory of those who had fallen in the battle of "Fort Frick." Among those gathered were a few aged steel workers who participated in that strike. There were the

children and grandchildren of the honored labor martyrs. The meeting adopted a new Declaration of Independence. It proclaimed: "Through this union we shall win higher wages, shorter hours, and a better standard of living. We shall win leisure for ourselves, and opportunity for our children. Together with our union brothers in other industries, we shall abolish industrial despotism. We shall make real the dreams of the pioneers who pictured America as a land where all might live in comfort and happiness. In support of this declaration, we mutually pledge to each other our steadfast purpose as union men, our honor and our very lives."

The Ludlow Massacre – 1914

Twenty-one years pass. It is now the year 1913. The scene of battle is the Trinidad region, east of the Rocky Mountains, in the Southern Colorado coal fields.

In an isolated section of the state, the Rockefeller-controlled Colorado Fuel and Iron Company ruled supreme. The miners and their families lived under a system of political, economic and social oppression. It would be a gross exaggeration to refer to the Colorado coal miners of that day as free wage earners. They were really subjects of absentee owners who knew little, and cared less, about the operations of their mines. So long as the rate of profit was satisfactory, everything was all right.

In every way, the miners were at the mercy of the company. They were forced to live in company-owned houses, to trade in company-owned stores. When sick or suffering from accidents, only the company-hired and controlled doctor was to care for them. There was no established authority; the company guards served as the local police force.

Inside the mines, to complain against long hours, low rates of pay, the right to select their own checkweighmen, or even to express vaguely a desire to have a union of their own was tantamount to immediate firing. "The miner who protested lost simultaneously his job, his dwelling, and his right to remain in the community."

The United Mine Workers, then nationally a strong union, were determined to organize the Colorado coal fields. In the summer of 1913, the UMW conducted a vigorous organizing drive. Considering the circumstances under which these miners lived and worked, it was not surprising that they eagerly responded to the call of the union.

The coal operators did not underestimate the union's potentialities to reduce the ruthless exploitation and weaken the despotic hold over the mining communities. Although the union did not make its formal recognition the chief issue, the coal operators even refused to meet with the UMW representatives for fear that such an act might be interpreted as a "form of recognition." The union, of course, made every effort to obtain a measure of relief without a strike.

A battle was obviously inevitable. The miners were determined to fight it out and the mine owners accepted the challenge. The armed guards were reinforced. Private detective agencies flooded the mining camps with professional strikebreakers, thugs and gunmen. Even before the strike broke out, a leading UMW organizer, Gerald Lippiatt, was killed by a private detective on the streets of Trinidad.

The Baldwin-Felts Detective Agency, notorious for its strikebreaking activities in other mining centers, was hired by the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company to carry through the infamous task of breaking the strike. The agency went about the job in a manner similar to army commanders in charge of preparations for a major battle. They built a special armored car with a mounted machine gun. During the strike, the miners called it "The Death Special." Rifle pits were dug in the hills adjacent to the mining properties, and were equipped with rifles, machine guns, and searchlights.

Most of these armed preparations were made openly, brazenly, and without interference on the part of any legally established county, State or federal authority. In Huerfano County, 326 imported strikebreakers were deputized three weeks before the strike began.

The union officials and the miners themselves understood that it would be sheer suicide to sit idly by without preparing for self-defense. In view of the company's armed preparations, the union had to do likewise. Union officials went to hardware stores and purchased whatever arms they could get. They had a right to do so, it being provided in the Constitution of the State of Colorado that "The right of no person to keep and bear arms in defense of his home, person and property shall be called in question."

In 1915, a government agency upheld their action; the U.S. Commission on Industrial Relations in its report on the strike declared: "In all discussion and thought regarding violence in connection with the strike, the seeker after truth must remember the government existed in Southern Colorado only as an instrument of tyranny and oppression in the hands of the operators; that, once having dared to oppose that tyranny in a strike, the miners' only protection for themselves and their families lay in the physical force which they could muster."

In preparation for the showdown, the miners met in convention and adopted a set of nine demands: recognition of the union; a ten per cent increase in tonnage rates and a day scale to correspond with the rates in Wyoming; an 8-hour day; payment for dead work; election of checkweighmen by the miners without interference by company officials; the right of miners to trade at any store, and to choose their own dwelling places and their own doctors; the enforcement of the mining laws of the State; abolition of the company guard system; abolition of the blacklist system. The convention set September 23, 1913 as the deadline for an answer to their demands.

The miners were aware that nothing short of a miracle would change the stubborn anti-union position of the mine operators. But the coal diggers and their union could not give up their demands. With their wives and children the miners spent long, dreary evenings discussing the days of cold, hunger, fear, and terror which they knew were approaching. Though they were fully aware that a strike meant losing, temporarily or permanently, the job, the house they lived in, and the community in which their children were raised, they could not yield without a fight.

Before the deadline date, the UMW picked spots where tent colonies were to be set up. From past experience they knew that, once the men refused to go into the pits, the triple blow would fall upon them within a matter of hours. It had been drilled into the coal diggers' minds that in reply even to the mildest form of protest "down the canyons" they would go.

And so, on that fateful September 23, 9,000 miners packed their meager belongings and, together with their women, children and aged, abandoned the mining camps and marched "down the canyons" to set up some sort of a life in the union-built tent colonies.

The strike was hardly 24 hours old when violence flared throughout the Colorado coal fields. On October 9, the trigger-happy mine "guards" got down to their real business. They entered the Ludlow tent colony and killed a miner. A week later "The Death Special" arrived in the Forbes tent colony and without even a pretext for a provocation opened machine-gun fire, killing a miner and wounding a boy. A few days later, armed thugs killed three miners on the streets of Walsenburg. Murder was to be used as a weapon to intimidate the miners to the point of forcing them back to work.

John D. Rockefeller was quite enthusiastic about the course adopted by his managers in the coal fields. In a telegram to Superintendent Bowers he proclaimed: "You are fighting a good fight, which is not only in the interests of your own company but of the other companies in Colorado and of the business interests of the entire country ..." With this kind of encouragement from Rockefeller himself, the reign of terror was further intensified. Efforts on the part of the Governor to end the strike failed. Efforts on the part of the union to compromise including willingness to give up a demand for recognition failed. Efforts of the union to eliminate further bloodshed by proposing that the miners and mine "guards" be disarmed also failed.

When Governor Ammons ordered out the State troops with instructions to forbid the troops to escort strikebreakers, the miners met them as friends and surrendered their arms. But soon after, the Governor, under pressure, rescinded his original orders, and the troops became the chief strikebreakers. They even permitted the imported gunmen to use the uniform of the National Guard. The General in command suspended civil law, and criminals in uniform took over.

The Colorado State Federation of Labor called an emergency convention. A committee to investigate the actions of the militia was set up. Heading the committee was James H. Brewster, professor of law at the University of Michigan. The members of the committee covered the strike areas to gather evidence. These distinguished citizens reported to the Governor what they had uncovered. At the same time they recommended that the commanding general be removed, that other high officers be discharged from

the National Guard, and that the professional strikebreakers be discharged from the militia as a means of preventing further killings. The Governor ignored these recommendations. Aroused by his behavior, the Colorado Federation of Labor initiated a petition for a recall election.

The strike dragged on through the cold winter months of January, February and March. Freezing weather, hunger, sickness, intimidation, terror and death could not break the morale of the miners. Just as frontline soldiers adjust themselves to a miserable and precarious trench existence, so did the Colorado coal miners and their families. In expectation of spring when life would be more bearable, they held on.

The forces on the other side – the mine operators, the private gunmen, and the State administration – were now openly lined up against the miners. The U. S. Commission on Industrial Relations, reporting on this stage of the strike, said: “Thus, by April 20th, the Colorado National Guard no longer offered even a pretense of fairness or impartiality, and its units in the field had degenerated into a force of professional gunmen and adventurers who also were economically dependent and subservient to the will of the coal operators.”

Incensed by their failure to weaken the strike, the gunmen in uniform, with the approval of the mine operators, decided on a tactic of all-out terror in order to finally break the strike. Ludlow, because of its location, was strategically important. Therefore, the Ludlow tent colony was singled out for a major attack.

On April 20, the militia occupied a hill overlooking the tents, mounted several machine guns and at a certain set hour exploded two dynamite bombs. The miners’ only chance of survival was self-defense. With a few rifles they still possessed, they answered the fire coming from the hill. Samuel Yellen vividly describes the pitched gun battle that developed: “... a rain of rifle and machine gun fire fell on Ludlow. Hundreds of women and children ran from the tents to seek shelter in the hills and at ranch houses. However, scores failing to escape, hid in pits, and cellars underneath the tents to protect themselves from the bullets. The gunfire continued for 12 hours and resulted in the death of one boy and three men, one of them a militiaman.”

When it appeared that even this battle might be inconclusive, the officers ordered the troops to burn the colony down. They poured oil on the tents and set them on fire, “while the women and children who had huddled in their pits ran in terror from their shelters ... In one pit, 11 children and two women of the colony were discovered suffocated or burned to death after the tents had been set on fire. The militia took three strikers prisoner, and shot them while they were unarmed and under guard ... All that night, men, women and children wandered through the hills, in momentary danger of being shot by the militia.”

The Ludlow massacre enraged the striking miners in nearby tent colonies. They rearmed themselves and “marched to avenge the slaughter.” Workers throughout Colorado were so shocked and bewildered that they were ready to make extreme sacrifices in support of the fighting miners. The strikers themselves issued a general call to arms : “‘Every able-bodied man must shoulder a gun to protect himself and his family from assassins, from arson and plunder. From jungle days to our own so-named civilization, this is man’s inherent right.’ To a man they armed, throughout the whole strike district. Ludlow went on burning in their hearts.” (*Autobiography of Mother Jones.*)

Various labor unions offered the United Mine Workers an army of 10,000 volunteers. E.L. Doyle, Secretary-Treasurer of District 15 of the UMW wired President Wilson: “We shall be compelled to call on volunteers in the name of humanity to defend these helpless persons unless something is done.”

The battle continued and spread to other strike-bound communities. The miners succeeded in taking the initiative and occupied the area between Ludlow and Trinidad. As Mother Jones put it, “It was open warfare against the civil authorities, the militia, the mine guards, and the operators.”

On April 30, President Wilson ordered federal troops to take over the Colorado coal fields. The fighting ended when six troops of cavalry arrived. Thirty persons, most of them miners, had been killed, aside from the twenty-one who died in the Ludlow massacre.

Who was responsible for the violence? The Survey, in an editorial published on May 16, 1914, answered this question as follows: "The employers who have disobeyed the laws, the state which has not enforced them; the employers who hired mine guards to assault and intimidate, the state which took those mine guards in company pay into its militia, made some of them officers and then turned them on the strikers; the employers who had machine guns and turned them on the tented camps where dwelt the families of the strikers – what answer have they to the question of responsibility for war?"

Murder in Steel Towns

In the 52 years between Homestead and 1938 – the year in which the steel workers firmly established a national industrial union, the United Steelworkers of America – blood was shed in many a steel town. The Homestead strike set the pattern for the destruction of trade unionism in the steel industry wherever and whenever efforts were made to establish the principle of collective bargaining. At times the struggles were local and spontaneous. During other periods they were battles that decided the course of organized labor for many years. Whether skirmishes or decisive strikes, murder on the picket line was a chief weapon in the hands of the steel corporations.

In 1909, some 6,000 workers of the Pressed Steel Car Company of McKee's Rock, Pennsylvania, went on strike. Although the workers were completely unorganized, conditions were such that they had no alternative. It was either quit their jobs or strike. The company had introduced a wage system where payments were based on the total production of gangs rather than of individuals. To make things worse, the company refused to post the rates on a gang basis. The workers never knew how much to expect on any pay day. The men were also enraged against an extortion system organized by foremen – workmen were frequently discharged for no reason at all and then reinstated for a substantial fee.

Considering the complete lack of organization, the walkout was highly successful, and the company lost no time in bringing force to bear. From the moment the strike was declared, 100 deputy sheriffs and 200 State constables, armed with rifles, occupied the vicinity of the plant. "Immediately rioting and bloodshed followed. Nearly 100 strikers and sympathizers were injured in repeated charges by the mounted constabulary ... Violence continued with many arrests and an order to the constabulary to 'shoot to kill.'" (S. Perlman & P. Taft, *History of Labor in the U.S. 1896–1932*, Vol. IV.)

The order was carried out. A steel worker named Harvath was shot and killed in cold blood by a state trooper. In sheer desperation, a strike committee which called itself "The Unknown Committee" for fear of violence against them, let it be known that "for every striker killed or maimed a trooper would pay with his life." Two weeks later another pitched battle was fought. When it was over, eleven men, mostly strikers, lay dead.

During the same year, 1909, the workers in the American Sheet & Tin Plate Company – with plants in Pennsylvania and Ohio – were engaged in a strike for the preservation of their union, The Amalgamated Association. As in McKee's Rock, the striking steel workers had to face violence and resultant murder. When the Aetna plant at Martins Ferry, Ohio, reopened early in 1910, Sol Edwards, a striker on the picket line, was shot and killed by a scab.

The next year the steel workers at South Bethlehem, Pa., went on strike in protest against Sunday work and speed-up and for the restoration of extra pay for overtime and Sunday work. The state police arrived and opened fire on the strikers. The pickets ran for cover, but one remained on the ground, with a bullet in his heart.

In 1916, over 10,000 steel workers in Youngstown were on a strike for higher wages. The workers were determined and militant. Although it began as a walkout of unskilled laborers in one plant, the strike soon spread to the skilled workers and embraced the men in most plants. The steel companies were determined to break the strike by importing two trainloads of strikebreakers from the South.

Knowing full well that this meant their jobs, the strikers gathered at the mill gates to protest. The mill guards fired into the crowd. Three strikers were killed. "The rage of the strikers burst all bonds ... The workers raided the saloons, rolled kegs of liquor into the streets, emptied them and set them afire. Houses caught and six square blocks burned down. The Governor ordered out the militia, and the strike ended soon after when a further wage increase was announced." (Horace B. Davis, *Labor and Steel*)

Lives and property were lost. Who was responsible? A grand jury was in session. For once it actually put the blame where it belonged. The jury's verdict found that the guards hired by the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company "had precipitated the disturbance, and it indicted Elbert H. Gary and 113 corporations for violations of a State anti-trust law, charging them with conspiracy to keep down the wages of common labor and to raise the price of steel. The indictments were of course quashed." (Horace B. Davis, *Labor and Steel*.)

Four months later, in Braddock, Pa., the men of the Edgar Thomson plant of the Carnegie Steel Company joined in a sympathy strike with the Westinghouse Electric workers in East Pittsburgh. Two strikers were killed by company guards.

The 1919 steel strike and the great AFL organizational drive that preceded it called forth a flood of violence on the part of the employers. They fully realized how high the stakes were. They knew that the period was decisive and that its outcome would be of lasting importance to organized labor; for there is an old adage: Where steel goes, so goes the country.

The organizing campaign – and later the strike – was conducted around twelve principal demands:

1. Right of collective bargaining.
2. Reinstatement of all men discharged for union activities, with pay for time lost.
3. Eight-hour day.
4. One day's rest in seven.
5. Abolition of the 24-hour shift.
6. Increase in wages sufficient to guarantee an American standard of living.
7. Standard scales of wages in all trades and classifications of workers.
8. Double rates of pay for all overtime after eight hours, holiday and Sunday work.
9. Check-off system of collecting union dues and assessments.
10. Principles of seniority to apply in the maintenance, reduction and increase of working forces.
11. Abolition of company unions.
12. Abolition of physical examination of applicants for employment.

At the beginning of the drive, the steel corporations did not take the drive seriously. They felt it was another flash in the pan. But as soon as they realized that the workers meant business, they sprang into action. The efforts to break the movement crystallized along several lines.

Mass discharges of workers who joined the union took place. Prior to the strike, 30,000 were discharged and blacklisted so that they could not find jobs in other steel centers. All civil rights in the steel towns were completely suppressed. In many towns, union meetings were prohibited. Organizers were beaten and driven out. Even before the strike began, a woman organizer, one of the most able and most colorful workers in the campaign, was brutally murdered.

Mrs. Fannie Sellins was an organizer for the United Mine Workers of America. Her assignment was in the anti-union Black Valley district along the Allegheny River. Being, as Foster said of her in his book *The Great Steel Strike*, an "able speaker, and possessed of boundless courage, energy, enthusiasm and idealism, she was a most effective worker ... She was the very heart of the local labor movement, which ranked second to none in Pennsylvania for spirit and progress." During the steel campaign Fannie Sellins was threatened with death many times. On August 26, 1919, they "got" her. Several deputies surrounded her. She was hit by a club over the head and fell to the ground. When she attempted to get up, one of the deputies fired three shots straight at her.

But not even through outright murder could the employers destroy the organizing campaign, and on September 22, 1919, 365,000 steel workers began what was to become one of the greatest strikes in American history. For three and a half months, a brave and courageous labor battle was fought. In this strike, 22 workers were killed, hundreds were slugged, shot and wounded, and thousands were arrested. The strike was lost. Organized labor was too divided, too craft-minded, too concerned with their own narrow craft interests rather than with all of the workers in their industry, to perfect the kind of solid labor front that could have brought victory in the face of employer violence.

Chapter 10: Murder in Our Time

Chicago Memorial Day Massacre – 1937

Murder in steel towns continued after 1919; every time an effort was made to organize steel, bloodshed resulted. In 1937 the violence came to a head with the murder of ten strikers in Chicago. That murder has come to be known as the Memorial Day Massacre.

The Memorial Day Massacre has a special significance for union leaders, not only because it took place so recently. It is important for strike strategists to know that such a thing could happen not in a period of reaction when unions were on the decline and defensive, but during one of the most progressive periods in the life of our country; that it could happen at a time when organized labor was making its greatest strides forward, when Congress enacted pro-labor legislation, when the Supreme Court declared the Wagner Act constitutional, and when the White House was occupied by a man who was in many instances friendly to organized labor. It is also of importance to union leaders that this bloodshed occurred during a “Little Steel” strike after the United States Steel Corporation, the citadel of the country’s open shop, had fallen and signed a union contract and when few labor leaders thought that any steel company would put up serious resistance.

Violence against the strikers was in evidence from the very beginning of the strike. High officers of the Chicago police force had lined up the police department on the side of the steel companies. Pickets were roughed up, and strikers and local leaders were frequently arrested. The situation grew worse from day to day. Van A. Bittner, regional CIO director, publicly charged that Republic Steel had enlisted the support of captains and other high officers of the Chicago police department. It became evident that in the Chicago area Tom Girdler relied on the police force to break the strike. The Chicago chapter of the National Lawyers Guild wired a sharp protest to President Roosevelt, charging the Chicago police with violence against the strikers, preventing peaceful picketing, and illegal and discriminatory arrests of strikers and sympathizers. The *Chicago Tribune*, on the other hand, lauded the police for preserving “life and property, the business with which it is entrusted by the community.” This notorious anti-labor newspaper assailed John L. Lewis for the miners’ contribution to the 1936 Democratic campaign and raged that Lewis and his associates had “come to believe that, having paid their money they need no longer respect the rights of anyone whether employer, worker, bystander, or property owner ... but Chicagoans can take pride in the fact that in this jurisdiction the law is not for sale ...”

With each passing day, it became more obvious that Tom Girdler had reached an “understanding” with the high police officials in Chicago. It was feared that this intimate relationship would inevitably lead to bloodshed. The union did everything possible to prevent such an occurrence. In fact, three days prior to the massacre, Van A. Bittner sent the following telegram to President Roosevelt: “The Republic Steel Corporation is using every means possible in conspiracy to violate and render ineffective the National Labor Relations Act. In furtherance of this conspiracy the Republic Steel Corporation has enlisted the support of captains and other high officers of the Chicago police department. We request that the Attorney-General’s office immediately send government investigators to Chicago to investigate the entire nefarious scheme of Republic Steel Corporation and the collusion of these officers of the Chicago Police Department.”

The bloody police attack arose out of an incident normal in the life of any strike. On Memorial Day the strikers, their wives, children and sympathizers gathered to protest police interference with peaceful picketing at the Republic Steel plant. At the close of the meeting, the strikers lined up to march closer to the mill to urge the scabs to leave the plant. When the marchers came within two blocks of the Republic gates, the police closed ranks and halted the picket line. What happened a few minutes later is told by George Robbins, a newspaperman on the scene.

“Tear gas grenades sailed into the crowd, enveloping the strikers in a thick, yellowish-blue cloud. The marchers quickly retreated, coughing and sputtering, and scattered in all directions on the rough and swampy prairie-land. There was a crackle of pistol shots, followed by a rapid volley of gunfire. A grey-haired woman retreating ahead of me stopped suddenly. Her legs buckled under her and I could see

the blood gushing from a leg wound. The field was strewn with dead and wounded. Police swept over the prairie, pummeling half-conscious men and women and hauling them into patrol wagons ... Five hospitals in the South Chicago area were taxed beyond capacity. Dr. Nickamin, staff physician at the South Side Hospital, said: "The wounded looked as if they had come from a virtual massacre." (*New Masses*, June 15, 1937.)

Eight workers were permanently disabled. The ten who gave their lives in freedom's cause died as follows:

Earl Handley, of hemorrhage because his wounds were not treated. Workers got him into a car, but the police dragged him out and he bled to death.

Otis Jones had his spinal cord severed by a bullet in the back.

Kenneth Leed bled to death in a patrol wagon. A bullet had sliced through his back and into his abdomen.

Joe Ruthmund was shot from a distance and in the back.

Lee Tisdale, 50-year-old Negro steel worker, died of blood poisoning from a wound because of deliberate lack of treatment in the Bridewell police hospital.

Anthony Tagliori also died from a bullet in the back.

Hilding Anderson died of peritonitis.

Alfred Causey died of four bullet wounds.

Le Francesco died from a bullet shot through the back.

Sam Popovitch was not shot his skull was battered to pieces by police clubs as he ran. It was hard to identify the bloody mass that was once a head.¹

The Memorial Day Massacre stunned the country. Indignation and protest against such unwarranted murder spread throughout the length and breadth of the nation. The striking steel workers in Youngstown, Canton, Warren, Johnstown and Buffalo determined that this must not happen to them. The instinct of self-preservation and self-defense galvanized the striking communities in the steel industry.

Two weeks after that fateful day in South Chicago, a coroner's jury in Cook County, after an "investigation" of the death of ten men, brought in a verdict exonerating the police and excusing the massacre as "justifiable homicides." The coroner's jury came to this conclusion on the ground that an "armed mob" of CIO strikers "apparently intended to enter the plant of the Republic Steel Corporation." In other words, not only were the strikers murdered, but, as in the past, they were held responsible for the violence.

A great many newspaper editorials, columnists and radio commentators readily accepted this kind of verdict and interpretation. But this was not the verdict of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee. In a report of its investigation submitted to the Senate, it condemned the findings of the Chicago and Cook County authorities. The report said: "The action of the responsible authorities in setting the seal of their approval upon the conduct of the police, not only fails to place responsibility where responsibility properly belongs, but will invite the repetition of similar incidents in the future."

While the people of the United States were discussing, debating, and arguing to determine which side was really responsible, this same Committee, headed by Robert M. La Follette, Jr., uncovered a very interesting fact: the Paramount Company had taken a newsreel of the whole battle but had decided not to release it to the theaters. Such a documentary film would establish beyond a shadow of doubt where responsibility lay! A group of prominent Chicago citizens, headed by Paul H. Douglas, Professor of Economics at Chicago University, telegraphed the Paramount asking that the film be shown in Chicago so that all might see what actually happened. To this request A. J. Richard, editor of Paramount News, telegraphed the following reply:

¹ Text originally had italicized names, not underlined. Original text on page 212

You asked fair questions, which entitle you to fair and frank answers. Our pictures of the Chicago steel riot are not being released any place in the country, for reasons reached after serious consideration of the several factors involved.

First, please remember that, whereas newspapers reach individuals in the home, we show to a public gathered in groups averaging 1000 or more and therefore subject to crowd hysteria when assembled in the theatre. Our pictures depict a tense and nerve-racking episode which, in certain sections of the country, might well incite local riots, and perhaps riotous demonstrations in theatres, leading to further casualties.

For these reasons – the public policy which we consider more important than any profit to ourselves, these pictures are shelved, and so far as we are concerned, will stay shelved. We act under the editorial right of withdrawing from screen pictures “not fit to be seen.” This parallels the editorial right exercised by newspapers of withholding from publication “news not fit to print.” (New York Evening Post, June 17, 1937.)

Now in the past Paramount had released strike pictures. What was there in the Chicago Memorial Day picture that was likely to lead to “crowd hysteria”? And against whom would the public riot after seeing this picture?

The Senate Committee finally obtained possession of the film and in an atmosphere of utmost secrecy, reviewed it. The *New York Post* on June 17, 1937 reported that the audience was limited to little more than Senators La Follette (Prog., Wis.) and Thomas (Dem., Utah), who composed the committee, and members of the staff. The *Post* went on to say that those “who saw it were shocked and amazed by scenes showing scores of uniformed police firing their revolvers point black into a dense crowd of men, women and children, and then pursuing and clubbing the survivors unmercifully as they made frantic efforts to escape. The impression produced by these fearful scenes was heightened by the sound record which accompanied the picture, reproducing the roar of the police fire and the screams of the victims.”

At the same time the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* published a complete description of the suppressed newsreel. This account was reprinted in several other liberal newspapers.

A few days later, the news spread that the film definitely convicted the Chicago Police and Republic Steel guards of the deliberate murder of ten pickets. In Congress, Representative Teigan of Minnesota introduced a resolution asking the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee for a special showing of the film before members of Congress. The Congressman charged that “it was not fear of precipitating riots in theatres that caused Paramount to kill the film as claimed, but a desire to avoid antagonizing a powerful corporation like Republic Steel and the other companies that now have strikes in progress.”

Representative Maury Maverick of Texas in a brief but bitter speech declared: “Over there in Chicago, nine men, something like six blocks from a steel plant, were attacked by the police and all of them were murdered. And we stand here and not a soul has said a word about those nine free-born Americans. All we do is spend our time criticizing organized labor.”

Several newspapermen joined in the demand to make the film public. Jay Franklin, in his syndicated column of June 23, 1937, wrote: “We want to see the Paramount newsreel film of the Memorial Day Massacre of the steel strikers by the Chicago police. We think we are sufficiently adult to sit through the spectacle of officers of the law firing on unarmed people, slugging women, shooting men in the back, beating a guy’s brains out.” Mr. Franklin made a fervent appeal to leading American journalists. “There is a chance,” he wrote, “for Dorothy Thompson, ferret of fascism, to defend freedom of the screen. There Walter Lippmann, foe of censorship, can demand a showing. Mark Sullivan, Frank Kent and David Lawrence have often argued that freedom of public utterance is our best defense against totalitarian dictatorship. These conservative commentators are hereby invited to join in my demand that this film be shown to the general public ... Show this film! If that is the sort of country we live in, the sooner we see it, the better.”

The film was never made public, for in it there was indisputable evidence as to who was responsible for the violence and murder on Memorial Day in Chicago.

Women Sit Down – Men Murdered. Youngstown – 1937

The Senate Civil Liberties Committee had declared that the failure of the Chicago authorities to place responsibility where it really belonged would encourage similar incidents in the future. Their words proved to be true even sooner than was expected.

June 19, 1937, in Youngstown was women's day on the picket line. Strikers' wives, many with their children, were picketing Stop 5 of the main entrances to the Republic mill. Early that evening one of the worst riots developed. What caused it? Captain Charles Richmond, who was in charge of the police stationed at the mill himself explained how the trouble started: "The women were sitting down and about 200 men were standing grouped on the sidewalk, violating the peaceful picketing agreement the CIO made with us. They were asked decently to continue their picketing and they refused ... I told my men to fire their gas guns at their feet." (*Youngstown Vindicator*, June 21, 1937.) In other words, the police officer actually admitted that women and children, a little tired from picketing, attempted to sit down and rest awhile and that because of this he ordered a gas attack.

The provocation was more than the strikers could take. The news of the gas attack on the women spread like wildfire, and hundreds of strikers rushed to the Republic plant. For six hours, in pitch darkness, the workers defended themselves and their wives against a brutal attack deliberately precipitated by the police, deputy sheriffs and Republic gunmen. Starting with tear gas, the employer's henchmen ended with gunfire.

John Bogovich, a steel striker, heard of the trouble at the main gate of the Republic plant. He told his wife he was going there. A few hours later, two young strikers were carrying the limp body of John Bogovich, blood streaming over his neck and face. Three times the bearers had to throw themselves to the ground to dodge the fusillade of bullets. John Bogovich died in an automobile on the way to the hospital. While Bogovich was being carried away, James Eperjesi, another striker, was fatally wounded and died a day later.

Here the author must inject himself into the story of events during that Saturday night in Youngstown. First, because I was near John Bogovich when the bullet hit him. I saw him fall to the ground, saw his blood gush out. He looked at me but could not speak. Second, because this bloody first-hand experience with company-sponsored and directed violence against a group of unarmed men on strike for recognition of their union demands enables me, who saw it all, to place the blame where I know it lies. Third, because Tom Girdler, in his book *Boot Straps*, speaks of me as one of the "agitators" whose job it was "to make trouble. Why? Because clashes, civic strife, rioting would further intimidate the majority of workers who were then eager to come back to work." I shall present here part of the testimony I gave under oath to the Senate Committee on August 5, 1938.

Senator La Follette. *Mr. Steuben, were you present this morning and did you hear the testimony of the witnesses concerning the events at Stop 5 on June 19?*

Mr. Steuben. *Yes, sir.*

Senator La Follette. *In connection with your work, did you have any occasion to visit Stop 5 on June 19?*

Mr. Steuben. *We held a mass meeting in Campbell, Ohio, on Saturday, June 19. Around 8:30 we received a telephone call that there was a lot of trouble around Stop 5. Mr. Mayo and I jumped into a car, and rushed immediately to Stop 5.*

Senator La Follette. *What time, about, did you get to the vicinity of Stop 5?*

Mr. Steuben. *We arrived about 15 minutes later. The streets were crowded and it was difficult to get to the place. When we reached Poland Avenue and Caledonia St., we could not go any further. We got out of the car and walked towards the gas station. It was difficult to reach that gas station, the bullets were already flying over our heads and the whole section was contaminated with tear gas. It took us about 5 minutes before we got to the gas station. When I arrived there, I saw quite a few of our strikers standing there. That was one of the most dangerous spots to be in. I urged them to leave the Sunoco gas station. We made a serious attempt, myself and others, to take the crowd up the hill on Powersdale. The situation grew more dangerous, it looked like civil war. While urging the men to leave, about 15 feet away from me I saw a man falling to the ground, and I rushed over.*

Senator La Follette. *You said the Sunoco station. Which one of these stations is the Sunoco station?*

Mr. Steuben. *It was the right side (indicating).*

Senator La Follette. *The one here (indicating) 1319?*

Mr. Steuben. *I cannot see that far.*

Senator La Follette. *Where the stick is now?*

Mr. Steuben. *Yes, that is the Sunoco station, the right side there. I saw the man fall, I ran over, he was groaning. At first I thought he just fell, but I immediately saw blood coming out somewhere from him (indicating).*

Senator La Follette. *Where do you mean "from here"?*

Mr. Steuben. *I would say the blood came out right below his chin. I urged the men to grab a car and rush him to the hospital. Before that, we identified the man as John Bogovich.*

Senator La Follette. *Was he a striker?*

Mr. Steuben. *Yes, he was a striker and an employee of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Company. He had a picket card with him, he had his mill check number and a few other things. The car returned about half an hour later and reported that before they reached the hospital, he died.*

Senator La Follette. *I offer for the record a certified copy of the coroner's finding in the inquest over the body of John Bogovich.*

Mr. Steuben. *When I heard the man was dead, I realized how grave the situation was. I urged the men to follow me to the top of the hill. They did. I climbed on top of an automobile to address the strikers. It was a dangerous thing to do, but I felt it was my responsibility to talk to the men, to tell them Bogovich was killed, that they were not armed, that the whole thing was obviously planned and that therefore they must leave that place. Finally the crowd agreed to leave, and we marched to the Center Street Bridge.*

Meanwhile the shooting was heard all over town. There was danger that even though this crowd was away from Stop 5 that other crowds may arrive at Stop 5 and our men will return. There was a school at the corner, near the Center Street bridge. I went up on top of the stairs and spoke to the men again, urging them not to go back, but to disperse. Right after, I went to the nearby Republic headquarters of the union and called Sheriff Elser.

I told the sheriff what happened. I begged him and I pleaded with him to take his men away or instruct them to stop shooting, as serious consequences may develop and I already have told him that one of our men was killed. Sheriff Elser replied over the telephone: "What guarantees can you offer me that my life will be protected?" Well, I told him as far as he is concerned, he must take as much of a chance as anyone else. Furthermore, I told him, if he calls Republic Steel and instructs the men to stop shooting, there will be no danger of him being shot or killed. We had quite a lengthy discussion over the telephone. I remember that discussion very vividly. I told Sheriff Elser, "Am I to understand you, Sheriff, that you are yellow or a coward and you refuse to come out and do your duty, or are you part of that plan or conspiracy that brought about this riot?" His reply was, "Well, you may think anyway you want, but I don't go out."

While this conversation took place, State Senator Lipscher was in the office. He said, "Let me call him, I know him well." The senator called. He hung up. He looked at me and said "I should mind my own business in Columbus and he will mind his own business in Youngstown." The senator tried to reach the governor. I am not sure whether he reached him or not. During all this time, there was also in the office Jackson of the Youngstown Vindicator. Briefly speaking, the sheriff did not come out. Only about five or six in the morning, the sheriff called and said he is coming out and he wanted to meet me half way. Suddenly the sheriff announced to the newspapers that he wanted a truce with me. Well, the sheriff here said that he likes a truce once in a while but he wanted a truce after two of our men were murdered, but he refused to come out, or in any way, shape, or form eliminate the trouble during the entire night.

The Senate Committee proved in every detail that the responsibility for the death of the two Youngstown strikers lies with Republic steel, the Youngstown police department and the deputy sheriffs.

“Little Steel” – Big Sacrifice

Because the police force in Chicago and Youngstown got away with murder, it was inevitable that more steel workers should die on the picket line. On June 28, nine days after Youngstown’s bloody riot, the seven States “Little Steel” strike claimed its thirteenth life with the death of George Mike, at Beaver Falls, Pa. A World War I veteran, wounded and gassed, he was unable to work, but his sympathies were with the strikers. He went to the picket line. Mike was hit by a projectile from a tear gas gun in the hands of a deputy sheriff. The deputy was identified. The District Attorney of Beaver County took him into custody, but the man was never tried for murder.

Next in line of bloodshed was Massillon, Ohio, another Republic Steel town. It happened on a Sunday night, July 11. A correspondent of *The New Republic* was on the spot. His report was published in the July 28, 1937 issue of the magazine.

On Sunday night, as was customary once or twice a week, a crowd of several hundred were gathered around the headquarters (of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee); an orchestra made up of a bass viol, a violin and mandolin, surrounded by children dancing in the street, was the center of attention ... A car drove up and parked opposite the headquarters, its headlights bringing into focus a group of armed police approaching down the street. A shouted order demanding that the lights be turned off attracted the attention of the crowd ... “Douse those lights or we’ll fill ‘em full of lead!” Before the driver of the car had a chance to comply, a volley of shots riddled the car, followed by the discharge of tear gas bombs, by volley after volley of gunfire and gas, directed at the cars and at the crowd, now wildly scattering for safety, and at the union headquarters, where many sought refuge. With intervals of quiet, the police continued to send volleys of shots into the head- quarters for an hour. A man stepped from the door during one of the intervals, thinking the shooting was over – he was shot in the leg without a word of warning by a deputy sheriff in the group of twenty which had arrived from Canton as reinforcements.

When the battle was over, two more workers – Fulgencio Calzada and Nick Valdoz –were killed. Again, who was responsible for the murder?

There is a surprise witness to answer this question – none other than Massillon’s chief of police, Stanley W. Switter. Ten days after the murder, he was subpoenaed to Washington by the National Labor Relations Board. Chief Switter was on the witness stand for five hours. He drew a picture of a small town administration, trying to be fair and not to act as strikebreakers until bit by bit they were crushed down by Republic Steel and other business interests. He described how on June 9, a little over a week after the Chicago massacre, Karl Meyers, Republic’s general manager for the Canton District, conferred with him at a Massillon hotel. Mr. Meyers said to the chief: “What the hell is going on here? How long are you going to let the hoodlums carry on? Why the hell don’t you take action like the Chicago police did and put them where they belong?” The chief resisted this sort of pressure and retorted that the police force was not meant to be a “strikebreaking outfit.”

The chief, a former steel worker himself and with many friends among the strikers, continued to resist company pressures. Tom Girdler’s agents had been demanding that the city increase its police force. When the National Guard entered Massillon early in July in order to open the plants, General William E. Martin demanded that Switter put special police on the payroll and organize a home guard of Republic Steel employees. The chief again protested and insisted that the police force should be neutral. The chief testified that the general shouted: “This is no time to be picking neutral men. You must be ready to take over.” Without waiting for the chiefs consent, Republic Steel brought Switter a list from which special police and home guards were to be drawn.

Switter and the other city officials stood firm. Finally, however, they broke down. On July 7, the “Law and Order League” composed of prominent businessmen, came to City Hall and threatened to impeach the Mayor and the rest of the administration. By then, the chief testified, he was completely worn out. When the Mayor finally asked him, before the “Law and Order” delegation, if they should agree to add the special police, Switter threw up his hands. “Give ‘em the whole damn works,” he said. “They want it so let them take it. They’re inviting bloodshed. We have fought against it, but we can’t resist this pressure any more. So God dammit, let them take it.”

That was on July 7. Four days later, the strikers were attacked and the two men murdered.

Death continued to spread to other strike-bound steel towns – to Canton and Cleveland, Ohio. Altogether, 18 men were killed in the 1937 “Little Steel” strike. And while violence raced throughout the strike areas, while hundreds of workers were wounded and gassed and thousands arrested, the press and radio and the halls of Congress resounded with the hypocritical cry of “CIO violence.” Not a single police officer, deputy sheriff, company official or company guard was brought to trial and convicted on a murder charge.

Roll Call of the Dead

The instances of violence recounted above all took place during famous strikes that are now part of labor history. But murder on the picket line is not limited to certain communities, nor is it a matter only of the past. Men and women have been killed in all parts of the country, in a variety of industries, including strikes in small shops and cafeterias, and this intentional bloodshed is being used today as a weapon of strikebreaking. Thanks to the Labor Research Association, there is now available a compilation of the killings during strike struggles in the years 1934–1949. From these records, tabulated in the Association’s *Labor Fact Books*, the Roll Call of the Dead which appears in the back of the book has been compiled.

How to Fight Employer Violence

Such is the story of employer violence in strikes. In the past organized labor did not conduct a sustained campaign against it. It is high time to do so. Proper strike strategy demands that labor convince the nation that violence does not proceed from strikers but is the strikebreaking weapon of employers. This, to be sure, is only the first step in self-defense, but much, very much, hangs upon it.

Like other phases of strike strategy, the struggle against violence cannot begin when a strike is declared, or when a worker is killed or injured. It must start long before. Below, in outline, are the various angles from which the fight against employer violence must be conducted.

1. In each State organized labor must campaign for the enactment of a State law that would prohibit private police forces in industry. It is the company police force that often makes up the central core of men responsible for violent acts in time of strike. In their ranks there are mercenary and criminal elements and those that have made strikebreaking their profession. The coal and iron police in Pennsylvania were a ruthless anti-labor armed force. Their crimes were so numerous that Governor Pinchot, under public pressure, was forced to liquidate the outfit. It is not so commonly known, but it is a fact that the police force on the railroads is among the most vicious private anti-labor armed forces, well experienced in provoking and exercising violence.

2. In all industrial communities, organized labor must conduct a fight for the right to deputize strikers. For this is one of the best guarantees that there will be no violence. Labor can now present a proud record showing that when local authorities deputized strikers violence did not take place, or was negligible. This should be a talking point when the request is made. And it should be made invariably; even a refusal has its value – it exposes the partiality of a city or county authority. Should the right to deputize strikers not be obtainable, then the strike leaders should ask for the next best thing – that members of other labor unions in the community be deputized.

3. The strike and its leadership must expose the “neutrality” on the part of the city authorities. Elected officials, such as the mayor and the county sheriff – and they particularly – must be held accountable to all citizens. A public officeholder must be made to realize that a strike in his community is an acid test of his own loyalty and devotion to the people as a whole, including the strikers and their families. He should be made to feel that if he does not adopt a friendly attitude toward the strikers, he is eliminating all possibilities for himself to remain in public office because no worker will vote for him. And by a friendly attitude is not meant that a formal statement of neutrality is made. The union must demand that the mayor instruct the chief of police that under no circumstances will the police force be used for the purposes of breaking or weakening a strike. The union must insist that the police force will not permit the employer to send into the strikebound community professional strikebreakers, thugs and others who breed violence. Organized labor must demand that the city fathers will not vote

for emergency appropriations or special ordinances that will be favorable to the employer. It means that the police department will be prohibited from accepting from private munitions companies tear gas, rifles, and revolvers paid for by the company whose workers are on strike.

4. Organized labor must campaign, on State and city levels, to enact laws that will prohibit private detective agencies from practicing strikebreaking. From a moral, economic, health or indeed from any social point of view, strikebreaking is a menace to society. Agencies that send out emissaries of ill will should not have the seal of legal approval. Until this is accomplished, labor unions must campaign for laws that will prohibit men with criminal records from becoming private detectives or serving on a company police force. In some States, such a law already exists.

5. The strike leaders, upon receipt of well substantiated information that the employer is about ready to embark on a campaign of violence, should waste no time in making this information public to the strikers, the authorities, the local press and the people as a whole. The value of such a course is manifold. First, a forewarned community often can prevent such planned violence. Second, if the violence cannot be prevented, at least strikers will be ready for it – the picket lines will be strengthened, the ranks will be consolidated. Warning the community will also clearly establish, in the mind of the public, the fact that the union took the initiative in exposing the source of violence.

6. If and when violence does come, it must be met and defeated; self-defense is a moral and legal right. There is no weapon more powerful in a struggle against violence than a show of the organized might and solidarity of the strikers themselves. Several thousand strikers, reinforced with representatives of other sections of organized labor, marching to city hall, demanding that a stop be put to violence; that those responsible for it be arrested immediately; that gunmen be disarmed and driven out of town, or if they are members of the community, be placed under arrest: these measures will go a long way in curtailing violence. If violence comes from police authorities, as it often does, the same mass pressure must be applied.

Violence occurs most often on the picket line, and there, too, the answer is solidarity. There is nothing like a mass solid and determined line to defeat violence. A wall of humanity standing solid as a rock and deep in their hearts convinced that what they are doing is just and right can withstand and defeat just about everything the employers can hand out.

7. One of the most important steps in a campaign to defeat violence and expose its source is to ferret out all planted company agents within the ranks of the strikers. In labor history there are examples, too numerous to mention, of how company stoolpigeons and private undercover men in the guise of strikers, and sometimes even of union officers, have organized violence for the sole purpose of compromising the union, the strikers and their leaders. There are cases when such dishonorable people, for a price, have inveigled innocent strikers into some act of violence, only to betray and frame the same workers later. It is, therefore, the responsibility of strike leaders to be extremely vigilant and watch closely those strikers who are advocating measures that might result in violence.

8. When exposing violence it is always a wise and necessary step to invite prominent citizens in the community to conduct their own independent investigation. If violence assumes major importance, nationally prominent citizens should be invited to the strike scene. During the 1919 steel strike, the Interchurch World Movement set up a commission of inquiry under the chairmanship of Bishop Francis J. McConnell. These church leaders did a splendid job in exposing the violence of the steel corporations and local authorities during that strike. A few years later, during a miners' strike, the famous novelist Theodore Dreiser did a similar job. Equally good is it to demand a congressional investigation of the violence that occurs.

9. In fighting and exposing violence, the union cannot limit itself to the company trigger men or its hired hoodlums. Top management is responsible, and must be held responsible, for those murdered, wounded or injured. On February 24, 1949, the National Labor Relations Board ruled that a union was responsible "for strike violence." The Board found that the United Furniture Workers, CIO, and its Salem, Ind., local, as well as eight officers, violated the Taft-Hartley law by strike activities at the Smith Cabinet Manufacturing Company of Salem. Among the actions which the Board held as violating

the ban on coercion of employees were: “Carrying of sticks by pickets and the piling of bricks for use by pickets; blocking the plant entrances by railroad ties, automobiles, raised gutter plates and tacks; threatening violence to non-strikers over loudspeakers; intimidation of non-strikers as they tried to enter the plant; placing of pickets in a manner to prevent non-strikers from unloading a boxcar on a railroad spur to the plant ... “ (*New York Times*, Feb. 25, 1949.)

If the union and its officers are held responsible for pickets holding sticks to protect themselves, or placing obstacles in the way of scabs, how much more should the employers be held responsible for taking the lives of pickets!

10. Finally, the union must be technically equipped in its fight against violence. If trouble is expected, strikers with cameras should be on the picket line. Catching the strikebreaker or company guard or a policeman aiming his tear gas gun or revolver at strikers can be valuable evidence in a court case. To take down immediately the names of strikers or bystanders who observed the violence can help produce authentic witnesses. Taking sworn affidavits from eyewitnesses can also prove valuable.

11. All the measures outlined above are necessary and must be a part of effective strike strategy. However, by far the most effective weapon against violence is organized political action by the workers. Because organized labor is 15 million strong, it is within the reach of workers now to elect their own representatives to public office. Labor must give deep consideration to this. It is an illusion to think that labor can gain substantial and permanent victories through the two old parties. It is one step forward and two steps back – as witness the Taft-Hartley Act. Only independent political action through a third party movement can be the final answer to violence as it is also, in the last analysis, to economic insecurity.

Chapter 11: Modern Strikebreaking – The Mohawk Valley Formula

The “New” Approach

With all the weaknesses and inadequacies of our trade union movement, it has obtained a degree of recognition that makes breaking strikes solely through open terrorist measures more and more difficult. A decade of the Wagner Act has had its curbing effect on open and violent anti-union movements. The work of the La Follette Committee in exposing industrial espionage and employer violence is another important factor. The La Guardia anti-injunction act, the law against shipment of scabs from one state to another, the curtailment of activities of private detective agencies, and, above all, the growing union consciousness of the workers, have made it necessary for the employers to develop more “scientific” methods of strikebreaking. The Mohawk Valley Formula is the plan they have dreamed up.

The Mohawk Valley Formula for breaking strikes constitutes a new technique, more subtle than open terror and therefore more dangerous. While this formula includes violence against workers, violence is not the chief strikebreaking weapon. The organization of back-to-work movements, the formation of “Citizens Committees,” the utilization of the press and radio, the employment of “missionaries,” the popularization of slogans such as “the right to work,” and alienating the middle classes are all part of this new technique.

The Mohawk Valley Formula was developed during the Remington Rand strike in 1936. After the strike was broken and the union temporarily defeated, Mr. James H. Rand, Jr., addressed the “Citizens’ Committee” and jubilantly declared: “Two million businessmen have been looking for a formula like this and business has hoped for, dreamed of, and prayed for such an example as you have set” an example that “would go down with history as the Mohawk Valley Formula.”

This was no idle boast. The National Association of Manufacturers recommended this formula as a model of industrial relations. Top corporation executives studied the formula and applied it whenever labor trouble developed. In the July 30, 1936 *Labor Relations Bulletin* of the NAM, there appeared, under

the title “A Community Organizes,” an article analyzing the entire formula and highly recommending it to the employers of the nation. Since then, these “scientific” methods of strikebreaking have been applied in every major strike in the country.

A year later, the formula became a real threat to the then developing great organizing campaigns. Labor reacted strongly; it took the position that the formula became the employers’ method of combating and flaunting the Wagner Act. The National Labor Relations Board was called upon to investigate thoroughly the meaning, the direction, and the legality of the Mohawk Valley Formula. On March 13, 1937, the NLRB made public findings exposing it as a blueprint for strikebreaking.

Strike strategists must study this formula carefully as a prerequisite for successfully combating it. Those unions that have done so, have reduced the dangers of this formula to a bare minimum. It is possible to expose and defeat the Mohawk Valley Formula, and the best proof of that is the fact that the Remington Rand workers, who in 1936 were the first victims of this strikebreaking method, have since that time won several strikes and are at present strongly organized. In the following pages this “new approach” of the employers will be discussed point by point.

Attempt to Discredit Strike Leaders

“When a strike is threatened, label the union leaders as ‘agitators’ to discredit them with the public and their own followers.”

It is highly significant that the very first step the formula recommends is to discredit the union leaders. This is a shrewd thrust at confidence. One of the major requisites for a successful strike is confidence of the rank and file in the leaders who are about to take them into battle. If this confidence can be seriously undermined, then workers may begin to doubt the advisability of the strike or of their joining it. The situation can be compared with that of a military unit in a forward area about to enter a battle. If soldiers have absolute confidence in their commanding officers, their morale is high and discipline fits the occasion. On the other hand, lacking such confidence, soldiers will very likely put up only token resistance, desertions will be greater and casualties higher.

To counteract this attack on confidence, one has to (appreciate what the label “agitator” is intended to carry with it. In the minds of the public the term “agitator” – more often it is “outside agitator” – is synonymous with “trouble maker.” It is this impression of a labor leader that those who shout “agitator” want to get across. It is the first step in attacking and trying to discredit a leader.

Labor history shows that the stronger and the more influential a labor leader is, the more often and the more violently he is called “agitator;” the more bitterly he is attacked. During the formative years of the American trade union movement, Eugene V. Debs was the most harassed and attacked labor leader. He was also undoubtedly among the best loved, most trusted and respected. His name was magic. He attracted thousands to his meetings, no matter what part of the country he went to. In order to counteract his great influence, the press of the nation conducted an unending campaign of vilification against him. Mother Jones was a similar type of devoted labor leader, and she, too, was under constant barrage. “Big” Bill Haywood belonged to this category. After World War I, William Z. Foster became target number one.

It might be said, perhaps, that Debs, Haywood, Mother Jones and Foster were under severe attack not just because they were trade union or strike leaders, but essentially because they believed in socialism. Undoubtedly this made the attack upon them sharper. But recent and current labor developments indicate that labor leaders with a mildly progressive outlook, and even conservative labor leaders, do not escape severe attacks. Sidney Hillman and John L. Lewis are perfect examples.

The fact that John L. Lewis has for more than a decade withstood the severest fire in the press, over the radio and in the halls of Congress and that today his influence among the American miners, and workers in other basic industries, stands at the top is proof positive that the Mohawk Valley Formula for discrediting labor leaders can be defeated. How did Lewis do it? His success is due first of all to the fact that he has conducted an uncompromising struggle for constant improvement of the conditions of the miners. Added to that is his own great courage, great native ability, and the fact that he is the head of one of the most important unions.

But there is only one John L. Lewis. He possesses attributes and strength that hundreds of other labor leaders do not possess. How can they – over and above fighting uncompromisingly for the best interests of the workers – meet and defeat the number one point in the formula?

Surely it cannot be done by silence or by being on the defensive. The usual public statements by employers that “our employees are happy and content but it is the outside agitators that are forcing strike action” can and must be thoroughly exposed. Workers do not strike unless conditions are such that no other course is available to them. In most cases the strike is about wages, hours, conditions of work. A strike victory therefore means immediate economic improvements for the workers involved. The organizers – the so-called “agitators” and “outside agitators” and “trouble makers” – must be shown to be leaders of a movement that results in a better life for the workers, their families and the community. The CIO and the AFL must be pointed out as being no more “outside” organizations than the Chamber of Commerce or the National Association of Manufacturers.

Labor leaders all have to be teachers. They must educate workers to understand and appreciate the reasons for organization. The notion that unions and their leaders are organizing strikes because they are interested in dues collections, or because they are power-hungry, or downright racketeers, must be dispelled. Workers must hear what John L. Lewis had to say about the CIO. In 1936, immediately after the Committee for Industrial Organization was organized, Lewis made a nation-wide radio address on the approaching steel campaign. These were his words:

By way of sharp contrast to the policy of bankers, promoters, and directors, it may be said that the Committee for Industrial Organization in organizing the steel workers is animated by no selfish motives. Its fundamental purpose is to be of service to all those who work either by head or hand in the mines, quarries, railroads, blast furnaces, and mills of the steel industry.

Our Committee would bring to the steel workers economic and political freedom; a living wage to those lowest in the scale of occupations, sufficient for the support of the worker and his family in health and modest comfort, and sufficient to enable him to send his children to school; to own a home and accessories; to provide against sickness, death, and the ordinary contingencies of life.

There is but one other fundamental motive which the Committee for Industrial Organization has for unionizing the steel industry.

It is simple and direct. It is to protect the members of our own organizations. We know, although we are now free men and women, that so long as millions of other industrial workers are without economic and political freedom, a condition exists which is a menace to our freedom.

It is this kind of healthy thinking that workers must be educated in to immunize them from company propaganda about “outside agitators.” To be sure, there have been and there are labor racketeers. But are the legal and medical professions condemned just because there are crooked lawyers and unscrupulous doctors? Workers should be taught that they must not, as Westbrook Pegler does, condemn the trade union movement just because some union officials are corrupt.

The Taft-Hartley Attack on Union Leaders

In a number of ways the Taft-Hartley Act legalizes point number one of the Mohawk Valley Formula for strikebreaking. Section 9 (h) of this Act virtually creates a situation where employers can determine what kind of leadership a union shall or shall not have.

It is required under Section 9 (h) of the law that the officials of a union file so-called “non-Communist” affidavits before the union may avail itself of the services of the NLRB. The National Lawyers Guild has rightly expressed what this section really means. In a statement submitted to the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, it declared that such affidavits “are a form of pressure upon union members to abandon the usual standard they employ to evaluate leadership – the quality and consistency of performance in the interests of the union members – and to apply instead a standard of no definition and vague suspicion.” All an unscrupulous employer has to do when confronted with a union leadership constantly fighting for the interests of its members is to refuse to bargain with such a union on the grounds that its leaders are “reds.” The long Pacific Coast longshore strike of 1948 was fought over this issue. The General Electric Company in Schenectady canceled its contract with the UE on similar

grounds. The struggle against the Taft-Hartley law has thus become in part a battle against management's interference in the internal affairs of unions and for the rights of organized labor to determine its own destiny, including the type of leadership it is to have. This explains why such old conservative unions as the International Typographical Union or such conservative leaders as John L. Lewis, Philip Murray and others have opposed Section 9 (h) of the Taft-Hartley law.

Section 9 (h) makes it more difficult to fight against the discrediting of labor leaders, but it is nevertheless possible to turn point one in the strikebreaking formula into its opposite. One way of doing it is to bring forward rank and file strike leaders, workers with long years of service in the plant or industry and well known in the community. It is equally important to popularize the national or international leaders of the union who are directly connected with the strike; their background, their contributions to the labor movement, the strikes they have led in the past, and the benefits the workers derived as a result of their leadership should be made known to every striker. If this is done, the employer's attacks, instead of weakening the prestige of the leadership among the workers and in the community at large, can very well strengthen it.

Attempt to Discredit Union Demands

“Disseminate propaganda, by means of press releases, advertisement and the activities of the missionaries; such propaganda must stress the arbitrary demands of the strikers ... “

As has already been stated, workers always strike for, or against, something very concrete and specific. If the employer succeeds in convincing workers that their grievances are not real, but imaginary, or that their demands are unjust and therefore unobtainable, the will to go out and stick it out can be broken down. To discredit the demands of the union, therefore, is attack at a vital point.

The employers' main argument against union demands for a higher wage rate is inability to pay. They produce figures, comparative scales in other communities – usually those that are unorganized – their low rate of profit, and a whole string of smooth arguments as to why they cannot meet the demands of the union. Often the employers present their case to the workers and the public based on “facts” showing that they are paying the “highest scales” in their history.

To speak of labor's “unfair” or “arbitrary” demands is pure and simple employer propaganda intended to becloud the real facts. The truth is that in recent years the strike demands of all the labor unions have been fairly uniform and have arisen out of the economic conditions in the country and the overall needs of the workers. The uniformity in labor's demands is an expression of the uniformity in labor's needs as well as a manifestation of greater coordination on the part of the labor movement.

Far from being “unfair” and “arbitrary,” labor's wage demands in recent years have been extremely modest. Wages are not what is in the pay envelope, but the purchasing power of what is there, or *real* wages, and serious economists, unanimously agree that *real* wages have not gone up in recent years; the cost of living has in most cases outrun increases in money wages. Even in wartime this was so. Wartime wage increases little more than kept pace with the cost of living, in most cases, and only rarely exceeded it. In the war years the struggle for a higher standard of living which the trade unions had for so long tried to bring about had to be abandoned. Then and since the effort has been to keep up with the rising cost of living. The wartime “Little Steel” wage formula was based on this fact.

But are wage demands that attempt not merely to hold but to raise the workers* standard of living for that reason “unfair” and “arbitrary”?

Way back in 1921, the AFL Convention formally repudiated the policy of tying wages to the cost of living. The Convention report that year contained the following statement on this subject: “The practice of fixing wages solely on a basis of the cost of living is a violation ... of sound economic theory and is utterly without logic or scientific support of any kind. What we find as a result of practice, so far as it has gone, is that there is a constant tendency under it to classify human beings and to subordinate classes, each class having a presumptive right to a given quantity of various commodities.”

Labor will and must fight continuously for higher standards of living. This is a major reason why workers join unions. This, in the final analysis, is the only sound wage policy of the trade union movement. In this connection Harry Bridges developed a wage formula that can well be emulated by many other

labor unions. It is a simple, sound formula. "Get as much as you can get." This explains why West Coast longshoremens never accepted token wage increases while other unions did.

All formulas which distract workers from the struggle for a higher standard of living will ultimately hurt labor and consequently the nation. When in 1948 the leaders of some unions signed contracts with escalator clauses providing for a downward revision in wages when the cost of living went down, they in fact legalized a permanently low standard of living. The escalator clauses were a grave error. Tying wages to the cost of living plays into the hands of the employers. It arms them with the argument they need to fully exploit point number two of the Mohawk Formula – to discredit labor's demands by calling them "unfair" and "arbitrary."

Labor's constant struggle for wage increases, whether for the purpose of meeting the rise in the cost of living, or for a higher standard of living, cannot be discredited so far as workers are concerned. Labor leaders need not be apologetic or on the defensive. The workers involved better than anyone else understand the justice of the union's demands. It is to the public at large that the union's strategy to defeat this point of the formula must be addressed primarily. The entire community must be made to appreciate the justice of the union's demands. Of late, the employers and the press have played up the angle that a wage increase automatically means a price increase on coal, steel, automobiles, electrical appliances, home and farm equipment. In a number of industries, when wage increases were granted this did happen. But, as was pointed out in a previous chapter, often the prices went up 'way out of proportion to the wage increase. Because the trade unions have not sufficiently exposed this, a rift is being created between workers and farmers and other consumer groups.

Are "Fringe" Demands Important?

When it comes to wage demands, labor is potentially in a strong position. It is less strong when it comes to other strike demands, and this is where the Mohawk Valley Formula can be more dangerous. A situation like that of "Little Steel" in 1937, for example, gives the employer the whip hand. The workers in "Little Steel" got wage increases but the steel corporations refused to sign a written contract. In a case like that the union's position is very difficult. The unions can easily be put in the wrong before the workers and in the community. The employer can come forward and say, "In dollars and cents the workers have nothing to gain from a strike; in dollars and cents they stand only to lose."

On the surface, the employer presents a strong argument; it seems as if the union's demand for a written contract is just "arbitrary." In reality it is not. Without a contract, the employer, to make up for the wage increases, can worsen working conditions through the introduction of speed-up and other devices. Without a contract there are no limitations on firing, and in most cases there is no floor on wage scales. The employer can hire and fire at random, and it is only a matter of time before workers with higher rates are replaced with lower paid workers. It is certain that if the workers did not stand to lose in dollars and cents by his avoiding signing a union contract, the employer would not invest thousands, often hundreds of thousands, of dollars to fight a union. All this must be made clear to workers who are about to be engaged in a strike where wages are not the chief demand.

Since the end of the war, an increasing number of unions have concentrated on a new set of demands such as health programs, sick benefits, pension plans and similar demands. Often these are referred to as "fringe demands," thus implying their secondary importance. This is a wrong attitude; for some of these demands are of vital importance to the workers and their families. In a nation like ours, where industrial development continues with constant introduction of new machinery which in turn demands greater exertion on the part of the workers, their state of health is far from a "fringe" issue. The chief demands in the 1949 coal miners' and steel workers' strikes centered around the issue of satisfactory health and old age pension plans. The UAW and other unions have also made this the chief demand in their 1949 negotiations. Until such time as our government provides medical care for all its citizens, organized labor will continue its struggle for medical plans. In the final analysis such "fringe" demands strengthen the economic security of the workers.

Let us cite, as an example, the New York hotel workers. They are solidly organized under the Hotel Trades Council, AFL. During the past few years, these workers have enjoyed a health and insurance

plan which provided sick benefits of \$10 and \$12 a week for 26 weeks. In addition, the plan provides for 21 days' hospitalization and, in case of childbirth, for an extra \$80 toward the hospital bill. The plan provides a total of \$600 each year to meet the medical needs of the hotel workers. In dollars and cents, these benefits are as high as a substantial wage increase. To these workers, their health and insurance plan is not a "fringe" issue. Nor was it to the coal miners and New York teamsters; they considered the issue big enough to go out on strike for it. Such demands cannot be easily discredited by a Mohawk Valley Formula when the union properly explains it to its members and the public at large.

Because of the growing speed-up, and increased productivity in industry, organized labor will soon bring forward a new central demand – the thirty-five and thirty-hour week. It is to be expected that the employers' highly paid, high-pressure labor relations men will meet this demand with the cry of "socialism," "un-American," and "detrimental to industry." It will be labor's responsibility to conduct a vigorous campaign to point out that a shorter work week will reduce unemployment, will preserve the health of the nation's wage earners, and will establish happier family relationships.

Labor's perspective and trend will be more and more to present its economic demands in "package" form. This has best been exhibited by the powerful UE when in April 1949 its General Executive Board recommended to all locals that they "work out their demands for the coming negotiations within the framework of an increase of \$500 per year per employee in wages and salaries, pension improvements and health programs and other economic benefits."

Here a union presented its program in a manner that even the most backward member can understand. The worker knows what his union aims to accomplish for him and his family in one year. Such a union need not fear that point in the Mohawk Valley Formula which calls for an attack on the union's demands.

Chapter 12: "Law and Order"

"Impartial" Citizens Committees

If the leadership of a strike lacks alertness and vigilance, the next point of the Mohawk Valley Formula can be a most effective strikebreaking weapon.

"Align the influential members of the community into a cohesive group opposed to the strike. Include in this group, usually designated a Citizens Committee, representatives of the bankers, real estate owners and businessmen."

Citizens Committees are potentially dangerous because their origin and real purpose are generally concealed. At the start these committees – which are frequently composed of civic and church leaders and consequently have prestige both in the community at large and among the workers – appear to be impartial bodies. Their spokesmen talk from both sides of their mouths. They are for the "right to strike" and the "right to work" at the same time. Behind closed doors they work under the strictest supervision of the employer, but in their public utterances they are neither for one side nor the other.

Numerous examples could be cited to show how this part of the Mohawk Valley Formula was applied during strikes throughout the country. Two will suffice.

During the 1937 "Little Steel" strike in Canton, Ohio, a group of "prominent citizens" gathered in utmost secrecy for the purpose of organizing a "Citizens Law and Order League. There was no double talk at this meeting. Those present knew that their aim was to break the strike by eliminating "mob rule," and one of the specific purposes of this committee was "to find suitable men to serve as special police and deputy sheriffs." Yet this same strike-breaking outfit issued a statement to the press declaring: "The Citizens Law and Order League is not a strikebreaking organization. It is not the purpose of the League to take part in any industrial controversy."

In Youngstown, Ohio, the same Republic Steel Corporation set up another "citizens committee" under the name of "Mahoning Valley Citizens' Committee." Publicly it declared: "We recognize the right of labor to collective bargaining and to the protection of the law in any lawful efforts and attempts

of labor in its presentation and its safeguard.” But behind closed doors it pressured the Ohio governor to send troops that would cover and protect a back-to-work movement.

False Patriotism

These “innocent” Citizens Committees, springing up on the eve of a strike or during a strike, perform a variety of functions, depending on the local and state political setups. But always they parade as super-patriotic organizations dedicated to “uphold the Constitution and law and order.” The Youngstown Committee wound up its first public appeal as follows: “We solicit the citizens to join with us, to dedicate ourselves anew, in the spirit that was exemplified by the fathers of the Declaration of Independence.”

Often the impression is created by these Citizens Committees that to go out on strike is tantamount to an insurrection or uprising and the citizens are called upon, in the name of patriotism and loyalty, to uphold the country and flag. In Canton, Ohio, during the steel strike, attorney Adolph Linger, a leader of the Law and Order League, delivered a radio address over station WHBC and this is the kind of appeal he made to the citizens of Ohio: “Are we living in the United States of America, whose rights and liberties were purchased by the spilling of blood and maiming of men and the heartaches of women and the yielding of lives? Are Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill, Gettysburg, Chateau Thierry, Soissons, Saint Michel, Belleau Woods, the Argonne myths? Are Patrick Henry, Ethan Allen, Nathan Hale, Grant, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt legendary figures or did they actually exist in this country? Has the Bill of Rights become a mere scrap of paper to be carelessly swept aside because we have a dispute called a labor dispute? Is the American flag still the symbol of the paramount sovereignty of this government and constituted authority, or is it to be replaced by a labor flag?” (Hearings of the Committee on Education & Labor, 75th Congress, Part 32.)

One of the chief tasks strike-bound employers assign to Citizens Committees is to serve as a pressure group. With tremendous financial resources at their disposal, it is possible for such committees to perform a number of things that would greatly lose their usefulness if the employer did them directly and openly. In Canton the Citizens Committee organized a delegation of “prominent citizens,” to meet with the Mayor and county sheriff to demand that they deputize 200 special police for strike duty. In Johnstown, Pa., when the Governor ordered the Bethlehem plants closed and declared martial law, the Citizens Committee organized a campaign of telegrams and letters calling upon the Governor to rescind his order so that a back-to-work movement could be planned. The Governor was actually threatened with a recall movement. In other communities, it was the Citizens Committees that lined up support of women’s and veterans’ organizations against the strike. In Monroe, Mich., the Citizens Committee openly assumed leadership over a vigilante movement. In Youngstown, Ohio, it was the Citizens Committee that led and organized the back-to-work movement.

Camouflaged Company Propaganda

The most important assignment of Citizens Committees is to mold public opinion against the workers, the strike, the strike leaders and their union. However, it is a principle laid down by the Mohawk Valley Formula that company propaganda is much more effective when camouflaged. The employers are advised not to rely entirely on full page ads signed by the company; regular newspaper columnists and radio commentators can less easily give forthright support to an employer than to a “people’s movement” against a strike or strike wave. And many a columnist is seeking for strategic opportunities to come out on the employer’s side. In 1938, the La Follette Committee discovered that Mr. George Sokolsky, a nationally known syndicated newspaper columnist, was on the payroll of the National Association of Manufacturers.

As a rule Citizens Committees are supplied with large amounts of money to hire professional publicity men, buy radio time and newspaper advertising space. In recent years “labor trouble” advertising has become quite a business. Often an exceptionally vicious anti-labor column will be reprinted in a local newspaper in the form of a full-page advertisement.

Among other things a Citizens Committee may be bold enough to call a “mass meeting” in order to “demonstrate” its support in the community. Where this is done, the meetings are usually packed with people influenced by management personnel.

Exposing the “Citizens Committee”

What can strike leaders do to counteract the devious acts of a Citizens Committee?

The first thing is to study the social composition of the committee, the personal and professional background of the individuals. Invariably the committee will be found to consist of middle and upper class citizens – such as bank officials, insurance men, lawyers – with a sprinkling of church leaders. Retail merchants or others who depend on the good will of the people are most unlikely to be included, while the “big money” men, although they exert a decisive influence over these committees, are usually kept in the background. The Canton Citizens Law and Order League, for example, consisted of the following:

15 attorneys	1 contractor
6 association executives	1 physician
5 insurance agents	1 judge
3 manufacturers	1 utility executive
3 suppliers	1 commission merchant
2 ministers	1 salesman
2 retailers	1 stockbroker
2 real estate dealers	

A majority of this committee, it was found, had business connections in one form or another with the steel corporations.

It is not enough for the union to know who is on the committee. It must trace the committee’s origin, its financial backing, and find out who its true master minds are. In most cases the union will find that the majority in the leadership of such committees have a personal interest in supporting the employers. All this the union must expose. There will, of course, be cases where innocent and well meaning citizens will be dragged into such committees. Such people must be shown the light and urged to publicly disassociate themselves from the committee.

The fight against these committees must not degenerate into a fight against the individuals involved. The emphasis must be on their strikebreaking activities. To begin with, the union must tear down the mask of “neutrality.” All their verbal pronouncements that they are not opposed to organized labor in general must be shown to be pure hypocrisy. These committees must be forced into a position where they stand in the eyes of the public not as community representatives, but as an agency of the employers. Should the Citizens Committee call a “mass meeting,” the strikers and their families must be urged to attend. Being there, they can make a strong request that a representative of the strikers also be heard. But the best way to expose the function and the unrepresentative character of the committee is to foster the creation of a pro-union Citizens Committee. A public debate between the leaders of the two committees will quickly show which one truly represents the community and the public interests.

Often the majority of a citizens committee serve in a passive capacity, merely lending their names. The real operators are professionals, including imported publicity men working for national advertising firms, and other institutions specializing in anti-union activities. Others among such operators are trained strikebreaking salesmen, people who know how to approach women or foreign-born groups. These salesmen are known as “missionaries.” Their job is to mingle among the strikers and their families, disseminate false rumors, and plant seeds of demoralization. Among such operators are people who specialize in recruiting scabs from among weak strikers and among the unemployed. Quite often neither the strikers nor the people in the community are even aware of the fact that in their midst there is a battery of outside professional strikebreakers, imported for the duration of the strike. They must be searched out and publicly exposed.

Inasmuch as one of the chief objectives of the Mohawk Valley Formula is to arouse the community against the strike, union leaders must direct their attention to all the public moves of the Citizens Committees. In a previous chapter were outlined a number of steps that must be taken to win public

support. By putting these steps into successful operation a union can take away the initiative from a Citizens Committee and even prevent it from coming into existence.

Violence in the Name of “Law and Order”

“Bring about the formation of a large armed police force to intimidate the strikers and to exert a psychological effect upon the citizens. This armed force is built up by utilizing local police, state police if the Governor cooperates, vigilantes and special deputies. The deputies should be chosen from other neighborhoods so that there shall be no personal relationships to induce sympathy for the strikers. Coach the deputies and vigilantes on the law of unlawful assembly, inciting to riot and disorderly conduct; unhampered by any thought that the strikers may also possess some rights, they will be ready and anxious to use their newly acquired authority to the limit.”

Under this section of the Mohawk Valley Formula force and violence are brought upon the heads of the strikers in the name of “law and order.” Here the formula picks up a chip of the old strikebreaking block. But the emphasis is on psychological terror and intimidation. What the employers are after is to create the impression that in time of strike there is need for police reinforcements, special deputies, and State troops because violence is inevitable.

Facts do not bear out such a conclusion. Violence is inevitable only when the employers are determined to make it so. The coal miners are a case in point, and their experience should be used to prove to workers and the public at large that strikes are not synonymous with violence.

Two decades ago, a major strike in the coal fields brought death with it. But during the recent miners’ strikes there has been little violence; in fact, the newspapers have played up the “holiday atmosphere” in mining towns. What are the reasons for this change? The first is that liberal Governor Pinchot abolished the dreaded Coal and Iron Police. The second is that the coal operators have been blocked from sending into the coal fields a mob of cutthroats, murderers and frame-up artists by the outlawing of interstate shipment of scabs and professional strike- breakers. Most important, the coal operators have developed a healthy respect for the miners’ organized strength, indomitable spirit to stick it out, and deep-rooted loyalty to the union. In other words, there is no violence in the coal fields now because the employers have decided that terror and intimidation have not been useful in the mining country.

Violence characterizes strikes today for the same reasons it has always characterized them – because the employers still have hopes of crushing unions by defeating the strikers. The Mohawk Valley Formula recommends achieving this by creating, in the name of “law and order,” an atmosphere of terror and intimidation. Mary Heaton Vorse, a journalist who has covered strikes for the past thirty years, describes in *Labors New Millions* how this kind of atmosphere was created in Johnstown in 1937: “Excited citizens, many of them looking like high school boys, were being given black hats, night sticks, and arms, and were being sent to patrol the residential quarter of town to arouse feelings of alarm in the non-striking population. Everything was being done to give the effect that a violent and dangerous situation existed which must be handled by force.”

A similar atmosphere of expected violence was created in the 1949 New York taxi strike. On the day of the strike – April 1, 1949 – the *New York Times* on its front page carried a story with the following titles and subtitles:

TAXI DRIVERS STRIKE TODAY

POLICE PUT ON A “WAR” BASIS

“SAFE ROUTES” SET FOR CABS

*Motorcycle Force to Patrol Streets Advised for
Travel. Police to Carry Nightsticks, Work in*

The same issue of the Times carried another story with the headline, “Taxi Shop in Vain for Riot Insurance.” Similar scary headlines were on the front pages of most newspapers in New York. All through the taxi strike the “violence” angle was played up and blown up even though, with the exception of a few minor skirmishes, there was no violence. Mayor O’Dwyer, the police department, and the press did in New York what the Citizens Committee did in Johnstown, Pa. They created an atmosphere that all hell was about to break loose in this great metropolis. The *New York Times* of April 1, 1949, opened its story with this announcement: “The Police Department was placed yesterday on its ‘gravest’ emergency footing to control any violence that might arise from the taxicab strike and ‘to insure’ the safety of the public. Orders, effective at 12:01 A.M. today, put the entire department on twelve-hour tours of duty; a move that will augment the regular working force by 3,250 patrolmen and detectives. The special duty chart invoked by Police Commissioner William P. O’Brien has been used only once before, *in the first days after the United States 9 entry into World War II.*” Mayor O’Dwyer made a special broadcast to the people with warning there will be no “goons,” “no roughhouse and no violence.” Unfortunately, the leaders of the taxi strike did not expose in time the strikebreaking character of this violence propaganda.

To create a violence scare without violence is like smoke without fire! It is bound to dissipate. Hence there is need to actually create incidents of violence. And here is where the professional stoolpigeons, employer-hired saboteurs and frame-up men enter the strike picture. American strike history is crowded with incidents where Pinkerton, Bergoff and other notorious strikebreaking agencies have planted their men among strikers to perform these kinds of Judas tasks. Such “plants” are generally known as *agents provocateurs*. The La Follette Senate Committee uncovered and exposed hundreds of such characters. They are planted in every labor organization, and no doubt quite a few of them are still in labor’s midst waiting till their masters order them to strike a blow.

The Vigilante Movement

The creation of an atmosphere and incidents of violence – which, of course, are immediately blown up in the press and beamed over the air waves – opens the door for a much more important phase of strikebreaking the development of a vigilante movement. Such a movement is particularly important to an employer when local or State authorities are pro-labor minded or fearful of political consequences if they line up against the strikers and their union.

The vigilante movement has a long history in our nation and in the American labor movement. It began one hundred years ago in California when the people formed vigilance committees to wrest from thieves and gamblers the government power they had usurped and to defend the right to work and build a decent citizenry. Then it was a progressive movement. Afterward it became one of the worst expressions of reaction in American life. It is that today.

Significantly this movement flourished best during periods when the federal and State administrations did not pursue hostile policies toward organized labor. At such times employers could not rely on federal and State troops, on injunctions, on the Department of Justice and other federal agencies to intervene on their behalf. Thus between 1936 and 1938, years when the Wagner Act dominated labor relations, extra-legal means became the employers’ only recourse, and the vigilante movement developed on a national scale. A National Citizens Committee was set up in July, 1937, to coordinate the work of the local committees throughout the country.

Of course, vigilantism varied from State to State, depending mainly on the position of local and State authorities toward organized labor. This can be illustrated by what happened at the time of the 1937 steel strike. In Johnstown, Pa. and Monroe, Mich., open armed vigilante movements developed, but not in the Ohio steel towns. There can be no doubt that one of the main reasons was that Governor Davey of Ohio was ready and willing to cooperate with the steel corporations, whereas in Michigan and Pennsylvania the governors were not ready for such cooperation. In Ohio there was no need for

vigilantes; the Citizens Committees could concentrate on discrediting the strike in the eyes of the public, and the armed forces of the State were available to do the rest.

The Underground Conspiracies

In each locality the vigilantes develop their own specific form according to the circumstances. In Michigan, in the middle thirties, there was the powerful "Black Legion" whose leadership was dedicated to a merciless struggle against organized labor. It was a secret, well armed organization based on military principles. Murder and terror were its chief weapons. The true character of this organization was expressed by its own oath:

In the name of God and the devil, one to reward, the other to punish, and by the powers of light and darkness, good and evil, here under the black arch of heaven's avenging symbol I pledge and consecrate my heart, my brain, my body and my limbs and swear by all the powers of heaven and hell to devote my life to the obedience of my superiors and that no danger or peril shall deter me from executing their orders.

I will exert every possible means in my power for the extermination of the anarchists, Communists, the Roman hierarchy and their abettors.

I further pledge my heart, my brain, my body and my limbs never to betray a comrade and that I will submit to all the tortures that mankind can inflict rather than reveal a single word of this, my oath.

Before violating a single clause or implied pledge of this, my obligation, I will pray to an avenging God and to an unmerciful devil to tear my heart out and roast it over flames of sulphur.

That my head be split open and my brains be scattered over the earth, that my body be ripped up, my bowels be torn out and fed to the carrion birds.

That each of my limbs be broken with stones and then cut off by inches that they may be food for the foulest birds of air.

*And lastly may my soul be given unto torment; that my body be submerged into molten metal and stifled in the flames of hell, and that this punishment may be meted out to me through all eternity in the name of God our creator. Amen. (George Morris, *The Black Legion Rides*.)*

After a number of local union leaders were murdered between 1933 and 1936, the "Black Legion" was discovered and exposed. The great forward surge of the automobile workers defeated this fascist organization on the picket lines. But this did not stop vigilantism in Michigan; it only changed its form. In 1937 there sprang up in each auto town a local vigilante organization. These local groups were backed and organized by local leaders of the Republican Party and leaders of American Legion posts who were also active Republicans. In Grand Rapids, Michigan, American Legionnaires openly campaigned for the establishment of uniformed, armed forces, separate from the State militia, whose only duty would be to break strikes. The town newspaper, the *Chronicle Independent*, became the mouthpiece for the vigilantes. In August 1937 it declared:

Let a special tax be assessed for the purpose of providing a defense fund. This defense fund can be used to pay for the training of 1,000 or more young men enrolled in a special auxiliary police force to be available at times of emergency. The men in this corps should be paid for attending drills and training periods, in the same manner that members of the National Guard companies are paid.

THE COST OF PROVIDING, DRILLING AND MAINTAINING SUCH A FORCE WOULD BE FAR LESS THAN THE COST TO THE CITY OF ONE DAY'S STOPPAGE OF BUSINESS.

In Flint, Mich., the vigilantes formed a "Law and Order League" which was powerful enough to control the city council, to name a city manager and appoint its own police chief. In Monroe, the then Mayor of the town armed a mob that drove the CIO organizers out of town and at a point of a gun prohibited picketing at the Republic Steel Plant.

The vigilante movement spread from North to South and from East to West. In Tampa, Fla., the Ku Klux Klan took up the "crusade" against labor with terror and death resulting. In Seattle, Wash., a vigilante committee was organized to break the 1936 maritime strike. A special bulletin was issued to the vigilantes with the following instructions:

Temper your severity to suit the occasion and if forced to fight, don't forget that nothing so swiftly sickens a mob of its course than brutal, stomach-wrenching, soul-sickening brutality swiftly, fearlessly and judiciously applied ...

It would be well to provide canned foods and arms for your family, and to arrange for them to stay in company with the families of other members of your unit. Plan with your wife or parents for a place of meeting in case your home is destroyed or impossible to reach ...

TREATMENT OF CROWDS: A crowd is a potential mob. The best time to stop a fight is before it starts. Don't temporize, don't harangue, don't "reason with them," don't bluster, don't argue, don't "answer back," don't let your men be surrounded nor left without an avenue of withdrawal, don't bite off more than you can chew, don't plunge into the heart of a crowd for individual arrests unless your force is strong and the crowd is "covered" by your riflemen from a superior altitude.

Remember that the agitators do more shoving from the rear than leading from the front; never neglect an opportunity to improve the potential effect of your fire by posting men on roof tops and second story windows, but don't weaken your force too much by division of your strength.

Don't forget that women are aligned with the enemy, they are apt to be in the front rank of a mob and are prone to be the most hysterical and the most abusive. Ignore them unless they imperil your men or your mission and then treat them exactly as though they were men ...

WHEN YOU MAY FIRE: Remember that our sole object is to prevent revolutionary tactics, bloodshed and property damage, by lawful and American means! You must be loath to loose your piece (gun), but must not hesitate to use it if necessity demands. If time permits and wisdom dictates it, challenge the offending party before you fire upon him.

*GENERAL NOTES: A cornered rat is hard to whip; leave your crowd an avenue of escape and the weaker souls will take it, thus launching a wholesale rout which you can follow to advantage. Mount your machine guns low, in ground floor windows or entrance ways, behind cover, but so they can cover a wide area. Upper windows are good for riflemen but bad for machine guns since their arc of fire covers but little ground. Keep informed every minute of the enemy's whereabouts, arrange signals from men in high places, by runners or arm signals. (Isobel Walker Soule, *The Vigilantes.*)*

How to Fight Vigilantism

Strike leaders must not underestimate the danger of vigilantism. In August 1937 the American Institute of Public Opinion conducted a poll. It asked this question: "Do you approve of citizens' groups, called vigilantes, which have sprung up recently in strike areas?" The results were as follows:

In the east central region, which includes Michigan and the steel strike area, the returns were 22 per cent in support of the vigilantes. Other areas voted thus:

New England	Yes	22%
Middle Atlantic	Yes	22%
West Central	Yes	28%
South	Yes	31%
Rocky Mountains	Yes	19%
Pacific Coast	Yes	34%

It augurs ill for the future that so large a percentage of American citizens could approve such a fascist-like movement – product of anti-labor hysteria built up by a hostile and often irresponsible press. It is conceivable that in time of a future strike wave, a hostile Congress and a hostile press and radio might stimulate very substantial backing for vigilantism.

How shall labor combat the menace of force and violence in the name of "law and order"?

1. *Foresee violence and expose attempts to create it.* In each strike situation the union leaders, on the basis of past experience and considering the issues involved, can anticipate in general terms the kind of tactics the employer will use. For example: will management attempt to operate the mill with scabs? If

so, the employer will inevitably stimulate violence propaganda and exert pressure upon the authorities to enlarge the police force or their own protection department. The first duty of the strike leaders is to expose this kind of propaganda.

2. *Demand the removal of munitions.* Almost every large company is stacked up with munitions. On the eve of the strike, or during its early stages, the strikers must appeal to the public authorities with a demand that these munitions be taken out of the plant for the duration of the strike. This step by itself will bring into the open which side is preparing acts of violence.

3. *Fight against the deputizing of private citizens.* At all times the union must vigorously oppose the creation of an extra armed force by the deputizing of private citizens. The very idea of such a force is an offense to the workers on strike. It implies that a strike is a crime and that strikers are potential criminals. The union must do more than oppose; it must offer its own manpower for police duty and press the argument that in communities where strikers were deputized there were hardly any acts of violence. Failing to accomplish its objective, the union must concentrate on exposing the character of the citizens deputized and show their bias in favor of the company. In particular the union should expose the criminal element that always becomes part of such a force.

4. *Fight unceasingly all efforts to organize vigilantes.* No armed volunteer groups to serve the employers' interests should be permitted in the community, and proceedings should be instituted against public officials encouraging lawlessness and violence against the rights of workers on strike. Appeals should be made to State and federal authorities, over the heads of local officials, to curtail official or private lawlessness.

5. *Form a mass defense organization.* Perhaps the most effective way of combating vigilantism is for the strikers to form an organization capable of protecting the strikers, the picket line, the union leaders, strike headquarters and active strikers and their families. The younger strikers, particularly veterans, can give substance to such a strikers' defense organization.

Chapter 13: Back-to-Work Movements

A Modern Version of Scabbing

Strike leaders cannot lead workers to victory unless they are thoroughly acquainted with the next part of the Mohawk Valley Formula.

“Most important, heighten the demoralizing effect of the above measures all designed to convince the strikers that their cause is hopeless by a ‘back-to-work’ movement, operated by a puppet association of so-called ‘loyal employees’ secretly organized by the employer. The association wages a publicity campaign in its own name and coordinates such campaign with the work of the missionaries circulated among the strikers and visiting their homes.”

All other measures outlined in the Mohawk Valley Formula are simply preliminaries to this decisive strikebreaking step. If a back-to-work movement succeeds, the strike fails. Mary Heaton Vorse aptly characterized it when she wrote that this movement “emerged from an instinctive movement to the number one place in a conscious strikebreaking technique.”

A back-to-work movement is not an entirely new development. It would be more accurate to say that it is just our well known old scabbing modernized to fit in with present-day conditions. It was first used on a large scale in the 1919 steel strike. The strike investigation by the Inter-church World Movement recognized it as a new form of strikebreaking and in its report declared: “As a fighting proposition the strike was broken by the successful establishment of, first, the theory of ‘resuming production,’ and, second, the fact of it.”

As has already been stated, scabbing as a profession, or as a temporary practice, is very much discredited. The famous strike song “Which Side Are You On?” sung on thousands of picket lines and in thousands of union halls expresses labor’s deep contempt for scabs:

“Oh workers can you stand it?

Oh tell me how you can.

Will you be a lousy scab

Or will you be a man?”

It is in part this attitude which has resulted in the lessened importance of professional scab agencies, although the many legal restrictions on such agencies are also a factor. While private scab agencies still exist, and while it is conceivable that under certain circumstances they could expand their strikebreaking activities, they would in any case be totally inadequate in relation to the present strength of organized labor.

Back-to-work movements are the employers' answer to the new situation. In many respects this answer is superior to the old-fashioned scab method of strikebreaking. Built as they are on employees who worked in the factories before the strike took place and who are known in the community, back-to-work movements do not arouse the same hostility. It is much easier to develop a resentment against out-of-town scabs than against local workers who have decided to betray their own interests and those of their fellow workers.

When and How the Formula Is Applied

Another advantage a back-to-work movement has for the employer is that it causes people to believe the workers are divided over the strike issue. It should be remembered that the leaders of such a movement often form an “independent” union that is for everything except the strike. In most cases, too, the press creates the impression that the back-to-work movement actually represents a majority of the workers involved in the strike.

A third important advantage to the employer is that through such a movement he can keep constant check on striker morale and know just how many strikers are ready to break ranks and return to work. This can have a great bearing on the course of the strike.

A final advantage of a back-to-work movement is that even partial success has its value; the employer can operate with scabs and continue to refuse to bargain collectively, or he can delay the ending of the strike.

Under what circumstances does an employer organize a back-to-work movement?

A study of strikes in which employers developed or attempted to develop back-to-work movements leads to the conclusion that this tactic is generally used when the employers' objective is to break not only the strike, but also the union, or to prevent the union from establishing itself on a permanent basis. That was the original objective of the author of the Mohawk Valley Formula. Certainly, this was the major objective of the steel corporations in 1937; under the leadership of Tom Girdler, they were determined to prevent the CIO from entering their plants.

During the post-war period, a number of powerful corporations made an attempt to return to the open shop. Among these were the meat packing companies and Remington Rand, then making a second effort to destroy the union. The Remington Rand strike took place in 1947 and the meat packers' strike in 1948. In both strikes a back-to-work movement was developed. Similarly, in the 1949 New York taxi drivers' strike, where the fleet owners' chief objective was to prevent the union from establishing itself, a back-to-work movement was instituted.

On the other hand, during the same period there took place, particularly in the coal fields and auto industry, even larger strikes than the above, but here the employers did not, at the time, set themselves the smashing of the unions as their main objective. In these strikes there was no attempt to organize back-to-work movements. Strike leaders who are confronted with back-to-work movements can justly conclude, therefore, that their union is up against a life and death struggle.

How Workers Are Misled

What are the circumstances under which strikers could be misled into joining a back-to-work movement?

Undoubtedly one of the major factors would be lack of adequate preparation for the strike. When workers are properly forewarned about all possible moves their employer may make when the strike comes, they know what to expect, and when this move does come, it loses the element of surprise and causes no confusion in the ranks. In fact, the prestige of the leadership is strengthened; when strike leaders can predict in advance the moves of the employer, the workers' confidence in them naturally increases.

A back-to-work movement has greater chances for success among newly organized workers. Among such workers there has not yet developed a deep-rooted sense of solidarity. Such workers are likely to have a strong attachment for the company, developed through clever company propaganda, welfare schemes, sports and social activities and, until recently, company unions; for the new union no such attachments could as yet have developed. It takes time to build solidarity. Back-to-work movements are much less likely to succeed in industries where the unions have been in existence a long time and solidarity has become deep-rooted. The miners' slogan "no contract – no work" is an expression that reflects a very high degree of union understanding and solidarity. There were no back-to-work movements in the numerous strikes in the coal fields.

A situation in which wages, hours, and union recognition are not the chief issues – because the employers have already granted such demands in the hope that this would keep the workers out of the union – lends itself to a back-to-work movement. Such was the case in the 1937 steel strike. Tom Girdler, his "Citizens Committees," his press campaign, his "missionaries," his letters to the workers and full page advertisements kept hammering away that "no questions of wages, hours, or collective bargaining" were involved in the strike, and that even if the strike were won the men would gain nothing in dollars and cents. Such a demagogic appeal to men who had not been organized or on strike for almost two decades had its effect.

An unwholesome psychological setting is also conducive to a back-to-work movement; employers hope and pray for a situation where a feeling of doubt in final victory develops. Sources of such doubts can be manifold. First and foremost is employer propaganda; through every conceivable means employers endeavor to undermine the strikers' confidence in final victory. Often, however, doubts of final victory arise out of poor performance on the part of strike leaders. Poor organization, isolation of leaders from members, confusion, lack of warmth and understanding of the needs of the strikers and their families, and personal behavior unbecoming strike leaders are all factors that undermine morale and create doubts.

Again, immediate financial and other material considerations can become an attraction to workers lacking a trade union background, particularly at a time when their financial needs are greatest. In Youngstown, the employees of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube were offered the following if they would join the back- to- work movement:

1. All workers, whether union or non-union, would be granted a choice of regular annual vacations, ranging from one to two weeks, or the equivalent in cash.
2. All men who entered the plants would get time and one-half on a 12-hour shift.
3. Insurance would be continued on all its 15,000 employees in the Youngstown area throughout June (while they were out) , by paying all premiums, usually deducted from pay checks.
4. Physical examinations were to be waived. (This meant that thousands of older employees who might otherwise be disqualified by failure to meet physical requirements of employment, would not need to have such examinations.)

Similar material inducements were offered to workers in other strikes in return for joining a back-to-work movement.

In service industries – i.e., hotels, restaurants, taxis, etc. – there are additional reasons why strike leaders must prepare the workers against the dangers of a back-to-work movement. There is a basic difference between workers employed in factories, plants, and mines, and workers employed in service industries. A tipping employee such as a waiter, a bellman or a taxi driver receives only a nominal wage;

his real take-home pay depends on his tips. A taxi driver who earns his day's pay through collecting forty per cent of the meter reading as well as tips is much more susceptible to company propaganda that a strike is an irreparable financial loss to him and that it is to his interest to go back to work as speedily as possible. The leaders of the Taxi Drivers' Organizing Committee in New York did not sufficiently take into account this important peculiarity of the service industries.

These are some of the chief causes and inducements that prompt workers to join back-to-work movements. But the chief cause is lack of understanding of the principles of trade unionism. However, workers learn from their own experiences. In 1936 Remington Rand broke a strike through the back-to-work movement; in 1947 the same workers broke the back-to-work movement.

"Independent Associations" as Fronts

Who are the sponsors of such movements? At all times they are the employers. Never in any strike was there a genuine back-to-work movement of the workers themselves. A back-to-work movement is planned, manned, financed by the employers. But in public it appears as a real and spontaneous revolt of the workers against strike, leaders, union.

It was not Tom Girdler, or Frank Purnell, President of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube, nor was it "Chowder Head" Cohan or Bergoff who appeared as the public leaders of the Youngstown back-to-work movement. It was a local attorney and a group of former company union representatives who set up an "independent" union for the purpose of initiating this organized scabbery. In Johnstown and Monroe, the mayors of the towns were the puppets. In the Remington Rand strike in Illion, N.Y., a company agent, who was also a union member, was responsible for the organization of the "Committee of Remington Rand Union Members for Democratic Principles," which, in turn organized the back-to-work movement. Many more examples could be cited showing the same pattern: company controlled unions disguised as "independent," lawyers and businessmen, city officials and deserters from union ranks are brought forward by the employers to lead a back-to-work movement.

How does the technique operate?

The first step is forming an "independent" organization. This is camouflage to give the thing a worker coloration; the appearance of a spontaneous worker movement. In Youngstown, Ohio, at the Republic plant an "Independent Federation of Republic Employees" was set up. In Sheet & Tube an "Independent Society of Workers of the Campbell Plant of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co." came into being. Usually such organizations are formed secretly, properly staffed with "loyal" employees, a law office, finances, headquarters and public relations people. Their coming into the open is timed and coordinated with the employers' plan to reopen the mills. In Youngstown, both organizations came out in the open on the same day, June 2, 1937, with public declarations. The Chairman of the Republic "Independents" declared that "as free Americans we have the right to come and go as we wish." Of course, the "federation" had no quarrel with anyone, but "the gates should be free for the workmen to enter if they want to." The Sheet & Tube "Independents" came out with a more elaborate program. They sent out a letter to the thousands of workers employed by that company and the same was reprinted in the local press. The letter read:

DO — YOU — WANT — TO — GO — BACK — TO — WORK?

IF YOU DO, READ THIS LETTER!

Fellow Workers — Campbell Works, Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co.

The Wagner Labor Act automatically eliminated and abolished the so-called Company Employees' Representation Plan.

An independent organization has been formed and is called the "Independent Society of Workers" which, regardless of the outcome of the present labor trouble, intends to and will continue to function as an agency for collective bargaining for its members on all matters involving grievances, labor disputes, wages, rates of pay, hours of employment, vacations with pay and conditions of work.

This is YOUR SOCIETY, governed and controlled by men chosen by yourselves –

The “Independent Society of Workers” asks you the following questions: (1) Why did we stop working? (2) Who stopped us? (3) Can you afford to be idle and have no income? (4) How long can you hold out? (5) Who loses the most when on strike?

DO YOU WANT TO WORK?

The “Independent Society of Workers” know a large majority of our fellow workers want to return to work and we can help them.

An office has been opened at Room 215 Dollar Bank Bldg., Central Square.

Come in and register. It’s up to you.

(Signed) Independent Society of Workers

Timing the Back-to-Work Offensive

This puppet “Independent Society of Workers” of the Sheet & Tube Co. offers so good an example of how the back-to-work technique operates that its movements and the collateral strikebreaking movements of the company will be described step by step.

As part of the timing, on the very day the formation of the “Independents” was announced, the *Youngstown Vindicator* carried a streamer across the front page: “Girdler Asks Protection for Workers.” Mr. Girdler stated that he expected to open the mills “when enough employees want to work and can get to work safely. We don’t want them to wade through blood.”

In accordance with the Mohawk Valley Formula a public meeting was called two days later. There it was voted to “inform” management, city and state authorities, and above all, the strikers that the back-to-work movement was soon to begin. The next few days were devoted to a barrage against the strike. The “missionaries” got very busy. Signatures were collected on a petition favoring a return to work, and in general every effort was made to create the impression that the strikers were weakening, and that the “big push” was about to come off.

A few days later, Ray L. Thomas, organizer and spokesman for the back-to-work movement announced that the majority of the strikers had signed up to return to work. On June 16, Mr. Thomas and the leaders of the “loyal employees”* met with Mr. Purnell, President of the Sheet & Tube Co., in the presence of a large number of newspapermen. At this well-staged “conference” Mr. Thomas announced that he had 9,000 signatures of employees requesting that they be “allowed to return to work.” In reply to this “clamoring” of the employees, the good steel corporation president announced to the press that “my great interest just now is the restoration of payrolls so that our employees may resume their lawful occupations and be enabled to support themselves and their families.” Mr. Purnell went on to say that a large number of the employees were pressing the company to open their gates “so that they can go back to work ... and if we develop that the proper law enforcement officers can give them the protection to which, as citizens and taxpayers, they are entitled, it is of course the logical result.” A few hours later, Mr. Lionel Evans, the good Mayor of the town, declared in the press that “if 7,500 or 9,000 men in this valley want to go back to work, I’m going to see the laws are enforced.” The stage was set.

In utmost secrecy and in the name of protection from violence supposedly about to be let loose by the strikers, preparations for real acts of violence were being made. Within the mills, machine guns were placed in position. Loads of tear gas were laid out and made ready for use. In the city, the police force was alerted. In the county, the sheriff deputized more men. Those ready to return to work were armed with revolvers. The city was tense, the people were in a state of expectancy, the strikers were grim and the leaders conscious that “this was it.”

Late in the afternoon of Monday, June 22, the *Youngstown Vindicator* appeared on the streets with a double streamer announcing: “Sheet & Tube and Republic to Reopen at 7 A.M. Tuesday.” It was like a special back-to-work edition. Both companies carried full page advertisements. The paper also carried a special editorial. It read:

Because of its long record of friendliness to labor, the Vindicator can speak without fear of being misunderstood.

Tomorrow Youngstown faces a crisis. Many thousands of men who have been kept out of work against their will are demanding the right to return to the mills. In consequence of this spontaneous demand, the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. and the Republic Steel Co. have decided to reopen their plants Tuesday morning.

These men have a right to return to work unmolested. Anyone who interferes with them is no friend of labor but will do labor's cause the greatest possible harm. The public is growing impatient with labor because of the violence of the last few weeks, and it will not stand for any action on the part of strike leaders or sympathizers that will keep men from their jobs.

Tomorrow will be one of the most important days in Youngstown's history. The peaceful return of all who are protesting against enforced idleness will not only reflect the credit the city desires, but will be in the best interests of labor itself.

The back-to-work movement was so well planned and so well organized that provocation and violence against the strikers were inevitable. As the La Follette Committee uncovered later, there were enough munitions inside the mills to turn Youngstown into a virtual battleground. How to avoid bloodshed was the strike leaders' chief concern; they had information that the ringleaders were briefed to "shoot their way into the mills" if necessary. With this in mind the three local union leaders sent the following telegram to President Roosevelt and Governor Davey:

The Youngstown paper announced today Sheet & Tube and Republic will attempt to reopen Tuesday morning. We can prove to your satisfaction that an overwhelming majority of employees of both plants are members of the CIO and are determined to stay out on strike until both companies sign an agreement. Any attempt to open gates will automatically bring violence and bloodshed. Already two of our men were brutally murdered Saturday evening. Events Saturday evening may be only a skirmish in comparison with the amount of blood that may be shed tomorrow morning. The local authorities are working hand in glove with the steel companies and this makes the situation more threatening and more serious. In the name of God and the overwhelming majority of the steel workers of Youngstown who together with their families represent a majority of the population of this city we urge you to immediately intervene in this critical hour and avoid a calamity and disaster that Ohio may remember for decades to come. We appeal to you to use your good offices to avoid on time the most horrible things that may let loose within the next 24 hours. We are fully aware of all the preparations that the companies have made to break our strike. It is therefore inevitable that disaster will come. We would greatly appreciate a reply from you.

A few days before this wire was sent, Philip Murray had appeared before the Senate Post Office Committee and publicly declared:

In the city of Youngstown a repetition of the Chicago massacre is being prepared by Republic Steel. Sheriff Elser and Mayor Evans have hired special deputies, and all of the thugs and policemen of Republic Steel Corporation. Scores of these thugs have been brought into Youngstown from New York, Pennsylvania and other states ... Since May 9, Sheriff Elser has sworn in 332 men ... In an astonishingly short space of time, Sheriff Elser has available for these deputies armored trucks, scores of machine guns, other guns, ammunition and stacks of tear gas. The arsenals have been furnished to the sheriff by Republic Steel.

Mr. Murray added that "recourse to local officials in these cases afforded no relief, because of their complete tie-up with the officials of the steel corporations."

The news of planned bloodshed in Youngstown, against a background of the Chicago massacre, spread throughout the industrial towns of Ohio and Pennsylvania. Rubber workers from Akron, steel workers from nearby mining towns rushed to Youngstown to help their embattled brothers. To prevent such reinforcements for the strikers, city and county authorities blocked all highways leading to Youngstown. Within a matter of hours, hundreds of workers were jailed. The prosecutor announced that the jail was packed.

The lines were drawn. The strikers were at a great disadvantage because they were unarmed, but they had no intention of retreating. Before dawn broke, many of them bid farewell to their families and walked off to the picket lines as though going to war.

As zero hour approached, in reply to the appeal of the steel workers, President Roosevelt made a special plea to the steel masters asking them not to open the mills. At the very last minute Governor Davey ordered the National Guard to Youngstown with instructions to keep the mills closed. It looked like victory for the workers. But a few days later the governor, yielding to pressure, betrayed the steel workers; the mills opened under the protection of the troops.

“The Right to Work” Propaganda

This is how the Mohawk Valley Formula was translated into action in Youngstown. There remained only to put on the finishing touches, for which the formula prescribes the following procedure:

“Close the publicity barrage, which day by day during the entire period has increased demoralization worked by all of these measures, on the theme that the plant is in full operation and that the strikers were merely a minority at- tempting to interfere with the right to work, thus inducing the public to place a moral stamp of approval upon the above measures. With this, the campaign is over – the employer has broken the strike”

The “right to work” versus the right to strike has been raised by employers as a major issue in most strikes where the Mohawk Valley Formula has been applied. As has been pointed out in a previous chapter, this is sheer hypocrisy. Actually, the glittering phrase “the right to work” is invoked in time of strike not to champion but to defeat labor’s most elementary desire: the right always to earn a decent living and have security on the job. The slogan “the right to work” is just part of the effort to make strikebreaking legal and moral. It is popularized to get moral sanction for any man to work so long as he will go to work as a strikebreaker. It is a slogan intended to confuse and mislead workers, but more especially the public at large.

To expose the hypocrisy of this slogan in time of strike the union can bring to mind what the employers thought about “the right to work” in depression days. They can ask the public to remember how in the days of unemployment the manufacturers’ association fought against government financed work projects, fought against unemployment insurance, fought against any other aid to the unemployed. The union can also announce that it is taking a “rain check” on the “right to work.” That is what the Conemaugh Valley Lodge of the Steel Workers Union did. A few months after the 1937 Bethlehem steel strike in Johnstown, hundreds of workers were laid off and thousands were working only two or three days a week. The union put out a leaflet with the title “What About the Right to Work Now?” In this leaflet the union declared:

Not so many weeks ago, we were told about the sacred right to work. The powers that be volunteered us protection if we desired to work.

What about the right to work now? Thousands of men laid off or working part time!

Our union believes in the sacred right to work. We urge you to call on the Citizens’ Committee, the Chamber of Commerce, the Mayor of Johnstown, the company officials and demand the right to work.

Is the right to work a right which exists only when the company chooses to permit us to enjoy it?

Is it a right which can be taken from us at any time when the company chooses? Doesn’t the company owe us some explanation of the present lay-off and the reduction of working time?

Where are the people who willingly contributed thousands of dollars to protect us in our right to work? We see no full page advertisements now demanding that we be allowed to continue at our jobs in the mill.

We see no businessmen calling at the company office to complain that their business is being hurt because we are not allowed to work. Their business is being hurt as much as at any other time when we were not working. Why are they making no demands for us now?

Think these things over, Brothers, and we are sure you will be able to decide who really are your friends. Organize! Build a UNION wall around your right to work. Demand not only the right to work but also the right to fair play and honest collective bargaining.

Remington Rand Workers Defeat the Formula

When a back-to-work movement succeeds, very often the strike fails. But this is equally true in reverse; when the employers' back-to-work campaign is defeated, the strike is virtually won. What has been the experience of unions which have defeated the application of this most dangerous part of the Mohawk Valley Formula? How have they done it?

The 1947 Remington Rand strike is an excellent example of how the formula can be licked. The example is all the more convincing because the Mohawk Valley Formula, born in a previous Remington Rand strike, had eleven years earlier won a victory over the same workers.

On June 18, 1947, the Remington Rand workers went out on strike for a fifteen cent wage increase – following the wage pattern of most unions at that time. The 14,000 Remington Rand workers were well organized. Most of the plants had contracts with the UE and some with the International Association of Machinists.

From the very start the company flirted with the idea of a back- to- work movement. In Illion, N.Y., on the day of the walkout, Harold Day, manager of Plant 1, declared in the press: "The gates are open to any who want to go back to work." The *Utica Observer-Dispatch* elaborated on this statement and bewailed the lack of a leader. Many "would pass the picket lines if somebody started the movement," it declared. Actually the company had already selected a person to lead such a back-to-work movement.

Unlike 1936, when the employers had passed the assignment on to a private detective agency, the job of breaking the strike was given to John O'Connor, who for a period of years had operated inside the union, where at one time he had gained the confidence of the workers so far that he was elected a shop steward of Local 334, UE. O'Connor had begun to show his colors prior to the strike. During the negotiations he made several attempts to disrupt, confuse and undermine the union. As a result he was tried by his union, found guilty of disruption and permanently expelled. Management considered this person just the man for the role of a back-to-work leader.

Twenty days after the strike began, Remington Rand was ready to initiate the back-to-work movement in accordance with its own creation, the Mohawk Valley Formula. O'Connor together with several other "loyal" employees set up a committee, one of the first actions of which was to call a rump meeting for the purpose of stimulating and initiating a back-to-work movement. The union lost no time in striking back. It immediately exposed this employer move. In a statement to the press, the union denounced the projected meeting as a "deliberate company inspired and financed scheme by desperate men to launch a strikebreaking movement." The union charged that the whole affair was designed to instigate and promote violence and bloodshed in the Mohawk Valley. Furthermore, the union declared that it had evidence that would establish clearly and indisputably the fact that Mr. William E. Shorten, vice-president in charge of industrial relations for Remington Rand, had been conspiring with John O'Connor and had "extended large sums of money and assistance of professional strikebreakers to O'Connor's group" in order to break the strike.

This timely public exposure of the rump meeting immediately alerted the strikers and the community and placed responsibility for the violence that inevitably accompanies back-to-work movements where it belonged. At the same time, the strike leaders called for a reinforcement of all picket lines. On the day of the meeting called by O'Connor's committee, a crowd of pickets arrived at the meeting place and staged an excellent demonstration. While hundreds of pickets stayed outside, others entered the meeting hall and spoke for the strikers. In addition, the union issued a leaflet exposing O'Connor and the true purpose of the meeting. The leaflet did not mince words. It read as follows:

YOU MAY BE HERE AS ONE WHO FEELS THAT THIS "back-to-work" IS THE ACTION OF HONEST WORKERS. Don't be deceived! Don't let individuals like O'Connor who are being paid by the Company, use you for their reckless and strikebreaking adventures! O'Connor and several of those working with him are being directed and financed by Remington Rand, Inc. and never have denied it. They are trying to use YOU in their union busting game. YOU will suffer in your wages and working conditions while they will be paid for their services in selling their fellow workers out. They are trying

to confuse YOU and any others that they can find to take the brunt for their sinister acts. Don't let them make a SUCKER out of YOU!

YOU MAY BE HERE AS A SPECTATOR ... expecting something to happen. Look around and see how many of those who are talking about "going back" you recognize as Plant 1 workers. You will see faces you have never seen before ... strikebreakers imported here by Remington Rand to deliberately provoke violence and bloodshed into the peaceful and orderly strike situation.

YOU MAY BE HERE AS A FOREMAN OR CLERICAL WORKER NOT PART OF THE BARGAINING UNIT. You too have a stake in this strike. This morning the Company is trying to use you to attempt to break the strike. They will try and use you without regard to what may happen to you or others as a result of their plans to provoke trouble and violence.

Management and its back-to-work leaders were not fully satisfied that their strikebreaking move was a failure. Several days later, another attempt was made. This time the company worked on all cylinders in its attempt to drum up support for such a movement. The so-called "Employees Committee" in a paid advertisement in the local newspaper called upon the workers to go back to work July 14 at 8 A.M., rain or shine. On the same day, Remington Rand placed a "come on in and go to work" advertisement in the same local paper.

The union realized that the strike would be decided that morning. Determined to "bury the Mohawk formula," the union assembled 1,500 pickets in front of the plants at daybreak. Long picket lines began to circle. The strike leaders were there, the sound trucks were assembled, first-aid stations had been set up. Every man's mind was made up that no strikebreakers should pass that picket line.

And they did not. The few misguided workers who came with the thought of entering the plant changed their mind the minute they saw the pickets. Michael Jiminez, leader of the strike, addressed the great gathering. "Do you want to go back to work?" A roar of "No's" was the reply. "Do you want to be betrayed by men like O'Connor?" Another roar of "No's." Then Jiminez asked O'Connor whether he had anything to say, and if so, to speak up then, because there was the sound truck and he was welcome to use it.

Beaten, O'Connor went to the microphone. "To all people assembled here who want to go back to work," he said. "There will be no attempt to enter the gates this morning."

So ended the back-to-work movement. Ten days later, Mr. James Rand, author of the great Mohawk Valley Formula, admitted defeat in applying his brainchild to his own workers and acceded to the demands of the union.

What happened in Remington Rand can be successfully repeated in other strikes providing strike leaders react to back-to-work movements quickly and resolutely. Under every set of circumstances, the best and only answer to such movements is a speedy mobilization of the rank and file and the community at large.

Part Four

Chapter 14: Strike Leadership

We Don't Have Enough

Despite the great numerical strength of the American trade union movement and the thousands of men and women who devote their full time to union work, there are not many who have emerged as strike leaders of national stature. There are valid reasons why.

Up to the enactment of the Wagner Act and the birth of the CIO, there were no large-scale organizing campaigns and therefore no major strikes. Old-time leaders were content with small unions, mostly craft in composition and operating in small industrial establishments. Under such circumstances, it could hardly be expected that a strike leadership of national stature would emerge.

Furthermore, for a number of years, and particularly in the twenties, the dominant tactic of the majority of the trade union leaders was collaboration. The strike was considered a “primitive weapon” that belonged to “the days of the jungle.” Labor leaders advocated a “higher strategy” – collaboration and even “partnership” with the employers. Unions were ready to offer greater efficiency, increased production, and elimination of waste in return for a collective bargaining agreement. That certainly was no atmosphere for the development of a strike leadership. Such leadership as did emerge was in keeping with the character of the strike – both were on a local level.

Curiously the same pattern persists today. Today, when industry-wide strikes on a national scale are a common occurrence, strike leaders still retain their local character. Men and women come forward in their communities, become outstanding local strike leaders, but remain at that level. At the same time national union leaders have assumed more and more the role of negotiators rather than of strike leaders.

What is the reason for this condition?

A lack of dynamic personalities in the leadership of the unions may have a lot to do with it. Present-day labor leaders for the most part have little of the crusader about them. They resemble businessmen much more. A large number actually live as businessmen do rather than like the workers they represent, and this is not without its effect. There has been an all around softening up process. Old-time labor leaders were softened up by the “higher strategy” and business unionism, while many of the younger and more articulate leaders of CIO unions were softened up because their unions achieved collective bargaining not through picket lines but through Labor Board elections.

But perhaps as much as anything, the reason for the lack of outstanding strike leaders on a national scale is labor's failure to take up in its educational programs a consistent study of strike strategy. Not even unions with progressive leadership have done this. Yet an elementary knowledge of when and how to apply labor's most powerful weapon would go far toward molding strike leaders who are confident and who in turn inspire confidence because they know what they are doing and why.

Leadership Qualifications

Leading a strike is never a one-man project. It is a collective effort. Although it often appears that a certain individual union leader is running everything, it takes a team of leaders, each responsible for a different phase of activity, to handle a strike. What qualifications are required of the men and women who make up this team?

First and foremost, there must be undivided loyalty and devotion to the union and its membership. The team must be composed of people with proved and tested records of struggle. They must be men

and women with courage and steadfastness and endurance. The background of strike leaders cannot be ignored. The union not only has a right but a duty to review the past life of potential strike leaders. Certainly men who scabbed in the past, or who were employed by private detective agencies, should first prove themselves as loyal rank and file strikers before they are promoted to leadership. Likewise persons with past criminal records, even if completely rehabilitated, could at times do damage to a strike. It has happened in the past that employers and the press played up such individual records in order to alienate public opinion. Such people's abilities could be utilized without their becoming part of a strike leadership. Strike leaders must be like Caesar's wife – beyond suspicion.

The capacity to win and hold workers' confidence stands high on the list of qualifications for strike leadership. Rank and file workers are oftentimes not vocal, but beneath their silence there is clear thinking and sound judgment of the men in front. It is only when the workers know their leaders well and have basic confidence in the leadership that they will give the strike a maximum, instead of token, support.

Self-control is another quality very important for strike leadership. During moments of great provocation on the part of employers or their hired agents or scabs, a leader must remain calm. It takes more courage at times not to fall for provocative acts than to lead head on into danger. Calm also means not to be overwhelmed by the multitude of problems thrown into the lap of strike leaders every minute of the day. The ability to remain calm under trying circumstances plus the ability to make correct spot decisions and resolutely carry them out are at the core of leadership.

Another quality a strike leader must have is the knack of delegating responsibility to the right people. The secret of this, of course, is to assign to people the task they know best. To ask a man who has native abilities as a speaker to take charge of picketing, and to give a man who has organizing abilities an assignment as a speaker, is not to get the best out of either.

It is very rare that any one person can possess all the attributes and qualities outlined above. This is one of the reasons why it is better that a strike be led by a team rather than by a single individual. One is a spokesman, another is the organizer, still another is the public relations man. When the efforts of all are combined, unified, and coordinated, the strike is assured of a satisfactory leadership.

One word more. A strike leadership to be most effective must reflect the composition of the workers involved. It should have representation of both skilled and unskilled workers, as well as departmental representation. A strike including Negro and women workers should have representation from each group.

General Guide for Strike Leaders

For the convenience of local union leaders there is presented below a chart or blueprint of a strike plan. In the event it becomes obvious that a strike is inevitable all possibilities of a settlement without a strike having been exhausted union leaders can follow this plan, taking from it whatever is applicable to their conditions and circumstances. It should be remembered that proper timing is the key to success. In seasonal industries, to plan a strike at the end of the season is to invite a long strike. If conditions are such that the union is free to choose when the strike shall take place, it is obviously to the advantage of the union to strike at the beginning of the season.

A. Preparations for the strike

1. Call a meeting of the workers involved and present an honest and accurate report on all the efforts the union has made to settle the dispute without a strike. The entire union machinery must be put to work in preparing for this general membership meeting.

2. At this meeting a vote should be taken on whether or not to strike. If the members vote to strike, the next point on the order of business is to set up the leading strike committees. It may be advisable to have the officers or the Executive Board bring in recommendations for such committees.

3. Carefully examine the attendance record of the meeting or meetings. If a substantial group of workers failed to attend such an important meeting or meetings, do not take it lightly. Those workers must be reached through the mails, by visitation, or through a special meeting.

4. Issue a statement to the press announcing the impending strike because of the employer's stubborn resistance to reach an agreement across the conference table. In the statement stress the needs of the workers, the demands of the union, and make an appeal to the public.

5. Meet with the leaders of the key committees and check on their plans and personnel. Pay special attention to the picketing plan.

6. If there is need for additional strike headquarters, these must be rented before the strike and properly equipped. There should be a telephone, chairs, and first aid supplies. A reliable striker should be appointed to take charge.

7. If the strike is of major proportions in the community, consider the idea of a radio address, an advertisement in the newspapers, or a handbill to the public presenting the union's point of view.

8. A committee consisting of the most authoritative union officers and members should visit the mayor, the city councilmen, and leaders of the church, veteran, and other civic organizations to explain the issues and solicit their good will and support.

9. A similar committee should visit the AFL and CIO central bodies and labor unions.

10. Alert the union attorneys and put them to work on legal matters, such as unemployment insurance, instructions to pickets, and analyzing city ordinances that could be applied to strike situations. Also arrangements must be made in advance with bonding companies for bail in the event of arrests.

11. Call a meeting of the Executive Board and see to it that a sufficient sum of money is allocated for various phases of strike action.

12. Send an official report on the pending strike to your International and outline your needs and how the International could assist you.

13. Meet with the person in charge of security and check if proper measures have been taken to protect union offices, strike leaders, and strike headquarters.

14. Make sure that "coffee and" stations will be set up and ready to serve as soon as picketing begins.

B. On strike day

1. Determine the exact hour and minute of the walkout. If possible, take advantage of the element of surprise. The effectiveness of this tactic depends on the ability of strike leaders to select the right tactic for their particular situation.

2. Make certain that the information about the exact time for the walkout will reach the shop stewards or others especially appointed to lead the walkout so that confusion will be reduced to a minimum.

3. If the policy is for the workers to go into the plants and work a few hours, arrange that union organizers will meet the strikers as they come out. If the policy is not to report to work, then a strong picket line must be thrown around all entrances.

4. Arrange to have detailed printed or mimeographed instructions to the strikers distributed the day the strike is declared.

5. If at all possible, arrange a strike meeting somewhere near the plant or in a specially hired hall.

6. Have the leaders of the various committees get busy on soliciting workers to join their committees.

7. The registration of strikers and the issuing of picket cards must be properly planned and carried through within 48 hours after the strike is declared.

8. If the walkout turns out to be below expectation, particularly if there is danger that production or services have not been fully discontinued, act immediately and decisively to eliminate this weakness.

C. Conduct of the strike

1. Proper timing is as important in conducting as in preparing for a strike. Go carefully into the question of when to introduce mass picketing. Determine also on what occasion dramatization shall be introduced.

2. Maintain discipline at all times. Not only the strikers but the employer, the scabs, the press and all others connected with the strike must be given to understand unequivocally that they have to deal with a body of disciplined fighters. Do not hesitate to remove strikers or union officers from positions of strike leadership when instructions are violated. Do not permit incompetent people, men who show

cowardice or are corrupt, to remain in positions of responsibility. The strikers will respect their leaders for taking all necessary steps to maintain discipline.

3. Keep a finger on the strike pulse. It is of prime importance to be able at all times to evaluate the strength or weakness of the strike. On the basis of such evaluation great decisions have to be made. Go carefully into the following questions, remembering always that proper timing in discussing them is in itself of decisive importance:

- a. How long can the men hold out?
- b. Shall the union take the initiative in calling for negotiations?
- c. Is it in the interest of the workers to accept arbitration or mediation?
- d. Should the strike be spread to other plants?

D. Do's and Donts for strike leaders

1. Keep in close contact with the strikers so that you may know fully the sentiments of the workers. Leaders who lock themselves up in hotel rooms or union offices and get their information through other organizers are bound to make costly mistakes. Mingle with the workers in strike halls and meet with various strike committees.

2. Lead by example. Spend several hours a day on the picket line. Our soldiers resented officers who were far away from the battlefield and called such officers "U.S.O. Commandos." The American Communications Association presents an excellent example of leadership in this respect. During the Western Union strike President Joseph Selly and other international officers accepted, in addition to their other duties, regular daily assignments on the picket lines, including tours ranging from one to three hours on the sound truck.

3. Be ready to do anything and everything that will help win the strike. You cannot ask a striker to do what you yourself are not ready to do.

4. Be ready to make at least the same financial sacrifices that the workers make. In some unions – all too few – the officers give up their salaries during the course of the strike.

5. Be courageous and steadfast in the face of enemy attacks. This does not mean displaying bravado or taking unnecessary risks. A wise leader avoids running into useless and unnecessary danger.

6. Let your personal conduct be beyond reproach. Refrain from drinking. Stop all personal association with people connected with management. Refuse to hold private conferences with employer representatives unless such conferences have been approved by the leading strike committee.

7. Be earnest and resolute in your daily work. The whole strike organization must be permeated with a spirit of determination and seriousness.

8. Be firm. Strike leaders must expect great pressures upon them, both public and private. They may come from the White House, the governor, the press and a hundred other sources. To withstand such pressures and hold fast until victory is certain calls for uncompromising integrity, doggedness and determination. But nothing less will do. One of the chief reasons why John L. Lewis and Harry Bridges have had so much success is that they possess such qualities.

Winding Up the Struggle

Part of good strike strategy is knowing when and how to settle a strike. The right decisions cannot be arrived at by guess or hunch or instinct. To do the right thing at this point requires a correct balancing of strengths and weaknesses, both those of the union and those of the employer.

The first thing in approaching a settlement is to be absolutely sure about what the main objectives of the strike were and about the necessity of fighting for those objectives during negotiations. Negotiations call for firmness. But they also call for flexibility. Negotiators must be sure what they can and what they cannot be flexible about. In this connection William Z. Foster long ago established a formula that can well apply to most strikes. He warned that the workers' negotiators "must be on watch against a maze of dangers, and yet be prepared to utilize every possible advantage. They must know the relative value of their own demands and also those of the employers. They must understand which are the 'bargaining points' and which are fundamental in the given situation. They must learn how to advance their main demands by sacrificing non-essentials, and how to prevent the employers from doing this."

It will not be amiss to repeat at this point what was said earlier: the rank and file must actively participate in the direct negotiations for a settlement. The workers should elect as their negotiators the most honest, informed, experienced and determined union members. It is an established fact that many a time the presence of rank and file workers at the conference table has been a large factor in gaining the union's demands.

Negotiations for partial settlement present special difficulties and call for the exercise of great judgment. Often the problem is a very decisive one for a union to face; a partial settlement is fraught with dangerous possibilities and can prove disastrous. In the coal strike of 1922, for example, the signing of a separate agreement would have ruined that great struggle. A separate agreement would have flooded the market with Illinois coal and would have signalized the failure of the union to get control of the whole central competitive field. Fortunately, the leader of the Illinois coal miners, Farrington – later exposed as an agent of the coal miners – did not succeed in signing the agreement.

Generally speaking, partial settlements in the basic industries must be a last resort. In more competitive and lighter industries partial settlements can be applied more frequently and even to the advantage of the unions as a whole. A good example is offered by a painters' strike in the thirties in New York. Faced with stubborn resistance of the employers' association, the painters union opened the door to individual settlements, thus breaking the solid front of the employers.

The problem of arbitration is another one that often looms big in the final stages of strikes. Organized labor was and is opposed in principle to compulsory arbitration. Only among the railroads has it gained a foothold. Both the AFL and the CIO stubbornly fought and defeated the attempt of reactionary congressmen to pass compulsory arbitration legislation. However, there are other forms of arbitration that are very dangerous, and sometimes it is not possible to avoid them. While it is true that the offer to arbitrate often comes from the employer because he realizes the workers are too strong for him and that he cannot smash the strike and destroy the union, the union cannot, in the knowledge of its strength, simply make a flat rejection. A flat rejection on its part may put the union in a very unfavorable light. But in accepting some form of arbitration, the union must protect itself as much as it can; it should at least guarantee for itself a voice in the selection of arbitrators.

An example of good strategy in a situation where a union felt it had to accept arbitration or be placed in a bad light is to be found in one of the earlier New York bus strikes. The leadership of the Transport Workers Union found an excellent solution: the union accepted arbitration with the stipulation that there could be no downward revision of conditions; the company involved agreed that the points in the old agreement (closed shop, checkoff, vacations with pay, etc.) would remain. The result was a million dollar wage increase.

Organized Retreat

Winding up a strike calls for a great deal of wisdom. But the demands on the leadership are nowhere near as great when a strike is won, or partly won, as when it is lost. And many a major strike has ended in defeat; when workers enter a battle, they have no guarantee that victory is certain.

Unfortunately, many leaders have not been equal to the demands. It has entirely too often happened that when a strike has been lost, labor leaders abandoned the field and left the workers at the mercy of ruthless corporations. It would seem that those leaders had no conception of *organized retreat* when there was no hope of victory. For instance, conservative union leaders have very seldom officially called off a strike. The consequence of this bad handling is that great harm has been done to organized labor.

In the event a strike ends in defeat, the union's first duty is to take care of those courageous workers who suffered most – the jailed, the blacklisted, the hungry. A union cannot abandon the field when the battle has been lost; it has an obligation to stay and pick up the wounded. After the 1919 Steel Strike was called off, Foster kept the commissary system going for another three weeks to take care of the thousands of workers left hungry and without work. It was a great act of solidarity. This tradition was revived after the 1937 "Little Steel" strike. When that strike was over, the union did not desert the workers. It maintained its organizing staffs in Youngstown, Warren, Canton, South Chicago, Cleveland and other "Little Steel" centers. The steel union is now reaping the fruits of its good work. Notwithstanding the

loss of the strike, such a powerful organization grew up in all the "Little Steel" plants that Tom Girdler was finally forced to surrender.

Building on Victory

To consolidate a victory is no less important than to stand by after a defeat. American labor history teaches us that strike victories are never secure. The employers have never ceased trying to weaken the workers' standard of living or to break the unions, and so long as our system of private ownership continues they never will. Organizing campaigns, Labor Board elections, strikes, lockouts, settlements and their aftermath will be part of the American scene for a long time to come. A strike victory therefore does not mean that a union may sit back and rest on its laurels. It must consolidate the victory. It must use the victory first of all to build the organization, more especially if the workers involved were hitherto unorganized. After an important strike is won, splendid opportunities open up for extending union organization into the unorganized sections of the industry, or other industries. That is what the Akron rubber workers were thinking of when, upon completion of one of their great and victorious strikes, they raised the slogan: "transferring the picket lines inside the plants." They understood that a victory is not an end but a beginning, a springboard to ever greater organization, which means ever greater victories.

Appendix: White Collar Strikes¹

A word should be said about an unprecedented development in the 30's during the upsurge of organization by the people against the great depression. This highly significant development consisted of white collar organization and the outbreak of several strikes of white collar and professional workers. Prior to the 30's there had been little organization and virtually no strikes by such workers, save for momentary, spontaneous protest actions or strikes in the retail trades.

One of the first effective, union-organized strikes that called nation-wide attention to the plight of white collar workers and gave impetus to their unionization was the strike at Ohrbach's Department Store in New York in 1935, conducted by the Office Workers Union. Victorious after a long and difficult battle, it was marked by the effective action of the women workers (office and sales people) who comprised the majority of the strikers.

A number of other strikes occurred in the years after 1935 among office employees, technical workers and engineers, actors, professionals and technicians in entertainment and other fields.

The strike of 370,000 telephone workers in 1947, organized by a number of loosely cooperating independent unions, included scores of thousands of telephone operators and other categories of white collar workers; again a great number of them were women.

In 1946 the first major strike in the insurance industry took place in the Midwest when some 500 insurance agents of the Monumental Life Insurance Company engaged in a four-week strike under the United Office and Professional Workers of America, CIO, which was successful in winning the workers' demands.

In late spring of 1947 the first real strike took place in the banking industry in the United States when the Brooklyn Trust Company, a major New York bank, was struck by the United Office and Professional Workers, CIO. This strike, involving the 700 employees of the bank, was tradition-breaking. Though it had to be called off after a bitter four-week struggle without victory, it represented a completely new development.

Later, at the end of 1948, 800 white collar workers at the New York Stock Exchange, organized by the Office Workers Union of the AFL, struck for a closed shop and other demands. This strike, marked by the brutality and violence of the New York police, was unsuccessful, and the Stock Exchange magnates wrung a heavy price from the workers in driving them back to work.

These and many other strikes demonstrated that the growth of white collar organization is an important factor in today's labor picture and that white collar workers, despite their history of lack of organization, are capable of waging courageous battles. In particular, the strikes showed the union loyalty and effectiveness of women workers who are of course in the majority in numerous white collar fields.

The strikes also indicate one weakness which labor must overcome, and that is the insufficient support by organized workers in plants, mills and factories of the organization and strikes of white collar workers, to whom all of labor in its own interests must give aid and encouragement.

¹ In the original text, this appendix appears after the bibliography

Roll Call of the Dead

(Compiled from records tabulated in the *Labor Facts Book* of the Labor Research Association)

1934

Pezzy Adkins was a Kentucky miner, 45 years old. He was killed by a gunman on January 29 during a strike in the Edgewater Coal Co.

Paul Mehalic, a youth of 17 in Latrobe, Pa. He was interested in seeing a picket line of workers at the Latrobe Electric Steel Co. strike. On May 1 a deputy shot him dead.

Murphy Humphrey, a 21-year-old Negro longshoreman at Lake Charles, La., was killed on May 2, during a longshore strike.

Rich Foster and *Henry Witt*, two Alabama Negro ore miners, were murdered on May 9, during the strike at the Raimund Ore Mine of Republic Steel. The day after, two other Negro ore miners, *George Bell* and *W.H. Ford*, were shot down in cold blood by "special officers" of Jefferson County, Alabama.

Charles Sharlo was a Negro longshoreman. On May 12 he was on picket duty in front of the Clyde-Mallory Line in Galveston, Texas, when a deputy's bullet ended his life.

Ed Higgins, a Negro miner, the secretary of his local union in Empire, Ala., was killed on May 14, during a miners' strike.

Richard Parker, 20 years old, and *John Knudsen* were killed by police officers during the longshore strike in San Pedro, Cal.

Frank Norman, a union organizer, was kidnaped by a group of vigilantes in Lakeland, Fla., and brutally murdered on May 14.

Frank Hubay and *Steve Cyigon*, two unemployed youths, were killed on May 24 by National Guardsmen, during the Electric Auto-Lite strike in Toledo, Ohio.

Otto Helland, killed by a policeman, during a longshore strike in Smith Cove, Washington.

Eugene Domagalaski, a youth of 24 who sympathized with the Milwaukee streetcar men on strike. On June 28 he was electrocuted by high tension wires at the Lakeside power plant.

Shelby Daffron was a longshoreman on strike at Point Wells, Wash. On July 1, he was killed by Standard Oil guards.

Howard Sperry was a striker and *Nick Bordois* was a sympathizer during the famous San Francisco longshore strike. Both were killed by police officers on July 5.

Henry B. Ness, a striker during the truck drivers' strike in Minneapolis. On July 20 he met his death from a police bullet. On August 1, *John Belor*, another striker, died in a similar manner.

Leo Wakefield and *Henry Engleman* were two young workers at the Kohler Co. in Kohler, Wis., who joined the rest of the workers in a strike. On July 27 they were both murdered by deputy sheriffs.

Reuben Saunders lost his life on August 10, during the Georgia Webbing & Tape Co. strike in Columbus, Ga.

J.V. Blalock of Rome, Ga., was a sympathizer of the textile workers who were then engaged in a national textile strike. He was killed on September 5 in Trion, Ga. This was to be the first of many victims in that strike. On September 6, nine workers were murdered: *Leon Carrol* was killed by a police officer in Trion, Ga.; *John Black* was shot down by a deputy sheriff in Greenville, S. C.; *R. T. Yarborough*, *Lee Crawford*, *E.M. Knight*, *Ira Davis*, *Claude Cannon*, *C.L. Rucker*, and *Maxie Peterson* were all strikers shot by guards at the Chiquola Mills, Honea Path, S. C. During the same textile strike, on September 12, *Jude Courtemanche*, 19 years old, was killed in Woonsocket, R.I., and *Charles Gozcynski*, an 18-year-old striker, was killed on the same day in nearby Saylesville, R.I. A week later, *Ernest K. Riley* was killed on

the picket line in Belmont, N. C., by a National Guardsman, and a few days later the National Guards killed *Leo Route*, another 18-year-old textile striker in Woonsocket, R.I. The following week *William Blackwood* met his death in Saylesville, R.I.

Ed Woolens and *H.C. Collins*, Negro coal miners, were killed by deputy sheriffs of Jefferson County, Ala., on their way to a UMWA rally on September 16.

Joseph Piskonowicz was killed by a policeman while picketing a bakery in Chicago on September 21.

Elwood Quirk, a 23-year-old textile worker, who was a spectator of the strike at James Lees & Sons in Bridgeport, Pa., was killed by a deputy sheriff on October 3.

1935

Columbus Walker was murdered by a scab on February 3, during the Richmond Hosiery Mills strike in Rossville, Ga.

Frank Petrosky, a young coal miner, was shot and killed by a scab on February 14, during the strike at the Woodward Colliery in Luzerne County, Pa.

Paul Knight of Santa Maria and *Kenneth Eldridge* of Westmoreland, Gal., were murdered by vigilantes on February 17, during an agricultural workers' strike.

Andy Latiska, 30, of Port Homer, Ohio, father of two children, was killed by a guard on April 17, during a strike at the Kaul Clay Co., in Toronto, Ohio.

Ray Morency, 32, vice-president of the warehousemen's local union in Stockton, Cal., was murdered on April 27 by Charles Gray, son of the owner of the trucking company where the union had called a strike.

William Usatalo, a picket at the Marinoff Northwest Brewery, Portland, Ore., was killed by a guard on May 11.

Fonie Stephens, striker, was killed by National Guardsmen during an attack on the picket line, May 11, in front of the Callaway Mills at Lagrange, Ga.

Willie Foster, a Negro organizer of the International Labor Defense, was murdered on May 20 while investigating acts of violence during a cotton choppers' strike at Selma, Ala. The mob secretly buried him.

George Melhelm, a 66-year-old bystander, was killed on June 13 by Republic Steel Guards, during the Berger Mfg. Co. strike in Canton, Ohio.

John W. Duster, a bystander, met his death during a police attack on streetcar strikers in Omaha, Neb., on June 17.

William Kaarte, a lumber striker of the Holmes-Eureka lumber mill at Eureka, Gal, was killed by a policeman on June 21. Two days later, *Harold Edlund*, another lumber striker, was killed in a similar manner. Next week a third striker, *Paul Lampelli*, lost his life during a police attack on the strikers.

Joe Spinner Johnson, a leader of the Sharecroppers Union in Greensboro, Ala., was found murdered in a nearby swamp on July 11. Eight days later, *J.P. Merriweather*, a Negro leader of this union in Lowndes County, Ala., was brutally murdered during a cottonpickers' strike.

Gertrude Kelly, mother of two children, was killed on September 2, during a strike at the Pelzer Mfg. Co., Pelzer, S. C.

Edward Bracey, a Negro member of the Sharecroppers Union at Hope Hill Ala., was murdered by a group of vigilantes on September 3, during another cottonpickers' strike. Nine days later *Smith Wadkins*, another active Negro member of this union, was found dead in a swamp in Calhoun County, Ala., his body riddled with bullets.

Eugene Casper, 18, and *Melvin Bjorklund*, 21, were innocent bystanders during a police attack on strikers on September 12 at the Flour City Ornamental Iron Works in Minneapolis. When the attack was over these two young men were dead.

Herman Slater, 41, milk strike picket, was shot down while picketing on October 5 with 200 farmers just north of the Wisconsin state line.

Henry Jones, 42, Negro maritime striker, was killed by a police bullet on October 5, in New Orleans.

William L. Polley, a well-known Socialist and union leader in Kansas City, was attacked and killed by thugs on October 13, after a teamsters' strike had been decided upon.

Samuel Dowdell, a Negro member of the UMWA employed at the Hamilton Slope Mine near Birmingham, joined his fellow miners in a strike. On October 16 he was murdered by a scab of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Co.

Etienne Christ, 34, was killed on October 21 at Port Arthur, Texas, during a marine strike.

Virgie Thomas, Negro mine union striker, was ambushed and shot down by "persons unknown" on October 28.

Ernest Dukes, Negro longshoreman, member of the I.L.A. in Mobile, Ala., was marching on the picket line on October 31 when a policeman killed him.

Ralph Ratliff, 26, and *Estill Damron*, 20, striking members of the UMWA, were killed on November 3 by a strikebreaker and a sheriff, near Pikeville, Ky.

Sam Brandt, 21-year-old member of the I.L.A. in Houston, Texas, was active in the Gulf Marine Strike. He was killed on November 25.

Carl Swanson, 26, a striker, was shot and killed by a foreman of the Motor Products Corp. on December 15.

1936

James Ray, 35, and *William Blackwood*, 40, were on strike and were picketing the Crown Williamette Logging Company at Seaside, Ore. On March 7 they were killed by strikebreakers.

Arthur Whitelock was the business agent of the Ice, Coal and Water Wagon Drivers Union in Cleveland, Ohio. He was leading a strike when on May 13 he was murdered by gangsters.

Otto Krueger was a spectator of a picket line during a strike at the Acme Braid Co. at Closter, N. J., when on September 26 a foreman fired at him and killed him.

Willard Bois was an active marine unionist in Baltimore, Md. On November 24 he went to a union meeting and never returned home. Shortly after he was found dead.

John Kane was on a strike conducted by the Marine Transport Workers Union in Houston, Texas. In December he was killed by a scab.

James Young, a spectator, and Peter Martin, a picket during a Sun Shipbuilding Company strike at Chester, Pa., died on December 11 after fire trucks attacked the strikers.

1937

Victims of the "Little Steel" Strike:

Alfred Causy, 43, Republic striker; *Kenneth Reed*, 23, Inland Steel striker; *Earl Handley*, 40; *Sam Popovich*; *Joseph Rothmund*, 47, WPA worker (died May 31); *Anthony Tagliori*, 26, Republic striker (died June 1); *Hilding Johnson* (died June 3); *Otis Jones*, 43, picket (died June 8); *Leo Francisco* (died June 15); *Lee Tisdale*, Negro striker (died June 19). All the above were victims of the Memorial Day police attack on pickets at South Chicago. *John Bogovich* and *James Espereji* met their death in Youngstown, Ohio, when on June 19 the police and Republic thugs opened fire against the steel strikers. *Chrisanto Lopez*, a steel striker in Canton, Ohio, was killed by National Guardsmen on June 30. In Cleveland *John Orecony*, 45, a picket at Republic Steel, was crushed to death when on July 26 a strikebreaker's car ran over him. *Nick Valdov*, 45, and *Fugencio Colzada*, 27, Republic Steel pickets, were killed in Massillon, Ohio.

John Cephas, a Negro striker, was fatally injured by a truck attacking pickets on June 25, in front of the Phillips Packing Co. in Cambridge, Md.

Anthony Corbo, 42, lost his life on June 25 during a strike at the Fein Tin Can Co. in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Joseph Jozwiak, 42, was killed on the picket line on July 6 by a strikebreaker in front of the Lloyd Mfg. Co. in Menominee, Mich.

Henson Klick, 30, a union picket, was killed by a policeman on July 7, in front of the plant of the Aluminum Company of America, in Alcoa, Term.

1938

Patrick Travis, 48, a member of the NMU, was attacked and killed on February 1 by a “special patrolman” of the Seamen’s House in New York. Travis had taken an active part in two strikes.

Lester Smithers, a union miner, was killed in Harlan, Ky., on June 9 by a Harlan Central Coal Co. representative for testifying against the company in a government trial. On July 13, also at Harlan, Ky., another union miner, *Charles Reno*, was shot by a deputy sheriff.

Raymond Cooke, 35, a member of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers in Hatboro, Pa., was shot by the chief of police in front of the Oscar Nebel Co., Inc., hosiery mill on July 13. The shot was fired straight into the picket line.

Ramona Lucero, a child of 13, daughter of a striker, died from shock of attack on July 13, when a group of vigilantes broke into her home.

1939

John Abrams, 24, a coal mine picket, was shot during a strike at the Reitler mine in Ostego, Ohio, on April 27.

John Charlton, a union member, was murdered on June 6 by a company slugger during a packing house strike at the Iowa Packing Co. in Des Moines, Iowa.

Dock Caldwell, 31, a miner, was killed by a National Guardsman in an attack on a UMWA picket line on July 12, at the Mahan-Ellison Coal Co. in Harlan, Ky.

Bill Roberts, 35, a union miner, was shot by a Mahan-Ellison Coal Co. strikebreaker on July 15 in Stanfield, Ky.

Frank Bryant, 30, was shot on July 15 by an “unknown” assailant in the National Guard Patrol area, during the coal miners’ strike at Wallins Creek, Ky. A day later, *Daniel Noe*, 35, was the second victim of the National Guard attack in the Harlan area.

Paul Hicks, member of the Dairy Farmers Union, died of injuries after a strikebreaker’s truck crashed into a milk farmer’s picket line on August 16 at West Burlington, Pa.

Angela Treadway, 54, was shot to death on a picket line at the Dunbar-Dukate Co. cannery on August 25, at Violet, La.

1940

Laura Law, 25, wife of a CIO Woodworkers Union leader, and mother of a three-year-old son, was brutally murdered in her home on January 5 by a group of vigilantes on the payroll of the lumber interests at Aberdeen, Wash.

Vito Trimarco, 38, a business agent of the ILGWU, was shot at the Trio Coat Shop while trying to negotiate the ending of a strike on May 9, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thomas Valentine, 33, AFL carpenter, was shot by two guards on a non-union highway project on May 22 in Denver, Col.

Oscar Buckley, a union picket in the Century Electric Co. strike, was stabbed to death by a strikebreaker on August 7, in St. Louis, Mo.

John Kennedy, 32, an AFL electrical union striker, was shot in his home by a hired gunman in New York City on September 3.

Carl P. Roth, an AFL striker at the Triangle Conduit & Cable Co., died after a police attack on the picket line on September 7, in New York City.

Upton Hammond, 69, an AFL Building Trades worker, was clubbed to death by strikebreakers while picketing in a construction strike in St. Louis, Mo., on October 23.

For the years that follow, complete data on workers killed during strikes are not available. Murder of strikers, however, has not ceased. The incomplete record that follows reveals how prevalent it is in most recent times.

1941

Anthony Nunez, 26, was killed while picketing the Furniture Mfg. Co. on January 14 in New Orleans, La.

Oscar Goodwin, 30, *Virgil Hampton*, 55, *Charles Ruth*, 30, and *Ed Tye*, union miners, met their death by machine-gun fire unleashed by gunmen hired by Brummies Creek Coal Co. on April 2 in Harlan, Ky.

Sam Evans, a union miner, was killed by a strikebreaker on April 15 at the Fork Ridge Coal Co., Middlesboro, Ky.

Arthur Q. Queasbrath, a member of the Teamsters Union, was killed while on strike duty at the Currier Lumber Co. in Detroit, Michigan, in May.

Felix Peek, a Negro miner, was shot by a policeman on June 9 at the International Harvester Co.'s coal mine in Benham, Ky.

Irving I. Pickover, 28, was stabbed by a strikebreaker on August 6, during a strike of Local 65, United Wholesale and Warehouse Workers, in New York City.

1942

Henry Matthews, 37, a Negro union member at the Tennessee Coal & Iron Co., was shot by a city policeman on April 8 while a strike was in progress.

Jack Bloodworth, a Negro member of the UMWA, was shot to death on August 13 by Herbert Gray, a company policeman, in Birmingham, Ala.

During the years 1943 and 1944, there were hardly any strike struggles with the notable exception of the coal miners, whose strikes were of brief duration and involved little or no violence.

1945

Walter Campbell, a Negro worker and an organizer for the Food, Tobacco, Agricultural and Allied Workers Union, was stabbed to death by a scab on December 26 in Little Rock, Ark. The scab went scot-free.

1946

Irwin Paschon, 27, member of the AFL Brother of Railway Clerks and *Arthur W. Browne*, 40, member of the Locomotive Firemen, were picketing at the Toledo, Peoria and Western railroad in Gridley, Il. They were shot down, and three others were wounded, by four armed guards when the railroad sent an armored train in a test run manned by strikebreakers.

Mario Russo, veteran, 27, father of four children, was shot down in cold blood by hired strikebreakers on July 30 at the Phelps Dodge plant in Elizabeth, N. J.

Roosevelt Thomas, 45, and *Will Hunt*, both West Virginia coal miners, met their death when a foreman of a mine shot at them at close range on November 21.

1947

James E. Harris, a Negro worker and one of the founders of the largest trade union locals in Washington, D. C. – the United Cafeteria Workers – was the leader of a strike in O'Donnell's Restaurant. On April 28, he was brutally murdered in his bed after returning from picket duty.

1948

Roy Cyril, a Negro worker, member of the Food, Tobacco, Agricultural and Allied Workers Union in New Orleans was shot by a patrolman during a strike.

San Cicardo, 38, a picket at the Armour Soap Works in Chicago, was run over by a heavy truck which was waved through the picket line by Police Captain George Barnes, head of the "Labor Detail."

James Price, president of Local 218 of the National Farm Labor Union, was shot while presiding over a strike committee meeting in Arvin, Cal.

Robert New, Port Agent of the NMU, was attacked on May 7 with a butcher knife in the NMU hiring hall in Charleston, S.C. by Richard Serreo. The confessed killer received the light sentence of 3 years.

William Farrell, 40, member of the United Packinghouse Workers, was shot by a scab while on picket duty at the Roth Packing Co. on May 19, at Waterloo, Iowa.

1949

William Lurye, executive board member of ILGWU Local 60, AFL, New York, was stabbed to death on May 9 by "persons unknown" in a telephone booth of a building where he was organizing an open shop.

Ed Hucks, 54, a picket, employed 25 years at Armour & Co. in National City, 111., was shot dead by a scab on May 9.

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13. The Faculty of Language

Subtitle: What Is It, Who Has It, and How Did It Evolve?

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We argue that an understanding of the faculty of language requires substantial interdisciplinary cooperation. We suggest how current developments in linguistics can be profitably wedded to work in evolutionary biology, anthropology, psychology, and neuroscience. We submit that a distinction should be made between the faculty of language in the broad sense (FLB) and in the narrow sense (FLN). FLB includes a sensory-motor system, a conceptual-intentional system, and the computational mechanisms for recursion, providing the capacity to generate an infinite range of expressions from a finite set of elements. We hypothesize that FLN only includes recursion and is the only uniquely human component of the faculty of language. We further argue that FLN may have evolved for reasons other than language, hence comparative studies might look for evidence of such computations outside of the domain of communication (for example, number, navigation, and social relations).

If a martian graced our planet, it would be struck by one remarkable similarity among Earth's living creatures and a key difference. Concerning similarity, it would note that all living things are designed on the basis of highly conserved developmental systems that read an (almost) universal language encoded in DNA base pairs. As such, life is arranged hierarchically with a foundation of discrete, unblendable units (codons, and, for the most part, genes) capable of combining to create increasingly complex and virtually limitless varieties of both species and individual organisms. In contrast, it would notice the absence of a universal code of communication.

If our martian naturalist were meticulous, it might note that the faculty mediating human communication appears remarkably different from that of other living creatures; it might further note that the human faculty of language appears to be organized like the genetic code— hierarchical, generative, recursive, and virtually limitless with respect to its scope of expression. With these pieces in hand, this martian might begin to wonder how the genetic code changed in such a way as to generate a vast number of mutually incomprehensible communication systems across species while maintaining clarity of comprehension within a given species. The martian would have stumbled onto some of the essential problems surrounding the question of language evolution, and of how humans acquired the faculty of language.

In exploring the problem of language evolution, it is important to distinguish between questions concerning language as a communicative system and questions concerning the computations underlying this system, such as those underlying recursion. As we argue below, many acrimonious debates in this field have been launched by a failure to distinguish between these problems. According to one view (1), questions concerning abstract computational mechanisms are distinct from those concerning communication, the latter targeted at problems at the interface between abstract computation and both sensory-motor and conceptual-intentional interfaces. This view should not, of course, be taken as a claim against a relationship between computation and communication. It is possible, as we discuss below, that key computational capacities evolved for reasons other than communication but, after they proved to have utility in communication, were altered because of constraints imposed at both the periphery (e.g., what we can hear and say or see and sign, the rapidity with which the auditory cortex can process rapid temporal and spectral changes) and more central levels (e.g., conceptual and cognitive structures, pragmatics, memory limitations).

At least three theoretical issues cross-cut the debate on language evolution. One of the oldest problems among theorists is the “shared versus unique” distinction. Most current commentators agree that, although bees dance, birds sing, and chimpanzees grunt, these systems of communication differ qualitatively from human language. In particular, animal communication systems lack the rich expressive and open-ended power of human language (based on humans’ capacity for recursion). The evolutionary puzzle, therefore, lies in working out how we got from there to here, given this apparent discontinuity. A second issue revolves around whether the evolution of language was gradual versus saltational; this differs from the first issue because a qualitative discontinuity between extant species could have evolved gradually, involving no discontinuities during human evolution. Finally, the “continuity versus exaptation” issue revolves around the problem of whether human language evolved by gradual extension of preexisting communication systems, or whether important aspects of language have been exapted away from their previous adaptive function (e.g., spatial or numerical reasoning, Machiavellian social scheming, tool-making).

Researchers have adopted extreme or intermediate positions regarding these basically independent questions, leading to a wide variety of divergent viewpoints on the evolution of language in the current literature. There is, however, an emerging consensus that, although humans and animals share a diversity of important computational and perceptual resources, there has been substantial evolutionary remodeling since we diverged from a common ancestor some 6 million years ago. The empirical challenge is to determine what was inherited unchanged from this common ancestor, what has been subjected to minor modifications, and what (if anything) is qualitatively new. The additional evolutionary challenge is to determine what selectional pressures led to adaptive changes over time and to understand the various constraints that channeled this evolutionary process. Answering these questions requires a collaborative effort among linguists, biologists, psychologists, and anthropologists.

One aim of this essay is to promote a stronger connection between biology and linguistics by identifying points of contact and agreement between the fields. Although this interdisciplinary marriage was inaugurated more than 50 years ago, it has not yet been fully consummated. We hope to further this goal by, first, helping to clarify the biolinguistic perspective on language and its evolution (2–7). We then review some promising empirical approaches to the evolution of the language faculty, with a special focus on comparative work with nonhuman animals, and conclude with a discussion of how inquiry might profitably advance, highlighting some outstanding problems.

We make no attempt to be comprehensive in our coverage of relevant or interesting topics and problems. Nor is it our goal to review the history of the field. Rather, we focus on topics that make important contact between empirical data and theoretical positions about the nature of the language faculty. We believe that if explorations into the problem of language evolution are to progress, we need a clear explication of the computational requirements for language, the role of evolutionary theory in testing hypotheses of character evolution, and a research program that will enable a productive interchange between linguists and biologists.

Defining the Target: Two Senses of the Faculty of Language

The word “language” has highly divergent meanings in different contexts and disciplines. In informal usage, a language is understood as a culturally specific communication system (English, Navajo, etc.). In the varieties of modern linguistics that concern us here, the term “language” is used quite differently to refer to an internal component of the mind/brain (sometimes called “internal language” or “I-language”). We assume that this is the primary object of interest for the study of the evolution and function of the language faculty. However, this biologically and individually grounded usage still leaves much open to interpretation (and misunderstanding). For example, a neuroscientist might ask: What components of the human nervous system are recruited in the use of language in its broadest sense? Because any aspect of cognition appears to be, at least in principle, accessible to language, the broadest answer to

this question is, probably, “most of it.” Even aspects of emotion or cognition not readily verbalized may be influenced by linguistically based thought processes. Thus, this conception is too broad to be of much use. We therefore delineate two more restricted conceptions of the faculty of language, one broader and more inclusive, the other more restricted and narrow.

Faculty of language—broad sense (FLB). FLB includes an internal computational system (FLN, below) combined with at least two other organism-internal systems, which we call “sensory-motor” and “conceptual-intentional.” Despite debate on the precise nature of these systems, and about whether they are substantially shared with other vertebrates or uniquely adapted to the exigencies of language, we take as uncontroversial the existence of some biological capacity of humans that allows us (and not, for example, chimpanzees) to readily master any human language without explicit instruction. FLB includes this capacity, but excludes other organism-internal systems that are necessary but not sufficient for language (e.g., memory, respiration, digestion, circulation, etc.).

Faculty of language—narrow sense (FLN). FLN is the abstract linguistic computational system alone, independent of the other systems with which it interacts and interfaces. FLN is a component of FLB, and the mechanisms underlying it are some subset of those underlying FLB.

Others have agreed on the need for a restricted sense of “language” but have suggested different delineations. For example, Liberman and his associates (8) have argued that the sensory-motor systems were specifically adapted for language, and hence should be considered part of FLN. There is also a long tradition holding that the conceptual-intentional systems are an intrinsic part of language in a narrow sense. In this article, we leave these questions open, restricting attention to FLN as just defined but leaving the possibility of a more inclusive definition open to further empirical research.

The internal architecture of FLN, so conceived, is a topic of much current research and debate (4). Without prejudging the issues, we will, for concreteness, adopt a particular conception of this architecture. We assume, putting aside the precise mechanisms, that a key component of FLN is a computational system (narrow syntax) that generates internal representations and maps them into the sensory-motor interface by the phonological system, and into the conceptual-intentional interface by the (formal) semantic system; adopting alternatives that have been proposed would not materially modify the ensuing discussion. All approaches agree that a core property of FLN is recursion, attributed to narrow syntax in the conception just outlined. FLN takes a finite set of elements and yields a potentially infinite array of discrete expressions. This capacity of FLN yields discrete infinity (a property that also characterizes the natural numbers). Each of these discrete expressions is then passed to the sensory-motor and conceptual-intentional systems, which process and elaborate this information in the use of language. Each expression is, in this sense, a pairing of sound and meaning. It has been recognized for thousands of years that language is, fundamentally, a system of sound-meaning connections; the potential infiniteness of this system has been explicitly recognized by Galileo, Descartes, and the 17th-century “philosophical grammarians” and their successors, notably von Humboldt. One goal of the study of FLN and, more broadly, FLB is to discover just how the faculty of language satisfies these basic and essential conditions.

The core property of discrete infinity is intuitively familiar to every language user. Sentences are built up of discrete units: There are 6-word sentences and 7-word sentences, but no 6.5-word sentences. There is no longest sentence (any candidate sentence can be trumped by, for example, embedding it in “Mary thinks that ...”), and there is no non-arbitrary upper bound to sentence length. In these respects, language is directly analogous to the natural numbers (see below).

At a minimum, then, FLN includes the capacity of recursion. There are many organism-internal factors, outside FLN or FLB, that impose practical limits on the usage of the system. For example, lung capacity imposes limits on the length of actual spoken sentences, whereas working memory imposes limits on the complexity of sentences if they are to be understandable. Other limitations—for example, on concept formation or motor output speed—represent aspects of FLB, which have their own evolutionary histories and may have played a role in the evolution of the capacities of FLN. Nonetheless, one can profitably inquire into the evolution of FLN without an immediate concern for these limiting aspects

of FLB. This is made clear by the observation that, although many aspects of FLB are shared with other vertebrates, the core recursive aspect of FLN currently appears to lack any analog in animal communication and possibly other domains as well. This point, therefore, represents the deepest challenge for a comparative evolutionary approach to language. We believe that investigations of this capacity should include domains other than communication (e.g., number, social relationships, navigation).

Given the distinctions between FLB and FLN and the theoretical distinctions raised above, we can define a research space. This research space identifies, as viable, problems concerning the evolution of sensory-motor systems, of conceptual-intentional systems, and of FLN. The comparative approach, to which we turn next, provides a framework for addressing questions about each of these components of the faculty of language.

The Comparative Approach to Language Evolution

The empirical study of the evolution of language is beset with difficulties. Linguistic behavior does not fossilize, and a long tradition of analysis of fossil skull shape and cranial endocasts has led to little consensus about the evolution of language (7, 9). A more tractable and, we think, powerful approach to problems of language evolution is provided by the comparative method, which uses empirical data from living species to draw detailed inferences about extinct ancestors (3, 10–12). The comparative method was the primary tool used by Darwin (13, 14) to analyze evolutionary phenomena and continues to play a central role throughout modern evolutionary biology. Although scholars interested in language evolution have often ignored comparative data altogether or focused narrowly on data from nonhuman primates, current thinking in neuroscience, molecular biology, and developmental biology indicates that many aspects of neural and developmental function are highly conserved, encouraging the extension of the comparative method to all vertebrates (and perhaps beyond). For several reasons, detailed below, we believe that the comparative method should play a more central role in future discussions of language evolution.

An overarching concern in studies of language evolution is with whether particular components of the faculty of language evolved specifically for human language and, therefore (by extension), are unique to humans. Logically, the human uniqueness claim must be based on data indicating an absence of the trait in nonhuman animals and, to be taken seriously, requires a substantial body of relevant comparative data. More concretely, if the language evolution researcher wishes to make the claim that a trait evolved uniquely in humans for the function of language processing, data indicating that no other animal has this particular trait are required.

Although this line of reasoning may appear obvious, it is surprisingly common for a trait to be held up as uniquely human before any appropriate comparative data are available. A famous example is categorical perception, which when discovered seemed so finely tuned to the details of human speech as to constitute a unique human adaptation (15, 16). It was some time before the same underlying perceptual discontinuities were discovered in chinchillas and macaques (17, 18), and even birds (19), leading to the opposite conclusion that the perceptual basis for categorical perception is a primitive vertebrate characteristic that evolved for general auditory processing, as opposed to specific speech processing. Thus, a basic and logically ineliminable role for comparative research on language evolution is this simple and essentially negative one: A trait present in nonhuman animals did not evolve specifically for human language, although it may be part of the language faculty and play an intimate role in language processing. It is possible, of course, that a trait evolved in nonhuman animals and humans independently, as analogs rather than homologs. This would preserve the possibility that the trait evolved for language in humans but evolved for some other reason in the comparative animal group. In cases where the comparative group is a nonhuman primate, and perhaps especially chimpanzees, the plausibility of this evolutionary scenario is weaker. In any case, comparative data are critical to this judgment.

Despite the crucial role of homology in comparative biology, homologous traits are not the only relevant source of evolutionary data. The convergent evolution of similar characters in two independent clades, termed “analogies” or “homoplasies,” can be equally revealing (20). The remarkably similar (but nonhomologous) structures of human and octopus eyes reveal the stringent constraints placed by the laws of optics and the contingencies of development on an organ capable of focusing a sharp image onto a sheet of receptors. Detailed analogies between the parts of the vertebrate and cephalopod eye also provide independent evidence that each component is an adaptation for image formation, shaped by natural selection. Furthermore, the discovery that remarkably conservative genetic cascades underlie the development of such analogous structures provides important insights into the ways in which developmental mechanisms can channel evolution (21). Thus, although potentially misleading for taxonomists, analogies provide critical data about adaptation under physical and developmental constraints. Casting the comparative net more broadly, therefore, will most likely reveal larger regularities in evolution, helping to address the role of such constraints in the evolution of language.

An analogy recognized as particularly relevant to language is the acquisition of song by birds (12). In contrast to nonhuman primates, where the production of species-typical vocalizations is largely innate (22), most songbirds learn their species-specific song by listening to conspecifics, and they develop highly aberrant song if deprived of such experience. Current investigation of birdsong reveals detailed and intriguing parallels with speech (11, 23, 24). For instance, many songbirds pass through a critical period in development beyond which they produce defective songs that no amount of acoustic input can remedy, reminiscent of the difficulty adult humans have in fully mastering new languages. Further, and in parallel with the babbling phase of vocalizing or signing human infants (25), young birds pass through a phase of song development in which they spontaneously produce amorphous versions of adult song, termed “subsinging” or “babbling.” Although the mechanisms underlying the acquisition of birdsong and human language are clearly analogs and not homologs, their core components share a deeply conserved neural and developmental foundation: Most aspects of neurophysiology and development—including regulatory and structural genes, as well as neuron types and neurotransmitters—are shared among vertebrates. That such close parallels have evolved suggests the existence of important constraints on how vertebrate brains can acquire large vocabularies of complex, learned sounds. Such constraints may essentially force natural selection to come up with the same solution repeatedly when confronted with similar problems.

Testing Hypotheses About the Evolution of the Faculty of Language

Given the definitions of the faculty of language, together with the comparative framework, we can distinguish several plausible hypotheses about the evolution of its various components. Here, we suggest two hypotheses that span the diversity of opinion among current scholars, plus a third of our own.

Hypothesis 1: FLB is strictly homologous to animal communication. This hypothesis holds that homologs of FLB, including FLN, exist (perhaps in less developed or otherwise modified form) in nonhuman animals (3, 10, 26). This has historically been a popular hypothesis outside of linguistics and closely allied fields, and has been defended by some in the speech sciences. According to this hypothesis, human FLB is composed of the same functional components that underlie communication in other species.

Hypothesis 2: FLB is a derived, uniquely human adaptation for language. According to this hypothesis, FLB is a highly complex adaptation for language, on a par with the vertebrate eye, and many of its core components can be viewed as individual traits that have been subjected to selection and perfected in recent human evolutionary history. This appears to represent the null hypothesis for many scholars who take the complexity of language seriously (27, 28). The argument starts with the assumption that

FLB, as a whole, is highly complex, serves the function of communication with admirable effectiveness, and has an ineliminable genetic component. Because natural selection is the only known biological mechanism capable of generating such functional complexes [the argument from design (29)], proponents of this view conclude that natural selection has played a powerful role in shaping many aspects of FLB, including FLN, and, further, that many of these are without parallel in nonhuman animals. Although homologous mechanisms may exist in other animals, the human versions have been modified by natural selection to the extent that they can be reasonably seen as constituting novel traits, perhaps exapted from other contexts [e.g., social intelligence, tool-making (7, 30–32)].

Hypothesis 3: Only FLN is uniquely human. On the basis of data reviewed below, we hypothesize that most, if not all, of FLB is based on mechanisms shared with nonhuman animals (as held by hypothesis 1). In contrast, we suggest that FLN—the computational mechanism of recursion—is recently evolved and unique to our species (33, 34). According to this hypothesis, much of the complexity manifested in language derives from complexity in the peripheral components of FLB, especially those underlying the sensory-motor (speech or sign) and conceptual-intentional interfaces, combined with sociocultural and communicative contingencies. FLB as a whole thus has an ancient evolutionary history, long predating the emergence of language, and a comparative analysis is necessary to understand this complex system. By contrast, according to recent linguistic theory, the computations underlying FLN may be quite limited. In fact, we propose in this hypothesis that FLN comprises only the core computational mechanisms of recursion as they appear in narrow syntax and the mappings to the interfaces. If FLN is indeed this restricted, this hypothesis has the interesting effect of nullifying the argument from design, and thus rendering the status of FLN as an adaptation open to question. Proponents of the idea that FLN is an adaptation would thus need to supply additional data or arguments to support this viewpoint.

The available comparative data on animal communication systems suggest that the faculty of language as a whole relies on some uniquely human capacities that have evolved recently in the approximately 6 million years since our divergence from a chimpanzee-like common ancestor (35). Hypothesis 3, in its strongest form, suggests that only FLN falls into this category (34). By this hypothesis, FLB contains a wide variety of cognitive and perceptual mechanisms shared with other species, but only those mechanisms underlying FLN—particularly its capacity for discrete infinity—are uniquely human. This hypothesis suggests that all peripheral components of FLB are shared with other animals, in more or less the same form as they exist in humans, with differences of quantity rather than kind (9, 34). What is unique to our species is quite specific to FLN, and includes its internal operations as well as its interface with the other organism-internal systems of FLB.

Each of these hypotheses is plausible to some degree. Ultimately, they can be distinguished only by empirical data, much of which is currently unavailable. Before reviewing some of the relevant data, we briefly consider some key distinctions between them. From a comparative evolutionary viewpoint, an important question is whether linguistic precursors were involved in communication or in something else. Proponents of both hypotheses 1 and 2 posit a direct correspondence, by descent with modification, between some trait involved in FLB in humans and a similar trait in another species; these hypotheses differ in whether the precursors functioned in communication. Although many aspects of FLB very likely arose in this manner, the important issue for these hypotheses is whether a series of gradual modifications could lead eventually to the capacity of language for infinite generativity. Despite the inarguable existence of a broadly shared base of homologous mechanisms involved in FLB, minor modifications to this foundational system alone seem inadequate to generate the fundamental difference—discrete infinity—between language and all known forms of animal communication. This claim is one of several reasons why we suspect that hypothesis 3 may be a productive way to characterize the problem of language evolution.

A primary issue separating hypotheses 2 and 3 is whether the uniquely human capacities of FLN constitute an adaptation. The viewpoint stated in hypothesis 2, especially the notion that FLN in particular is a highly evolved adaptation, has generated much enthusiasm recently [e.g., (36)], especially among evolutionary psychologists (37, 38). At present, however, we see little reason to believe either that

FLN can be anatomized into many independent but interacting traits, each with its own independent evolutionary history, or that each of these traits could have been strongly shaped by natural selection, given their tenuous connection to communicative efficacy (the surface or phenotypic function upon which selection presumably acted).

We consider the possibility that certain specific aspects of the faculty of language are “spandrels”—by-products of preexisting constraints rather than end products of a history of natural selection (39). This possibility, which opens the door to other empirical lines of inquiry, is perfectly compatible with our firm support of the adaptationist program. Indeed, it follows directly from the foundational notion that adaptation is an “onerous concept” to be invoked only when alternative explanations fail (40). The question is not whether FLN in toto is adaptive. By allowing us to communicate an endless variety of thoughts, recursion is clearly an adaptive computation. The question is whether particular components of the functioning of FLN are adaptations for language, specifically acted upon by natural selection—or, even more broadly, whether FLN evolved for reasons other than communication.

An analogy may make this distinction clear. The trunk and branches of trees are near-optimal solutions for providing an individual tree’s leaves with access to sunlight. For shrubs and small trees, a wide variety of forms (spreading, spherical, multistalked, etc.) provide good solutions to this problem. For a towering rainforest canopy tree, however, most of these forms are rendered impossible by the various constraints imposed by the properties of cellulose and the problems of sucking water and nutrients up to the leaves high in the air. Some aspects of such trees are clearly adaptations channeled by these constraints; others (e.g., the popping of xylem tubes on hot days, the propensity to be toppled in hurricanes) are presumably unavoidable by-products of such constraints.

Recent work on FLN (4, 41–43) suggests the possibility that at least the narrow-syntactic component satisfies conditions of highly efficient computation to an extent previously unsuspected. Thus, FLN may approximate a kind of “optimal solution” to the problem of linking the sensory-motor and conceptual-intentional systems. In other words, the generative processes of the language system may provide a near-optimal solution that satisfies the interface conditions to FLB. Many of the details of language that are the traditional focus of linguistic study [e.g., subjacency, Wh- movement, the existence of garden-path sentences (4, 44)] may represent by-products of this solution, generated automatically by neural/computational constraints and the structure of FLB — components that lie outside of FLN. Even novel capacities such as recursion are implemented in the same type of neural tissue as the rest of the brain and are thus constrained by biophysical, developmental, and computational factors shared with other vertebrates. Hypothesis 3 raises the possibility that structural details of FLN may result from such preexisting constraints, rather than from direct shaping by natural selection targeted specifically at communication. Insofar as this proves to be true, such structural details are not, strictly speaking, adaptations at all. This hypothesis and the alternative selectionist account are both viable and can eventually be tested with comparative data.

Comparative Evidence for the Faculty of Language

Study of the evolution of language has accelerated in the past decade (45, 46). Here, we offer a highly selective review of some of these studies, emphasizing animal work that seems particularly relevant to the hypotheses advanced above; many omissions were necessary for reasons of space, and we firmly believe that a broad diversity of methods and perspectives will ultimately provide the richest answers to the problem of language evolution. For this reason, we present a broader sampler of the field’s offerings.

How “special” is speech? Comparative study of the sensory-motor system. Starting with early work on speech perception, there has been a tradition of considering speech “special,” and thus based on uniquely human mechanisms adapted for speech perception and/or production [e.g., (7, 8, 47, 48)]. This perspective has stimulated a vigorous research program studying animal speech perception and, more

recently, speech production. Surprisingly, this research has turned up little evidence for uniquely human mechanisms special to speech, despite a persistent tendency to assume uniqueness even in the absence of relevant animal data.

On the side of perception, for example, many species show an impressive ability to both discriminate between and generalize over human speech sounds, using formants as the critical discriminative cue (17–19, 49 – 51). These data provide evidence not only of categorical perception, but also of the ability to discriminate among prototypical exemplars of different phonemes (52). Further, in the absence of training, nonhuman primates can discriminate sentences from two different languages on the basis of rhythmic differences between them (53).

On the side of production, birds and nonhuman primates naturally produce and perceive formants in their own species-typical vocalizations (54 –59). The results also shed light on discussions of the uniquely human structure of the vocal tract and the unusual descended larynx of our species (7, 48, 60), because new evidence shows that several other mammalian species also have a descended larynx (61). Because these nonhuman species lack speech, a descended larynx clearly has nonphonetic functions; one possibility is exaggerating apparent size. Although this particular anatomical modification undoubtedly plays an important role in speech production in modern humans, it need not have first evolved for this function. The descended larynx may thus be an example of classic Darwinian preadaptation.

Many phenomena in human speech perception have not yet been investigated in animals [e.g., the McGurk effect, an illusion in which the syllable perceived from a talking head represents the interaction between an articulatory gesture seen and a different syllable heard; see (62)]. However, the available data suggest a much stronger continuity between animals and humans with respect to speech than previously believed. We argue that the continuity hypothesis thus deserves the status of a null hypothesis, which must be rejected by comparative work before any claims of uniqueness can be validated. For now, this null hypothesis of no truly novel traits in the speech domain appears to stand.

There is, however, a striking ability tied to speech that has received insufficient attention: the human capacity for vocal imitation (63, 64). Imitation is obviously a necessary component of the human capacity to acquire a shared and arbitrary lexicon, which is itself central to the language capacity. Thus, the capacity to imitate was a crucial prerequisite of FLB as a communicative system. Vocal imitation and learning are not uniquely human. Rich multimodal imitative capacities are seen in other mammals (dolphins) and some birds (parrots), with most songbirds exhibiting a well-developed vocal imitative capacity (65). What is surprising is that monkeys show almost no evidence of visually mediated imitation, with chimpanzees showing only slightly better capacities (66). Even more striking is the virtual absence of evidence for vocal imitation in either monkeys or apes (3). For example, intensively trained chimpanzees are incapable of acquiring anything but a few poorly articulated spoken words, whereas parrots can readily acquire a large vocal repertoire. With respect to their own vocalizations, there are few convincing studies of vocal dialects in primates, thereby suggesting that they lack a vocal imitative capacity (3, 65). Evidence for spontaneous visuomanual imitation in chimpanzees is not much stronger, although with persistent training they can learn several hundred handsigns. Further, even in cases where nonhuman animals are capable of imitating in one modality (e.g., song copying in songbirds), only dolphins and humans appear capable of imitation in multiple modalities. The detachment from modality-specific inputs may represent a substantial change in neural organization, one that affects not only imitation but also communication; only humans can lose one modality (e.g., hearing) and make up for this deficit by communicating with complete competence in a different modality (i.e., signing).

Our discussion of limitations is not meant to diminish the impressive achievements of monkeys and apes, but to highlight how different the mechanisms underlying the production of human and nonhuman primate gestures, either vocally expressed or signed, must be. After all, the average high school graduate knows up to 60,000 words, a vocabulary achieved with little effort, especially when contrasted with the herculean efforts devoted to training animals. In sum, the impressive ability of any normal human child for vocal imitation may represent a novel capacity that evolved in our recent evolutionary history, some time after the divergence from our chimpanzee-like ancestors. The existence

of analogs in distantly related species, such as birds and cetaceans, suggests considerable potential for the detailed comparative study of vocal imitation. There are, however, potential traps that must be avoided, especially with respect to explorations of the neurobiological substrates of imitation. For example, although macaque monkeys and humans are equipped with so-called “mirror neurons” in the premotor cortex that respond both when an individual acts in a particular way and when the same individual sees someone else act in this same way (67, 68), these neurons are not sufficient for imitation in macaques, as many have presumed: As mentioned, there is no convincing evidence of vocal or visual imitation in monkeys. Consequently, as neuroimaging studies continue to explore the neural basis of imitation in humans (69–71), it will be important to distinguish between the necessary and sufficient neural correlates of imitation. This is especially important, given that some recent attempts to model the evolution of language begin with a hypothetical organism that is equipped with the capacity for imitation and intentionality, as opposed to working out how these mechanisms evolved in the first place [see below; (72–74)]. If a deeper evolutionary exploration is desired, one dating back to a chimpanzee-like ancestor, then we need to explain how and why such capacities emerged from an ancestral node that lacked such abilities (75).

The conceptual-intentional systems of nonlinguistic animals. A wide variety of studies indicate that nonhuman mammals and birds have rich conceptual representations (76, 77). Surprisingly, however, there is a mismatch between the conceptual capacities of animals and the communicative content of their vocal and visual signals (78, 79). For example, although a wide variety of nonhuman primates have access to rich knowledge of who is related to whom, as well as who is dominant and who is subordinate, their vocalizations only coarsely express such complexities.

Studies using classical training approaches as well as methods that tap spontaneous abilities reveal that animals acquire and use a wide range of abstract concepts, including tool, color, geometric relationships, food, and number (66, 76–82). More controversially, but of considerable relevance to intentional aspects of language and conditions of felicitous use, some studies claim that animals have a theory of mind (83–85), including a sense of self and the ability to represent the beliefs and desires of other group members. On the side of positive support, recent studies of chimpanzees suggest that they recognize the perceptual act of seeing as a proxy for the mental state of knowing (84, 86, 87). These studies suggest that at least chimpanzees, but perhaps no other nonhuman animals, have a rudimentary theory of mind. On the side of negative support, other studies suggest that even chimpanzees lack a theory of mind, failing, for example, to differentiate between ignorant and knowledgeable individuals with respect to intentional communication (88, 89). Because these experiments make use of different methods and are based on small sample sizes, it is not possible at present to derive any firm conclusions about the presence or absence of mental state attribution in animals. Independently of how this controversy is resolved, however, the best evidence of referential communication in animals comes not from chimpanzees but from a variety of monkeys and birds, species for which there is no convincing evidence for a theory of mind.

The classic studies of vervet monkey alarm calls (90) have now been joined by several others, each using comparable methods, with extensions to different species (macaques, Diana monkeys, meerkats, prairie dogs, chickens) and different communicative contexts (social relationships, food, intergroup aggression) (91–97). From these studies we can derive five key points relevant to our analysis of the faculty of language. First, individuals produce acoustically distinctive calls in response to functionally important contexts, including the detection of predators and the discovery of food. Second, the acoustic morphology of the signal, although arbitrary in terms of its association with a particular context, is sufficient to enable listeners to respond appropriately without requiring any other contextual information. Third, the number of such signals in the repertoire is small, restricted to objects and events experienced in the present, with no evidence of creative production of new sounds for new situations. Fourth, the acoustic morphology of the calls is fixed, appearing early in development, with experience only playing a role in refining the range of objects or events that elicit such calls. Fifth, there is no evidence that calling is intentional in the sense of taking into account what other individuals believe or want.

Early interpretations of this work suggested that when animals vocalize, they are functionally referring to the objects and events that they have encountered. As such, vervet alarm calls and rhesus monkey food calls, to take two examples, were interpreted as wordlike, with callers referring to different kinds of predators or different kinds of food. More recent discussions have considerably weakened this interpretation, suggesting that if the signal is referential at all, it is in the mind of the listener who can extract information about the signaler's current context from the acoustic structure of the call alone (78, 95). Despite this evidence that animals can extract information from the signal, there are several reasons why additional evidence is required before such signals can be considered as precursors for, or homologs of, human words.

Roughly speaking, we can think of a particular human language as consisting of words and computational procedures ("rules") for constructing expressions from them. The computational system has the recursive property briefly outlined earlier, which may be a distinct human property. However, key aspects of words may also be distinctively human. There are, first of all, qualitative differences in scale and mode of acquisition, which suggest that quite different mechanisms are involved; as pointed out above, there is no evidence for vocal imitation in nonhuman primates, and although human children may use domain-general mechanisms to acquire and recall words (98, 99), the rate at which children build the lexicon is so massively different from nonhuman primates that one must entertain the possibility of an independently evolved mechanism. Furthermore, unlike the best animal examples of putatively referential signals, most of the words of human language are not associated with specific functions (e.g., warning cries, food announcements) but can be linked to virtually any concept that humans can entertain. Such usages are often highly intricate and detached from the here and now. Even for the simplest words, there is typically no straightforward word-thing relationship, if "thing" is to be understood in mind-independent terms. Without pursuing the matter here, it appears that many of the elementary properties of words—including those that enter into referentiality—have only weak analogs or homologs in natural animal communication systems, with only slightly better evidence from the training studies with apes and dolphins. Future research must therefore provide stronger support for the precursor position, or it must instead abandon this hypothesis, arguing that this component of FLB (conceptualintentional) is also uniquely human.

Discrete infinity and constraints on learning. The data summarized thus far, although far from complete, provide overall support for the position of continuity between humans and other animals in terms of FLB. However, we have not yet addressed one issue that many regard as lying at the heart of language: its capacity for limitless expressive power, captured by the notion of discrete infinity. It seems relatively clear, after nearly a century of intensive research on animal communication, that no species other than humans has a comparable capacity to recombine meaningful units into an unlimited variety of larger structures, each differing systematically in meaning. However, little progress has been made in identifying the specific capabilities that are lacking in other animals.

The astronomical variety of sentences any natural language user can produce and understand has an important implication for language acquisition, long a core issue in developmental psychology. A child is exposed to only a small proportion of the possible sentences in its language, thus limiting its database for constructing a more general version of that language in its own mind/brain. This point has logical implications for any system that attempts to acquire a natural language on the basis of limited data. It is immediately obvious that given a finite array of data, there are infinitely many theories consistent with it but inconsistent with one another. In the present case, there are in principle infinitely many target systems (potential I-languages) consistent with the data of experience, and unless the search space and acquisition mechanisms are constrained, selection among them is impossible. A version of the problem has been formalized by Gold (100) and more recently and rigorously explored by Nowak and colleagues (72–75). No known "general learning mechanism" can acquire a natural language solely on the basis of positive or negative evidence, and the prospects for finding any such domain-independent device seem rather dim. The difficulty of this problem leads to the hypothesis that whatever system is responsible must be biased or constrained in certain ways. Such constraints have historically been termed

“innate dispositions,” with those underlying language referred to as “universal grammar.” Although these particular terms have been forcibly rejected by many researchers, and the nature of the particular constraints on human (or animal) learning mechanisms is currently unresolved, the existence of some such constraints cannot be seriously doubted. On the other hand, other constraints in animals must have been overcome at some point in human evolution to account for our ability to acquire the unlimited class of generative systems that includes all natural languages. The nature of these latter constraints has recently become the target of empirical work. We focus here on the nature of number representation and rule learning in nonhuman animals and human infants, both of which can be investigated independently of communication and provide hints as to the nature of the constraints on FLN.

More than 50 years of research using classical training studies demonstrates that animals can represent number, with careful controls for various important confounds (80). In the typical experiment, a rat or pigeon is trained to press a lever x number of times to obtain a food reward. Results show that animals can hit the target number to within a closely matched mean, with a standard deviation that increases with magnitude: As the target number increases, so does variation around the mean. These results have led to the idea that animals, including human infants and adults, can represent number approximately as a magnitude with scalar variability (101, 102). Number discrimination is limited in this system by Weber’s law, with greater discriminability among small numbers than among large numbers (keeping distances between pairs constant) and between numbers that are farther apart (e.g., 7 versus 8 is harder than 7 versus 12). The approximate number sense is accompanied by a second precise mechanism that is limited to values less than 4 but accurately distinguishes 1 from 2, 2 from 3, and 3 from 4; this second system appears to be recruited in the context of object tracking and is limited by working memory constraints (103). Of direct relevance to the current discussion, animals can be trained to understand the meaning of number words or Arabic numeral symbols. However, these studies reveal striking differences in how animals and human children acquire the integer list, and provide further evidence that animals lack the capacity to create openended generative systems.

Boysen and Matsuzawa have trained chimpanzees to map the number of objects onto a single Arabic numeral, to correctly order such numerals in either an ascending or descending list, and to indicate the sums of two numerals (104–106). For example, Boysen shows that a chimpanzee seeing two oranges placed in one box, and another two oranges placed in a second box, will pick the correct sum of four out of a lineup of three cards, each with a different Arabic numeral. The chimpanzees’ performance might suggest that their representation of number is like ours. Closer inspection of how these chimpanzees acquired such competences, however, indicates that the format and content of their number representations differ fundamentally from those of human children. In particular, these chimpanzees required thousands of training trials, and often years, to acquire the integer list up to nine, with no evidence of the kind of “aha” experience that all human children of approximately 3.5 years acquire (107). A human child who has acquired the numbers 1, 2, and 3 (and sometimes 4) goes on to acquire all the others; he or she grasps the idea that the integer list is constructed on the basis of the successor function. For the chimpanzees, in contrast, each number on the integer list required the same amount of time to learn. In essence, although the chimpanzees’ understanding of Arabic numerals is impressive, it parallels their understanding of other symbols and their referential properties: The system apparently never takes on the open-ended generative property of human language. This limitation may, however, reveal an interesting quirk of the child’s learning environment and a difference from the training regime of animals: Children typically first learn an arbitrary ordered list of symbols (“1, 2, 3, 4 ...”) and later learn the precise meaning of such words; apes and parrots, in contrast, were taught the meanings one by one without learning the list. As Carey (103) has argued, this may represent a fundamental difference in experience, a hypothesis that could be tested by first training animals with an arbitrary ordered list.

A second possible limitation on the class of learnable structures concerns the kinds of statistical inferences that animals can compute. Early work in computational linguistics (108–110) suggested that we can profitably think about language as a system of rules placed within a hierarchy of increasing complexity. At the lowest level of the hierarchy are rule systems that are limited to local dependencies,

a subcategory of so-called “finite-state grammars.” Despite their attractive simplicity, such rule systems are inadequate to capture any human language. Natural languages go beyond purely local structure by including a capacity for recursive embedding of phrases within phrases, which can lead to statistical regularities that are separated by an arbitrary number of words or phrases. Such long-distance, hierarchical relationships are found in all natural languages for which, at a minimum, a “phrase-structure grammar” is necessary. It is a foundational observation of modern generative linguistics that, to capture a natural language, a grammar must include such capabilities.

Recent studies suggest that the capacity to compute transitional probabilities—an example of a rule at the lowest level of the hierarchy—might be available to human infants and provide a mechanism for segmenting words from a continuous acoustic stream (111–113). Specifically, after familiarization to a continuous sequence of consonant-vowel (CV) syllables, where particular trigrams (three CVs in sequence, considered to be “words” in this context) have a high probability of appearing within the corpus, infants are readily able to discriminate these trigrams from others that are uncommon. Although this ability may provide a mechanism for word segmentation, it is apparently not a mechanism that evolved uniquely in humans or for language: The same computation is spontaneously available to human infants for visual sequences and tonal melodies (113), as well as to nonhuman primates (cotton-top tamarins) tested with the same methods and stimuli (114). Similarly, in the same way that human infants appear capable of computing algebraic rules that operate over particular CV sequences (115), so too can cotton-top tamarins (116), again demonstrating that the capacity to discover abstract rules at a local level is not unique to humans, and almost certainly did not evolve specifically for language.

Fitch and Hauser (117) recently completed a study comparing finite-state and phrase-structure grammar acquisition in human adults and tamarins, using the same subjects and methods as the studies above. The phrase-structure rule tested was $AnBn$, where A and B were each represented by one of a set of eight different CVs. The rule therefore specified both a set of consistent strings (n A’s must precede n B’s) and a set of inconsistent strings; the latter consisted of violations of order (B tokens precede A tokens) or of patterning (alternations of A’s and B’s such as ABAB). Results showed that human adults rapidly learned this rule implicitly, distinguishing consistent and inconsistent strings. Tamarins, in contrast, failed in three separate experiments testing their ability to acquire this grammar, but they readily mastered a finite-state variant (ABn) implemented with the same stimuli and testing conditions. This suggests that tamarins have a limited capacity to learn the type of long-distance hierarchical dependencies necessary to achieve the class of phrase-structure grammars. If true, this limitation would place severe restrictions on their capacity to learn any natural human language. It is currently unclear whether this limitation generalizes to other animals, and whether it is similarly imposed on humans at different stages of development. Nonetheless, such experiments provide an empirical approach to exploring key differences between humans and animals relevant to FLN.

Our review has stressed the usefulness of animal data for theories about humans, but this exchange need not be one-way. As the research program we have sketched progresses, more general principles about cognitive evolution may emerge. For example, suppose we adopt the conception of hypothesis 3, oversimplifying radically, that the interface systems—sensory-motor and conceptual-intentional—are given, and the innovation that yielded the faculty of language was the evolution of the computational system that links them. The computational system must (i) construct an infinite array of internal expressions from the finite resources of the conceptual-intentional system, and (ii) provide the means to externalize and interpret them at the sensory-motor end. We may now ask to what extent the computational system is optimal, meeting natural conditions of efficient computation such as minimal search and no backtracking. To the extent that this can be established, we will be able to go beyond the (extremely difficult, and still distant) accomplishment of finding the principles of the faculty of language, to an understanding of why the faculty follows these particular principles and not others. We would then understand why languages of a certain class are attainable, whereas other imaginable languages are impossible to learn and sustain. Such progress would not only open the door to a greatly simplified and empirically more tractable evolutionary approach to the faculty of language, but might also be

more generally applicable to domains beyond language in a wide range of species—perhaps especially in the domain of spatial navigation and foraging, where problems of optimal search are relevant. For example, elegant studies of insects, birds, and primates reveal that individuals often search for food by an optimal strategy, one involving minimal distances, recall of locations searched, and kinds of objects retrieved (77, 118, 119). Only after a concerted, multidisciplinary attack on the problems of language evolution, paralleling 40 years of optimal foraging research, will we learn whether such similarities are more than superficial.

Conclusions

We conclude by making three points. First, a practical matter: Linguists and biologists, along with researchers in the relevant branches of psychology and anthropology, can move beyond unproductive theoretical debate to a more collaborative, empirically focused and comparative research program aimed at uncovering both shared (homologous or analogous) and unique components of the faculty of language. Second, although we have argued that most if not all of FLB is shared with other species, whereas FLN may be unique to humans, this represents a tentative, testable hypothesis in need of further empirical investigation. Finally, we believe that a comparative approach is most likely to lead to new insights about both shared and derived features, thereby generating new hypotheses concerning the evolutionary forces that led to the design of the faculty of language. Specifically, although we have said relatively little about the role of natural selection in shaping the design features of FLN, we suggest that by considering the possibility that FLN evolved for reasons other than language, the comparative door has been opened in a new and (we think) exciting way.

Comparative work has generally focused on animal communication or the capacity to acquire a human-created language. If, however, one entertains the hypothesis that recursion evolved to solve other computational problems such as navigation, number quantification, or social relationships, then it is possible that other animals have such abilities, but our research efforts have been targeted at an overly narrow search space. If we find evidence for recursion in animals, but in a noncommunicative domain, then we are more likely to pinpoint the mechanisms underlying this ability and the selective pressures that led to it. This discovery, in turn, would open the door to another suite of puzzles: Why did humans, but no other animal, take the power of recursion to create an open-ended and limitless system of communication? Why does our system of recursion operate over a broader range of elements or inputs (e.g., numbers, words) than other animals? One possibility, consistent with current thinking in the cognitive sciences, is that recursion in animals represents a modular system designed for a particular function (e.g., navigation) and impenetrable with respect to other systems. During evolution, the modular and highly domain-specific system of recursion may have become penetrable and domain-general. This opened the way for humans, perhaps uniquely, to apply the power of recursion to other problems. This change from domain-specific to domain-general may have been guided by particular selective pressures, unique to our evolutionary past, or as a consequence (by-product) of other kinds of neural reorganization. Either way, these are testable hypotheses, a refrain that highlights the importance of comparative approaches to the faculty of language.

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13. The Faculty of Language

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We argue that an understanding of the faculty of language requires substantial interdisciplinary cooperation. We suggest how current developments in linguistics can be profitably wedded to work in evolutionary biology, anthropology, psychology, and neuroscience. We submit that a distinction should be made between the faculty of language in the broad sense (FLB) and in the narrow sense (FLN). FLB includes a sensory-motor system, a conceptual-intentional system, and the computational mechanisms for recursion, providing the capacity to generate an infinite range of expressions from a finite set of elements. We hypothesize that FLN only includes recursion and is the only uniquely human component of the faculty of language. We further argue that FLN may have evolved for reasons other than language, hence comparative studies might look for evidence of such computations outside of the domain of communication (for example, number, navigation, and social relations).

If a martian graced our planet, it would be struck by one remarkable similarity among Earth's living creatures and a key difference. Concerning similarity, it would note that all living things are designed on the basis of highly conserved developmental systems that read an (almost) universal language encoded in DNA base pairs. As such, life is arranged hierarchically with a foundation of discrete, unblendable units (codons, and, for the most part, genes) capable of combining to create increasingly complex and virtually limitless varieties of both species and individual organisms. In contrast, it would notice the absence of a universal code of communication.

If our martian naturalist were meticulous, it might note that the faculty mediating human communication appears remarkably different from that of other living creatures; it might further note that the human faculty of language appears to be organized like the genetic code— hierarchical, generative, recursive, and virtually limitless with respect to its scope of expression. With these pieces in hand, this martian might begin to wonder how the genetic code changed in such a way as to generate a vast number of mutually incomprehensible communication systems across species while maintaining clarity of comprehension within a given species. The martian would have stumbled onto some of the essential problems surrounding the question of language evolution, and of how humans acquired the faculty of language.

In exploring the problem of language evolution, it is important to distinguish between questions concerning language as a communicative system and questions concerning the computations underlying this system, such as those underlying recursion. As we argue below, many acrimonious debates in this field have been launched by a failure to distinguish between these problems. According to one view (1), questions concerning abstract computational mechanisms are distinct from those concerning communication, the latter targeted at problems at the interface between abstract computation and both sensory-motor and conceptual-intentional interfaces. This view should not, of course, be taken as a claim against a relationship between computation and communication. It is possible, as we discuss below, that key computational capacities evolved for reasons other than communication but, after they proved to have utility in communication, were altered because of constraints imposed at both the periphery (e.g., what we can hear and say or see and sign, the rapidity with which the auditory cortex can process rapid temporal and spectral changes) and more central levels (e.g., conceptual and cognitive structures, pragmatics, memory limitations).

At least three theoretical issues cross-cut the debate on language evolution. One of the oldest problems among theorists is the “shared versus unique” distinction. Most current commentators agree that, although bees dance, birds sing, and chimpanzees grunt, these systems of communication differ qualitatively from human language. In particular, animal communication systems lack the rich expressive and open-ended power of human language (based on humans’ capacity for recursion). The evolutionary puzzle, therefore, lies in working out how we got from there to here, given this apparent discontinuity. A second issue revolves around whether the evolution of language was gradual versus saltational; this differs from the first issue because a qualitative discontinuity between extant species could have evolved gradually, involving no discontinuities during human evolution. Finally, the “continuity versus exaptation” issue revolves around the problem of whether human language evolved by gradual extension of preexisting communication systems, or whether important aspects of language have been exapted away from their previous adaptive function (e.g., spatial or numerical reasoning, Machiavellian social scheming, tool-making).

Researchers have adopted extreme or intermediate positions regarding these basically independent questions, leading to a wide variety of divergent viewpoints on the evolution of language in the current literature. There is, however, an emerging consensus that, although humans and animals share a diversity of important computational and perceptual resources, there has been substantial evolutionary remodeling since we diverged from a common ancestor some 6 million years ago. The empirical challenge is to determine what was inherited unchanged from this common ancestor, what has been subjected to minor modifications, and what (if anything) is qualitatively new. The additional evolutionary challenge is to determine what selectional pressures led to adaptive changes over time and to understand the various constraints that channeled this evolutionary process. Answering these questions requires a collaborative effort among linguists, biologists, psychologists, and anthropologists.

One aim of this essay is to promote a stronger connection between biology and linguistics by identifying points of contact and agreement between the fields. Although this interdisciplinary marriage was inaugurated more than 50 years ago, it has not yet been fully consummated. We hope to further this goal by, first, helping to clarify the biolinguistic perspective on language and its evolution (2–7). We then review some promising empirical approaches to the evolution of the language faculty, with a special focus on comparative work with nonhuman animals, and conclude with a discussion of how inquiry might profitably advance, highlighting some outstanding problems.

We make no attempt to be comprehensive in our coverage of relevant or interesting topics and problems. Nor is it our goal to review the history of the field. Rather, we focus on topics that make important contact between empirical data and theoretical positions about the nature of the language faculty. We believe that if explorations into the problem of language evolution are to progress, we need a clear explication of the computational requirements for language, the role of evolutionary theory in testing hypotheses of character evolution, and a research program that will enable a productive interchange between linguists and biologists.

Defining the Target: Two Senses of the Faculty of Language

The word “language” has highly divergent meanings in different contexts and disciplines. In informal usage, a language is understood as a culturally specific communication system (English, Navajo, etc.). In the varieties of modern linguistics that concern us here, the term “language” is used quite differently to refer to an internal component of the mind/brain (sometimes called “internal language” or “I-language”). We assume that this is the primary object of interest for the study of the evolution and function of the language faculty. However, this biologically and individually grounded usage still leaves much open to interpretation (and misunderstanding). For example, a neuroscientist might ask: What components of the human nervous system are recruited in the use of language in its broadest sense? Because any aspect of cognition appears to be, at least in principle, accessible to language, the broadest answer to

this question is, probably, “most of it.” Even aspects of emotion or cognition not readily verbalized may be influenced by linguistically based thought processes. Thus, this conception is too broad to be of much use. We therefore delineate two more restricted conceptions of the faculty of language, one broader and more inclusive, the other more restricted and narrow.

Faculty of language—broad sense (FLB). FLB includes an internal computational system (FLN, below) combined with at least two other organism-internal systems, which we call “sensory-motor” and “conceptual-intentional.” Despite debate on the precise nature of these systems, and about whether they are substantially shared with other vertebrates or uniquely adapted to the exigencies of language, we take as uncontroversial the existence of some biological capacity of humans that allows us (and not, for example, chimpanzees) to readily master any human language without explicit instruction. FLB includes this capacity, but excludes other organism-internal systems that are necessary but not sufficient for language (e.g., memory, respiration, digestion, circulation, etc.).

Faculty of language—narrow sense (FLN). FLN is the abstract linguistic computational system alone, independent of the other systems with which it interacts and interfaces. FLN is a component of FLB, and the mechanisms underlying it are some subset of those underlying FLB.

Others have agreed on the need for a restricted sense of “language” but have suggested different delineations. For example, Liberman and his associates (8) have argued that the sensory-motor systems were specifically adapted for language, and hence should be considered part of FLN. There is also a long tradition holding that the conceptual-intentional systems are an intrinsic part of language in a narrow sense. In this article, we leave these questions open, restricting attention to FLN as just defined but leaving the possibility of a more inclusive definition open to further empirical research.

The internal architecture of FLN, so conceived, is a topic of much current research and debate (4). Without prejudging the issues, we will, for concreteness, adopt a particular conception of this architecture. We assume, putting aside the precise mechanisms, that a key component of FLN is a computational system (narrow syntax) that generates internal representations and maps them into the sensory-motor interface by the phonological system, and into the conceptual-intentional interface by the (formal) semantic system; adopting alternatives that have been proposed would not materially modify the ensuing discussion. All approaches agree that a core property of FLN is recursion, attributed to narrow syntax in the conception just outlined. FLN takes a finite set of elements and yields a potentially infinite array of discrete expressions. This capacity of FLN yields discrete infinity (a property that also characterizes the natural numbers). Each of these discrete expressions is then passed to the sensory-motor and conceptual-intentional systems, which process and elaborate this information in the use of language. Each expression is, in this sense, a pairing of sound and meaning. It has been recognized for thousands of years that language is, fundamentally, a system of sound-meaning connections; the potential infiniteness of this system has been explicitly recognized by Galileo, Descartes, and the 17th-century “philosophical grammarians” and their successors, notably von Humboldt. One goal of the study of FLN and, more broadly, FLB is to discover just how the faculty of language satisfies these basic and essential conditions.

The core property of discrete infinity is intuitively familiar to every language user. Sentences are built up of discrete units: There are 6-word sentences and 7-word sentences, but no 6.5-word sentences. There is no longest sentence (any candidate sentence can be trumped by, for example, embedding it in “Mary thinks that ...”), and there is no non-arbitrary upper bound to sentence length. In these respects, language is directly analogous to the natural numbers (see below).

At a minimum, then, FLN includes the capacity of recursion. There are many organism-internal factors, outside FLN or FLB, that impose practical limits on the usage of the system. For example, lung capacity imposes limits on the length of actual spoken sentences, whereas working memory imposes limits on the complexity of sentences if they are to be understandable. Other limitations—for example, on concept formation or motor output speed—represent aspects of FLB, which have their own evolutionary histories and may have played a role in the evolution of the capacities of FLN. Nonetheless, one can profitably inquire into the evolution of FLN without an immediate concern for these limiting aspects

of FLB. This is made clear by the observation that, although many aspects of FLB are shared with other vertebrates, the core recursive aspect of FLN currently appears to lack any analog in animal communication and possibly other domains as well. This point, therefore, represents the deepest challenge for a comparative evolutionary approach to language. We believe that investigations of this capacity should include domains other than communication (e.g., number, social relationships, navigation).

Given the distinctions between FLB and FLN and the theoretical distinctions raised above, we can define a research space. This research space identifies, as viable, problems concerning the evolution of sensory-motor systems, of conceptual-intentional systems, and of FLN. The comparative approach, to which we turn next, provides a framework for addressing questions about each of these components of the faculty of language.

The Comparative Approach to Language Evolution

The empirical study of the evolution of language is beset with difficulties. Linguistic behavior does not fossilize, and a long tradition of analysis of fossil skull shape and cranial endocasts has led to little consensus about the evolution of language (7, 9). A more tractable and, we think, powerful approach to problems of language evolution is provided by the comparative method, which uses empirical data from living species to draw detailed inferences about extinct ancestors (3, 10–12). The comparative method was the primary tool used by Darwin (13, 14) to analyze evolutionary phenomena and continues to play a central role throughout modern evolutionary biology. Although scholars interested in language evolution have often ignored comparative data altogether or focused narrowly on data from nonhuman primates, current thinking in neuroscience, molecular biology, and developmental biology indicates that many aspects of neural and developmental function are highly conserved, encouraging the extension of the comparative method to all vertebrates (and perhaps beyond). For several reasons, detailed below, we believe that the comparative method should play a more central role in future discussions of language evolution.

An overarching concern in studies of language evolution is with whether particular components of the faculty of language evolved specifically for human language and, therefore (by extension), are unique to humans. Logically, the human uniqueness claim must be based on data indicating an absence of the trait in nonhuman animals and, to be taken seriously, requires a substantial body of relevant comparative data. More concretely, if the language evolution researcher wishes to make the claim that a trait evolved uniquely in humans for the function of language processing, data indicating that no other animal has this particular trait are required.

Although this line of reasoning may appear obvious, it is surprisingly common for a trait to be held up as uniquely human before any appropriate comparative data are available. A famous example is categorical perception, which when discovered seemed so finely tuned to the details of human speech as to constitute a unique human adaptation (15, 16). It was some time before the same underlying perceptual discontinuities were discovered in chinchillas and macaques (17, 18), and even birds (19), leading to the opposite conclusion that the perceptual basis for categorical perception is a primitive vertebrate characteristic that evolved for general auditory processing, as opposed to specific speech processing. Thus, a basic and logically ineliminable role for comparative research on language evolution is this simple and essentially negative one: A trait present in nonhuman animals did not evolve specifically for human language, although it may be part of the language faculty and play an intimate role in language processing. It is possible, of course, that a trait evolved in nonhuman animals and humans independently, as analogs rather than homologs. This would preserve the possibility that the trait evolved for language in humans but evolved for some other reason in the comparative animal group. In cases where the comparative group is a nonhuman primate, and perhaps especially chimpanzees, the plausibility of this evolutionary scenario is weaker. In any case, comparative data are critical to this judgment.

Despite the crucial role of homology in comparative biology, homologous traits are not the only relevant source of evolutionary data. The convergent evolution of similar characters in two independent clades, termed “analogies” or “homoplasies,” can be equally revealing (20). The remarkably similar (but nonhomologous) structures of human and octopus eyes reveal the stringent constraints placed by the laws of optics and the contingencies of development on an organ capable of focusing a sharp image onto a sheet of receptors. Detailed analogies between the parts of the vertebrate and cephalopod eye also provide independent evidence that each component is an adaptation for image formation, shaped by natural selection. Furthermore, the discovery that remarkably conservative genetic cascades underlie the development of such analogous structures provides important insights into the ways in which developmental mechanisms can channel evolution (21). Thus, although potentially misleading for taxonomists, analogies provide critical data about adaptation under physical and developmental constraints. Casting the comparative net more broadly, therefore, will most likely reveal larger regularities in evolution, helping to address the role of such constraints in the evolution of language.

An analogy recognized as particularly relevant to language is the acquisition of song by birds (12). In contrast to nonhuman primates, where the production of species-typical vocalizations is largely innate (22), most songbirds learn their species-specific song by listening to conspecifics, and they develop highly aberrant song if deprived of such experience. Current investigation of birdsong reveals detailed and intriguing parallels with speech (11, 23, 24). For instance, many songbirds pass through a critical period in development beyond which they produce defective songs that no amount of acoustic input can remedy, reminiscent of the difficulty adult humans have in fully mastering new languages. Further, and in parallel with the babbling phase of vocalizing or signing human infants (25), young birds pass through a phase of song development in which they spontaneously produce amorphous versions of adult song, termed “subsinging” or “babbling.” Although the mechanisms underlying the acquisition of birdsong and human language are clearly analogs and not homologs, their core components share a deeply conserved neural and developmental foundation: Most aspects of neurophysiology and development—including regulatory and structural genes, as well as neuron types and neurotransmitters—are shared among vertebrates. That such close parallels have evolved suggests the existence of important constraints on how vertebrate brains can acquire large vocabularies of complex, learned sounds. Such constraints may essentially force natural selection to come up with the same solution repeatedly when confronted with similar problems.

Testing Hypotheses About the Evolution of the Faculty of Language

Given the definitions of the faculty of language, together with the comparative framework, we can distinguish several plausible hypotheses about the evolution of its various components. Here, we suggest two hypotheses that span the diversity of opinion among current scholars, plus a third of our own.

Hypothesis 1: FLB is strictly homologous to animal communication. This hypothesis holds that homologs of FLB, including FLN, exist (perhaps in less developed or otherwise modified form) in nonhuman animals (3, 10, 26). This has historically been a popular hypothesis outside of linguistics and closely allied fields, and has been defended by some in the speech sciences. According to this hypothesis, human FLB is composed of the same functional components that underlie communication in other species.

Hypothesis 2: FLB is a derived, uniquely human adaptation for language. According to this hypothesis, FLB is a highly complex adaptation for language, on a par with the vertebrate eye, and many of its core components can be viewed as individual traits that have been subjected to selection and perfected in recent human evolutionary history. This appears to represent the null hypothesis for many scholars who take the complexity of language seriously (27, 28). The argument starts with the assumption that

FLB, as a whole, is highly complex, serves the function of communication with admirable effectiveness, and has an ineliminable genetic component. Because natural selection is the only known biological mechanism capable of generating such functional complexes [the argument from design (29)], proponents of this view conclude that natural selection has played a powerful role in shaping many aspects of FLB, including FLN, and, further, that many of these are without parallel in nonhuman animals. Although homologous mechanisms may exist in other animals, the human versions have been modified by natural selection to the extent that they can be reasonably seen as constituting novel traits, perhaps exapted from other contexts [e.g., social intelligence, tool-making (7, 30–32)].

Hypothesis 3: Only FLN is uniquely human. On the basis of data reviewed below, we hypothesize that most, if not all, of FLB is based on mechanisms shared with nonhuman animals (as held by hypothesis 1). In contrast, we suggest that FLN—the computational mechanism of recursion—is recently evolved and unique to our species (33, 34). According to this hypothesis, much of the complexity manifested in language derives from complexity in the peripheral components of FLB, especially those underlying the sensory-motor (speech or sign) and conceptual-intentional interfaces, combined with sociocultural and communicative contingencies. FLB as a whole thus has an ancient evolutionary history, long predating the emergence of language, and a comparative analysis is necessary to understand this complex system. By contrast, according to recent linguistic theory, the computations underlying FLN may be quite limited. In fact, we propose in this hypothesis that FLN comprises only the core computational mechanisms of recursion as they appear in narrow syntax and the mappings to the interfaces. If FLN is indeed this restricted, this hypothesis has the interesting effect of nullifying the argument from design, and thus rendering the status of FLN as an adaptation open to question. Proponents of the idea that FLN is an adaptation would thus need to supply additional data or arguments to support this viewpoint.

The available comparative data on animal communication systems suggest that the faculty of language as a whole relies on some uniquely human capacities that have evolved recently in the approximately 6 million years since our divergence from a chimpanzee-like common ancestor (35). Hypothesis 3, in its strongest form, suggests that only FLN falls into this category (34). By this hypothesis, FLB contains a wide variety of cognitive and perceptual mechanisms shared with other species, but only those mechanisms underlying FLN—particularly its capacity for discrete infinity—are uniquely human. This hypothesis suggests that all peripheral components of FLB are shared with other animals, in more or less the same form as they exist in humans, with differences of quantity rather than kind (9, 34). What is unique to our species is quite specific to FLN, and includes its internal operations as well as its interface with the other organism-internal systems of FLB.

Each of these hypotheses is plausible to some degree. Ultimately, they can be distinguished only by empirical data, much of which is currently unavailable. Before reviewing some of the relevant data, we briefly consider some key distinctions between them. From a comparative evolutionary viewpoint, an important question is whether linguistic precursors were involved in communication or in something else. Proponents of both hypotheses 1 and 2 posit a direct correspondence, by descent with modification, between some trait involved in FLB in humans and a similar trait in another species; these hypotheses differ in whether the precursors functioned in communication. Although many aspects of FLB very likely arose in this manner, the important issue for these hypotheses is whether a series of gradual modifications could lead eventually to the capacity of language for infinite generativity. Despite the inarguable existence of a broadly shared base of homologous mechanisms involved in FLB, minor modifications to this foundational system alone seem inadequate to generate the fundamental difference—discrete infinity—between language and all known forms of animal communication. This claim is one of several reasons why we suspect that hypothesis 3 may be a productive way to characterize the problem of language evolution.

A primary issue separating hypotheses 2 and 3 is whether the uniquely human capacities of FLN constitute an adaptation. The viewpoint stated in hypothesis 2, especially the notion that FLN in particular is a highly evolved adaptation, has generated much enthusiasm recently [e.g., (36)], especially among evolutionary psychologists (37, 38). At present, however, we see little reason to believe either that

FLN can be anatomized into many independent but interacting traits, each with its own independent evolutionary history, or that each of these traits could have been strongly shaped by natural selection, given their tenuous connection to communicative efficacy (the surface or phenotypic function upon which selection presumably acted).

We consider the possibility that certain specific aspects of the faculty of language are “spandrels”—by-products of preexisting constraints rather than end products of a history of natural selection (39). This possibility, which opens the door to other empirical lines of inquiry, is perfectly compatible with our firm support of the adaptationist program. Indeed, it follows directly from the foundational notion that adaptation is an “onerous concept” to be invoked only when alternative explanations fail (40). The question is not whether FLN in toto is adaptive. By allowing us to communicate an endless variety of thoughts, recursion is clearly an adaptive computation. The question is whether particular components of the functioning of FLN are adaptations for language, specifically acted upon by natural selection—or, even more broadly, whether FLN evolved for reasons other than communication.

An analogy may make this distinction clear. The trunk and branches of trees are near-optimal solutions for providing an individual tree’s leaves with access to sunlight. For shrubs and small trees, a wide variety of forms (spreading, spherical, multistalked, etc.) provide good solutions to this problem. For a towering rainforest canopy tree, however, most of these forms are rendered impossible by the various constraints imposed by the properties of cellulose and the problems of sucking water and nutrients up to the leaves high in the air. Some aspects of such trees are clearly adaptations channeled by these constraints; others (e.g., the popping of xylem tubes on hot days, the propensity to be toppled in hurricanes) are presumably unavoidable by-products of such constraints.

Recent work on FLN (4, 41–43) suggests the possibility that at least the narrow-syntactic component satisfies conditions of highly efficient computation to an extent previously unsuspected. Thus, FLN may approximate a kind of “optimal solution” to the problem of linking the sensory-motor and conceptual-intentional systems. In other words, the generative processes of the language system may provide a near-optimal solution that satisfies the interface conditions to FLB. Many of the details of language that are the traditional focus of linguistic study [e.g., subjacency, Wh- movement, the existence of garden-path sentences (4, 44)] may represent by-products of this solution, generated automatically by neural/computational constraints and the structure of FLB — components that lie outside of FLN. Even novel capacities such as recursion are implemented in the same type of neural tissue as the rest of the brain and are thus constrained by biophysical, developmental, and computational factors shared with other vertebrates. Hypothesis 3 raises the possibility that structural details of FLN may result from such preexisting constraints, rather than from direct shaping by natural selection targeted specifically at communication. Insofar as this proves to be true, such structural details are not, strictly speaking, adaptations at all. This hypothesis and the alternative selectionist account are both viable and can eventually be tested with comparative data.

Comparative Evidence for the Faculty of Language

Study of the evolution of language has accelerated in the past decade (45, 46). Here, we offer a highly selective review of some of these studies, emphasizing animal work that seems particularly relevant to the hypotheses advanced above; many omissions were necessary for reasons of space, and we firmly believe that a broad diversity of methods and perspectives will ultimately provide the richest answers to the problem of language evolution. For this reason, we present a broader sampler of the field’s offerings.

How “special” is speech? Comparative study of the sensory-motor system. Starting with early work on speech perception, there has been a tradition of considering speech “special,” and thus based on uniquely human mechanisms adapted for speech perception and/or production [e.g., (7, 8, 47, 48)]. This perspective has stimulated a vigorous research program studying animal speech perception and, more

recently, speech production. Surprisingly, this research has turned up little evidence for uniquely human mechanisms special to speech, despite a persistent tendency to assume uniqueness even in the absence of relevant animal data.

On the side of perception, for example, many species show an impressive ability to both discriminate between and generalize over human speech sounds, using formants as the critical discriminative cue (17–19, 49 – 51). These data provide evidence not only of categorical perception, but also of the ability to discriminate among prototypical exemplars of different phonemes (52). Further, in the absence of training, nonhuman primates can discriminate sentences from two different languages on the basis of rhythmic differences between them (53).

On the side of production, birds and nonhuman primates naturally produce and perceive formants in their own species-typical vocalizations (54 –59). The results also shed light on discussions of the uniquely human structure of the vocal tract and the unusual descended larynx of our species (7, 48, 60), because new evidence shows that several other mammalian species also have a descended larynx (61). Because these nonhuman species lack speech, a descended larynx clearly has nonphonetic functions; one possibility is exaggerating apparent size. Although this particular anatomical modification undoubtedly plays an important role in speech production in modern humans, it need not have first evolved for this function. The descended larynx may thus be an example of classic Darwinian preadaptation.

Many phenomena in human speech perception have not yet been investigated in animals [e.g., the McGurk effect, an illusion in which the syllable perceived from a talking head represents the interaction between an articulatory gesture seen and a different syllable heard; see (62)]. However, the available data suggest a much stronger continuity between animals and humans with respect to speech than previously believed. We argue that the continuity hypothesis thus deserves the status of a null hypothesis, which must be rejected by comparative work before any claims of uniqueness can be validated. For now, this null hypothesis of no truly novel traits in the speech domain appears to stand.

There is, however, a striking ability tied to speech that has received insufficient attention: the human capacity for vocal imitation (63, 64). Imitation is obviously a necessary component of the human capacity to acquire a shared and arbitrary lexicon, which is itself central to the language capacity. Thus, the capacity to imitate was a crucial prerequisite of FLB as a communicative system. Vocal imitation and learning are not uniquely human. Rich multimodal imitative capacities are seen in other mammals (dolphins) and some birds (parrots), with most songbirds exhibiting a well-developed vocal imitative capacity (65). What is surprising is that monkeys show almost no evidence of visually mediated imitation, with chimpanzees showing only slightly better capacities (66). Even more striking is the virtual absence of evidence for vocal imitation in either monkeys or apes (3). For example, intensively trained chimpanzees are incapable of acquiring anything but a few poorly articulated spoken words, whereas parrots can readily acquire a large vocal repertoire. With respect to their own vocalizations, there are few convincing studies of vocal dialects in primates, thereby suggesting that they lack a vocal imitative capacity (3, 65). Evidence for spontaneous visuomanual imitation in chimpanzees is not much stronger, although with persistent training they can learn several hundred hand signs. Further, even in cases where nonhuman animals are capable of imitating in one modality (e.g., song copying in songbirds), only dolphins and humans appear capable of imitation in multiple modalities. The detachment from modality-specific inputs may represent a substantial change in neural organization, one that affects not only imitation but also communication; only humans can lose one modality (e.g., hearing) and make up for this deficit by communicating with complete competence in a different modality (i.e., signing).

Our discussion of limitations is not meant to diminish the impressive achievements of monkeys and apes, but to highlight how different the mechanisms underlying the production of human and nonhuman primate gestures, either vocally expressed or signed, must be. After all, the average high school graduate knows up to 60,000 words, a vocabulary achieved with little effort, especially when contrasted with the herculean efforts devoted to training animals. In sum, the impressive ability of any normal human child for vocal imitation may represent a novel capacity that evolved in our recent evolutionary history, some time after the divergence from our chimpanzee-like ancestors. The existence

of analogs in distantly related species, such as birds and cetaceans, suggests considerable potential for the detailed comparative study of vocal imitation. There are, however, potential traps that must be avoided, especially with respect to explorations of the neurobiological substrates of imitation. For example, although macaque monkeys and humans are equipped with so-called “mirror neurons” in the premotor cortex that respond both when an individual acts in a particular way and when the same individual sees someone else act in this same way (67, 68), these neurons are not sufficient for imitation in macaques, as many have presumed: As mentioned, there is no convincing evidence of vocal or visual imitation in monkeys. Consequently, as neuroimaging studies continue to explore the neural basis of imitation in humans (69–71), it will be important to distinguish between the necessary and sufficient neural correlates of imitation. This is especially important, given that some recent attempts to model the evolution of language begin with a hypothetical organism that is equipped with the capacity for imitation and intentionality, as opposed to working out how these mechanisms evolved in the first place [see below; (72–74)]. If a deeper evolutionary exploration is desired, one dating back to a chimpanzee-like ancestor, then we need to explain how and why such capacities emerged from an ancestral node that lacked such abilities (75).

The conceptual-intentional systems of nonlinguistic animals. A wide variety of studies indicate that nonhuman mammals and birds have rich conceptual representations (76, 77). Surprisingly, however, there is a mismatch between the conceptual capacities of animals and the communicative content of their vocal and visual signals (78, 79). For example, although a wide variety of nonhuman primates have access to rich knowledge of who is related to whom, as well as who is dominant and who is subordinate, their vocalizations only coarsely express such complexities.

Studies using classical training approaches as well as methods that tap spontaneous abilities reveal that animals acquire and use a wide range of abstract concepts, including tool, color, geometric relationships, food, and number (66, 76–82). More controversially, but of considerable relevance to intentional aspects of language and conditions of felicitous use, some studies claim that animals have a theory of mind (83–85), including a sense of self and the ability to represent the beliefs and desires of other group members. On the side of positive support, recent studies of chimpanzees suggest that they recognize the perceptual act of seeing as a proxy for the mental state of knowing (84, 86, 87). These studies suggest that at least chimpanzees, but perhaps no other nonhuman animals, have a rudimentary theory of mind. On the side of negative support, other studies suggest that even chimpanzees lack a theory of mind, failing, for example, to differentiate between ignorant and knowledgeable individuals with respect to intentional communication (88, 89). Because these experiments make use of different methods and are based on small sample sizes, it is not possible at present to derive any firm conclusions about the presence or absence of mental state attribution in animals. Independently of how this controversy is resolved, however, the best evidence of referential communication in animals comes not from chimpanzees but from a variety of monkeys and birds, species for which there is no convincing evidence for a theory of mind.

The classic studies of vervet monkey alarm calls (90) have now been joined by several others, each using comparable methods, with extensions to different species (macaques, Diana monkeys, meerkats, prairie dogs, chickens) and different communicative contexts (social relationships, food, intergroup aggression) (91–97). From these studies we can derive five key points relevant to our analysis of the faculty of language. First, individuals produce acoustically distinctive calls in response to functionally important contexts, including the detection of predators and the discovery of food. Second, the acoustic morphology of the signal, although arbitrary in terms of its association with a particular context, is sufficient to enable listeners to respond appropriately without requiring any other contextual information. Third, the number of such signals in the repertoire is small, restricted to objects and events experienced in the present, with no evidence of creative production of new sounds for new situations. Fourth, the acoustic morphology of the calls is fixed, appearing early in development, with experience only playing a role in refining the range of objects or events that elicit such calls. Fifth, there is no evidence that calling is intentional in the sense of taking into account what other individuals believe or want.

Early interpretations of this work suggested that when animals vocalize, they are functionally referring to the objects and events that they have encountered. As such, vervet alarm calls and rhesus monkey food calls, to take two examples, were interpreted as wordlike, with callers referring to different kinds of predators or different kinds of food. More recent discussions have considerably weakened this interpretation, suggesting that if the signal is referential at all, it is in the mind of the listener who can extract information about the signaler's current context from the acoustic structure of the call alone (78, 95). Despite this evidence that animals can extract information from the signal, there are several reasons why additional evidence is required before such signals can be considered as precursors for, or homologs of, human words.

Roughly speaking, we can think of a particular human language as consisting of words and computational procedures ("rules") for constructing expressions from them. The computational system has the recursive property briefly outlined earlier, which may be a distinct human property. However, key aspects of words may also be distinctively human. There are, first of all, qualitative differences in scale and mode of acquisition, which suggest that quite different mechanisms are involved; as pointed out above, there is no evidence for vocal imitation in nonhuman primates, and although human children may use domain-general mechanisms to acquire and recall words (98, 99), the rate at which children build the lexicon is so massively different from nonhuman primates that one must entertain the possibility of an independently evolved mechanism. Furthermore, unlike the best animal examples of putatively referential signals, most of the words of human language are not associated with specific functions (e.g., warning cries, food announcements) but can be linked to virtually any concept that humans can entertain. Such usages are often highly intricate and detached from the here and now. Even for the simplest words, there is typically no straightforward word-thing relationship, if "thing" is to be understood in mind-independent terms. Without pursuing the matter here, it appears that many of the elementary properties of words—including those that enter into referentiality—have only weak analogs or homologs in natural animal communication systems, with only slightly better evidence from the training studies with apes and dolphins. Future research must therefore provide stronger support for the precursor position, or it must instead abandon this hypothesis, arguing that this component of FLB (conceptualintentional) is also uniquely human.

Discrete infinity and constraints on learning. The data summarized thus far, although far from complete, provide overall support for the position of continuity between humans and other animals in terms of FLB. However, we have not yet addressed one issue that many regard as lying at the heart of language: its capacity for limitless expressive power, captured by the notion of discrete infinity. It seems relatively clear, after nearly a century of intensive research on animal communication, that no species other than humans has a comparable capacity to recombine meaningful units into an unlimited variety of larger structures, each differing systematically in meaning. However, little progress has been made in identifying the specific capabilities that are lacking in other animals.

The astronomical variety of sentences any natural language user can produce and understand has an important implication for language acquisition, long a core issue in developmental psychology. A child is exposed to only a small proportion of the possible sentences in its language, thus limiting its database for constructing a more general version of that language in its own mind/brain. This point has logical implications for any system that attempts to acquire a natural language on the basis of limited data. It is immediately obvious that given a finite array of data, there are infinitely many theories consistent with it but inconsistent with one another. In the present case, there are in principle infinitely many target systems (potential I-languages) consistent with the data of experience, and unless the search space and acquisition mechanisms are constrained, selection among them is impossible. A version of the problem has been formalized by Gold (100) and more recently and rigorously explored by Nowak and colleagues (72–75). No known "general learning mechanism" can acquire a natural language solely on the basis of positive or negative evidence, and the prospects for finding any such domain-independent device seem rather dim. The difficulty of this problem leads to the hypothesis that whatever system is responsible must be biased or constrained in certain ways. Such constraints have historically been termed

“innate dispositions,” with those underlying language referred to as “universal grammar.” Although these particular terms have been forcibly rejected by many researchers, and the nature of the particular constraints on human (or animal) learning mechanisms is currently unresolved, the existence of some such constraints cannot be seriously doubted. On the other hand, other constraints in animals must have been overcome at some point in human evolution to account for our ability to acquire the unlimited class of generative systems that includes all natural languages. The nature of these latter constraints has recently become the target of empirical work. We focus here on the nature of number representation and rule learning in nonhuman animals and human infants, both of which can be investigated independently of communication and provide hints as to the nature of the constraints on FLN.

More than 50 years of research using classical training studies demonstrates that animals can represent number, with careful controls for various important confounds (80). In the typical experiment, a rat or pigeon is trained to press a lever x number of times to obtain a food reward. Results show that animals can hit the target number to within a closely matched mean, with a standard deviation that increases with magnitude: As the target number increases, so does variation around the mean. These results have led to the idea that animals, including human infants and adults, can represent number approximately as a magnitude with scalar variability (101, 102). Number discrimination is limited in this system by Weber’s law, with greater discriminability among small numbers than among large numbers (keeping distances between pairs constant) and between numbers that are farther apart (e.g., 7 versus 8 is harder than 7 versus 12). The approximate number sense is accompanied by a second precise mechanism that is limited to values less than 4 but accurately distinguishes 1 from 2, 2 from 3, and 3 from 4; this second system appears to be recruited in the context of object tracking and is limited by working memory constraints (103). Of direct relevance to the current discussion, animals can be trained to understand the meaning of number words or Arabic numeral symbols. However, these studies reveal striking differences in how animals and human children acquire the integer list, and provide further evidence that animals lack the capacity to create openended generative systems.

Boysen and Matsuzawa have trained chimpanzees to map the number of objects onto a single Arabic numeral, to correctly order such numerals in either an ascending or descending list, and to indicate the sums of two numerals (104–106). For example, Boysen shows that a chimpanzee seeing two oranges placed in one box, and another two oranges placed in a second box, will pick the correct sum of four out of a lineup of three cards, each with a different Arabic numeral. The chimpanzees’ performance might suggest that their representation of number is like ours. Closer inspection of how these chimpanzees acquired such competences, however, indicates that the format and content of their number representations differ fundamentally from those of human children. In particular, these chimpanzees required thousands of training trials, and often years, to acquire the integer list up to nine, with no evidence of the kind of “aha” experience that all human children of approximately 3.5 years acquire (107). A human child who has acquired the numbers 1, 2, and 3 (and sometimes 4) goes on to acquire all the others; he or she grasps the idea that the integer list is constructed on the basis of the successor function. For the chimpanzees, in contrast, each number on the integer list required the same amount of time to learn. In essence, although the chimpanzees’ understanding of Arabic numerals is impressive, it parallels their understanding of other symbols and their referential properties: The system apparently never takes on the open-ended generative property of human language. This limitation may, however, reveal an interesting quirk of the child’s learning environment and a difference from the training regime of animals: Children typically first learn an arbitrary ordered list of symbols (“1, 2, 3, 4 ...”) and later learn the precise meaning of such words; apes and parrots, in contrast, were taught the meanings one by one without learning the list. As Carey (103) has argued, this may represent a fundamental difference in experience, a hypothesis that could be tested by first training animals with an arbitrary ordered list.

A second possible limitation on the class of learnable structures concerns the kinds of statistical inferences that animals can compute. Early work in computational linguistics (108–110) suggested that we can profitably think about language as a system of rules placed within a hierarchy of increasing complexity. At the lowest level of the hierarchy are rule systems that are limited to local dependencies,

a subcategory of so-called “finite-state grammars.” Despite their attractive simplicity, such rule systems are inadequate to capture any human language. Natural languages go beyond purely local structure by including a capacity for recursive embedding of phrases within phrases, which can lead to statistical regularities that are separated by an arbitrary number of words or phrases. Such long-distance, hierarchical relationships are found in all natural languages for which, at a minimum, a “phrase-structure grammar” is necessary. It is a foundational observation of modern generative linguistics that, to capture a natural language, a grammar must include such capabilities.

Recent studies suggest that the capacity to compute transitional probabilities—an example of a rule at the lowest level of the hierarchy—might be available to human infants and provide a mechanism for segmenting words from a continuous acoustic stream (111–113). Specifically, after familiarization to a continuous sequence of consonant-vowel (CV) syllables, where particular trigrams (three CVs in sequence, considered to be “words” in this context) have a high probability of appearing within the corpus, infants are readily able to discriminate these trigrams from others that are uncommon. Although this ability may provide a mechanism for word segmentation, it is apparently not a mechanism that evolved uniquely in humans or for language: The same computation is spontaneously available to human infants for visual sequences and tonal melodies (113), as well as to nonhuman primates (cotton-top tamarins) tested with the same methods and stimuli (114). Similarly, in the same way that human infants appear capable of computing algebraic rules that operate over particular CV sequences (115), so too can cotton-top tamarins (116), again demonstrating that the capacity to discover abstract rules at a local level is not unique to humans, and almost certainly did not evolve specifically for language.

Fitch and Hauser (117) recently completed a study comparing finite-state and phrase-structure grammar acquisition in human adults and tamarins, using the same subjects and methods as the studies above. The phrase-structure rule tested was $AnBn$, where A and B were each represented by one of a set of eight different CVs. The rule therefore specified both a set of consistent strings (n A’s must precede n B’s) and a set of inconsistent strings; the latter consisted of violations of order (B tokens precede A tokens) or of patterning (alternations of A’s and B’s such as ABAB). Results showed that human adults rapidly learned this rule implicitly, distinguishing consistent and inconsistent strings. Tamarins, in contrast, failed in three separate experiments testing their ability to acquire this grammar, but they readily mastered a finite-state variant (ABn) implemented with the same stimuli and testing conditions. This suggests that tamarins have a limited capacity to learn the type of long-distance hierarchical dependencies necessary to achieve the class of phrase-structure grammars. If true, this limitation would place severe restrictions on their capacity to learn any natural human language. It is currently unclear whether this limitation generalizes to other animals, and whether it is similarly imposed on humans at different stages of development. Nonetheless, such experiments provide an empirical approach to exploring key differences between humans and animals relevant to FLN.

Our review has stressed the usefulness of animal data for theories about humans, but this exchange need not be one-way. As the research program we have sketched progresses, more general principles about cognitive evolution may emerge. For example, suppose we adopt the conception of hypothesis 3, oversimplifying radically, that the interface systems—sensory-motor and conceptual-intentional—are given, and the innovation that yielded the faculty of language was the evolution of the computational system that links them. The computational system must (i) construct an infinite array of internal expressions from the finite resources of the conceptual-intentional system, and (ii) provide the means to externalize and interpret them at the sensory-motor end. We may now ask to what extent the computational system is optimal, meeting natural conditions of efficient computation such as minimal search and no backtracking. To the extent that this can be established, we will be able to go beyond the (extremely difficult, and still distant) accomplishment of finding the principles of the faculty of language, to an understanding of why the faculty follows these particular principles and not others. We would then understand why languages of a certain class are attainable, whereas other imaginable languages are impossible to learn and sustain. Such progress would not only open the door to a greatly simplified and empirically more tractable evolutionary approach to the faculty of language, but might also be

more generally applicable to domains beyond language in a wide range of species—perhaps especially in the domain of spatial navigation and foraging, where problems of optimal search are relevant. For example, elegant studies of insects, birds, and primates reveal that individuals often search for food by an optimal strategy, one involving minimal distances, recall of locations searched, and kinds of objects retrieved (77, 118, 119). Only after a concerted, multidisciplinary attack on the problems of language evolution, paralleling 40 years of optimal foraging research, will we learn whether such similarities are more than superficial.

Conclusions

We conclude by making three points. First, a practical matter: Linguists and biologists, along with researchers in the relevant branches of psychology and anthropology, can move beyond unproductive theoretical debate to a more collaborative, empirically focused and comparative research program aimed at uncovering both shared (homologous or analogous) and unique components of the faculty of language. Second, although we have argued that most if not all of FLB is shared with other species, whereas FLN may be unique to humans, this represents a tentative, testable hypothesis in need of further empirical investigation. Finally, we believe that a comparative approach is most likely to lead to new insights about both shared and derived features, thereby generating new hypotheses concerning the evolutionary forces that led to the design of the faculty of language. Specifically, although we have said relatively little about the role of natural selection in shaping the design features of FLN, we suggest that by considering the possibility that FLN evolved for reasons other than language, the comparative door has been opened in a new and (we think) exciting way.

Comparative work has generally focused on animal communication or the capacity to acquire a human-created language. If, however, one entertains the hypothesis that recursion evolved to solve other computational problems such as navigation, number quantification, or social relationships, then it is possible that other animals have such abilities, but our research efforts have been targeted at an overly narrow search space. If we find evidence for recursion in animals, but in a noncommunicative domain, then we are more likely to pinpoint the mechanisms underlying this ability and the selective pressures that led to it. This discovery, in turn, would open the door to another suite of puzzles: Why did humans, but no other animal, take the power of recursion to create an open-ended and limitless system of communication? Why does our system of recursion operate over a broader range of elements or inputs (e.g., numbers, words) than other animals? One possibility, consistent with current thinking in the cognitive sciences, is that recursion in animals represents a modular system designed for a particular function (e.g., navigation) and impenetrable with respect to other systems. During evolution, the modular and highly domain-specific system of recursion may have become penetrable and domain-general. This opened the way for humans, perhaps uniquely, to apply the power of recursion to other problems. This change from domain-specific to domain-general may have been guided by particular selective pressures, unique to our evolutionary past, or as a consequence (by-product) of other kinds of neural reorganization. Either way, these are testable hypotheses, a refrain that highlights the importance of comparative approaches to the faculty of language.

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14. Open Letter to New York School Officials

Author: A Former Teacher

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Introduction

When Michael Bloomberg took control of the New York City school system over three years ago, he sponsored a complete reorganization of the structure of school government. The 32 local school boards and districts that had managed kindergarten through eighth grade schools within the city were replaced by ten mammoth regions. The central Board of Education itself was completely restructured into the Department of Education, the center of which is now housed in the Tweed building in lower Manhattan. The transformation that occurred was more like a hostile takeover than an innovative transformation.

The previous local district structure was originally designed as a concession won by parents in the 1960's after a bitter struggle over control of the schools. Local districts replaced the Board of Education's centralized governance of NYC schools. Over time, the community school districts developed distinct identities. While hardly democratic, in any meaningful sense of the term, the community school districts provided greater parent access and increased communication within districts. Local community school boards became centers for parents' protests and local political struggles. Although school boards most often ignored criticism, there was an appearance of accountability and accessibility. At the least, parents felt they had a place to take their grievances. On rare occasions, parents were actually able to organize sufficient strength to be heard. All of this changed with Bloomberg's imposition of the ten regions.

The new regions became focal points of Bloomberg's takeover and, as such, wielded great power. The community school boards were replaced by powerless local councils, the result of a compromise New York State agreed to when it conceded control to Bloomberg. Superintendents were placed in charge of each region and local instructional superintendents were assigned schools under their control. Under the previous arrangement, high schools had been a separate division that remained under a central structure. However, with the new set-up, all schools (K-12) within a geographic area were placed under the management of a region. The local instructional superintendents (LIS) were each placed in charge of ten random schools, often at opposite ends of the large regions. Too often they had no knowledge of the schools they were placed in charge of. Local instructional superintendents from high schools were placed in charge of elementary schools along with middle and high schools. Early childhood experts were placed in charge of middle and high schools as well as elementary schools. The system made no sense, educationally. However educational expertise was not the crucial criteria for this new management layer—it was the ability to restructure schools without regard for educational concerns, the power to tear down and reorganize without regard to the views or needs of students, parents, school staff or the communities in which they live.

The ways in which schools have been restructured have varied widely throughout the city. Schools in which there has been the least disruption are those that have been restructured cooperatively. However, there are many schools where this has not been the case. As some schools were “phased out,” new schools were opened. In some of these new communities, rivalry between competing administrations over building resources, staff, and “reputation” was so intense that it prevented the sharing of resources and seriously impeded learning. In many schools (and some regions), thousands of books, documents,

and records were discarded or misplaced because people in charge didn't know what they were doing. There are schools in which administrators have been threatened and removed to make way for others with personal connections. And there are schools in which horrendous conditions have been allowed to go unchallenged for the same reason. There seems to be no common criteria that the city follows in making its decisions, just as there is none by which their lieutenants are judged.

One seemingly innovative aspect of Bloomberg's transformation of NYC schools is the small school initiative. In many respects, smaller is often much better — less anonymity, greater sense of community, better communication, etc. Despite this, it is worth understanding the political reasons behind the move toward smaller schools. Bush's No Child Left Behind (NCLB) legislation of 2001 mandates that schools show improvement by meeting annual yearly progress targets (AYP) based on state standardized tests. Those targets rise each year, making them increasingly difficult to meet. Since schools are unable to meet these benchmarks, the government mandates that they be restructured, ostensibly to improve the schools' functioning. But such restructuring does not necessarily result in real educational improvements, but may give the appearance of doing so. By simply restructuring schools and providing them with new names and numbers, the system wipes out their previous history of failure. Simply through eliminating this historical data from the "phased out" or "restructured" schools, it appears as though schools are improving because less and less schools are "failing," even if test scores do not actually go up. Another five to ten years will pass before these new schools will accrue a sufficient history of failing data to warrant examination. Rather than reducing class size and providing the real conditions for improved teaching and learning, the NCLB legislation simply mandates the reorganization or closing of failing schools. This shell game evades the real issues and wastes incredible amounts of money. Spending millions of dollars on "reorganizing" schools to remove failing schools from governmental scrutiny does not improve the education of children within these communities.

The results of Bloomberg's control of NYC public schools speak for themselves. An embarrassing drop in 4th grade reading scores in 2004 was followed by an inflated 10 point increase in the 2005 4th grade reading scores, though Yonkers, Syracuse and Rochester all posted higher percentage gains than New York City (without any changes in structure or curriculum). NYC 8th grade reading scores fell 2.5 points to 32.8 percent of kids meeting the standards in reading, and their science scores fell by 10 percent since Bloomberg took over. But our billionaire mayor managed to put his own spin on these dismal results and he was reelected based on a bogus campaign; people believed what he said regardless of the facts. An honest assessment of NYC schools will not occur under mayoral control. NYC schools have become more political (in the bad sense of the term) than ever before. Bloomberg has increased his control over all city organizations, limiting access to information, tightening control over city workers and creating an atmosphere of intimidation. His tactics have been compared to that of the KGB. Despite the rhetoric, mayoral control of NYC schools has been a real setback for NYC students, parents, teachers, communities and the city as a whole. Below is an open letter from a NYC teacher, giving an inside look at the current situation.

—M. Robinson

Open Letter

What was once a healthy middle school in the Washington Heights community has been destroyed. Fire bells ring continuously. Students congregate in stairwells. Classroom door windows are repeatedly broken. Kids hang out in the basement and auditorium. Food fights erupt in the cafeteria. Students are thrown out of classrooms and left to roam the halls. Just before the holidays someone urinated and defecated in a stairwell and then spread feces on the wall. Fights break out almost every day and student arrests have escalated. One policeman remarked that they should set up their headquarters in the building. Youth officers have said that one administrator, in particular, is unusually punitive toward students. Most recently the administration's solution to this crisis has been to prohibit children from

using the bathroom during various periods of the day. Unfortunately this has resulted in numerous accidents, embarrassing and unsanitary conditions. The situation is really out of control. And what's even more frightening are the recent rumors that the principals of these two large schools are about to be appointed as permanent principals!

This situation is not a secret to the region or to NYC. Parents have tried to get their children transferred to other schools. They have gone to feeder schools complaining about conditions to try to get their younger children zoned to a different school. They have complained to the region about situations their children face to no avail. Teacher assaults go unreported and grievances grow. More than 70 teachers transferred out of this school since last year. And teachers continued to transfer out until the option to leave was revoked in October. Now new, recently hired teachers have to leave the system completely because it is the only way out.

The Regional Local Instructional Superintendent for these schools is the architect of this transformation. She designed the changes and placed the current administration in their positions. She removed the former principal with the help of a disreputable business manager and by silencing resistance. She made the district level union representative her partner. Parents were told that their teachers were incompetent; math test scores were misrepresented; parent representatives were bought off with chartered bus trips to the mall and a school aid job in the fall; the district CEC political forces were rallied under her "command"; and one of the America's Choice representatives even changed a year-end evaluation without observing classrooms. Despite the professional structures in place (regular professional development meetings, grade level curriculum meetings), a unified instructional approach, and school initiatives to improve instruction for ELL students, the LIS constantly harassed the former principal about procedures that were far more professional than what exists at either school today. And this fall she brought back a former teacher (who was also a former administrator) who had been removed from both positions for unsatisfactory performance and made him her puppet and placed him on a C-30 Committee to interview one of the principals.

The school was transformed from an enthusiastic, wellorganized student-centered middle school into a negative place where no one is valued, where students, teachers, paraprofessionals, and school aids are treated with arrogance and disrespect and where students are not happy. She put in place the two current principals, both untested and insensitive to the needs of the community. Now they await permanent appointment. One of these principals could not run a floor as an Assistant Principal during the 2004–05 school year. In fact, most of her staff left in frustration at the end of last year yet she was placed in charge of twice as many students as a new principal in the building. The other principal was not rehired as a teacher for the 2004–05 year and then sent for supervisory training as part of a plan for retribution, not to improve the education of children. As a staff developer during the 2004–05 year, she alienated teachers and harassed individuals who spoke out about her incompetence.

In an effort to "get tough" during an 8th grade assembly, she insulted and intimidated students, telling students that they were not going to pass the state tests and humiliating them for their appearance. Earlier in the year, this same administrator was responsible for providing an entire 8th grade class with math grades of 65 because they did not have a math teacher despite the fact that most of the students had scored at or above standards expected for their grade. Under protest from parents, she administered a math test (without instruction or preparation) and changed a few grades to justify her arbitrary decision. Unfortunately those grades have significant impact on high school admission decisions.

According to 2003 DOE ELA data, the school was ranked 8th out of 20 middle schools in the region just prior to the change in command for NYC schools. Yet this school was targeted to be reorganized because, as with many middle schools, it was unable to keep pace with its annual yearly target under NCLB. But, as far as public schools go, it was a competently run building in which students were well behaved. Visitors would remark how well-managed the building was and how engaged students were in their classrooms. Unlike the rigid models often presented, the principal worked with the staff. Fearful of this collaboration, the region decided not to reorganize this building constructively—with

the cooperation of administration and staff. Instead they executed the reorganization as a hostile take over, systematically destroying the former community.

Experienced teachers were forced out. All CB licensed teachers—those who had raised the 6th grade reading scores by 16%, surpassing the city average in 2005—were required to leave, despite the fact that CB teachers at other newly created middle schools often remained. Experienced educators, who might have provided a foundation for an effective transition, were removed. And many other staff members left, fearing a dictatorial, vengeful regime.

Students have been treated as cannon fodder for this painful experiment. When the former principal was removed in June, the school was left without an effective leader. He knew the community, spoke their language, and was highly respected. As soon as he was removed, the building began to change. Within days, student discipline began to weaken. When students returned in September, they discovered that many of their best teachers were gone as were some of the most enriching and motivating programs: the strings orchestra (award-winning performers), the renowned Young People's Chorus, the Lang Medical Youth Program (prepares students for a medical career), the New York Restoration Project, dance, band, math peer tutoring, a long-standing ceramics program, drama, chess in the schools, service learning, adult education programs in ESL, GED and technology, an art therapy program as well as optical services and immunization. Under the guise of "improving instruction," state of the art programs that helped students learn discipline, develop positive self-esteem, and want to come to school were eliminated. Any experienced middle school educator understands that a successful middle school must connect to student interests. Removing arts and science enrichment programs deeply affected student goals and motivation.

The building is now run like a top-down dictatorship: student needs are ignored and most teachers are treated with suspicion, if not as enemies. A reign of terror now exists. Teachers fear harsh consequences (and U ratings) if they speak up about conditions. Students and teachers have become scapegoats for an incompetent administration. New teachers have been cautioned not to confer with experienced teachers. Connected to this fear of experience is also a fear of the community. Why else would 95% of the new teachers recruited to both newly reorganized schools be unable to communicate in Spanish? That's a very high percentage for a school in the middle of Washington Heights. This composition of new teacher recruitment in the building stands in stark contrast to the diverse staff one year earlier.

Horrendous mistakes have been allowed to pass as school improvement. Outrageous student behaviors reflect an incompetent administration and student disrespect and defiance. Students are acting as though no one in charge understands their needs. Those responsible for creating these conditions should be held accountable, removed and not allowed to bring tragedy anywhere else.

A Former Teacher

January 2006

15. Next Stop?

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Author: ALARM (All London Anarchist Revolutionary Mob)
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At the top, the rich, in-bred and thick, living off billions their families have been stealing from us. Billion dollar business barons, Royals, church leaders, mass landowners (who ironically own the “slums” we live in through mortgages and loans). On top of that, their idle children are playing at management — after a few years at Oxford they stumble into Parliament and try to envisage how they can make our lives better. They’re supported by spin doctors, heads of unions, judges, lawyers and anyone with a few hundred grand free.

The middle classes stand below them looking up. Barely enough money to survive, they might own a home, be bosses, head teachers, all desperate to join the rich. A few might be “cool” artists or academics — they’re desperate to be anything but the boring middle class fuckers they are. They even bombarded us with shit telly like *Skins*, saying how fun, sexy and smart they are when really they’re just fucking boring.

And then **US**, the ones at the bottom with all the work to do, the ones that have gotta get rid of these above. Clearly none of them have a clue what’s going on, so let’s have it and get rid of them. Sure we’ve got a few nutters too, people that vote Tory and then there’s the sacred lamb of the left, the ‘at the point of production workers’ — a whole 1% of us that are actually building shit. A few bought our houses under Thatcher and made a bit of money but most are in dead end jobs, working in shops selling shit or on the dole — millions of us, our families brought us into the cities with the temptation of wages or as virtual slaves. Now the work has gone and we’ve got nothing to do, sitting here waiting, being hassled, pushed around, some breaking the law and some loving the law, driven half mad by the contradictions of society and just waiting to kick off and change everything.

Activists called for a “Summer of Rage”. They got one. However it’s form and content were totally unexpected. The political dreams and fantasies of activists envisaged a series of militant demonstrations consisting of public sector workers, trade unionists and students. These would lead to clashes with the added possibilities of occupations, a new trade unionism and for the lefties, a Labour administration committed to “Anti-Cut” policies.

So when a summer of rage burst forth in all it’s “Terrible Beauty”, most activists and all of the left were gasping with disbelief and incomprehension. Los Angeles style riots tore through the capital with whole buildings ablaze and disturbances spreading nationwide in four days that shook the boy politic. Far from being an unpredictable outspurt, we were only surprised they hadn’t erupte anytime over the last decae. Make no mistake, these riots, anti-authority uprisings, mass expropriations were the most significant even in 21st century Britain so far.

It’s no good activists and leftists throwing up their hands in horror at the intensity of the riots, in particular the mass looting and arson. We leave that to the politicians and the media. This was a class uprising against the police and the whole consumerist edifice. If you think mass looting, attacks on police stations, arson against stores and warehouses, the deliberate trashing of posh coffee shops, restaurants and other places of wealthy consumption is deplorable then you had bbetter retire from class politics and join the Labour Party or a clean-up brigae. It goes without saying that we extend sympathies to all those made homeless or subjected to physical abuse. Nothing negates the amazing spontaneous class uprising, genuine rage with no demands to make of the system. It was mostly the

very young, dispossessed and marginalised, overwhelmingly from the oppressed layers and of all races. This was a class uprising far beyond anything seen on the streets of Greece.

Government, police, pundits and the political class were utterly predictable in their reaction. Sentences dished out by the courts were reminiscent of totalitarian states as was the police occupation of London in the aftermath. Also the language employed...feral rats, criminal gangs, unmarried mothers, dysfunctional families and according to the historian David Starkey, the white working class becoming "black". We don't condemn the August riots. We see them as a sign of true resistance, a class rebellion, a harbinger of things to come.

If the organised working class or increasingly disaffected sections of the middle class had shown a fraction of the anger exhibited in August, you wouldn't be reading this. Instead you would probably be involved in the ferment of a new social-political movement. No more impotent demonstrations, futile protests, worthless pleas against cuts and "The War".

The students were the exception to this dull litany of protest. It should also be noted that the most important component of last winter's disturbances were the kids from the schools, the colleges of further education and the estates who proclaimed themselves "From The Slums Of London". When the students were hemmed by riot police outside Parliament, the mob gathered at the top of Whitehall began their un-chaperoned progress through the West End of London, raising the slogan of "Kill! Kill! Kill the Queen!". Shortly afterwards, the wannabe King was attacked. Nor do we forget the highly successful Black Bloc on March 26th. The trashing of the Ritz was the highest expression of this. It's usually events on the periphery, removed from the set-piece confrontations that open up more possibilities.

If the government wanted to prevent riots then the police shouldn't go around killing people. They have learned nothing though. Within a couple of weeks, the police in the normal course of events killed another three people. Meanwhile, prisons are bursting at the seams. Except serious disturbances in the jails. We know more serious conflict on the streets is due, any place, any time, anywhere. There was a massive backlash days after the riots with severe sentences for various misdemeanours, ruling class talks about water cannon, baton rounds and evictions. Soon after came a counter backlash... These few days in summer have ignited a massive political debate where it really counts in every household, estate, workplace and on the streets.

August was a clear statement of total rejection by an important section of our class. No more passive demonstrations, rallies outside town halls, listening to the creeps of the left. No return to the slogans of the 30s! For us, the four days of the August uprisings were more eloquent, more important than anything so far in 21st century Britain. So go with the flow, use your imagination, get ready for the storming future.

16. Are Prisons Obsolete?

Author: Angela Davis
Topics: prisons, system, abolition, not anarchist
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Chapter 1. Introduction: Prison Reform or Prison Abolition?

In most parts of the world, it is taken for granted that whoever is convicted of a serious crime will be sent to prison. In some countries—including the United States—where capital punishment has not yet been abolished, a small but significant number of people are sentenced to death for what are considered especially grave crimes. Many people are familiar with the campaign to abolish the death penalty. In fact, it has already been abolished in most countries. Even the staunchest advocates of capital punishment acknowledge the fact that the death penalty faces serious challenges. Few people find life without the death penalty difficult to imagine.

On the other hand, the prison is considered an inevitable and permanent feature of our social lives. Most people are quite surprised to hear that the prison abolition movement also has a long history—one that dates back to the historical appearance of the prison as the main form of punishment. In fact, the most natural reaction is to assume that prison activists—even those who consciously refer to themselves as “anti-prison activists”—are simply trying to ameliorate prison conditions or perhaps to reform the prison in more fundamental ways. In most circles prison abolition is simply unthinkable and implausible. Prison abolitionists are dismissed as utopians and idealists whose ideas are at best unrealistic and impracticable, and, at worst, mystifying and foolish. This is a measure of how difficult it is to envision a social order that does not rely on the threat of sequestering people in dreadful places designed to separate them from their communities and families. The prison is considered so “natural” that it is extremely hard to imagine life without it.

It is my hope that this book will encourage readers to question their own assumptions about the prison. Many people have already reached the conclusion that the death penalty is an outmoded form of punishment that violates basic principles of human rights. It is time, I believe, to encourage similar conversations about the prison. During my own career as an anti-prison activist I have seen the population of U.S. prisons increase with such rapidity that many people in black, Latino, and Native American communities now have a far greater chance of going to prison than of getting a decent education. When many young people decide to join the military service in order to avoid the inevitability of a stint in prison, it should cause us to wonder whether we should not try to introduce better alternatives.

The question of whether the prison has become an obsolete institution has become especially urgent in light of the fact that more than two million people (out of a world total of nine million) now inhabit U.S. prisons, jails, youth facilities, and immigrant detention centers. Are we willing to relegate ever larger numbers of people from racially oppressed communities to an isolated existence marked by authoritarian regimes, violence, disease, and technologies of seclusion that produce severe mental instability? According to a recent study, there may be twice as many people suffering from mental illness who are in jails and prisons than there are in all psychiatric hospitals in the United States combined.

When I first became involved in antiprison activism during the late 1960s, I was astounded to learn that there were then close to two hundred thousand people in prison. Had anyone told me that in three decades ten times as many people would be locked away in cages, I would have been absolutely incredulous. I imagine that I would have responded something like this: “As racist and undemocratic as this country may be [remember, during that period, the demands of the Civil Rights movement

had not yet been consolidated], I do not believe that the U.S. government will be able to lock up so many people without producing powerful public resistance. No, this will never happen, not unless this country plunges into fascism.” That might have been my reaction thirty years ago. The reality is that we were called upon to inaugurate the twenty-first century by accepting the fact that two million group larger than the population of many countries-are living their lives in places like Sing Sing, Leavenworth, San Quentin, and Alderson Federal Reformatory for Women. The gravity of these numbers becomes even more apparent when we consider that the U.S. population in general is less than five percent of the world’s total, whereas more than twenty percent of the world’s combined prison population can be claimed by the United States. In Elliott Currie’s words, “[t]he prison has become a looming presence in our society to an extent unparalleled in our history or that of any other industrial democracy. Short of major wars, mass incarceration has been the most thoroughly implemented government social program of our time.

In thinking about the possible obsolescence of the prison, we should ask how it is that so many people could end up in prison without major debates regarding the efficacy of incarceration. When the drive to produce more prisons and incarcerate ever larger numbers of people occurred in the 1980s during what is known as the Reagan era, politicians argued that “tough on crime” stances-including certain imprisonment and longer sentences-would keep communities free of crime. However, the of mass incarceration during that period had little or no effect on official crime rates. In fact, the most obvious pattern was that larger prison populations led not to safer communities, but, rather, to even larger prison populations. Each new prison spawned yet another new prison. And as the U.S. prison system expanded, so did corporate involvement in construction, provision of goods and services, and use of labor. Because of the extent to which prison building and operation began to attract vast amounts of capital-from the construction industry to food and health care provision-in a way that recalled the emergence of the military industrial complex, we began to refer to a “prison industrial complex”. Consider the case of California, whose landscape has been thoroughly prisonized over the last twenty years. The first state prison in California was San Quentin, which opened in 1852.4 Folsom, another well-known institution, opened in 1880. Between 1880 and 1933, when a facility for women was opened in Tehachapi, there was not a single new prison constructed. In 1952, the California Institution for Women opened and Tehachapi became a new prison for men. In all, between 1852 and 1955, nine prisons were constructed in California. Between 1962 and 1965, two camps were established, along with the California Rehabilitation Center. Not a single prison opened during the second half of the sixties, nor during the entire decade of the 1970s.

However, a massive project of prison construction was initiated during the 1980s-that is, during the years of the Reagan presidency. Nine prisons, including the Northern California Facility for Women, were opened between 1984 and 1989. Recall that it had taken more than a hundred years to build the first nine California prisons. In less than a single decade, the number of California prisons doubled. And during the 1990s, twelve new prisons were opened, including two more for women. In 1995 the Valley State Prison for Women was opened. According to its mission statement, it “provides 1,980 women’s beds for California’s overcrowded prison system.” However, in 2002, there were 3,570 prisoners and the other two women’s prisons were equally overcrowded. There are now thirty-three prisons, thirty-eight camps, sixteen community correctional facilities, and five tiny prisoner mother facilities in California. In 2002 there were 157,979 people incarcerated in these institutions, including approximately twenty thousand people whom the state holds for immigration violations. The racial composition of this prison population is revealing. Latinos, who are now in the majority, account for 35.2 percent African-Americans 30 percent; and white prisoners 29.2 percent.⁶ There are now more women in prison in the state of California than there were in the entire country in the early 1970s. In fact, California can claim the largest women’s prison in the world, Valley State Prison for Women, with its more than thirty-five hundred inhabitants. Located in the same town as Valley State and literally across the street is the second-largest women’s prison in the world Central California Women’s Facility-whose population in 2002 also hovered around thirty-five hundred. If you look at a map of California depicting the location of the thirty-three state

prisons, you will see that the only area that is not heavily populated by prisons is the area north of Sacramento. Still, there are two prisons in the town of Susanville, and Pelican Bay, one of the state's notorious super-maximum security prisons, is near the Oregon border. California artist Sandow Birle was inspired by the colonizing of the landscape by prisons to produce a series of thirty-three landscape paintings of these institutions and their surroundings. They are collected in his book *Incarcerated: Visions of California in the Twenty-first Century*.

I present this brief narrative of the prisonization of the California landscape in order to allow readers to grasp how easy it was to produce a massive system of incarceration with the implicit consent of the public. Why were people so quick to assume that locking away an increasingly large proportion of the U.S. population would help those who live in the free world feel safer and more secure? This question can be formulated in more general terms. Why do prisons tend to make people think that their own rights and liberties are more secure than they would be if prisons did not exist? What other reasons might there have been for the rapidity with which prisons began to colonize the California landscape?

Geographer Ruth Gilmore describes the expansion of prisons in California as “a geographical solution to socio-economic problems.”⁹ Her analysis of the prison industrial complex in California describes these developments as a response to surpluses of capital, land, labor, and state capacity. California's new prisons are sited on devalued rural land, most, in fact on formerly irrigated agricultural acres ... The State bought land sold by big landowners. And the State assured the small, depressed towns now shadowed by prisons that the new, recession-proof, non-polluting industry would jump-start local redevelopment. But, as Gilmore points out, neither the jobs nor the more general economic revitalization promised by prisons has occurred. At the same time, this promise of progress helps us to understand why the legislature and California's voters decided to approve the construction of all these new prisons. People wanted to believe that prisons would not only reduce crime, they would also provide jobs and stimulate economic development in out-of-the-way places.

At bottom, there is one fundamental question: Why do we take prison for granted? While a relatively small proportion of the population has ever directly experienced life inside prison, this is not true in poor black and Latino communities. Neither is it true for Native Americans or for certain Asian-American communities. But even among those people who must regrettably accept prison sentences—especially young people—as an ordinary dimension of community life, it is hardly acceptable to engage in serious public discussions about prison life or radical alternatives to prison. It is as if prison were an inevitable fact of life, like birth and death.

On the whole, people tend to take prisons for granted. It is difficult to imagine life without them. At the same time, there is reluctance to face the realities hidden within them, a fear of thinking about what happens inside them. Thus, the prison is present in our lives and, at the same time, it is absent from our lives. To think about this simultaneous presence and absence is to begin to acknowledge the part played by ideology in shaping the way we interact with our social surroundings. We take prisons for granted but are often afraid to face the realities they produce. After all, no one wants to go to prison. Because it would be too agonizing to cope with the possibility that anyone, including ourselves, could become a prisoner, we tend to think of the prison as disconnected from our own lives. This is even true for some of us, women as well as men, who have already experienced imprisonment. We thus think about imprisonment as a fate reserved for others, a fate reserved for the “evildoers,” to use a term recently popularized by George W. Bush. Because of the persistent power of racism, “criminals” and “evildoers” are, in the collective imagination, fantasized as people of color. The prison therefore functions ideologically as an abstract site into which undesirables are deposited, relieving us of the responsibility of thinking about the real issues afflicting those communities from which prisoners are drawn in such disproportionate numbers. This is the ideological work that the prison performs—it relieves us of the responsibility of seriously engaging with the problems of our society, especially those produced by racism and, increasingly, global capitalism. What, for example, do we miss if we try to think about prison expansion without addressing larger economic developments? We live in an era of migrating corporations. In order to escape organized labor in this country—and thus higher wages, benefits, and

so on-corporations roam the world in search of nations providing cheap labor pools. This corporate migration thus leaves entire communities in shambles. Huge numbers of people lose jobs and prospects for future jobs. Because the economic base of these communities is destroyed, education and other surviving social services are profoundly affected. This process turns the men, women, and children who live in these damaged communities into perfect candidates for prison. In the meantime, corporations associated with the punishment industry reap profits from the system that manages prisoners and acquire a clear stake in the continued growth of prison populations. Put simply, this is the era of the prison industrial complex. The prison has become a black hole into which the detritus of contemporary capitalism is deposited. Mass imprisonment generates profits as it devours social wealth, and thus it tends to reproduce the very conditions that lead people to prison. There are thus real and often quite complicated connections between the de-industrialization of the economy—a process that reached its peak during the 1980s—and the rise of mass imprisonment, which also began to spiral during the Reagan-Bush era. However, the demand for more prisons was represented to the public in simplistic terms. More prisons were needed because there was more crime. Yet many scholars have demonstrated that by the time the prison construction boom began, official crime statistics were already falling. Moreover, draconian drug laws were being enacted, and “three-strikes” provisions were on the agendas of many states.

In order to understand the proliferation of prisons and the rise of the prison industrial complex, it might be helpful to think further about the reasons we so easily take prisons for granted. In California, as we have seen, almost two-thirds of existing prisons were opened during the eighties and nineties. Why was there no great outcry? Why was there such an obvious level of comfort with the prospect of many new prisons? A partial answer to this question has to do with the way we consume media images of the prison, even as the realities of imprisonment are hidden from almost all who have not had the misfortune of doing time. Cultural critic Gina Dent has pointed out that our sense of familiarity with the prison comes in part from representations of prisons in film and other visual media. The history of visuality linked to the prison is also a main reinforcement of the institution of the prison as a naturalized part of our social landscape. The history of film has always been wedded to the representation of incarceration. Thomas Edison’s first films (dating back to the 1901 reenactment presented as newsreel, Execution of Czolgosz with included footage of the darkest recesses of the prison). Thus, the prison is wedded to our experience of visuality, creating also a sense of its permanence as an institution. We also have a constant flow of Hollywood prison films. Some of the most well known prison films are: *I Live, Papillon*, *Cool Hand Luke*, and *Escape from Alcatraz*. It also bears mentioning that television programming has become increasingly saturated with images of prisons. Some recent documentaries include the A&E series *The Big House*, which consists of programs on San Quentin, Alcatraz, Leavenworth, and Alderson Federal Reformatory for Women. The long-running HBO program *Oz* has managed to persuade many viewers that they know exactly what goes on in male maximum-security prisons. But even those who do not consciously decide to watch a documentary or dramatic program on the topic of prisons inevitably consume prison images, whether they choose to or not, by the simple fact of watching movies or TV. It is virtually impossible to avoid consuming images of prison. In 1997, I was myself quite astonished to find, when I interviewed women in three Cuban prisons, that most of them narrated their prior awareness of prisons—that is, before they were actually incarcerated—as coming from the many Hollywood films they had seen. The prison is one of the most important features of our image environment. This has caused us to take the existence of prisons for granted. The prison has become a key ingredient of our common sense. It is there, all around us. We do not question whether it should exist. It has become so much a part of our lives that it requires a great feat of the imagination to envision life beyond the prison.

This is not to dismiss the profound changes that have occurred in the way public conversations about the prison are conducted. Ten years ago, even as the drive to expand the prison system reached its zenith, there were very few critiques of this process available to the public. In fact I most people had no idea about the immensity of this expansion. This was the period during which internal changes—in part through the application of new technologies—led the U.S. prison system in a much more repressive

direction. Whereas previous classifications had been confined to low, medium, and maximum security, a new category was invented—that of the super-maximum security prison, or the supermax. The turn toward increased repression in a prison system, distinguished from the beginning of its history by its repressive regimes, caused some journalists, public intellectuals, and progressive agencies to oppose the growing reliance on prisons to solve social problems that are actually exacerbated by mass incarceration.

In 1990, the Washington-based Sentencing Project published a study of U.S. populations in prison and jail, and on parole and probation, which concluded that one in four black men between the ages of twenty and twenty-nine were among these numbers.¹² Five years later, a second study revealed that this percentage had soared to almost one in three (32.2 percent). Moreover, more than one in ten Latino men in this same age range were in jail or prison, or on probation or parole. The second study also revealed that the group experiencing the greatest increase was black women, whose imprisonment increased by seventy-eight percent.¹³ According to the Bureau of Justice Statistics, African-Americans as a whole now represent the majority of state and federal prisoners, with a total of 803,400 black inmates—118,600 more than the total number of white inmates.¹⁴ During the late 1990s major articles on prison expansion appeared in *Newsweek*, *Harper's*, *Emergence*, and *Atlantic Monthly*. Even Colin Powell raised the question of the rising number of black men in prison when he spoke at the 2000 Republican National Convention, which declared George W. Bush its presidential candidate.

Over the last few years the previous absence of critical positions on prison expansion in the political arena has given way to proposals for prison reform. While public discourse has become more flexible, the emphasis is almost inevitably on generating the changes that will produce a better prison system. In other words, the increased flexibility that has allowed for critical discussion of the problems associated with the expansion of prisons also restricts this discussion to the question of prison reform.

As important as some reforms may be—the elimination of sexual abuse and medical neglect in women's prison, for example—frameworks that rely exclusively on reforms help to produce the stultifying idea that nothing lies beyond the prison. Debates about strategies of decarceration, which should be the focal point of our conversations on the prison crisis, tend to be marginalized when reform takes the center stage. The most immediate question today is how to prevent the further expansion of prison populations and how to bring as many imprisoned women and men as possible back into what prisoners call *lithe free world*.¹⁵ How can we move to decriminalize drug use and the trade in sexual services? How can we take seriously strategies of restorative rather than exclusively punitive justice? Effective alternatives involve both transformation of the techniques for addressing “crime” and of the social and economic conditions that track so many children from poor communities, and especially communities of color, into the juvenile system and then on to prison. The most difficult and urgent challenge today is that of creatively exploring new terrains of justice, where the prison no longer serves as our major anchor.

Chapter 2. Slavery, Civil Rights, and Abolitionist Perspectives Toward Prison

“Advocates of incarceration... hoped that the penitentiary would rehabilitate its inmates. Whereas philosophers perceived a ceaseless state of war between chattel slaves and their masters, criminologists hoped to negotiate a peace treaty of sorts within the prison walls. Yet herein lurked a paradox: if the penitentiary's internal regime resembled that of the plantation so closely that the two were often loosely equated, how could the prison possibly function to rehabilitate criminals?” — Adam Jay Hirsch

The prison is not the only institution that has posed complex challenges to the people who have lived with it and have become so inured to its presence that they could not conceive of society without it. Within the history of the United States the system of slavery immediately comes to mind. Although as early as the American Revolution antislavery advocates promoted the elimination of African bondage,

it took almost a century to achieve the abolition of the “peculiar institution.” White antislavery abolitionists such as John Brown and William Lloyd Garrison were represented in the dominant media of the period as extremists and fanatics. When Frederick Douglass embarked on his career as an antislavery orator, white people—even those who were passionate abolitionists—refused to believe that a black slave could display such intelligence. The belief in the permanence of slavery was so widespread that even white abolitionists found it difficult to imagine black people as equals.

It took a long and violent civil war in order to legally disestablish the “peculiar institution. Even though the Thirteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution outlawed involuntary servitude, white supremacy continued to be embraced by vast numbers of people and became deeply inscribed in new institutions. One of these post-slavery institutions was lynching, which was widely accepted for many decades thereafter. Thanks to the work of figures such as Ida B. Wells, an antilynching campaign was gradually legitimized during the first half of the twentieth century. The NAACP, an organization that continues to conduct legal challenges against discrimination, evolved from these efforts to abolish lynching.

Segregation ruled the South until it was outlawed a century after the abolition of slavery. Many people who lived under Jim Crow could not envision a legal system defined by racial equality. When the governor of Alabama personally attempted to prevent Arthurine Lucy from enrolling in the University of Alabama, his stance represented the inability to imagine black and white people ever peaceably living and studying together. “Segregation today, segregation tomorrow, segregation forever” are the most well known words of this politician, who was forced to repudiate them some years later when segregation had proved far more vulnerable than he could have imagined.

Although government, corporations, and the dominant media try to represent racism as an unfortunate aberration of the past that has been relegated to the graveyard of U.S. history, it continues to profoundly influence contemporary structures, attitudes, and behaviors. Nevertheless, anyone who would dare to call for the reintroduction of slavery, the organization of lynch mobs, or the reestablishment of legal segregation would be summarily dismissed. But it should be remembered that the ancestors of many of today’s most ardent liberals could not have imagined life without slavery, life without lynching, or life without segregation. The 2001 World Conference Against Racism, Racial Discrimination, Xenophobia, and Related Intolerances held in Durban, South Africa, divulged the immensity of the global task of eliminating racism. There may be many disagreements regarding what counts as racism and what are the most effective strategies to eliminate it. However, especially with the downfall of the apartheid regime in South Africa, there is a global consensus that racism should not define the future of the planet.

I have referred to these historical examples of efforts to dismantle racist institutions because they have considerable relevance to our discussion of prisons and prison abolition. It is true that slavery, lynching, and segregation acquired such a stalwart ideological quality that many, if not most, could not foresee their decline and collapse. Slavery, lynching, and segregation are certainly compelling examples of social institutions that, like the prison, were once considered to be as everlasting as the sun. Yet, in the case of all three examples, we can point to movements that assumed the radical stance of announcing the obsolescence of these institutions. It may help us gain perspective on the prison if we try to imagine how strange and discomfiting the debates about the obsolescence of slavery must have been to those who took the “peculiar institution” for granted—and especially to those who reaped direct benefits from this dreadful system of racist exploitation. And even though there was widespread resistance among black slaves, there were even some among them who assumed that they and their progeny would be always subjected to the tyranny of slavery.

I have introduced three abolition campaigns that were eventually more or less successful to make the point that social circumstances transform and popular attitudes shift, in part in response to organized social movements. But I have also evoked these historical campaigns because they all targeted some expression of racism. U. S. chattel slavery was a system of forced labor that relied on racist ideas and beliefs to justify the relegation of people of African descent to the legal status of property. Lynching

was an extralegal institution that surrendered thousands of African-American lives to the violence of ruthless racist mobs. Under segregation, black people were legally declared second-class citizens, for whom voting, job, education, and housing rights were drastically curtailed, if they were available at all.

What is the relationship between these historical expressions of racism and the role of the prison system today? Exploring such connections may offer us a different perspective on the current state of the punishment industry. If we are already persuaded that racism should not be allowed to define the planet's future and if we can successfully argue that prisons are racist institutions, this may lead us to take seriously the prospect of declaring prisons obsolete.

For the moment I am concentrating on the history of antiblack racism in order to make the point that the prison reveals congealed forms of antiblack racism that operate in clandestine ways. In other words, they are rarely recognized as racist. But there are other racialized histories that have affected the development of the U. S. punishment system as well—the histories of Latinos, Native Americans, and Asian-Americans. These racisms also congeal and combine in the prison. Because we are so accustomed to talking about race in terms of black and white, we often fail to recognize and contest expressions of racism that target people of color who are not black. Consider the mass arrests and detention of people of Middle Eastern, South Asian, or Muslim heritage in the aftermath of the September 11, 2001 attacks on the Pentagon and World Trade Center.

This leads us to two important questions: Are prisons racist institutions? Is racism so deeply entrenched in the institution of the prison that it is not possible to eliminate one without eliminating the other? These are questions that we should keep in mind as we examine the historical links between U.S. slavery and the early penitentiary system. The penitentiary as an institution that simultaneously punished and rehabilitated its inhabitants was a new system of punishment that first made its appearance in the United States around the time of the American Revolution. This new system was based on the replacement of capital and corporal punishment by incarceration.

Imprisonment itself was new neither to the United States nor to the world, but until the creation of this new institution called the penitentiary, it served as a prelude to punishment. People who were to be subjected to some form of corporal punishment were detained in prison until the execution of the punishment. With the penitentiary, incarceration became the punishment itself. As is indicated in the designation “penitentiary,” imprisonment was regarded as rehabilitative and the penitentiary prison was devised to provide convicts with the conditions for reflecting on their crimes and, through penitence, for reshaping their habits and even their souls. Although some antislavery advocates spoke out against this new system of punishment during the revolutionary period, the penitentiary was generally viewed as a progressive reform, linked to the larger campaign for the rights of citizens.

In many ways, the penitentiary was a vast improvement over the many forms of capital and corporal punishment inherited from the English. However, the contention that prisoners would refashion themselves if only given the opportunity to reflect and labor in solitude and silence disregarded the impact of authoritarian regimes of living and work. Indeed, there were significant similarities between slavery and the penitentiary prison. Historian Adam Jay Hirsch has pointed out:

One may perceive in the penitentiary many reflections of chattel slavery as it was practiced in the South. Both institutions subordinated their subjects to the will of others. Like Southern slaves, prison inmates followed a daily routine specified by their superiors. Both institutions reduced their subjects to dependence on others for the supply of basic human services such as food and shelter. Both isolated their subjects from the general population by confining them to a fixed habitat. And both frequently coerced their subjects to work, often for longer hours and for less compensation than free laborers.

As Hirsch has observed, both institutions deployed similar forms of punishment, and prison regulations were, in fact, very similar to the Slave Codes—the laws that deprived enslaved human beings of virtually all rights. Moreover, both prisoners and slaves were considered to have pronounced proclivities

to crime. People sentenced to the penitentiary in the North, white and black alike, were popularly represented as having a strong kinship to enslaved black people.

The ideologies governing slavery and those governing punishment were profoundly linked during the earliest period of U.S. history. While free people could be legally sentenced to punishment by hard labor, such a sentence would in no way change the conditions of existence already experienced by slaves. Thus, as Hirsch further reveals, Thomas Jefferson, who supported the sentencing of convicted people to hard labor on road and water projects, also pointed out that he would exclude slaves from this sort of punishment. Since slaves already hard labor, sentencing them to penal labor would not mark a difference in their condition. Jefferson suggested banishment to other countries instead.

Particularly in the United States, race has always played a central role in constructing presumptions of criminality. After the abolition of slavery, former slave states passed new legislation revising the Slave Codes in order to regulate the behavior of free blacks in ways similar to those that had existed during slavery. The new Black Codes proscribed a range of actions—such as vagrancy, absence from work, breach of job contracts, the possession of firearms, and insulting gestures or acts—that were criminalized only when the person charged was black. With the passage of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, slavery and involuntary servitude were putatively abolished. However, there was a significant exception. In the wording of the amendment, slavery and involuntary servitude were abolished “except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted.” According to the Black Codes, there were crimes defined by state law for which only black people could be “duly convicted.” Thus, former slaves, who had recently been extricated from a condition of hard labor for life, could be legally sentenced to penal servitude.

In the immediate aftermath of slavery, the southern states hastened to develop a criminal justice system that could legally restrict the possibilities of freedom for newly released slaves. Black people became the prime targets of a developing convict lease system, referred to by many as a reincarnation of slavery. The Mississippi Black Codes, for example, declared vagrant anyone who was guilty of theft, had run away [from a job, apparently], was drunk, was wanton in conduct or speech, had neglected job or family, handled money carelessly, and ... all other idle and disorderly persons. “19 Thus, vagrancy was coded as a black crime, one punishable by incarceration and forced labor, sometimes on the very plantations that previously had thrived on slave labor.

Mary Ellen Curtin’s study of Alabama prisoners during the decades following emancipation discloses that before the four hundred thousand black slaves in that state were set free, ninety-nine percent of prisoners in Alabama’s penitentiaries were white. As a consequence of the shifts provoked by the institution of the Black Codes, within a short period of time, the overwhelming majority of Alabama’s convicts were black.¹ She further observes:

Although the vast majority of Alabama’s antebellum prisoners were white, the popular perception was that the South’s true criminals were its black slaves. In the 1870s the growing number of black prisoners in the South further buttressed the belief that African Americans were inherently criminal and, in particular, prone to larceny.

In 1883, Frederick Douglass had already written about the South’s tendency to “impute crime to color.”²² When a particularly egregious crime was committed, he noted, not only was guilt frequently assigned to a black person regardless of the perpetrator’s race, but white men sometimes sought to escape punishment by disguising themselves as black. Douglass would later recount one such incident that took place in Granger County, Tennessee, in which a man who appeared to be black was shot while committing a robbery. The wounded man, however, was discovered to be a respectable white citizen who had colored his face black. The above example from Douglass demonstrates how whiteness, in the words of legal scholar Cheryl Harris, operates as property.²³ According to Harris, the fact that

¹ The test applied to ‘means-tested’ benefits. Benefits acquired through paying National Insurance contributions were not subject to residence conditions.

white identity was possessed as property meant that rights, liberties and self-identity were affirmed for white people, while being denied to black people. The latter's only access to whiteness was through "passing." Douglass's comments indicate how this property interest in whiteness was easily reversed in schemes to deny black people their rights to due process. Interestingly, cases similar to the one Douglass discusses above emerged in the United States during the 1990s: in Boston, Charles Stuart murdered his pregnant wife and attempted to blame an anonymous black man, and in Union, South Carolina, Susan Smith killed her children and claimed they had been abducted by a black carjacker. The racialization of crime—the tendency to "impute crime to color," to use Frederick Douglass's words—did not wither away as the country became increasingly removed from slavery. Proof that crime continues to be imputed to color resides in the many evocations of "racial profiling" in our time. That it is possible to be targeted by the police for no other reason than the color of one's skin is not mere speculation. Police departments in major urban areas have admitted the existence of formal procedures designed to maximize the numbers of African-Americans and Latinos arrested even in the absence of probable cause. In the aftermath of the September 11 attacks, vast numbers of people of Middle Eastern and South Asian heritage were arrested and detained by the police agency known as Immigration and Naturalization Services (INS). The INS is the federal agency that claims the largest number of armed agents, even more than the FBI. During the post-slavery era, as black people were integrated into southern penal systems—and as the penal system became a system of penal servitude—the punishments associated with slavery became further incorporated into the penal system. "Whipping," as Matthew Mancini has observed, "was the preeminent form of punishment under slavery and the lash, along with the chain, became the very emblem of servitude for slaves and prisoners. As indicated above, black people were imprisoned under the laws assembled in the various Black Codes of the southern states, which, because they were re-articulations of the Slave Codes, tended to racialize penalty and link it closely with previous regimes of slavery. The expansion of the convict lease system and the county chain gang meant that the antebellum criminal justice system, which focused far more intensely on black people than on whites, defined southern criminal justice largely as a means of controlling black labor. According to Mancini: Among the multifarious debilitating legacies of slavery was the conviction that blacks could only labor in a certain way—the way experience had shown them to have labored in the past: in gangs, subjected to constant supervision, and under the discipline of the lash. Since these were the requisites of slavery, and since slaves were blacks, Southern whites almost universally concluded that blacks could not work unless subjected to such intense surveillance and discipline.

Scholars who have studied the convict lease system point out that in many important respects, convict leasing was far worse than slavery, an insight that can be gleaned from titles such as *One Dies, Get Another* (by Mancini), *Worse Than Slavery* (David Oshinsky's work on Parchman Prison),²⁷ and *Twice the Work of Free Labor* (Alex Lichtenstein's examination of the political economy of convict leasing).²⁸ Slave owners may have been concerned for the survival of individual slaves, who, after all, represented significant investments. Convicts, on the other hand, were leased not as individuals, but as a group, and they could be worked literally to death without affecting the profitability of a convict crew.

According to descriptions by contemporaries, the conditions under which leased convicts and county chain gangs lived were far worse than those under which black people had lived as slaves. The records of Mississippi plantations in the Yazoo Delta during the late 1880s indicate that

the prisoners ate and slept on bare ground, without blankets or mattresses, and often without clothes. They were punished for "slow hoeing" (ten lashes), "sorry planting" (five lashes), and "being light with cotton" (five lashes). Some who attempted to escape were whipped "till the blood ran down their legs"; others had a metal spur riveted to their feet. Convicts dropped from exhaustion, pneumonia, malaria, frostbite, consumption, sunstroke, dysentery, gunshot wounds, and "shackle poisoning" (the constant rubbing of chains and leg irons against bare flesh).

The appalling treatment to which convicts were subjected under the lease system recapitulated and further extended the regimes of slavery. If, as Adam Tay Hirsch contends, the early incarnations

of the U.S. penitentiary in the North tended to mirror the institution of slavery in many important respects, the post-Civil War evolution of the punishment system was in very literal ways the continuation of a slave system, which was no longer legal in the “free” world. The population of convicts, whose racial composition was dramatically transformed by the abolition of slavery, could be subjected to such intense exploitation and to such horrendous modes of punishment precisely because they continued to be perceived as slaves.

Historian Mary Ann Curtin has observed that many scholars who have acknowledged the deeply entrenched racism of the post-Civil War structures of punishment in the South have failed to identify the extent to which racism colored commonsense understandings of the circumstances surrounding the wholesale criminalization of black communities. Even antiracist historians, she contends, do not go far enough in examining the ways in which black people were made into criminals. They point out—and this, she says, is indeed partially true—that in the aftermath of emancipation, large numbers of black people were forced by their new social situation to steal in order to survive. It was the transformation of petty thievery into a felony that relegated substantial numbers of black people to the “involuntary servitude” legalized by the Thirteenth Amendment. What Curtin suggests is that these charges of theft were frequently fabricated outright. They “also served as subterfuge for political revenge. After emancipation the courtroom became an ideal place to exact racial retribution”. In this sense, the work of the criminal justice system was intimately related to the extralegal work of lynching. Alex Lichtenstein, whose study focuses on the role of the convict lease system in forging a new labor force for the South, identifies the lease system, along with the new Jim Crow laws, as the central institution in the development of a racial state.

New South capitalists in Georgia and elsewhere were able to use the state to recruit and discipline a convict labor force, and thus were able to develop their states’ resources without creating a wage labor force, and without undermining planters’ control of black labor. In fact, quite the opposite: the penal system could be used as a powerful sanction against rural blacks who challenged the racial order upon which agricultural labor control relied.

Lichtenstein discloses, for example, the extent to which the building of Georgia railroads during the nineteenth century relied on black convict labor. He further reminds us that as we drive down the most famous street in Atlanta — Peachtree Street — we ride on the backs of convicts: “The renowned Peachtree Street and the rest of Atlanta’s well paved roads and modern transportation infrastructure, which helped cement its place as the commercial hub of the modern South, were originally laid by convicts”.

Lichtenstein’s major argument is that the convict lease was not an irrational regression; it was not primarily a throwback to pre-capitalist modes of production. Rather, it was a most efficient and most rational deployment of racist strategies to swiftly achieve industrialization in the South. In this sense, he argues, “convict labor was in many ways in the vanguard of the region’s first tentative, ambivalent, steps toward modernity.”

Those of us who have had the opportunity to visit nineteenth-century mansions that were originally constructed on slave plantations are rarely content with an aesthetic appraisal of these structures, no matter how beautiful they may be. Sufficient visual imagery of toiling black slaves circulate enough in our environment for us to imagine the brutality that hides just beneath the surface of these wondrous mansions. We have learned how to recognize the role of slave labor, as well as the racism it embodied. But black convict labor remains a hidden dimension of our history. It is extremely unsettling to think of modern, industrialized urban areas as having been originally produced under the racist labor conditions of penal servitude that are often described by historians as even worse than slavery.

I grew up in the city of Birmingham, Alabama. Because of its mines-coal and iron ore—and its steel mills that remained active until the de-industrialization process of the 1980s, it was widely known as “the Pittsburgh of the South. “ The fathers of many of my friends worked in these mines and mills. It

is only recently that I have learned that the black miners and steelworkers I knew during my childhood inherited their place in Birmingham's industrial development from black convicts forced to do this work under the lease system. As Curtin observes:

Many ex-prisoners became miners because Alabama used prison labor extensively in its coal mines. By 1888 all of Alabama's able male prisoners were leased to two major mining companies: the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company (TCI) and Sloss Iron and Steel Company. For a charge of up to \$18.50 per month per man, these corporations "leased," or rented prison laborers and worked them in coal mines.

Learning about this little-acknowledged dimension of black and labor history has caused me to reevaluate my own childhood experiences.

One of the many ruses racism achieves is the virtual erasure of historical contributions by people of color. Here we have a penal system that was racist in many respects-discriminatory arrests and sentences, conditions of work, modes of punishment-together with the racist erasure of the significant contributions made by black convicts as a result of racist coercion. Just as it is difficult to imagine how much is owed to convicts relegated to penal servitude during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, we find it difficult today to feel a connection with the prisoners who produce a rising number of commodities that we take for granted in our daily lives. In the state of California, public colleges and universities are provided with furniture produced by prisoners, the vast majority of whom are Latino and black.

There are aspects of our history that we need to interrogate and rethink, the recognition of which may help us to adopt more complicated, critical postures toward the present and the future. I have focused on the work of a few scholars whose work urges us to raise questions about the past, present, and future. Curtin, for example, is not simply content with offering us the possibility of reexamining the place of mining and steelwork in the lives of black people in Alabama. She also uses her research to urge us to think about the uncanny parallels between the convict lease system in the nineteenth century and prison privatization in the twenty-first.

In the late nineteenth century, coal companies wished to keep their skilled prison laborers for as long as they could, leading to denials of "short time". Today, a slightly different economic incentive can lead to similar consequences. CCA [Corrections Corporation of America] is paid per prisoner. If the supply dries up, or too many are released too early, their profits are affected. Longer prison terms mean greater profits, but the larger point is that the profit motive promotes the expansion of imprisonment.

The persistence of the prison as the main form of punishment, with its racist and sexist dimensions, has created this historical continuity between the nineteenth- and early twentieth-century convict lease system and the privatized prison business today. While the convict lease system was legally abolished, its structures of exploitation have reemerged in the patterns of privatization, and, more generally, in the wide-ranging corporatization of punishment that has produced a prison industrial complex. If the prison continues to dominate the landscape of punishment throughout this century and into the next, what might await coming generations of impoverished African-Americans, Latinos, Native Americans, and Asian-Americans? Given the parallels between the prison and slavery, a productive exercise might consist in speculating about what the present might look like if slavery or its successor, the convict lease system, had not been abolished.

To be sure, I am not suggesting that the abolition of slavery and the lease system has produced an era of equality and justice. On the contrary, racism surreptitiously defines social and economic structures in ways that are difficult to identify and thus are much more damaging. In some states, for example, more than one-third of black men have been labeled felons. In Alabama and Florida, once a felon, always a felon, which entails the loss of status as a rights-bearing citizen. One of the grave consequences of the powerful reach of the prison was the 2000 (s)election of George W. Bush as president. If only the black men and women denied the right to vote because of an actual or presumed felony record had been allowed to cast their ballots, Bush would not be in the White House today. And perhaps we would not be

dealing with the awful costs of the War on Terrorism declared during the first year of his administration. If not for his election, the people of Iraq might not have suffered death, destruction, and environmental poisoning by U.S. military forces.

As appalling as the current political situation may be, imagine what our lives might have become if we were still grappling with the institution of slavery-or the convict lease system or racial segregation. But we do not have to speculate about living with the consequences of the prison. There is more than enough evidence in the lives of men and women who have been claimed by ever more repressive institutions and who are denied access to their families, their communities, to educational opportunities, to productive and creative work, to physical and mental recreation. And there is even more compelling evidence about the damage wrought by the expansion of the prison system in the schools located in poor communities of color that replicate the structures and regimes of the prison. When children attend schools that place a greater value on discipline and security than on knowledge and intellectual development, they are attending prep schools for prison. If this is the predicament we face today, what might the future hold if the prison system acquires an even greater presence in our society? In the nineteenth century, antislavery activists insisted that as long as slavery continued, the future of democracy was bleak indeed. In the twenty-first century, antiprison activists insist that a fundamental requirement for the revitalization of democracy is the long-overdue abolition of the prison system.

Chapter 3. Imprisonment and Reform

“One should recall that the movement for reforming the prisons, for controlling their functioning is not a recent phenomenon. It does not even seem to have originated in a recognition of failure. Prison ‘reform’ is virtually contemporary with the prison itself: it constitutes, as it were, its programme.”

— Michel Foucault

It is ironic that the prison itself was a product of concerted efforts by reformers to create a better system of punishment. If the words “prison reform” so easily slip from our lips, it is because “prison” and “reform” have been inextricably linked since the beginning of the use of imprisonment as the main means of punishing those who violate social norms. As I have already indicated, the origins of the prison are associated with the American Revolution and therefore with the resistance to the colonial power of England. Today this seems ironic, but incarceration within a penitentiary was assumed to be humane-at least far more humane than the capital and corporal punishment inherited from England and other European countries. Foucault opens his study, *Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison*, with a description of a 1757 execution in Paris. The man who was put to death was first forced to undergo a series of formidable tortures ordered by the court. Red-hot pincers were used to burn away the flesh from his limbs, and molten lead, boiling oil, burning resin, and other substances were melted together and poured onto the wounds. Finally, he was drawn and quartered, his body burned, and the ashes tossed into the wind. Under English common law, a conviction for sodomy led to the punishment of being buried alive, and convicted heretics also were burned alive. “The crime of treason by a female was punished initially under the common law by burning alive the defendant. However, in the year 1790 this method was halted and the punishment became strangulation and burning of the corpse.

European and American reformers set out to end macabre penalties such as this, as well as other forms of corporal punishment such as the stocks and pillories, whippings, brandings, and amputations. Prior to the appearance of punitive incarceration, such punishment was designed to have its most profound effect not so much on the person punished as on the crowd of spectators. Punishment was, in essence, public spectacle. Reformers such as John Howard in England and Benjamin Rush in Pennsylvania argued that punishment-if carried out in isolation, behind the walls of the prison-would cease to be revenge and would actually reform those who had broken the law.

It should also be pointed out that punishment has not been without its gendered dimensions. Women were often punished within the domestic domain, and instruments of torture were sometimes imported by authorities into the household. In seventeenth-century Britain, women whose husbands identified them as quarrelsome and un-accepting of male dominance were punished by means of a gossip's bridle, or "branks," a headpiece with a chain attached and an iron bit that was introduced into the woman's mouth. Although the branking of women was often linked to a public parade, this contraption was sometimes hooked to a wall of the house, where the punished woman remained until her husband decided to release her. I mention these forms of punishment inflicted on women because, like the punishment inflicted on slaves, they were rarely taken up by prison reformers.

Other modes of punishment that predated the rise of the prison include banishment, forced labor in galleys, transportation, and appropriation of the accused's property. The punitive transportation of large numbers of people from England, for example, facilitated the initial colonization of Australia. Transported English convicts also settled the North American colony of Georgia. During the early 1700s, one in eight transported convicts were women, and the work they were forced to perform often consisted of prostitution.

Imprisonment was not employed as a principal mode of punishment until the eighteenth century in Europe and the nineteenth century in the United States. And European prison systems were instituted in Asia and Africa as an important component of colonial rule. In India, for example, the English prison system was introduced during the second half of the eighteenth century, when jails were established in the regions of Calcutta and Madras. In Europe, the penitentiary movement against capital and other corporal punishments reflected new intellectual tendencies associated with the Enlightenment, activist interventions by Protestant reformers, and structural transformations associated with the rise of industrial capitalism. In Milan in 1764, Cesare Beccaria published his *Essay on Crimes and Punishments*, which was strongly influenced by notions of equality advanced by the philosophies-especially Voltaire, Rousseau, and Montesquieu. Beccaria argued that punishment should never be a private matter, nor should it be arbitrarily violent; rather, it should be public, swift, and as lenient as possible. He revealed the contradiction of what was then a distinctive feature of imprisonment-the fact that it was generally imposed prior to the defendant's guilt or innocence being decided.

However, incarceration itself eventually became the penalty, bringing about a distinction between imprisonment as punishment and pretrial detention or detention until the infliction of punishment. The process through which imprisonment developed into the primary mode of state inflicted punishment was very much related to the rise of capitalism and to the appearance of a new set of ideological conditions. These new conditions reflected the rise of the bourgeoisie as the social class whose interests and aspirations furthered new scientific, philosophical, cultural, and popular ideas. It is thus important to grasp the fact that the prison as we know it today did not make its appearance on the historical stage as the superior form of punishment for all times. It was simply-though we should not underestimate the complexity of this process-what made most sense at a particular moment in history. We should therefore question whether a system that was intimately related to a particular set of historical circumstances that prevailed during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries can lay absolute claim on the twenty-first century.

It may be important at this point in our examination to acknowledge the radical shift in the social perception of the individual that appeared in the ideas of that era. With the rise of the bourgeoisie, the individual came to be regarded as a bearer of formal rights and liberties. The notion of the individual's inalienable rights and liberties was eventually memorialized in the French and American Revolution. "*Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite*" from the French Revolution and "We hold these truths to be self-evident: all men are created equal ..." from the American Revolution were new and radical ideas, even though they were not extended to women, workers, Africans, and Indians. Before the acceptance of the sanctity of individual rights, imprisonment could not have been understood as punishment. If the individual was not perceived as possessing inalienable rights and liberties, then the alienation of those rights and liberties by removal from society to a space tyrannically governed by the state would not have

made sense. Banishment beyond the geographical limits of the town may have made sense, but not the alteration of the individual's legal status through imposition of a prison sentence.

Moreover, the prison sentence, which is always computed in terms of time, is related to abstract quantification, evoking the rise of science and what is often referred to as the Age of Reason. We should keep in mind that this was precisely the historical period when the value of labor began to be calculated in terms of time and therefore compensated in another quantifiable way, by money. The computability of state punishment in terms of months, years-resonates with the role of labor-time as the basis for computing the value of capitalist commodities. Marxist theorists of punishment have noted that precisely the historical period during which the commodity form arose is the era during which penitentiary sentences emerged as the primary form of punishment.

Today, the growing social movement contesting the supremacy of global capital is a movement that directly challenges the rule of the human, animal, and plant populations, as well as its natural resources-by corporations that are primarily interested in the increased production and circulation of ever more profitable commodities. This is a challenge to the supremacy of the commodity form, a rising resistance to the contemporary tendency to commodify every aspect of planetary existence. The question we might consider is whether this new resistance to capitalist globalization should also incorporate resistance to the prison.

Thus far I have largely used gender-neutral language to describe the historical development of the prison and its reformers. But convicts punished by imprisonment in emergent penitentiary systems were primarily male. This reflected the deeply gender-biased structure of legal, political, and economic rights. Since women were largely denied public status as rights-bearing individuals, they could not be easily punished by the deprivation of such rights through imprisonment.⁴³ This was especially true of married women, who had no standing before the law. According to English common law, marriage resulted in a state of "civil death," as symbolized by the wife's assumption of the husband's name. Consequently, she tended to be punished for revolting against her domestic duties rather than for failure in her meager public responsibilities. The relegation of white women to domestic economies prevented them from playing a significant role in the emergent commodity realm. This was especially true since wage labor was typically gendered as male and racialized as white. It is not fortuitous that domestic corporal punishment for women survived long after these modes of punishment had become obsolete for (white) men. The persistence of domestic violence painfully attests to these historical modes of gendered punishment.

Some scholars have argued that the word "penitentiary" may have been used first in connection with plans outlined in England in 1758 to house "penitent prostitutes." In 1777, John Howard, the leading Protestant proponent of penal reform in England, published *The State of the Prisons*,⁴⁴ in which he conceptualized imprisonment as an occasion for religious self-reflection and self-reform. Between 1787 and 1791, the utilitarian philosopher Jeremy Bentham published his letters on a prison model he called the panopticon. Bentham claimed that criminals could only internalize productive labor habits if they were under constant surveillance. According to his panopticon model, prisoners were to be housed in single cells on circular tiers, all facing a multilevel guard tower. By means of blinds and a complicated play of light and darkness, the prisoners-who would not see each other at all-would be unable to see the warden. From his vantage point, on the other hand, the warden would be able to see all of the prisoners. However-and this was the most significant aspect of Bentham's mammoth panopticon-because each individual prisoner would never be able to determine where the warden's gaze was focused, each prisoner would be compelled to act, that is, work, as if he were being watched at all times. If we combine Howard's emphasis on disciplined self reflection with Bentham's ideas regarding the technology of internalization designed to make surveillance and discipline the purview of the individual prisoner, we can begin to see how such a conception of the prison had far-reaching implications. The conditions of possibility for this new form of punishment were strongly anchored in a historical era during which the working class needed to be constituted as an army of self-disciplined individuals capable of performing the requisite industrial labor for a developing capitalist system. John Howard's ideas were incorporated in the Penitentiary Act

of 1799, which opened the way for the modern prison. While Jeremy Bentham's ideas influenced the development of the first national English penitentiary, located in Millbank and opened in 1816, the first full-fledged effort to create a panopticon prison was in the United States.

The Western State Penitentiary in Pittsburgh, based on a revised architectural model of the panopticon, opened in 1826. But the penitentiary had already made its appearance in the United States. Pennsylvania's Walnut Street Jail housed the first state penitentiary in the United States, when a portion of the jail was converted in 1790 from a detention facility to an institution housing convicts whose prison sentences simultaneously became punishment and occasions for penitence and reform. Walnut Street's austere regime-total isolation in single cells where prisoners lived, ate, worked, read the Bible (if, indeed, they were literate), and supposedly reflected and repented-came to be known as the Pennsylvania system. This regime would constitute one of that era's two major models of imprisonment. Although the other model, developed in Auburn, New York, was viewed as a rival to the Pennsylvania system, the philosophical basis of the two models did not differ substantively. The Pennsylvania model, which eventually crystallized in the Eastern State Penitentiary in Cherry Hill-the plans for which were approved in 1821-emphasized total isolation, silence, and solitude, whereas the Auburn model called for solitary cells but labor in common. This mode of prison labor, which was called congregate, was supposed to unfold in total silence. Prisoners were allowed to be with each other as they worked, but only under condition of silence. Because of its more efficient labor practices, Auburn eventually became the dominant model, both for the United States and Europe. Why would eighteenth- and nineteenth-century reformers become so invested in creating conditions of punishment based on solitary confinement? Today, aside from death, solitary confinement-next to torture, or as a form of torture-is considered the worst form of punishment imaginable. Then, however, it was assumed to have an emancipatory effect. The body was placed in conditions of solitude in order to allow the soul to flourish. It is not accidental that most of the reformers of that era were deeply religious and therefore saw the architecture and of the penitentiary as emulating the architecture and regimes of monastic life. Still, observers of the new penitentiary saw, early on, the real potential for insanity in solitary confinement. In an often-quoted passage of his *American Notes*, Charles Dickens prefaced a description of his 1842 visit to Eastern Penitentiary with the observation that "the system here is rigid, strict, and hopeless solitary confinement. I believe it, in its effects, to be cruel and wrong."

In its intention I am well convinced that it is kind, humane, and meant for reformation; but I am persuaded that those who devised this system of Prison Discipline, and those benevolent gentlemen who carry it into execution, do not know what it is that they are doing. I believe that very few men are capable of estimating the immense amount of torture and agony that this dreadful punishment, prolonged for years, inflicts upon the sufferers ... I am only the more convinced that there is a depth of terrible endurance in it which none but the sufferers themselves can fathom, and which no man has a right to inflict upon his fellow-creature. I hold this slow and daily tampering with the mysteries of the brain to be immeasurably worse than any torture of the body ...because its wounds are not upon the surface, and it extorts few cries that human ears can hear; therefore I the more denounce it, as a secret punishment which slumbering humanity is not roused up to stay.

Unlike other Europeans such as Alexis de Tocqueville and Gustave de Beaumont, who believed that such punishment would result in moral renewal and thus mold convicts into better citizens, Dickens was of the opinion that "[t]hose who have undergone this punishment MUST pass into society again morally unhealthy and diseased."⁴⁸ This early critique of the penitentiary and its regime of solitary confinement troubles the notion that imprisonment is the most suitable form of punishment for a democratic society.

The current construction and expansion of state and federal super-maximum security prisons, whose putative purpose is to address disciplinary problems within the penal system, draws upon the historical conception of the penitentiary, then considered the most progressive form of punishment. Today African-Americans and Latinos are vastly overrepresented in these supermax prisons and control units, the first

of which emerged when federal correctional authorities began to send prisoners housed throughout the system whom they deemed to be “dangerous” to the federal prison in Marion, Illinois. In 1983, the entire prison was “locked down,” which meant that prisoners were confined to their cells twenty-three hours a day. This lockdown became permanent, thus furnishing the general model for the control unit and supermax prison. Today, there are approximately sixty super-maximum security federal and state prisons located in thirty-six states and many more supermax units in virtually every state in the country. A description of supermaxes in a 1997 Human Rights Watch report sounds chillingly like Dickens’s description of Eastern State Penitentiary. What is different, however, is that all references to individual rehabilitation have disappeared.

Inmates in super-maximum security facilities are usually held in single cell lock-down, commonly referred to as solitary confinement ... [C]ongregate activities with other prisoners are usually prohibited; other prisoners cannot even be seen from an inmate’s cell; communication with other prisoners is prohibited or difficult (consisting, for example, of shouting from cell to cell); visiting and telephone privileges are limited.

The new generation of super-maximum security facilities also rely on state-of-the-art technology for monitoring and controlling prisoner conduct and movement, utilizing, for example, video monitors and remote controlled electronic doors. “These prisons represent the application of sophisticated, modern technology dedicated to the task of social control, and they isolate, regulate and surveil more effectively than anything that has preceded them”.

I have highlighted the similarities between the early U.S. penitentiary-with its aspirations toward individual rehabilitation-and the repressive supermaxes of our era as a reminder of the mutability of history. What was once regarded as progressive and even revolutionary represents today the marriage of technological superiority and political backwardness. No one-not even the most ardent defenders of the supermax-would try to argue today that absolute segregation, including sensory deprivation, is restorative and healing. The prevailing justification for the supermax is that the horrors it creates are the perfect complement for the horrifying personalities deemed the worst of the worst by the prison system. In other words, there is no pretense that rights are respected, there is no concern for the individual, there is no sense that men and women incarcerated in super- maxes deserve anything approaching respect and comfort. According to a 1999 report issued by the National Institute of Corrections,

Generally, the overall constitutionality of these [supermax] programs remains unclear. As larger numbers of inmates with a greater diversity of characteristics, backgrounds, and behaviors are incarcerated in these facilities, the likelihood of legal challenge is increased.

During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, absolute solitude and strict regimentation of the prisoner’s every action were viewed as strategies for transforming habits and ethics. That is to say, the idea that imprisonment should be the main form of punishment reflected a belief in the potential of white mankind for progress, not only in science and industry, but at the level of the individual member of society as well. Prison reformers mirrored Enlightenment assumptions of progress in every aspect of human-or to be more precise, white Western-society. In his 1987 study *Imagining the Penitentiary: Fiction and the Architecture of Mind in Eighteenth-Century England*, John Bender proposes the very intriguing argument that the emergent literary genre of the novel furthered a discourse of progress and individual transformation that encouraged attitudes toward punishment to change. These attitudes, he suggests, heralded the conception and construction of penitentiary prisons during the latter part of the eighteenth century as a reform suited to the capacities of those who were deemed human.

Reformers who called for the imposition of penitentiary architecture and regimes on the then existing structure of the prison aimed their critiques at the prisons that were primarily used for purposes of pretrial detention or as an alternative punishment for those who were unable to pay fines exacted by the courts. John Howard, the most well known of these reformers, was what you might today call a

prison activist. Beginning in 1773, at the age of forty-seven, he initiated a series of visits that took him “to every institution for the poor in Europe ... [a campaign] which cost him his fortune and finally his life in a typhus war of the Russian army at Cherson in 1791.” At the conclusion of his first trip abroad, he successfully ran for the office of sheriff in Bedfordshire. As sheriff he investigated the prisons under his own jurisdiction and later “set out to visit every prison in England and Wales to document the evils he had first observed at Bedford”.

Bender argues that the novel helped facilitate these campaigns to transform the old prisons—which were filthy and in disarray, and which thrived on the bribery of the wardens—into well-ordered rehabilitative penitentiaries. He shows that novels such as *Moll Flanders* and *Robinson Crusoe* emphasized “the power of confinement to reshape personality” and popularized some of the ideas that moved reformers to action. As Bender points out, the eighteenth century reformers criticized the old prisons for their chaos, their lack of organization and classification, for the easy circulation of alcohol and prostitution they permitted, and for the prevalence of contagion and disease.

The reformers, primarily Protestant, among whom Quakers were especially dominant, couched their ideas in large part in religious frameworks. Though John Howard was not himself a Quaker—he was an independent Protestant—nevertheless

[h]e was drawn to Quaker asceticism and adopted the dress “of a plain Friend.” His own brand of piety was strongly reminiscent of the Quaker traditions of silent prayer, “suffering” introspection, and faith in the illumining power of God’s light. Quakers, for their part, were bound to be drawn to the idea of imprisonment as a purgatory, as a forced withdrawal from the distractions of the senses into silent and solitary confrontation with the self. Howard conceived of a convict’s process of reformation in terms similar to the spiritual awakening of a believer at a Quaker meeting.

However, according to Michael Ignatieff, Howard’s contributions did not so much reside in the religiosity of his reform efforts.

The originality of Howard’s indictment lies in its “scientific,” not in its moral character. Elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1756 and author of several scientific papers on climatic variations in Bedfordshire, Howard was one of the first philanthropists to attempt a systematic statistical description of a social problem.

Likewise, Bender’s analysis of the relationship between the novel and the penitentiary emphasizes the extent to which the philosophical underpinnings of the prison reformer’s campaigns echoed the materialism and utilitarianism of the English Enlightenment. The campaign to reform the prisons was a project to impose order, classification, cleanliness, good work habits, and self-consciousness. He argues that people detained within the old prisons were not severely restricted—they sometimes even enjoyed the freedom to move in and out of the prison. They were not compelled to work and, depending on their own resources, could eat and drink as they wished. Even sex was sometimes available, as prostitutes were sometimes allowed temporary entrance into the prisons. Howard and other reformers called for the imposition of rigid rules that would “enforce solitude and penitence, cleanliness and work”. The new penitentiaries, according to Bender, “supplanting both the old prisons and houses of correction, explicitly reached toward ... three goals: maintenance of order within a largely urban labor force, salvation of the soul, and rationalization of personality.” He argues that this is precisely what was narratively accomplished by the novel. It ordered and classified social life, it represented individuals as conscious of their surroundings and as self-aware and self-fashioning. Bender thus sees a kinship between two major developments of the eighteenth century—the rise of the novel in the cultural sphere and the rise of the penitentiary in the socio-legal sphere. If the novel as a cultural form helped to produce the penitentiary, then prison reformers must have been influenced by the ideas generated by and through the eighteenth-century novel.

Literature has continued to play a role in campaigns around the prison. During the twentieth century, prison writing, in particular, has periodically experienced waves of popularity. The public recognition of prison writing in the United States has historically coincided with the influence of social movements calling for prison reform and/or abolition. Robert Burns's *I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang*, and the 1932 Hollywood film upon which it was based, played a central role in the campaign to abolish the chain gang. During the 1970s, which were marked by intense organizing within, outside, and across prison walls, numerous works authored by prisoners followed the 1970 publication of George Jackson's *Soledad Brother* and the anthology I coedited with Bettina Aptheker, *If They Come in the Morning*. While many prison writers during that era had discovered the emancipatory potential of writing on their own, relying either on the education they had received prior to their imprisonment or on their tenacious efforts at self-education, others pursued their writing as a direct result of the expansion of prison educational programs during that era. Mumia Abu-Jamal, who has challenged the contemporary dismantling of prison education programs, asks in *Live from Death Row*,

What societal interest is served by prisoners who remain illiterate? What social benefit is there in ignorance? How are people corrected while imprisoned if their education is outlawed? Who profits (other than the prison establishment itself) from stupid prisoners?

A practicing journalist before his arrest in 1982 on charges of killing Philadelphia policeman Daniel Faulkner, Abu Jamal has regularly produced articles on capital punishment, focusing especially on its racial and class disproportions. His ideas have helped to link critiques of the death penalty with the more general challenges to the expanding U.S. prison system and are particularly helpful to activists who seek to associate death penalty abolitionism with prison abolitionism. His prison writings have been published in both popular and scholarly journals (such as *The Nation* and *Yale Law Journal*) as well as in three collections, *Live from Death Row*, *Death Blossoms*, and *All Things Censored*. Abu-Jamal and many other prison writers have strongly criticized the prohibition of Pell Grants for prisoners, which was enacted in the 1994 crime bill, as indicative of the contemporary pattern of dismantling educational programs behind bars. As creative writing courses for prisoners were defunded, virtually every literary journal publishing prisoners' writing eventually collapsed. Of the scores of magazines and newspapers produced behind walls, only the *Angolite* at Louisiana's Angola Prison and *Prison Legal News* at Washington State Prison remain. What this means is that precisely at a time of consolidating a significant writing culture behind bars, repressive strategies are being deployed to dissuade prisoners from educating themselves.

If the publication of Malcolm X's autobiography marks a pivotal moment in the development of prison literature and a moment of vast promise for prisoners who try to make education a major dimension of their time behind bars, contemporary prison practices are systematically dashing those hopes. In the 1950s, Malcolm's prison education was a dramatic example of prisoners' ability to turn their incarceration into a transformative experience. With no available means of organizing his quest for knowledge, he proceeded to read a dictionary, copying each word in his own hand. By the time he could immerse himself in reading, he noted, "months passed without my even thinking about being imprisoned. In fact, up to then, I never had been so truly free in my life." Then, according to Malcolm, prisoners who demonstrated an unusual interest in reading were assumed to have embarked upon a journey of self-rehabilitation and were frequently allowed special privileges—such as checking out more than the maximum number of books. Even so, in order to pursue this self-education, Malcolm had to work against the prison regime—he often read on his cell floor, long after lights-out, by the glow of the corridor light, taking care to return to bed each hour for the two minutes during which the guard marched past his cell. The contemporary disestablishment of writing and other prison educational programs is indicative of the official disregard today for rehabilitative strategies, particularly those that encourage individual prisoners to acquire autonomy of the mind. The documentary film *The Last Graduation* describes the role prisoners played in establishing a four-year college program at New York's Greenhaven Prison and,

twenty-two years later, the official decision to dismantle it. According to Eddie Ellis, who spent twenty-five years in prison and is currently a well-known leader of the antiprison movement, “As a result of Attica, college programs came into the prisons.”

In the aftermath of the 1971 prisoner rebellion at Attica and the government-sponsored massacre, public opinion began to favor prison reform. Forty-three Attica prisoners and eleven guards and civilians were killed by the National Guard, who had been ordered to retake the prison by Governor Nelson Rockefeller. The leaders of the prison rebellion had been very specific about their demands. In their “practical demands” they expressed concerns about diet, improvement in the quality of guards, more realistic rehabilitation programs, and better education programs. They also wanted religious freedom, freedom to engage in political activity, and an end to censorship—all of which they saw as indispensable to their educational needs. As Eddie Ellis observes in *The Last Graduation*,

Prisoners very early recognized the fact that they needed to be better educated, that the more education they had, the better they would be able to deal with themselves and their problems, the problems of the prisons and the problems of the communities from which most of them came.

Lateef Islam, another former prisoner featured in this documentary, said, “We held classes before the college came. We taught each other, and sometimes under penalty of a beat-up.”

After the Attica Rebellion, more than five hundred prisoners were transferred to Greenhaven, including some of the leaders who continued to press for educational programs. As a direct result of their demands, Marist College, a New York state college near Greenhaven, began to offer college-level courses in 1973 and eventually established the infrastructure for an on-site four-year college program. The program thrived for twenty-two years. Some of the many prisoners who earned their degrees at Greenhaven pursued postgraduate studies after their release. As the documentary powerfully demonstrates, the program produced dedicated men who left prison and offered their newly acquired knowledge and skills to their communities on the outside.

In 1994, consistent with the general pattern of creating more prisons and more repression within all prisons, Congress took up the question of withdrawing college funding for inmates. The congressional debate concluded with a decision to add an amendment to the 1994 crime bill that eliminated all Pell Grants for prisoners, thus effectively defunding all higher educational programs. After twenty-two years, Marist College was compelled to terminate its program at Greenhaven Prison. Thus, the documentary revolves around the very last graduation ceremony on July 15, 1995, and the poignant process of removing the books that, in many ways, symbolized the possibilities of freedom. Or, as one of the Marist professors said, “They see books as full of gold.” The prisoner who for many years had served as a clerk for the college sadly reflected, as books were being moved, that there was nothing left to do in prison—except perhaps bodybuilding. But, he asked, “what’s the use of building your body if you can’t build your mind?” Ironically, not long after educational programs were disestablished, weights and bodybuilding equipment were also removed from most U.S. prisons.

Chapter 4. How Gender Structures The Prison System

“I have been told that I will never leave prison if I continue to fight the system. My answer is that one must be alive in order to leave prison, and our current standard of medical care is tantamount to a death sentence. Therefore, I have no choice but to continue ... Conditions within the institution continually re-invoke memories of violence and oppression, often with devastating results. Unlike other incarcerated women who have come forward to reveal their impressions of prison, I do not feel ‘safer’ here because ‘the abuse has stopped.’ It has not stopped. It has shifted shape and paced itself differently, but it is as insidious and pervasive

in prison as ever it was in the world I know outside these walls. What has ceased is my ignorance of the facts concerning abuse-and my willingness to tolerate it in silence.”

— Marcia Bunny

Over the last five years, the prison system has received far more attention by the media than at any time since the period following the 1971 Attica Rebellion. However, with a few important exceptions, women have been left out of the public discussions about the expansion of the U.S. prison system. I am not suggesting that simply bringing women into the existing conversations on jails and prisons will deepen our analysis of state punishment and further the project of prison abolition. Addressing issues that are specific to women’s prisons is of vital importance, but it is equally important to shift the way we think about the prison system as a whole. Certainly women’s prison practices are gendered, but so, too, are men’s prison practices. To assume that men’s institutions constitute the norm and women’s institutions are marginal is, in a sense, to participate in the very normalization of prisons that an abolitionist approach seeks to contest. Thus, the title of this chapter is not “Women and the Prison System,” but rather “How Gender Structures the Prison System.” Moreover, scholars and activists who are involved in feminist projects should not consider the structure of state punishment as marginal to their work. Forward-looking research and organizing strategies should recognize that the deeply gendered character of punishment both reflects and further entrenches the gendered structure of the larger society.

Women prisoners have produced a small but impressive body of literature that has illuminated significant aspects of the organization of punishment that would have otherwise remained unacknowledged. Assata Shakur’s memoirs, for example, reveal the dangerous intersections of racism, male domination, and state strategies of political repression. In 1977 she was convicted on charges of murder and assault in connection with a 1973 incident that left one New Jersey state trooper dead and another wounded. She and her companion, Zayd Shakur, who was killed during the shootout, were the targets of what we now name racial profiling and were stopped by state troopers under the pretext of a broken taillight. At the time Assata Shakur, known then as Joanne Chesimard, was underground and had been anointed by the police and the media as the “Soul of the Black Liberation Army.” By her 1977 conviction, she either had been acquitted or had charges dismissed in six other cases-upon the basis of which she had been declared a fugitive in the first place. Her attorney, Lennox Hinds, has pointed out that since it was proven that Assata Shakur did not handle the gun with which the state troopers were shot, her mere presence in the automobile, against the backdrop of the media demonization to which she was subjected, constituted the basis of her conviction. In the foreword to Shakur’s autobiography Hinds writes:

In the history of New Jersey, no woman pretrial detainee or prisoner has ever been treated as she was, continuously confined in a men’s prison, under twenty-four-hour surveillance of her most intimate functions, without intellectual sustenance, adequate medical attention, and exercise, and without the company of other women for all the years she was in their custody.

There is no doubt that Assata Shakur’s status as a black political prisoner accused of killing a state trooper caused her to be singled out by the authorities for unusually cruel treatment. However, her own account emphasizes the extent to which her individual experiences reflected those of other imprisoned women, especially black and Puerto Rican women. Her description of the strip search, which focuses on the internal examination of body cavities, is especially revealing:

Joan Bird and Afeni Shakur [members of the Black Panther Party] had told me about it after they had been bailed out in the Panther 21 trial. When they had told me, I was horrified. “You mean they really put their hands inside you, to search you?” I had asked. “Uh-huh,” they answered. Every woman who has ever been on the rock, or in the old house

of detention, can tell you about it. The women call it “getting the finger” or, more vulgarly, “getting fucked.” “What happens if you refuse?” I had asked Afeni. “They lock you in the hole and they don’t let you out until you consent to be searched internally.”

I thought about refusing, but I sure as hell didn’t want to be in the hole. I had had enough of solitary. The “internal search” was as humiliating and disgusting as it sounded. You sit on the edge of this table and the nurse holds your legs open and sticks a finger in your vagina and moves it around. She has a plastic glove on. Some of them try to put one finger in your vagina and another one up your rectum at the same time.

I have quoted this passage so extensively because it exposes an everyday routine in women’s prisons that verges on sexual assault as much as it is taken for granted. Having been imprisoned in the Women’s House of Detention to which Joan Bird and Afeni Shakur refer, I can personally affirm the veracity of their claims. Over thirty years after Bird and Afeni Shakur were released and after I myself spent several months in the Women’s House of Detention, this issue of the strip search is still very much on the front burner of women’s prison activism. In 2001 Sisters Inside, an Australian support organization for women prisoners, launched a national campaign against the strip search, the slogan of which was “Stop State Sexual Assault.” Assata Shakur’s autobiography provides an abundance of insights about the gendering of state punishment and reveals the extent to which women’s prisons have held on to oppressive patriarchal practices that are considered obsolete in the “free world”. She spent six years in several jails and prisons before escaping in 1979 and receiving political asylum by the Republic of Cuba in 1984, where she lives today.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn wrote an earlier account of life in a women’s prison, *The Alderson Story: My Life as a Political Prisoner*. At the height of the McCarthy era, Flynn, a labor activist and Communist leader, was convicted under the Smith Act and served two years in Alderson Federal Reformatory for Women from 1955 to 1957. Following the dominant model for women’s prisons during that period, Alderson’s regimes were based on the assumption that “criminal” women could be rehabilitated by assimilating correct womanly behaviors—that is, by becoming experts in domesticity—especially cooking, cleaning, and sewing. Of course, training designed to produce better wives and mothers among middle-class white women effectively produced skilled domestic servants among black and poor women. Flynn’s book provides vivid descriptions of these everyday regimes. Her autobiography is located in a tradition of prison writing by political prisoners that also includes women of this era. Contemporary writings by women political prisoners today include poems and short stories by Ericka Huggins and Susan Rosenberg, analyses of the prison industrial complex by Linda Evans, and curricula for HIV/AIDS education in women’s prisons by Kathy Boudin and the members of the Bedford Hills ACE collective.

Despite the availability of perceptive portrayals of life in women’s prisons, it has been extremely difficult to persuade the public—and even, on occasion, to persuade prison activists who are primarily concerned with the plight of male prisoners—of the centrality of gender to an understanding of state punishment. Although men constitute the vast majority of prisoners in the world, important aspects of the operation of state punishment are missed if it is assumed that women are marginal and thus undeserving of attention. The most frequent justification for the inattention to women prisoners and to the particular issues surrounding women’s imprisonment is the relatively small proportion of women among incarcerated populations throughout the world. In most countries, the percentage of women among prison populations hovers around five percent. However, the economic and political shifts of the 1980s—the globalization of economic markets, the de-industrialization of the U.S. economy, the dismantling of such social service programs as Aid to Families of Dependent Children, and, of course, the prison construction boom—produced a significant acceleration in the rate of women’s imprisonment both inside and outside the United States. In fact, women remain today the fastest-growing sector of the U.S. prison population. This recent rise in the rate of women’s imprisonment points directly to the economic context that produced the prison industrial complex and that has had a devastating impact on men and women alike.

It is from this perspective of the contemporary expansion of prisons, both in the United States and throughout the world, that we should examine some of the historical and ideological aspects of state punishment imposed on women. Since the end of the eighteenth century, when, as we have seen, imprisonment began to emerge as the dominant form of punishment, convicted women have been represented as essentially different from their male counterparts. It is true that men who commit the kinds of transgressions that are regarded as punishable by the state are labeled as social deviants. Nevertheless, masculine criminality has always been deemed more “normal” than feminine criminality. There has always been a tendency to regard those women who have been publicly punished by the state for their misbehaviors as significantly more aberrant and far more threatening to society than their numerous male counterparts.

In seeking to understand this gendered difference in the perception of prisoners, it should be kept in mind that as the prison emerged and evolved as the major form of public punishment, women continued to be routinely subjected to forms of punishment that have not been acknowledged as such. For example, women have been incarcerated in psychiatric institutions in greater proportions than in prisons.⁷⁹ Studies indicating that women have been even more likely to end up in mental facilities than men suggest that while jails and prisons have been dominant institutions for the control of men, mental institutions have served a similar purpose for women. That deviant men have been constructed as criminal, while deviant women have been constructed as insane. Regimes that reflect this assumption continue to inform the women’s prison. Psychiatric drugs continue to be distributed far more extensively to imprisoned women than to their male counterparts. A Native American woman incarcerated in the Women’s Correctional Center in Montana related her experience with psychotropic drugs to sociologist Luana Ross:

Haldol is a drug they give people who can’t cope with lockup. It makes you feel dead, paralyzed. And then I started getting side effects from Haldol. I wanted to fight anybody, any of the officers. I was screaming at them and telling them to get out of my face, so the doctor said, “We can’t have that.” And, they put me on Tranxene. I don’t take pills; I never had trouble sleeping until I got here. Now I’m supposed to see [the counselor] again because of my dreams. If you got a problem, they’re not going to take care of it. They’re going to put you on drugs so they can control you.

Prior to the emergence of the penitentiary and thus of the notion of punishment as “doing time,” the use of confinement to control beggars, thieves, and the insane did not necessarily distinguish among these categories of deviancy. At this phase in the history of punishment—prior to the American and French Revolutions—the classification process through which criminality is differentiated from poverty and mental illness had not yet developed. As the discourse on criminality and the corresponding institutions to control it distinguished the “criminal” from the “insane” the gendered distinction took hold and continued to structure penal policies. Gendered as female, this category of insanity was highly sexualized. When we consider the impact of class and race here, we can say that for white and affluent women, this equalization tends to serve as evidence for emotional and mental disorders, but for black and poor women, it has pointed to criminality.

It should also be kept in mind that until the abolition of slavery, the vast majority of black women were subject to regimes of punishment that differed significantly from those experienced by white women. As slaves, they were directly and often brutally disciplined for conduct considered perfectly normal in a context of freedom. Slave punishment was visibly gendered—special penalties, were, for example, reserved for pregnant women unable to reach the quotas that determined how long and how fast they should work. In the slave narrative of Moses Grandy, an especially brutal form of whipping is described in which the woman was required to lie on the ground with her stomach positioned in a hole, whose purpose was to safeguard the fetus (conceived as future slave labor). If we expand our definition of punishment under slavery, we can say that the coerced sexual relations between slave and master

constituted a penalty exacted on women, if only for the sole reason that they were slaves. In other words, the deviance of the slave master was transferred to the slave woman, whom he victimized. Likewise, sexual abuse by prison guards is translated into hyper-sexuality of women prisoners. The notion that “female deviance” always has a sexual dimension persists in the contemporary era, and this intersection of criminality and sexuality continues to be racialized. Thus, white women labeled as “criminals” are more closely associated with blackness than their “normal” counterparts. Prior to the emergence of the prison as the major form of public punishment, it was taken for granted that violators of the law would be subjected to corporal and frequently capital penalties. What is not generally recognized is the connection between state-inflicted corporal punishment and the physical assaults on women in domestic spaces. This form of bodily discipline has continued to be routinely meted out to women in the context of intimate relationships, but it is rarely understood to be related to state punishment. Quaker reformers in the United States—especially the Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons, founded in 1787—played a pivotal role in campaigns to substitute imprisonment for corporal punishment. Following in the tradition established by Elizabeth Fry in England, Quakers were also responsible for extended crusades to institute separate prisons for women. Given the practice of incarcerating criminalized women in men’s prisons, the demand for separate women’s prisons was viewed as quite radical during this period. Fry formulated principles governing prison reform for women in her 1827 work, *Observations in Visiting, Superintendence and Government of Female Prisoners*, which were taken up in the United States by women such as Josephine Shaw Lowell and Abby Hopper Gibbons. In the 1870s, Lowell and Gibbons helped to lead the campaign in New York for separate prisons for women.

Prevailing attitudes toward women convicts differed from those toward men convicts, who were assumed to have forfeited rights and liberties that women generally could not claim even in the “free world”. Although some women were housed in penitentiaries, the institution itself was gendered as male, for by and large no particular arrangements were made to accommodate sentenced women.

The women who served in penal institutions between 1820 and 1870 were not subject to the prison reform experienced by male inmates. Officials employed isolation, silence, and hard labor to rehabilitate male prisoners. The lack of accommodations for female inmates made isolation and silence impossible for them and productive labor was not considered an important part of their routine. The neglect of female prisoners, however, was rarely benevolent. Rather, a pattern of overcrowding, harsh treatment, and sexual abuse recurred throughout prison histories.

Male punishment was linked ideologically to penitence and reform. The very forfeiture of rights and liberties implied that with self-reflection, religious study, and work, male convicts could achieve redemption and could recover these rights and liberties. However, since women were not acknowledged as securely in possession of these rights, they were not eligible to participate in this process of redemption.

According to dominant views, women convicts were irrevocably fallen women, with no possibility of salvation. If male criminals were considered to be public individuals who had simply violated the social contract, female criminals were seen as having transgressed fundamental moral principles of womanhood. The reformers, who, following Elizabeth Fry, argued that women were capable of redemption, did not really contest these ideological assumptions about women’s place. In other words, they did not question the very notion of “fallen women.” Rather, they simply opposed the idea that “fallen women” could not be saved. They could be saved, the reformers contended, and toward that end they advocated separate penal facilities and a specifically female approach to punishment. Their approach called for architectural models that replaced cells with cottages and “rooms” in a way that was supposed to infuse domesticity into prison life. This model facilitated a regime devised to reintegrate criminalized women into the domestic life of wife and mother. They did not, however, acknowledge the class and race underpinnings of this regime. Training that was, on the surface, designed to produce good wives and mothers in effect

steered poor women (and especially black women) into “free world” jobs in domestic service. Instead of stay-at-home skilled wives and mothers, many women prisoners would become maids, cooks, and washerwomen for more affluent women. A female custodial staff, the reformers also argued, would minimize the sexual temptations, which they believed were often at the root of female criminality.

When the reform movement calling for separate prisons for women emerged in England and the United States during the nineteenth century, Elizabeth Fry, Josephine Shaw, and other advocates argued against the established idea that criminal women were beyond the reach of moral rehabilitation. Like male convicts, who presumably could be “corrected” by rigorous prison regimes, female convicts, they suggested, could also be molded into moral beings by differently gendered imprisonment regimes. Architectural changes, domestic regimes, and an all-female custodial staff were implemented in the reformatory program proposed by reformers,⁸² and eventually women’s prisons became as strongly anchored to the social landscape as men’s prisons, but even more invisible. Their greater invisibility was as much a reflection of the way women’s domestic duties under patriarchy were assumed to be normal, natural, and consequently invisible as it was of the relatively small numbers of women incarcerated in these new institutions.

Twenty-one years after the first English reformatory for women was established in London in 1853, the first U.S. reformatory for women was opened in Indiana. The aim was to

train the prisoners in the “important” female role of domesticity. Thus an important role of the reform movement in women’s prisons was to encourage and ingrain “appropriate” gender roles, such as vocational training in cooking, sewing and cleaning. To accommodate these goals, the reformatory cottages were usually designed with kitchens, living rooms, and even some nurseries for prisoners with infants.

However, this feminized public punishment did not affect all women in the same way. When black and Native American women were imprisoned in reformatories, they often were segregated from white women. Moreover, they tended to be disproportionately sentenced to men’s prisons. In the southern states in the aftermath of the Civil War, black women endured the cruelties of the convict lease system unmitigated by the feminization of punishment; neither their sentences nor the labor they were compelled to do were lessened by virtue of their gender. As the U.S. prison system evolved during the twentieth century, feminized modes of punishment—the cottage system domestic training, and so on—were designed ideologically to reform white women, relegating women of color in large part to realms of public punishment that made no pretense of offering them femininity.

Moreover as Lucia Zedner has pointed out sentencing practices for women within the reformatory system often required women of all racial backgrounds to do more time than men for similar offenses. “This differential was justified on the basis that women were sent to reformatories not to be punished in proportion to the seriousness of their offense but to be reformed and retrained, a process that, it was argued, required time. At the same time, Zedner points out, this tendency to send women to prison for longer terms than men was accelerated by the eugenics movement, “which sought to have ‘genetically inferior’ women removed from social circulation for as many of their childbearing years as possible”. At the beginning of the twenty-first century, women’s prisons have begun to look more like their male counterparts, particularly facilities constructed in the contemporary era of the prison industrial complex. As corporate involvement in punishment expands in ways that would have been unimaginable just two decades ago, the prison’s presumed goal of rehabilitation has been thoroughly displaced by incapacitation as the major objective of imprisonment. As I have already pointed out, now that the population of U.S. prisons and jails has surpassed two million people, the rate of increase in the numbers of women prisoners has exceeded that of men. As criminologist Elliot Currie has pointed out,

For most of the period after World War II, the female incarceration rate hovered at around 8 per 100,000, it did not reach double digits until 1977. Today it is 51 per 100,000 ... At

the current rates there will be more women in American prisons in the year 2010 than there were inmates of both sexes in 1970. When we combine the effects of race and gender, the nature of these shifts in the prison population is even clearer. The prison incarceration rate for black women today exceeds that for white men as recently as 1980.

Luana Ross's study of Native American women incarcerated in the Women's Correctional Center in Montana argues that "prisons, as employed by the Euro-American system, operate to keep Native Americans in a colonial situation. She points out that Native people are vastly overrepresented in the country's federal and state prisons. In Montana, where she did her research, they constitute 6 percent of the general population, but 7.3 percent of the imprisoned population. Native women are even more disproportionately present in Montana's prison system. They constitute 25 percent of all women imprisoned by the state. Thirty years ago, around the time of the Attica uprising and the murder of George Jackson at San Quentin, radical opposition to the prison system identified it as a principal site of state violence and repression. In part as a reaction to the invisibility of women prisoners in this movement and in part as a consequence of the rising women's liberation movement, specific campaigns developed in defense of the rights of women prisoners. Many of these campaigns put forth-and continue to advance-radical critiques of state repression and violence. Within the correctional community, however, feminism has been influenced largely by liberal constructions of gender equality.

In contrast to the nineteenth-century reform movement, which was grounded in an ideology of gender difference, late-twentieth-century "reforms" have relied on a "separate but equal" model. This "separate but equal" approach often has been applied uncritically, ironically resulting in demands for more repressive conditions in order to render women's facilities "equal" to men's. A clear example of this can be discovered in a memoir, *The Warden Wore Pink*, written by a former warden of Huron Valley Women's Prison in Michigan. During the 1980s, the author, Tekla Miller, advocated a change in policies within the Michigan correctional system that would result in women prisoners being treated the same as men prisoners. With no trace of irony, she characterizes as "feminist" her own fight for "gender equality" between male and female prisoners and for equality between male and female institutions of incarceration. One of these campaigns focuses on the unequal allocation of weapons, which she sought to remedy:

Arsenals in men's prisons are large rooms with shelves of shotguns, rifles, hand guns, ammunition, gas canisters, and riot equipment ... Huron Valley Women's arsenal was a small, five feet by two feet closet that held two rifles, eight shotguns, two bullhorns, five handguns, four gas canisters, and twenty sets of restraints.

It does not occur to her that a more productive version of feminism would also question the organization of state punishment for men as well and, in my opinion, would seriously consider the proposition that the institution as a whole gendered as it is-calls for the kind of critique that might lead us to consider its abolition.

Miller also describes the case of an attempted escape by a woman prisoner. The prisoner climbed over the razor ribbon but was captured after she jumped to the ground on the other side. This escape attempt occasioned a debate about the disparate treatment of men and women escapees. Miller's position was that guards should be instructed to shoot at women just as they were instructed to shoot at men. She argued that parity for women and men prisoners should consist in their equal right to be fired upon by guards. The outcome of the debate, Miller observed, was that

escaping women prisoners in medium or higher [security] prisons are treated the same way as men. A warning shot is fired. If the prisoner fails to halt and is over the fence, an officer is allowed to shoot to injure. If the officer's life is in danger, the officer can shoot to kill.

Paradoxically, demands for parity with men's prisons, instead of creating greater educational, vocational, and health opportunities for women prisoners, often have led to more repressive conditions for

women. This is not only a consequence of deploying liberal-that is, formalistic- notions of equality, but of, more dangerous, allowing male prisons to function as the punishment norm. Miller points out that she attempted to prevent a female prisoner, whom she characterizes as a “murderer” serving a long term, from participating in graduation ceremonies at the University of Michigan because male murderers were not given such privileges. (Of course, she does not indicate the nature of the woman’s murder charges-whether, for instance, she was convicted of killing an abusive partner, as is the case for a substantial number of women convicted of murder). Although Miller did not succeed in preventing the inmate from participating in the commencement, in addition to her cap and gown, the prisoner was made to wear leg chains and handcuffs during the ceremony. This is indeed a bizarre example of feminist demands for equality within the prison system.

A widely publicized example of the use of repressive paraphernalia historically associated with the treatment of male prisoners to create “equality” for female prisoners was the 1996 decision by Alabama’s prison commissioner to establish women’s chain gangs. After Alabama became the first state to reinstitute chain gangs in 1995, then State Corrections Commissioner Ron Jones announced the following year that women would be shackled while they cut grass, picked up trash, or worked a vegetable garden at Julia Tutwiler State Prison for Women. This attempt to institute chain gangs for women was in part a response to lawsuits by male prisoners, who charged that male chain gains discriminated against men by virtue of their gender.⁹² However, immediately after Jones’s announcement, Governor Fob James, who obviously was pressured to prevent Alabama from acquiring the dubious distinction of being the only U.S. state to have equal- opportunity chain gangs, fired him.

Shortly after Alabama’s embarrassing flirtation with the possibility of chain gangs for women, Sheriff Joe Arpaio of Maricopo County, Arizona-represented in the media as “the toughest sheriff in America”-held a press conference to announce that because he was “an equal opportunity incarcerator,” he was establishing the country’s first female chain gang. When the plan was implemented, newspapers throughout the country carried a photograph of chained women cleaning Phoenix’s streets. Even though this may have been a publicity stunt designed to bolster the fame of Sheriff Arpaio, the fact that this women’s chain gang emerged against the backdrop of a generalized increase in the repression inflicted on women prisoners is certainly cause for alarm. Women’s prisons throughout the country increasingly include sections known as security housing units. The regimes of solitary confinement and sensory deprivation in the security housing unit (SHU) in these sections within women’s prisons are smaller versions of the rapidly proliferating super-maximum security prisons. Since the population of women in prison now consists of a majority of women of color, the historical resonances of slavery, colonization, and genocide should not be missed in these images of women in chains and shackles.

As the level of repression in women’s prisons increases, and, paradoxically, as the influence of domestic prison regimes recedes, sexual abuse-which, like domestic violence, is yet another dimension of the privatized punishment of women-has become an institutionalized component of punishment behind prison walls. Although guard-on-prisoner sexual abuse is not sanctioned as such, the widespread leniency with which offending officers are treated suggests that for women, prison is a space in which the threat of sexualized violence that looms in the larger society is effectively sanctioned as a routine aspect of the landscape of punishment behind prison walls.

According to a 1996 Human Rights Watch report on the sexual abuse of women in U.S. prisons:

Our findings indicate that being a woman prisoner in U.S. state prisons can be a terrifying experience. If you are sexually abused, you cannot escape from your abuser. Grievance or investigatory procedures, where they exist, are often ineffectual, and correctional employees continue to engage in abuse because they believe they will rarely be held accountable, administratively or criminally. Few people outside the prison walls know what is going on or care if they do know. Fewer still do anything to address the problem.

The following excerpt from the summary of this report, entitled *All Too Familiar: Sexual Abuse of Women in U.S. State Prisons*, reveals the extent to which women's prison environments are violently sexualized, thus recapitulating the familiar violence that characterizes many women's private lives:

We found that male correctional employees have vaginally, anally, and orally raped female prisoners and sexually assaulted and abused them. We found that in the course of committing such gross misconduct, male officers have not only used actual or threatened physical force, but have also used their near total authority to provide or deny goods and privileges to female prisoners to compel them to have sex or, in other cases, to reward them for having-done so. In other cases, male officers have violated their most basic professional duty and engaged in sexual contact with female prisoners absent the use of threat of force or any material exchange. In addition to engaging in sexual relations with prisoners, male officers have used mandatory pat-frisks or room searches to grope women's breasts, buttocks, and vaginal areas and to view them inappropriately while in a state of undress in the housing or bathroom areas. Male correctional officers and staff have also engaged in regular verbal degradation and harassment of female prisoners, thus contributing to a custodial environment in the state prisons for women that is often highly sexualized and excessively hostile.

The violent sexualization of prison life within women's institutions raises a number of issues that may help us develop further our critique of the prison system. Ideologies of sexuality-and particularly the intersection of race and sexuality-have had a profound effect on the representations of and treatment received by women of color both within and outside prison. Of course, black and Latino men experience a perilous continuity in the way they are treated in school, where they are disciplined as potential criminals; in the streets, where they are subjected to racial profiling by the police; and in prison, where they are warehoused and deprived of virtually all of their rights. For women, the continuity of treatment from the free world to the universe of the prison is even more complicated, since they also confront forms of violence in prison that they have confronted in their homes and intimate relationships. The criminalization of black and Latina women includes persisting images of hypersexuality that serve to justify sexual assaults against them both in and outside of prison. Such images were vividly rendered in a Nightline television series filmed in November 1999 on location at California's Valley State Prison for Women. Many of the women interviewed by Ted Kappel complained that they received frequent and unnecessary pelvic examinations, including when they visited the doctor with such routine illnesses as colds. In an attempt to justify these examinations, the chief medical officer explained that women prisoners had rare opportunities for "male contact," and that they therefore welcomed these superfluous gynecological exams. Although this officer was eventually removed from his position as a result of these comments, his reassignment did little to alter the pervasive vulnerability of imprisoned women to sexual abuse. Studies on female prisons throughout the world indicate that sexual abuse is an abiding, though unacknowledged, form of punishment to which women, who have the misfortune of being sent to prison, are subjected. This is one aspect of life in prison that women can expect to encounter, either directly or indirectly, regardless of the written policies that govern the institution. In June 1998, Radhika Coomaraswamy, the United Nations Special Rapporteur for Violence Against Women, visited federal and state prisons as well as Immigration and Naturalization detention facilities in New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Minnesota, Georgia, and California. She was refused permission to visit women's prisons in Michigan, where serious allegations of sexual abuse were pending. In the aftermath of her visits, Coomaraswamy announced that sexual misconduct by prison staff is widespread in American women's prisons. This clandestine institutionalization of sexual abuse violates one of the guiding principles of the United Nations' Standard Minimum Rules for the Treatment of Prisoners, a UN instrument first adopted in 1955 and used as a guideline by many governments to achieve what is known as "good prison practice." However, the U.S. government has done little to publicize these rules and it is probably the case that most correctional personnel have never heard of these UN standards. According to the Standard Minimum Rules,

Imprisonment and other measures which result in cutting off an offender from the outside world are afflictive by the very fact of taking from the person the right of self-determination by depriving him of his liberty. Therefore the prison system shall not, except as incidental to justifiable segregation or the maintenance of discipline, aggravate the suffering inherent in such a situation?⁷

Sexual abuse is surreptitiously incorporated into one of the most habitual aspects of women's imprisonment, the strip search. As activists and prisoners themselves have pointed out, the state itself is directly implicated in this routinization of sexual abuse, both in permitting such conditions that render women vulnerable to explicit sexual coercion carried out by guards and other prison staff and by incorporating into routine policy such practices as the strip search and body cavity search. Australian lawyer/activist Amanda George has pointed out that

[t]he acknowledgement that sexual assault does occur in institutions for people with intellectual disabilities, prisons, psychiatric hospitals, youth training centers and police stations, usually centers around the criminal acts of rape and sexual assault by individuals employed in those institutions. These offenses, though they are rarely reported, are clearly understood as being "crimes" for which the individual and not the state is responsible. At the same time as the state deplores "unlawful" sexual assaults by its employees, it actually uses sexual assault as a means of control.

In Victoria, prison and police officers are vested with the power and responsibility to do acts which, if done outside of work hours, would be crimes of sexual assault. If a person does not consent to being stripped naked by these officers, force can lawfully be used to do it ... These legal strip searches are, in the author's view, sexual assaults within the definition of indecent assault in the (Vic) as amended in section 39.

At a November 2001 conference on women in prison held by the Brisbane-based organization Sisters Inside, Amanda George described an action performed before a national gathering of correctional personnel working in women's prisons. Several women seized control of the stage and, some playing guards, others playing the roles of prisoners, dramatized a strip search. According to George, the gathering was so repulsed by this enactment of a practice that occurs routinely in women's prisons everywhere that many of the participants felt compelled to disassociate themselves from such practices, insisting that this was not what they did. Some of the guards, George said, simply cried upon watching representations of their own actions outside the prison context. What they must have realized is that "without the uniform, without the power of the state, [the strip search] would be sexual assault".

But why is an understanding of the pervasiveness of sexual abuse in women's prisons an important element of a radical analysis of the prison system, and especially of those forward-looking analyses that lead us in the direction of abolition? Because the call to abolish the prison as the dominant form of punishment cannot ignore the extent to which the institution of the prison has stockpiled ideas and practices that are hopefully approaching obsolescence in the larger society, but that retain all their ghastly vitality behind prison walls. The destructive combination of racism and misogyny, however much it has been challenged by social movements, scholarship, and art over the last three decades, retains all its awful consequences within women's prisons. The relatively uncontested presence of sexual abuse in women's prisons is one of many such examples. The increasing evidence of a U.S. prison industrial complex with global resonances leads us to think about the extent to which the many corporations that have acquired an investment in the expansion of the prison system are, like the state, directly implicated in an institution that perpetuates violence against women.

Chapter 5. The Prison Industrial Complex

“For private business prison labor is like a pot of gold. No strikes. No union organizing. No health benefits, unemployment insurance, or workers’ compensation to pay. No language barriers, as in foreign countries. New leviathan prisons are being built on thousands of eerie acres of factories inside the walls. Prisoners do data entry for Chevron, make telephone reservations for TWA, raise hogs, shovel manure, and make circuit boards, limousines, waterbeds, and lingerie for Victoria’s Secret, all at a fraction of the cost of ‘free labor.’”

-Linda Evans and Eve Goldberg.

The exploitation of prison labor by private corporations is one aspect among an array of relationships linking corporations, government, correctional communities, and media. These relationships constitute what we now call a prison industrial complex. The term “prison industrial complex” was introduced by activists and scholars to contest prevailing beliefs that increased levels of crime were the root cause of mounting prison populations. Instead, they argued, prison construction and the attendant drive to fill these new structures with human bodies have been driven by ideologies of racism and the pursuit of profit. Social historian Mike Davis first used the term in relation to California’s penal system, which, he observed, already had begun in the 1990s to rival agribusiness and land development as a major economic and political force.

To understand the social meaning of the prison today within the context of a developing prison industrial complex means that punishment has to be conceptually severed from its seemingly indissoluble link with crime. How often do we encounter the phrase “crime and punishment”? To what extent has the perpetual repetition of the phrase “crime and punishment” in literature, as titles of television shows, both fictional and documentary, and in everyday conversation made it extremely difficult to think about punishment beyond this connection? How have these portrayals located the prison in a causal relation to crime as a natural, necessary, and permanent effect, thus inhibiting serious debates about the viability of the prison today?

The notion of a prison industrial complex insists on understandings of the punishment process that take into account economic and political structures and ideologies, rather than focusing myopically on individual criminal conduct and efforts to “curb crime.” The fact, for example, that many corporations with global markets now rely on prisons as an important source of profit helps us to understand the rapidity with which prisons began to proliferate precisely at a time when official studies indicated that the crime rate was falling. The notion of a prison industrial complex also insists that the racialization of prison populations—and this is not only true of the United States, but of Europe, South America, and Australia as well—is not an incidental feature.

Thus, critiques of the prison industrial complex undertaken by abolitionist activists and scholars are very much linked to critiques of the global persistence of racism. Antiracist and other social justice movements are incomplete with attention to the politics of imprisonment. At the 2001 United Nations World Conference Against Racism held in Durban, South Africa, a few individuals active in abolitionist campaigns in various countries attempted to bring this connection to the attention of the international community. They pointed out that the expanding system of prisons throughout the world both relies on and further promotes structures of racism even though its proponents may adamantly maintain that it is race-neutral. Some critics of the prison system have employed the term “correctional industrial complex” and others “penal industrial complex.” These and the term I have chosen to underscore, “prison industrial complex” all clearly resonate with the historical concept of a “military industrial complex” whose usage dates back to the presidency of Dwight Eisenhower. It may seem ironic that a Republican president was the first to underscore a growing and dangerous alliance between the military and corporate worlds, but it clearly seemed right to antiwar activists and scholars during the era of the Vietnam War. Today, some activists mistakenly argue that the prison industrial complex is moving into the space vacated by the military industrial complex. However, the so called War on Terrorism initiated by the Bush

administration in the aftermath of the 2002 attacks on the World Trade Center has made it very clear that the links between the military, corporations, and government are growing stronger, not weaker. A more cogent way to define the relationship between the military industrial complex and the prison industrial complex would be to call it symbiotic. These two complexes mutually support and promote each other and, in fact, often share technologies. During the early nineties, when defense production was temporarily on the decline, this connection between the military industry and the criminal justice/punishment industry was acknowledged in a 1994 *Wall Street Journal* article entitled “Making Crime Pay: The Cold War of the ‘90s”:

Parts of the defense establishment are cashing in, too, sensing a logical new line of business to help them offset military cutbacks. Westinghouse Electric Corp., Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Co, GDE Systems (a division of the old General Dynamics) and Alliant Techsystems Inc., for instance, are pushing crime fighting equipment and have created special divisions to retool their defense technology for America’s streets.

The article describes a conference sponsored by the National Institute of Justice, the research arm of the Justice Department, entitled “Law Enforcement Technology in the 21st Century”. The secretary of defense was a major presenter at this conference, which explored topics such as, the role of the defense industry, particularly for dual use and conversion”.

Hot topics: defense-industry technology that could lower the level of violence involved in crime fighting. Sandia National Laboratories, for instance, is experimenting with a dense foam that can be sprayed at suspects, temporarily blinding and deafing-them under breathable bubbles. Stinger Corporation is working on ‘smart guns’ which will fire only for the owner, and retractable spiked barrier strips to unfurl in front of fleeing vehicles. Westinghouse is promoting the “smart car” in which minicomputers could be linked up with big mainframes at the police department, allowing for speedy booking of prisoners, as well as quick exchanges of information...

But an analysis of the relationship between the military and prison industrial complex is not only concerned with the transference of technologies from the military to the law enforcement industry. What may be even more important to our discussion is the extent to which both share important structural features. Both systems generate huge profits from processes of social destruction. Precisely that which is advantageous to those corporations, elected officials, and government agents who have obvious stakes in the expansion of these systems begets grief and devastation for poor and racially dominated communities in the United States and throughout the world. The transformation of imprisoned bodies-and they are in their majority bodies of color-into sources of profit who consume and also often produce all kinds of commodities, devours public funds, which might otherwise be available for social programs such as education, housing, childcare, recreation, and drug programs.

Punishment no longer constitutes a marginal area of the larger economy. Corporations producing all kinds of goods from buildings to electronic devices and hygiene products and providing all kinds of services-from meals to therapy and healthcare-are now directly involved in the punishment business. That is to say, companies that one would assume are far removed from the work of state punishment have developed major stakes in the perpetuation of a prison system whose historical obsolescence is therefore that much more difficult to recognize. It was during the decade of the 1980s that corporate ties to the punishment system became more extensive and entrenched than ever before. But throughout the history of the U.S. prison system, prisoners have always constituted a potential source of profit. For example, they have served as valuable subjects in medical research, thus positioning the prison as a major link between universities and corporations.

During the post-World War II period, for example, medical experimentation on captive populations helped to hasten the development of the pharmaceutical industry. According to Allen Hornblum, the

number of American medical research programs that relied on prisoners as subjects rapidly expanded as zealous doctors and researchers, grantmaking universities, and a burgeoning pharmaceutical industry raced for greater market share. Society's marginal people were, as they had always been, the grist for the medical-pharmaceutical mill, and prison inmates in particular would become the raw materials for postwar profit-making and academic advancement.

Hornblum's book, *Acres of Skin: Human Experiments at Holmesburg Prison*, highlights the career of research dermatologist Albert Kligman, who was a professor at the University of Pennsylvania. Kligman, the "Father of Retin-A," conducted hundreds of experiments on the men housed in Holmesburg Prison and, in the process, trained many researchers to use what were later recognized as unethical research methods.

When Dr. Kligman entered the aging prison he was awed by the potential it held for his research. In 1966, he recalled in a newspaper interview: All I saw before me were acres of skin. It was like a farmer seeing a fertile field for the first time." The hundreds of inmates walking aimlessly before him represented a unique opportunity for unlimited and undisturbed medical research. He described it in this interview as "an anthropoid colony, mainly healthy" under perfect control conditions.

By the time the experimentation program was shut down in 1974 and new federal regulations prohibited the use of prisoners as subjects for academic and corporate research, numerous cosmetics and skin creams had already been tested. Some of them had caused great harm to these subjects and could not be marketed in their original form. Johnson and Johnson, Ortho Pharmaceutical, and Dow Chemical are only a few of the corporations that reaped great material benefits from these experiments.

The potential impact of corporate involvement in punishment could have been glimpsed in the Kligman experiments at Holmesburg Prison as early as the 1950s and 1960s. However, it was not until the 1980s and the increasing globalization of capitalism that the massive surge of capital into the punishment economy began. The de-industrialization processes that resulted in plant shutdowns throughout the country created a huge pool of vulnerable human beings, a pool of people for whom no further jobs were available. This also brought more people into contact with social services, such as AFDC (Aid to Families with Dependent Children) and other welfare agencies. It is not accidental that "welfare, as we have known it"—to use former President Clinton's words—came under severe attack and was eventually disestablished. This was known as "welfare reform." At the same time, we experienced the privatization and corporatization of services that were previously run by government. The most obvious example of this privatization process was the transformation of government-run hospitals and health services into a gigantic complex of what are euphemistically called health maintenance organizations. In this sense we might also speak of a "medical industrial complex." In fact, there is a connection between one of the first private hospital companies, Hospital Corporation of America — known today as HCA — and Corrections Corporation of America (CCA). Board members of HCA, which today has two hundred hospitals and seventy outpatient surgery centers in twenty-four states, England, and Switzerland helped to start Correctional Corporations of America in 1983.

In the context of an economy that was driven by an unprecedented pursuit of profit, no matter what the human cost, and the concomitant dismantling of the welfare state, poor people's abilities to survive became increasingly constrained by the looming presence of the prison. The massive prison-building project that began in the 1980s created the means of concentrating and managing what the capitalist system had implicitly declared to be a human surplus. In the meantime, elected officials and the dominant media justified the new draconian sentencing practices, sending more and more people to prison in the frenzied drive to build more and more prisons by arguing that this was the only way to make our communities safe from murderers, rapists, and robbers.

The media, especially television ... have a vested interest in perpetuating the notion that crime is out of control. With new competition from cable networks and 24-hour news channels, TV news and programs about crime ... have proliferated madly.

According to the Center for Media and Public Affairs, crime coverage was the number-one topic on the nightly news over the past decade. From 1990 to 1998, homicide rates dropped by half nationwide, but homicide stories on the three major networks rose almost fourfold.

During the same period when crime rates were declining, prison populations soared. According to a recent report by the U.S. Department of Justice, at the end of the year 2001, there were 2,100,146 people incarcerated in the United States. The terms and numbers as they appear in this government report require some preliminary discussion. I hesitate to make un-mediated use of such statistical evidence because it can discourage the very critical thinking that ought to be elicited by an understanding of the prison industrial complex. It is precisely the abstraction of numbers that plays such a central role in criminalizing those who experience the misfortune of imprisonment. There are many different kinds of men and women in the prisons, jails, and INS and military detention centers, whose lives are erased by the Bureau of Justice Statistics figures. The numbers recognize no distinction between the woman who is imprisoned on drug conspiracy and the man who is in prison for killing his wife, a man who might actually end up spending less time behind bars than the woman.

With this observation in mind, the statistical breakdown is as follows: There were 1,324,465 people in "federal and state prisons," 15,852 in "territorial prisons," 631,240 in "local jails," 8,761 in "Immigration and Naturalization Service detention facilities," 2,436 in "military facilities," 1,912 in "jails in Indian country," and 108,965 in "juvenile facilities." In the ten years between 1990 and 2000, 351 new places of confinement were opened by states and more than 528,000 beds were added, amounting to 1,320 state facilities, representing an eighty-one percent increase. Moreover, there are currently 84 federal facilities and 264 private facilities.

The government reports, from which these figures are taken, emphasize the extent to which incarceration rates are slowing down. The Bureau of Justice Statistics report entitled "Prisoners in 2001" introduces the study by indicating that "the Nation's prison population grew 1.1%, which was less than the average annual growth of 3.8% since year end 1995. During 2001 the prison population rose at the lowest rate since 1972 and had the smallest absolute increase since 1979." However small the increase, these numbers themselves would defy the imagination were they not so neatly classified and rationally organized. To place these figures in historical perspective, try to imagine how people in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries-and indeed for most of the twentieth century-who welcomed the new, and then quite extraordinary, system of punishment called the prison might have responded had they known that such a colossal number of lives would be eventually claimed permanently by this institution. I have already shared my own memories of a time three decades ago when the prison population was comprised of a tenth of the present numbers.

The prison industrial complex is fueled by privatization patterns that, it will be recalled, have also drastically transformed health care, education, and other areas of our lives. Moreover, the prison privatization trends-both the increasing presence of corporations in the prison economy and the establishment of private prisons-are reminiscent of the historical efforts to create a profitable punishment industry based on the new supply of "free" black male laborers in the aftermath of the Civil War. Steven Donziger, drawing from the work of Norwegian criminologist Nils Christie, argues:

[C]ompanies that service the criminal system need sufficient quantities of raw materials to guarantee long-term growth ... In the criminal justice field, *the raw material is prisoners* and industry will do what is necessary to guarantee a steady supply. For the supply of prisoners to grow, criminal justice policies must ensure a sufficient number of incarcerated Americans regardless of whether crime is rising or the incarceration is necessary.

In the post-Civil War era, emancipated black men and women comprised an enormous reservoir of labor at a time when planters-and industrialists-could no longer rely on slavery, as they had done in the past. This labor became increasingly available for use by private agents precisely through the convict lease system, discussed earlier, and related systems such as debt peonage. Recall that in the aftermath of slavery, the penal population drastically shifted, so that in the South it rapidly became disproportionately black. This transition set the historical stage for the easy acceptance of disproportionately black prison populations today. According to 2002 Bureau of Justice Statistics, African-Americans as a whole now represent the majority of county, state, and federal prisoners, with a total of 803,400 black inmates, more than the total number of white inmates. If we include Latinos, we must add another 283,000 bodies of color.

As the rate of increase in the incarceration of black prisoners continues to rise, the racial composition of the incarcerated population is approaching the proportion of black prisoners to white during the era of the southern convict lease and county chain gang systems. Whether this human raw material is used for purposes of labor or for the consumption of commodities provided by a number of corporations directly implicated in the prison industrial complex, it is clear that black bodies are considered dispensable within the “free world” but as a major source of profit in the prison world.

The privatization characteristic of convict leasing has its contemporary parallels, as companies such as CCA and Wackenhut literally run prisons for profit. At the beginning of the twenty first century, the numerous private prison companies operating in the United States own and operate facilities that hold 91,828 federal and state prisoners. Texas and Oklahoma can claim the largest number of people in private prisons. But New Mexico imprisons forty-four percent of its prison population in private facilities, and states such as Montana, Alaska, and Wyoming turned over more than twenty-five percent of their prison population to private companies. In arrangements reminiscent of the convict lease system, federal, state, and county governments pay private companies a fee for each inmate, which means that private companies have a stake in retaining prisoners as long as possible, and in keeping their facilities filled. In the state of Texas there are thirty-four government-owned, privately run jails in which approximately 5,500 out-of-state prisoners are incarcerated. These facilities generate about eighty million dollars annually for Texas.¹¹⁶ One dramatic example involves Capital Corrections Resources, Inc., which operates the Brazoria Detention Center, a government owned facility located forty miles outside of Houston, Texas. Brazoria came to public attention in August 1997 when a videotape broadcast on national television showed prisoners there being bitten by police dogs and viciously kicked in the groin and stepped on by guards. The inmates, forced to crawl on the floor, also were being shocked with stun guns, while guards-who referred to one black prisoner as “boy”-shouted, “Crawl faster!” In the aftermath of the release of this tape, the state of Missouri withdrew the 415 prisoners it housed in the Brazoria Detention Center. Although few references were made in the accompanying news reports to the indisputably racialized character of the guards’ outrageous behavior, in the section of the Brazoria videotape that was shown on national television, black male prisoners were seen to be the primary targets of the guards’ attacks.

The thirty-two-minute Brazoria tape, represented by the jail authorities as a training tape-allegedly showing corrections officers “what not to do”-was made in September 1996, after a guard allegedly smelled marijuana in the jail. Important evidence of the abuse that takes place behind the walls and gates of private prisons, it came to light in connection with a lawsuit filed by one of the prisoners who was bitten by a dog; he was suing Brazoria County for a hundred thousand dollars in damage. The Brazoria jailors’ actions—which, according to prisoners there, were far worse than depicted on the tape-are indicative not only of the ways in which many prisoners throughout the country are treated, but of generalized attitudes toward people locked up in jails and prisons.

According to an Associated Press news story, the Missouri inmates, once they had been transferred back to their home state from Brazoria, told the Kansas City Star:

[G]uards at the Brazoria County Detention Center used cattle prods and other forms of intimidation to win respect and force prisoners to say, "I love Texas." "What you saw on tape wasn't a fraction of what happened that day," said inmate Louis Watkins, referring to the videotaped cell-block raid of September 18, 1996. "I've never seen anything like that in the movies".

In 2000 there were twenty-six for-profit prison corporations in the United States that operated approximately 150 facilities in twenty-eight states.¹¹⁹ The largest of these companies, CCA and Wackenhut, control 76.4 percent of the private prison market globally. CCA is headquartered in Nashville, Tennessee, and until 2001, its largest shareholder was the multinational headquartered in Paris, Sodexho Alliance, which, through its U.S. subsidiary, Sodexho Marriott, provides catering services at nine hundred U.S. colleges and universities. The Prison Moratorium Project, an organization promoting youth activism, led a protest campaign against Sodexho Marriott on campuses throughout the country. Among the campuses that dropped Sodexho were SUNY Albany, Goucher College, and James Madison University. Students had staged sit-ins and organized rallies on more than fifty campuses before Sodexho divested its holdings in CCA in fall 2001.

Though private prisons represent a fairly small proportion of prisons in the United States, the privatization model is quickly becoming the primary mode of organizing punishment in many other countries.¹²¹ These companies have tried to take advantage of the expanding population of women prisoners, both in the United States and globally. In 1996, the first private women's prison was established by CCA in Melbourne, Australia. The government of Victoria adopted the U.S. model of privatization in which financing, design, construction, and ownership of the prison are awarded to one contractor and the government pays them back for construction over twenty years. This means that it is virtually impossible to remove the contractor because that contractor owns the prison.

As a direct consequence of the campaign organized by prison activist groups in Melbourne, Victoria withdrew the contract from CCA in 2001. However, a significant portion of Australia's prison system remains privatized. In the fall of 2002, the government of Queensland renewed Wackenhut's contract to run a 710-bed prison in Brisbane. The value of the five-year contract is \$66.5 million. In addition to the facility in Brisbane, Wackenhut manages eleven other prisons in Australia and New Zealand and furnishes health care services in eleven public prisons in the state of Victoria. In the press release announcing this contract renewal, Wackenhut describes its global business activities as follows:

WCC, a world leader in the privatized corrections industry, has contracts/awards to manage 60 correctional/detention facilities in North America, Europe, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand with a total of approximately 43,000 beds. WCC also provides prisoner transportation services, electronic monitoring for home detainees, correctional health care and mental health services. WCC offers government agencies a turnkey approach to the development of new correctional and mental health institutions that includes design, construction, financing, and operations.

But to understand the reach of the prison industrial complex, it is not enough to evoke the looming power of the private prison business. By definition, those companies court the state within and outside the United States for the purpose of obtaining prison contracts, bringing punishment and profit together in a menacing embrace. Still, this is only the most visible dimension of the prison industrial complex, and it should not lead us to the more comprehensive corporatization that is a feature of contemporary punishment. As compared to earlier historical eras, the prison economy is no longer a small, identifiable, and containable set of markets. Many corporations, whose names are highly recognizable by "free world" consumers, have discovered new possibilities for expansion by selling their products to correctional facilities.

In the 1990s, the variety of corporations making money from prisons is truly dizzying, ranging from Dial Soap to Famous Amos cookies, from AT&T to health-care providers. In 1995 Dial

Soap sold \$100,000 worth of its product to the New York City jail system alone. When VitaPro Foods of Montreal, Canada, contracted to supply inmates in the state of Texas with its soy-based meat substitute, the contract was worth \$34 million a year.

Among the many businesses that advertise in the yellow pages on the corrections.com Web site are Archer Daniel Midlands, Nestle Food Service, Ace Hardware, Polaroid, Hewlett-Packard, RJ Reynolds, and the communications companies Sprint, AT&T, Verizon, and Ameritech. One conclusion to be drawn here is that even if private prison companies were prohibited-an unlikely prospect, indeed-the prison industrial complex and its many strategies for profit would remain relatively intact. Private prisons are direct sources of profit for the companies that run them, but public prisons have become so thoroughly saturated with the profit-producing products and services of private corporations that the distinction is not as meaningful as one might suspect. Campaigns against privatization that represent public prisons as an adequate alternative to private prisons can be misleading. A major reason for the profitability of private prisons consists in the nonunion labor they employ, and this important distinction should be highlighted. Nevertheless, public prisons are now equally tied to the corporate economy and constitute an ever-growing source of capitalist profit.

Extensive corporate investment in prisons has significantly raised the stakes for antiprison work. It means that serious antiprison activists must be willing to look much further in their analyses and organizing strategies than the actual institution of the prison. Prison reform rhetoric, which has always undergirded dominant critiques of the prison system, will not work in this new situation. If reform approaches have tended to bolster the permanence of the prison in the past, they certainly will not suffice to challenge the economic and political relationships that sustain the prison today. This means that in the era of the prison industrial complex, activists must pose hard questions about the relationship between global capitalism and the spread of U.S.-style prisons throughout the world.

The global prison economy is indisputably dominated by the United States. This economy not only consists of the products, services, and ideas that are directly marketed to other governments, but it also exercises an enormous influence over the development of the style of state punishment throughout the world. One dramatic example can be seen in the opposition to Turkey's attempts to transform its prisons. In October 2000, prisoners in Turkey, many of whom are associated with left political movements, began a "death fast" as a way of dramatizing their opposition to the Turkish government's decision to introduce "F-Type," or U.S.-style, prisons. Compared to the traditional dormitory-style facilities, these new prisons consist of one- to three-person cells, which are opposed by the prisoners because of the regimes of isolation they facilitate and because mistreatment and torture are far more likely in isolation. In December 2000, thirty prisoners were killed in clashes with security forces in twenty prisons.¹²⁶ As of September 2002, more than fifty prisoners have died of hunger, including two women, Gulnihal Yilmaz and Birsen Hosver, who were among the most recent prisoners to succumb to the death fast.

"F-Type" prisons in Turkey were inspired by the recent emergence of the super-maximum security-or super max-prison in the United States, which presumes to control otherwise unmanageable prisoners by holding them in permanent solitary confinement and by subjecting them to varying degrees of sensory deprivation. In its *2002 World Report*, Human Rights Watch paid particular attention to the concerns raised by

the spread of ultra-modern "super-maximum" security prisons. Originally prevalent in the United States ... the supermax model was increasingly followed in other countries. Prisoners confined in such facilities spent an average of twenty-three hours a day in their cells, enduring extreme social isolation, enforced idleness, and extraordinarily limited recreational and educational opportunities. While prison authorities defended the use of supermaximum security facilities by asserting that they held only the most dangerous, disruptive, or escape prone inmates, few safeguards existed to prevent other prisoners from being arbitrarily or discriminatorily transferred to such facilities. In Australia, the inspector of custodial ser-

vices found that some prisoners were held indefinitely in special high security units without knowing why or when their isolation would end.

Among the many countries that have recently constructed super-maximum security prisons is South Africa. Construction was completed on the supermax prison in Kokstad, KwaZulu-Natal in August 2000, but it was not officially opened until May 2002. Ironically, the reason given for the delay was the competition for water between the prison and a new low-cost housing development. I am highlighting South Africa's embrace of the supermax because of the apparent ease with which this most repressive version of the U.S. prison has established itself in a country that has just recently initiated the project of building a democratic, nonracist, and nonsexist society. South Africa was the first country in the world to create constitutional assurances for gay rights, and it immediately abolished the death penalty after the dismantling of apartheid. Nevertheless, following the example of the United States, the South African prison system is expanding and becoming more oppressive. The U.S. private prison company Wackenhut has secured several contracts with the South African government and by constructing private prisons further legitimizes the trend toward privatization (which affects the availability of basic services from utilities to education) in the economy as a whole.

South Africa's participation in the prison industrial complex constitutes a major impediment to the creation of a democratic society. In the United States, we have already felt the insidious and socially damaging effects of prison expansion. The dominant social expectation is that young black, Latino, Native American, and Southeast Asian men and increasingly women as well will move naturally from the free world into prison, where, it is assumed, they belong.

Despite the important of antiracist social movements over the last half century, racism hides from view within institutional structures, and its most reliable refuge is the prison system.

The racist arrests of vast numbers of immigrants from Middle Eastern countries in the aftermath of the attacks on September 11, 2001, and the subsequent withholding of information about the names of numbers of people held in INS detention centers, some of which are owned and operated by private corporations, do not augur a democratic future. The uncontested detention of increasing numbers of undocumented immigrants from the global South has been aided considerably by the structures and ideologies associated with the prison industrial complex. We can hardly move in the direction of justice and equality in the twenty-first century if we are unwilling to recognize the enormous role played by this system in extending the power of racism and xenophobia.

Radical opposition to the global prison industrial complex sees the antiprison movement as a vital means of expanding the terrain on which the quest for democracy will unfold. This movement is thus antiracist, anticapitalist, antisexist, and antihomophobic. It calls for the abolition of the prison as the dominant mode of punishment but at the same time recognizes the need for genuine solidarity with the millions of men, women, and children who are behind bars. A major challenge of this movement is to do the work that will create more humane, habitable environments for people in prison without bolstering the permanence of the prison system. How, then, do we accomplish this balancing act of passionately attending to the needs of prisoners—calling for less violent conditions, an end to state sexual assault, improved physical and mental health care, greater access to drug programs, better educational work opportunities, unionization of prison labor, more connections with families and communities, shorter or alternative sentencing and at the same time call for alternatives to sentencing altogether, no more prison construction, and abolitionist strategies that question the place of the prison in our future?

Chapter 6. Abolitionist Alternatives

“Forget about reform; it’s time to talk about abolishing jails and prisons in American society. Still-abolition? Where do you put the prisoners? The ‘criminals’? What’s the alternative? First, having no alternative at all would create less crime than the present criminal training

centers do. Second, the only full alternative is building the kind of society that does not need prisons: A decent redistribution of power and income so as to put out the hidden fire of burning envy that now flames up in crimes of property—both burglary by the poor and embezzlement by the affluent. And a decent sense of community that can support, reintegrate and truly rehabilitate those who suddenly become filled with fury or despair, and that can face them not as objects—‘criminals’—but as people who have committed illegal acts, as have almost all of us.”

-Arthur Waskow, Institute for Policy Studies

If jails and prisons are to be abolished, then what will replace them? This is the puzzling question that often interrupts further consideration of the prospects for abolition. Why should it be so difficult to imagine alternatives to our current system of incarceration? There are a number of reasons why we tend to balk at the idea that it may be possible to eventually create an entirely different—and perhaps more egalitarian—system of justice. First of all, we think of the current system, with its exaggerated dependence on imprisonment, as an unconditional standard and thus have great difficulty envisioning any other way of dealing with the more than two million people who are currently being held in the country’s jails, prisons, youth facilities, and immigration detention centers. Ironically, even the anti-death penalty campaign tends to rely on the assumption that life imprisonment is the most rational alternative to capital punishment. As important as it may be to abolish the death penalty, we should be conscious of the way the contemporary campaign against capital punishment has a propensity to recapitulate the very historical patterns that led to the emergence of the prison as the dominant form of punishment. The death penalty has coexisted with the prison, though imprisonment was supposed to serve as an alternative to corporal and capital punishment. This is a major dichotomy. A critical engagement with this dichotomy would involve taking seriously the possibility of linking the goal of death penalty abolitionism with strategies for prison abolition.

It is true that if we focus myopically on the existing system—and perhaps this is the problem that leads to the assumption that imprisonment is the only alternative to death—it is very hard to imagine a structurally similar system capable of handling such a vast population of lawbreakers. If, however, we shift our attention from the prison, perceived as an isolated institution, to the set of relationships that comprise the prison industrial complex, it may be easier to think about alternatives. In other words, a more complicated framework may yield more options than if we simply attempt to discover a single substitute for the prison system. The first step, then, would be to let go of the desire to discover one single alternative system of punishment that would occupy the same footprint as the prison system.

Since the 1980s, the prison system has become increasingly ensconced in the economic, political and ideological life of the United States and the transnational trafficking in U.S. commodities, culture, and ideas. Thus, the prison industrial complex is much more than the sum of all the jails and prisons in this country. It is a set of symbiotic relationships among correctional communities, transnational corporations, media conglomerates, guards’ unions, and legislative and court agendas. If it is true that the contemporary meaning of punishment is fashioned through these relationships, then the most effective abolitionist strategies will contest these relationships and propose alternatives that pull them apart. What, then, would it mean to imagine a system in which punishment is not allowed to become the source of corporate profit? How can we imagine a society in which race and class are not primary determinants of punishment? Or one in which punishment itself is no longer the central concern in the making of justice?

An abolitionist approach that seeks to answer questions such as these would require us to imagine a constellation of alternative strategies and institutions, with the ultimate aim of removing the prison from the social and ideological landscapes of our society. In other words, we would not be looking for prison like substitutes for the prison, such as house arrest safeguarded by electronic surveillance bracelets. Rather, positing de-carceration as our overarching strategy, we would try to envision a continuum of alternatives to imprisonment—demilitarization of schools, revitalization of education at all levels, a health

system that provides free physical and mental care to all, and a justice system based on reparation and reconciliation rather than retribution and vengeance.

The creation of new institutions that lay claim to the space now occupied by the prison can eventually start to crowd out the prison so that it would inhabit increasingly smaller areas of our social and psychic landscape. Schools can therefore be seen as the most powerful alternative to jails and prisons. Unless the current structures of violence are eliminated from schools in impoverished communities of color—including the presence of armed security guards and police—and unless schools become places that encourage the joy of learning, these schools will remain the major conduits to prisons. The alternative would be to transform schools into vehicles for de-carceration. Within the health care system, it is important to emphasize the current scarcity of institutions available to poor people who suffer severe mental and emotional illnesses. There are currently more people with mental and emotional disorders in jails and prisons than in mental institutions. This call for new facilities designed to assist poor people should not be taken as an appeal to re-institute the old system of mental institutions, which were and in many cases still are—as repressive as the prisons. It is simply to suggest that the racial and class disparities in care available to the affluent and the deprived need to be eradicated, thus creating another vehicle for decarceration.

To reiterate, rather than try to imagine one single alternative to the existing system of incarceration, we might envision an array of alternatives that will require radical transformations of many aspects of our society. Alternatives that fail to address racism, male dominance, homophobia, class bias, and other structures of domination will not, in the final analysis, lead to decarceration and will not advance the goal of abolition.

It is within this context that it makes sense to consider the decriminalization of drug use as a significant component of a larger strategy to simultaneously oppose structures of racism within the criminal justice system and further the abolitionist agenda of decarceration. Thus, with respect to the project of challenging the role-played by the so-called War on Drugs in bringing huge numbers of people of color into the prison system, proposals to decriminalize drug use should be linked to the development of a constellation of free, community-based programs accessible to all people who wish to tackle their drug problems. This is not to suggest that all people who use drugs—or that only people who use illicit drugs—need such help. However, anyone, regardless of economic status, who wishes to conquer drug addiction should be able to enter treatment programs.

Such institutions are, indeed, available to affluent communities. The most well known program is the Betty Ford Center, which, according to its web site, “accepts patients dependent on alcohol and other mood altering chemicals. Treatment services are open to all men and women eighteen years of age and older regardless of race, creed, sex, national origin, religion or sources of payment for care.”¹³⁰ However, the cost for the first six days is \$1,175 per day, and after that \$525 per day. If a person requires thirty days of treatment, the cost would amount to \$19,000, almost twice the annual salary of a person working a minimum-wage job.

Poor people deserve to have access to effective, voluntary drug treatment programs. Like the Betty Ford program, their operation should not be under the auspices of the criminal justice system. As at the Ford Center, family members also should be permitted to participate. But unlike the Betty Ford program, they should be free of charge. For such programs to count as “abolitionist alternatives,” they would not be linked—unlike existing programs, to which individuals are “sentenced”—to imprisonment as a last resort.

The campaign to decriminalize drug use—from marijuana to heroin—is international in scope and has led countries such as the Netherlands to revise their laws, legalizing personal use of such drugs as marijuana and hashish. The Netherlands also has a history of legalized sex work, another area in which there has been extensive campaigning for decriminalization. In the cases of drugs and sex work, decriminalization would simply require repeal of all those laws that penalize individuals who use drugs and who work in the sex industry. The decriminalization of alcohol use serves as a historical example. In both these cases, decriminalization would advance the abolitionist strategy of decarceration—that

is, the consistent reduction in the numbers of people who are sent to prison-with the ultimate aim of dismantling the prison system as the dominant mode of punishment. A further challenge for abolitionists is to identify other behaviors that might be appropriately decriminalized as preliminary steps toward abolition.

One obvious and very urgent aspect of the work of decriminalization is associated with the defense of immigrants' rights. The growing numbers of immigrants-especially since the attacks on September 11, 2001-who are incarcerated in immigrant detention centers, as well as in jails and prisons, can be halted by dismantling the processes that punish people for their failure to enter this country without documents. Current campaigns that call for the decriminalization of undocumented immigrants are making important contributions to the overall struggle against the prison industrial complex and are challenging the expansive reach of racism and male dominance. When women from countries in the southern region are imprisoned because they have entered this country to escape sexual violence, instead of being granted refugee status, this reinforces the generalized tendency to punish people who are persecuted in their intimate lives as a direct consequence of pandemics of violence that continue to be legitimized by ideological and legal structures.

Within the United States, the "battered women's syndrome" legal defense reflects an attempt to argue that a woman who kills an abusive spouse should not be convicted of murder. This defense has been abundantly criticized, both by detractors and proponents of feminism; the former do not want to recognize the pervasiveness and dangers of intimate violence against women and the latter challenge the idea that the legitimacy of this defense resides in the assertion that those who kill their batterers are not responsible for their actions. The point feminist movements attempt to make-regardless of their specific positions on battered women's syndrome-is that violence against women is a pervasive and complicated social problem that cannot be solved by imprisoning women who fight back against their abusers. Thus, a vast range of alternative strategies of minimizing violence against women-within intimate relationships and within relationships to the state should be the focus of our concern.

The alternatives toward which I have gestured thus far-and this is only a small selection of examples, which can also include job and living wage programs, alternatives to the disestablished welfare program, community-based recreation, and many more-are associated both directly and indirectly with the existing system of criminal justice. But, however mediated their relation might be to the current system of jails and prisons, these alternatives are attempting to reverse the impact of the prison industrial complex on our world. As they contest racism and other networks of social domination, their implementation will certainly advance the abolitionist agenda of decarceration.

Creating agendas of decarceration and broadly casting the net of alternatives helps us to do the ideological work of pulling apart the conceptual link between crime and punishment. This more nuanced understanding of the social role of the punishment system requires us to give up our usual way of thinking about punishment as an inevitable consequence of crime. We would recognize that "punishment" does not follow from "crime" in the neat and logical sequence offered by discourses that insist on the justice of imprisonment, but rather punishment-primarily through imprisonment (and sometimes death)-is linked to the agendas of politicians, the profit drive of corporations, and media representations of crime. Imprisonment is associated with the racialization of those most likely to be punished. It is associated with their class and, as we have seen, gender structures the punishment system as well. If we insist that abolitionist alternatives trouble these relationships, that they strive to disarticulate crime and punishment, race and punishment, class and punishment, and gender and punishment, then our focus must not rest only on the prison system as an isolated institution but must also be directed at all the social relations that support the permanence of the prison.

An attempt to create a new conceptual terrain for imagining alternatives to imprisonment involves the ideological work of questioning why "criminals" have been constituted as a class and, indeed, a class of human beings undeserving of the civil and human rights accorded to others. Radical criminologists have long pointed out that the category "lawbreakers" is far greater than the category of individuals who are deemed criminals since, many point out, almost all of us have broken the law at one time or

another. Even President Bill Clinton admitted that he had smoked marijuana at one time, insisting, though, that he did not inhale. However, acknowledged disparities in the intensity of police surveillance—as indicated by the present-day currency of the term “racial profiling” which ought to cover far more territory than “driving while black or brown”—account in part for racial and class-based disparities in arrest and imprisonment rates. Thus, if we are willing to take seriously the consequences of a racist and class-biased justice system, we will reach the conclusion that enormous numbers of people are in prison simply because they are, for example, black, Chicano, Vietnamese, Native American or poor, regardless of their ethnic background. They are sent to prison, not so much because of the crimes they may have indeed committed, but largely because their communities have been criminalized. Thus, programs for decriminalization will not only have to address specific activities that have been criminalized—such as drug use and sex work—but also criminalized populations and communities.

It is against the backdrop of these more broadly conceived abolitionist alternatives that it makes sense to take up the question of radical transformations within the existing justice system. Thus, aside from minimizing, through various strategies, the kinds of behaviors that will bring people into contact with the police and justice systems, there is the question of how to treat those who assault the rights and bodies of others. Many organizations and individuals both in the United States and other countries offer alternative modes of making justice. In limited instances, some governments have attempted to implement alternatives that range from conflict resolution to restorative or reparative justice. Such scholars as Herman Bianchi have suggested that crime needs to be defined in terms of tort and, instead of criminal law, should be reparative law. In his words, “[The lawbreaker] is thus no longer an evil-minded man or woman, but simply a debtor, a liable person whose human duty is to take responsibility for his or her acts, and to assume the duty of repair”.

There is a growing body of literature on reshaping systems of justice around strategies of reparation, rather than retribution, as well as a growing body of experiential evidence of the advantages of these approaches to justice and of the democratic possibilities they promise. Instead of rehearsing the numerous debates that have emerged over the last decades—including the most persistent question, “What will happen to the murderers and rapists?”—I will conclude with a story of one of the most dramatic successes of these experiments in reconciliation. I refer to the case of Amy Biehl, the white Fulbright scholar from Newport Beach, California, who was killed by young South African men in Guguletu, a black township in Capetown, South Africa.

In 1993, when South Africa was on the cusp of its transition, Amy Biehl was devoting a significant amount of her time as a foreign student to the work of rebuilding South Africa. Nelson Mandela had been freed in 1990, but had not yet been elected president. On August 25, Biehl was driving several black friends to their home in Guguletu when a crowd shouting antiwhite slogans confronted her, and some of them stoned and stabbed her to death. Four of the men participating in the attack were convicted of her murder and sentenced to eighteen years in prison. In 1997, Linda and Peter Biehl—Amy’s mother and father—decided to support the amnesty petition the men presented to the Truth and Reconciliation Commission. The four apologized to the Biehls and were released in July 1998. Two of them—Easy Nofemela and Ntobeko Peni—Iater met with the Biehls, who, despite much pressure to the contrary, agreed to see them. According to Nofemela, he wanted to say more about his own sorrow for killing their daughter than what had been possible during Truth and Reconciliation hearings. “I know you lost a person you love,” he says he told them during that meeting. “I want you to forgive me and take me as your child.”

The Biehls, who had established the Amy Biehl Foundation in the aftermath of their daughter’s death, asked Nofemela and Peni to work at the Guguletu branch of the foundation. Nofemela became an instructor in an after-school sports program and Peni an administrator. In June 2002, they accompanied Linda Biehl to New York, where they all spoke before the American Family Therapy Academy on reconciliation and restorative justice. In a Boston Globe interview, Linda Biehl, when asked how she now feels about the men who killed her daughter, said, “I have a lot of love for them.” After Peter Biehl died in 2002, she bought two plots of land for them in memory of her husband so that Nofemela

and Peni can build their own homes. A few days after the September 11 attacks, the Biehls had been asked to speak at a synagogue in their community. According to Peter Biehl, “We tried to explain that sometimes it pays to shut up and listen to what other people have to say, to ask: ‘Why do these terrible things happen?’ instead of simply reacting.”

17. The Killing Fields

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Long before Edward Snowden revealed the secrets of the NSA and the federal government, another man revealed that the CIA was directly responsible for flooding the US with cocaine in the 1980s. His name was Gary Webb. In 1996, after publishing his three part article "Dark Alliance: The Story Behind The Crack Explosion" in the San Jose Mercury News, Gary was subjected to criticism, censorship, and was forced to quit his job. His employers at the Mercury News retracted the story and destroyed the CDROMS that had been created by the paper to spread the basic information of the CIA's conspiracy. Despite his thorough and professional research, the mainstream media ignored his findings and Gary remained unemployable until his suicide on December 10th, 2004. This article is dedicated to his memory and to all those who died in the drug wars.

The Whole Story

Huey Newton used to climb up from the flats of Oakland and rob houses in the hills. He carried guns when he was a teenager and wandered the streets looking for something to get into, much like people do today. In 1966, he happened to meet a man named Bobby Seale. A few conversations led to them creating the Black Panther Party, a group that instantly became famous when they stormed the state capitol building in Sacramento carrying guns. Dressed in cool leather jackets, black hats, and sun glasses, the Party drew black people across the country towards their 10 Point Program.

1: WE WANT FREEDOM. WE WANT POWER TO DETERMINE THE DESTINY OF OUR BLACK AND OPPRESSED COMMUNITIES.

The Party quickly grew out of North and West Oakland and spread throughout the black neighborhoods of the city and the country. At first the Party only concerned itself with self-defense, monitoring the police, and distributing its newspaper. But once Huey was charged with murdering a cop and sent to prison, the effort to free him caused more Party chapters to form. In the first months of 1969, the Party launched its Free Breakfast For Children Program, an effort that drew the attention of the FBI.

2: WE WANT FULL EMPLOYMENT FOR OUR PEOPLE.

Along with the food program came free health clinics, schools, clothing stores, and self-defense classes. The Party was very strict regarding drugs in their neighborhoods. One of their most famous pamphlets was titled "Capitalism Plus Dope Equals Genocide." They did not allow pushers to openly deal or operate within their neighborhoods. Young black men and women were able to put their energy towards a liberatory project that promised them freedom from the toxic capitalist empire.

3: WE WANT AN END TO THE ROBBERY BY THE CAPITALISTS OF OUR BLACK AND OPPRESSED COMMUNITIES.

The words of the 10 Point Program and the actions that followed from them terrified FBI director J. Edgar Hoover and then governor of California Ronald Reagan. These men feared a black uprising above all else. Reagan famously triggered unrest on the Berkeley campus by refusing to let Party member Eldridge Cleaver speak. He also had Angela Davis fired from UCLA for her militant political beliefs. While the governor did everything to keep black militants from finding an audience, Hoover and the FBI applied their Counter-Intelligence Program (COINTELPRO) to the Party, using thousands of methods to spread chaos and death within the organization.

4: WE WANT DECENT HOUSING, FIT FOR THE SHELTER OF HUMAN BEINGS.

Before the autonomous black communities in the US could expand even further, the federal government began an assault on their infrastructure, sending local police to shoot out various chapter headquarters, assassinate specific members, and arrest whomever they could. Only a few of the chapters survived the first attack, an offensive that came from every direction, even from within. The FBI created false conflicts within the group by sending phony letters to prominent Party members and using infiltrators to spread gossip and create beefs. By 1973, several Panthers had murdered each other, the two male leaders had split apart, and many chapters had disappeared.

5: WE WANT DECENT EDUCATION FOR OUR PEOPLE THAT EXPOSES THE TRUE NATURE OF THIS DECADENT AMERICAN SOCIETY. WE WANT EDUCATION THAT TEACHES US OUR TRUE HISTORY AND OUR ROLE IN THE PRESENT-DAY SOCIETY.

The Oakland chapter of the Party remained active throughout the mid 70's, kept alive largely by Elaine Brown. They continued to run school and food programs, ran Party candidates for city council, and helped elect Oakland's first black mayor. The Panther Liberation School was the culmination of their original efforts, teaching hundreds of black youth about their history and future. However, during this time period, Huey Newton's addiction to cocaine began causing him to act paranoid and erratic. The Oakland chapter increasingly became involved in petty crime and soon enough Panthers were killing each other again, Elaine Brown resigned, and by the 1980's the remnants of the Party had all but disappeared.

6: WE WANT COMPLETELY FREE HEALTH CARE FOR ALL BLACK AND OPPRESSED PEOPLE.

From 1976 to 1977, George H.W. Bush was the director of the CIA. In this position, he was able to oversee the flow of drugs from Columbia to Panama and then to the US, all of it facilitated by his agency. In 1980, Ronald Reagan won the GOP nomination and selected Bush as his Vice President. This

long time enemy of the black movement became president in 1981. With his ex-CIA conspirator, Reagan developed a plan to simultaneously attack communist guerrillas in Central America and neutralize an area of domestic radicalism: the black community.

7: WE WANT AN IMMEDIATE END TO POLICE BRUTALITY AND MURDER OF BLACK PEOPLE, OTHER PEOPLE OF COLOR, ALL OPPRESSED PEOPLE INSIDE THE UNITED STATES.

During Reagan's first year in office, the CIA created the Fuerza Democratica Nicaraguens, a fascist guerilla army that fought the Sandanista rebels in Nicaragua. In order to generate funds for the army, the CIA allowed a known drug smuggler named Juan Norwin Meneses Cantarero to set up shop in San Francisco and coordinate the largest cocaine network on the West Coast. Overseen by the CIA, cocaine was flown from Columbia to Texas and then brought to South-Central LA where the infamous Rick Ross sold it on the streets. The money generated from these transactions was used to buy more weapons for the fascist army in Nicaragua.

8: WE WANT AN IMMEDIATE END TO ALL WARS OF AGGRESSION.

Unable to break into the upper class market for cocaine, Ross began selling his product to crack dealers at low prices, saturating the streets with cheap product. Up north in Oakland, the heroin market was majority controlled by a man named Felix Mitchell, the leader of the East Oakland based 69 Mob. The use of crack did not become common in Oakland until 1984, and when the CIA product arrived the 69 Mob and a few other organizations distributed it. Across the Bay, in his expensive San Francisco home, Juan Cantarero met with CIA agents and conspired about their continuing operation. In 1985, Felix Mitchel was sent to federal prison for life where he was later stabbed. His incarceration and death did not hinder the CIA conspiracy; they simply found other purchasers for their cheap cocaine. But in East Oakland, his death triggered a war that continues to this day.

9: WE WANT FREEDOM FOR ALL BLACK AND OPPRESSED PEOPLE NOW HELD IN U. S. FEDERAL, STATE, COUNTY, CITY AND MILITARY PRISONS AND JAILS. WE WANT TRIALS BY A JURY OF PEERS FOR ALL PERSONS CHARGED WITH SO-CALLED CRIMES UNDER THE LAWS OF THIS COUNTRY.

Huey Newton attended the funeral of Felix Mitchell. Under the control of the 69Mob, the streets of Oakland had seen a minimum of gang violence. Huey Newton's own use and sale of drugs had encouraged the younger generation to strengthen themselves with guns and drug money. Mitchell had kept the massive area of East Oakland united and limited the strife on the streets. Once he died and his organization fell apart, smaller gangs began to war with each other over drug turf, murders increased, crack use exploded, and East Oakland started to ferociously destroy itself. The pop-culture

glamorization of murder, drugs, and fancy cars began, and by the time George H.W. Bush was president, gang culture was firmly established in black neighborhoods across the US.

10: WE WANT LAND, BREAD, HOUSING, EDUCATION, CLOTHING, JUSTICE, PEACE AND PEOPLE'S COMMUNITY CONTROL OF MODERN TECHNOLOGY.

Nearly all of the major industrial jobs in East Oakland vanished by the 1980's. The white residents fled, the Eastmont Mall was deserted, and the vast geographical area became the killing fields. Thousands of black men and women have gone into prison forever, tens of thousands more have cycled through periods of incarceration, and hundreds have died on the streets. The control mechanism crafted by Reagan, Bush, and the CIA is still functioning, although now it autonomously propels itself, fueled by the desire for fame, money, and capitalist prosperity. The dream of autonomy for all oppressed peoples is slowly recovering and gathering strength, but the killing fields of East Oakland persist.

At the center of the Party is a commitment to building what is necessary to survive and live autonomously. Until we begin to build the material infrastructure necessary for healthy and autonomous communities, the nightmare of our enemy will continue to spread. The Party that started in Oakland has taught us what we should not repeat, how we can build, and what to look for as we move forward. Memory is a weapon. Let the Party remember itself.

18. Capitalist domination and working class sabotage

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Author: Antonio Negri

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Date: 1977

Deleted reason: After discussion, it was decided that Negri is not within the purview of the library's collection.

Publisher's Preface

Two years after the writing of "Proletarians and the State", whose theses were taken by many as the theoretical manifesto of the area of Autonomy, Negri takes up again a number of the key problems of his theoretical/political interpretation — in particular that of the *'refusal of work'*. Negri considers that the struggles of 1977 have confirmed his position: it represents a broadening and massification of the phenomenon he calls *'self-valorisation'*, and which represents the positive aspect of the refusal of work.

Now, rather than stressing class composition and theses relating to the 'social worker' Negri stresses the processes of *separation* which counterpose the revolutionary subject to the apparatus of bourgeois society. Sabotage is the real action of *destructuration* of capitalist domination; the restructuration promised by the Historic Compromise, on the other hand, is an illusory process, which would not contribute anything in the sense of self-valorisation of the class.

Authors Preface

This booklet should be seen as a fifth chapter. The preceding chapters are the following: *Crisis of the State-as-Planner: Communism and Working Class Organization* (Feltrinelli, Milan, 1974); *The Working Class Party Against Work* (in *Crisis and Working Class Organisation*, Feltrinelli, Milan, 1976); and *Self-valorisation of the Working Class and the Role of the Party* (in my book *The State-Form*, Feltrinelli, Milan, 1977). As I say, a fifth chapter. And thus one which requires a reading of the preceding chapters. While proof-reading this manuscript, I am thinking about how many things stand between each of these chapters. However, if nostalgia is possible within the revolution, then mine is not all melancholic.

A. Negri

Carona. 3rd Sept.1977

"Crime, through its constantly new methods of attack on property, constantly calls into being new methods of defence, and thus is as productive as strikes are in relation to the invention of machinery."
-Karl Marx: Theories of Surplus Value.

"What strikes me in your reasoning is that it remains within a schema of 'up until today'. Now, a revolutionary undertaking is directed not only against the 'today', but also against the law of 'up until today'."

Michel Foucault: A Microphysics of Power

Chapter 1: Lenin is supposed to have said...

Lenin is supposed to have said (a claim made by Keynes) that inflation is the weapon best guaranteed to bring about a crisis of the capitalist economies. The attribution of this statement to Lenin — a statement so much beloved by bourgeois economics and not just by Keynes, as evidenced by their

continual repetition of it — is demonstrably apocryphal. This was recently shown by F.W.Fetter in *Economica* 44, Feb.1977, No.173, pp 77–80. The offending phrase is nowhere to be found in Lenin's works. In fact, insofar as Lenin explicitly deals with the problems of inflation, his emphasis is along the lines of a moralistic denunciation of its effects on the poor classes — a denunciation well within the Socialist tradition.

This does not mean, however, that other Bolsheviks did not at various points stress the destabilising effect of inflation in relation to capitalist power. Preobrazhensky speaks for them all with his description of “paper money as a machine gun for the Finance Commissariat to fire at the bourgeoisie, enabling the monetary laws of that regime to be used in order to destroy it”. Also I am not implying that such a sentiment would have been uncharacteristic of Lenin: he was, after all, intent on grasping the interconnections between the revolutionary insurgence of the proletariat and the crisis of imperialism.

However, I am convinced that the sense of any such statement by Lenin would have been a complex thing. In fact, in Lenin's teaching, any action that *destabilises the capitalist regime* is immediately accompanied by action that *destructures capitalist's system*.

Insurrectional action against the State is articulated in relation to the task of destroying the State. I am not giving an anarchist interpretation of Lenin's thought. I am simply highlighting the “destabilization-destruction” nexus which is present in a precise and continuing manner in Lenin's thinking, as in all revolutionary Marxist thinking (with the exception, realistically speaking, of anarchist immediatism). Thus, in this sense, F.W.Fetter is right when he says that the statement regarding the positive effect of inflation for the revolutionary process cannot be unreservedly attributed to Lenin: one cannot allow the destabilisation effect alone to predominate. The crisis of capitalism has to have a direction, which is imposed and controlled by the power of the proletariat. Destabilisation of the regime cannot be seen as distinct from the project of destructuring the system. The insurrection cannot be separated from the project of abolishing the State.

With this we arrive at the heart of today's political debate. Two different positions are present within working class and proletarian autonomy. Destabilisation of the regime and destruction of the system sometimes appear as divergent objectives, and as such they are built into differing tactical and strategic projects. Is it right that this divergence should exist?

Let us start by looking at the problem from capital's viewpoint. For capital there is no problem: *restructuring of the system is a precondition — the stabilisation of the regime*, and vice-versa. The tactical problems arise *within* the relative rigidity of this relationship, and not outside it — at least, ever since capitalist development has rendered undesirable the option of operating force and duress (in the sense of mere physical force against the working class and the proletariat. For capital the solution of the crisis consists in a restructuring of the system that will defeat and reintegrate the antagonistic components of the proletariat within the project of political stabilisation. In this sense capital is well aware of the importance of having the proletariat as antagonist and is also — often, in fact — aware of the *quality* of that antagonism. Capital has often accepted that the working class struggle is the motor of development — and has even accepted that proletarian self-valorisation should dictate the pace and nature of development: what it needs to eliminate is not the existence, but the antagonistic element of the working class movement. Taken this to (paradoxical) extremes, we could say that for capital there is no possibility of effective political stabilisation (ie no possibility of command and exploitation within a dimension of an enlarged reproduction of profit) except to the extent that it proves possible to take the proletarian movement as the base, the starting point for restructuring. The interests of the proletariat, however, are quite the opposite. The proletariat aims at a critical grasp of the nexus between stabilisation and restructuring, in order then to attack it. To overthrow this relationship and to transform it into a project of destabilisation — and also destruction — this is the interest of the working class. In general.

Now, to be particular: today we have two opposed fronts — that of capital and that of the proletariat. The divergent antagonism in the direction of the movement of the two fronts is absolutely clear. This is due to the singularity of the balance of power between the two classes in struggle. Both the classes

have the ability to take action both on the system and on the regime; the actions of both are capable of directly affecting the nexus of the overall relationship. Thus, ‘if we do not focus our discussion on this nexus, on the way in which it is affected in an antagonistic manner by the two classes in struggle, we risk dangerously oversimplifying the debate.

For capital, as we have pointed out, the problem exists only in relative form. We could cite one or two examples. During the past 10 years we have seen such a continuous and active interpenetration of these two moments as to eliminate all “catastrophist” interpretations and theories of the crisis. The “crisis-State” has not for one moment ceased to be also a “planned-State”. All the elements of destabilisation that working class and proletarian struggle has brought into action against the State have one by one been taken on board by capital and transformed into instruments of restructuration. Inflation in particular, far from being a moment of destabilisation — has been transformed into its opposite — into a decisive instrument of restructuration. At a very high cost, admittedly: albeit within a deepening tendency of the rate of profit to fall, capital has been forced to take planned action which permitted the maintenance of (high) levels of working class valorisation and thus the non-devaluation of (overall) labour power. This notwithstanding, the “catastrophe” appears not to have materialised! Obviously this process has not been free of situations of subjective crisis for the capitalist class. But the constant, continuing operation of *reinforcing the State-form* — ie of the *imposition of the law of value* (albeit in continuously modifying form) as a measure and a synthesis of stabilisation and restructuration — has never faltered. When we speak of a crisis of the law of value, we must beware *the fact that this law is in a crisis does not at all mean that it does not operate*; rather it modifies its form, transforming it from a law of political economy into a form of State-command. But for capital there is no such thing as command without a content, and a quite specific content at that — a content of exploitation. Thus the rhythms of exploitation within which the social mechanism of the reproduction of exploitation is to be stabilised, must be dictated by the law of value. ‘Then the proletariat respectfully declines this invitation to dinner, when all the economic parameters of the relationship explode, then it is factory command (*commando d’impresa*), it is the political transformation of factory-command into the State-form which takes the upper hand in order to redetermine the functional relationship of value, the law of exploitation.

Recent studies (Lapo Berti in *Primo Maggio*, or Christian Marazzi and John Merrington’s presentation to the *British Conference of Socialist economists* in 1977) have broadly confirmed and documented this process, with particular regard to monetary questions — questions which today are undeniably fundamental to any consideration of the transformation of the law of value. This has led ‘to a correct insistence upon the theorisation of the capitalist State (and of its development) as the authoritative form of the capital relation (eg John Holloway, Sol Picciotto, in *Capital and Class* No.2, Summer 1977, pp 76–101). Thus, within the critique of political economy an understanding of the structural relation of capitalist development (and of the capitalist crisis) has been developing, in Opposition to existing purely objectivist notions.

But all this is not enough. The working class consciousness within the critique of political economy must transform itself into awareness of the revolutionary project. The proletarian opposition has no choice but to consolidate itself into practical overthrow, into subversion. But it is the whole relationship which, both in its political aspects and in its structural foundations, is to be subverted. It is not possible to simply eliminate the complexity of the relation imposed by the State form of the organisation of exploitation; we cannot escape — either via subjective voluntarism or via collective spontaneism — the difficulties, the problems, the determinations which arise from this form. We have come perilously close to this during the last phase of the struggle. The divergence has, as I stated earlier, involved a tendency for strategic and tactical projects to diverge. Is it right that this divergence should exist?

In my opinion it risks proving fatal for the entire movement. And in this situation I am really not sure which is preferable — a rapid decease brought about by the plague of subjectivity, or the long, slow agony and delirium of the syphilis of spontaneism. However, counter-indications do exist; a constructive project is possible. It is to be found and is being developed through the articulations of the *mass line*, in the dialectic that the proletariat continually puts in motion, the dialectic between

its ability to consolidate itself structurally (the strengthening of that mass counter-power, which, in itself, tends to disorientate and throw out of balance capital's plans for restructuration) and its capacity for political attack, (a destabilising capacity which shatters the nodes of the enemy's power, which emphasises and shows the emptiness of the spectacular nature of that power, and destroys its force). This dialectic is internal to the mass movement, and we need to deepen it further. As I have stated, the project of deconstructing the capitalist system cannot be separated from the project of destabilising capital's regime. The necessity of this inter-relationship is revealed at the level of the power-relationship between the two classes, today, inasmuch as the mass line has been completely developed into a *project of proletarian self-valorisation*.

I should explain: *the concept of proletarian self-valorisation is the opposite of the concept State-form* — it is the form that power assumes within a further-developed workerist standpoint. Proletarian self-valorisation is immediately the destructurement of the enemy power; it is the process through which working class struggle today attacks directly the system of exploitation and its political regime. The socialisation of capitalist development has permitted the working class to transform the diverse moments of communist strategy (the insurrection and the abolition of the State) into a process and to unify them into a project. Proletarian self-valorisation is the global, mass, productive figuration of this project. Its dialectic is powerful inasmuch as it is global, and global inasmuch as it is powerful. Elsewhere (in *La Forma-Stato* — “The State Form” — Feltrinelli, Milan 1977, pp 297–342) I have tried to demonstrate the *formal conditions* whereby the Marxist critique of political economy reveals the independence of the working class as a project of self-valorisation. Now we are forced by the constructive polemic that is going on in the Movement to think out the real and immediate political condition's for this independence of the proletariat. And within the Movement we shall have a battle on two fronts: against the diseases of insurrectionism and subjectivism on the one hand; and on the other — most importantly — against the opportunism, streaked with pacifist Utopianism, which mythologises the gentle growth of an impotent “movement” of desires and nothing else.

It is clear that the polemic within the Movement can only develop if it takes as its practical and theoretical starting point *the deepening of both the concept and the experiences of proletarian self-valorisation*. This is something I shall attempt in the course of this book. But it may be useful to anticipate one particular polemical point of departure, in relation to two recent propositions: that of Lea Melandri (*L'Infamia Originale*, Milan 1977) and that of Furio di Paola (*Quaderni di Ombre Rosse* No.1, Rome 1977). In both these cases the discussion is built around a radical initial mystification, from which we must free ourselves right from the start. It is a mystification that arises from a radicalisation of the polemic against “power”, in which the specific and determined nature of power is denied. In fact, for these comrades power can be — in the words of the old philosophers — predicated only univocally — ie defined and qualified solely as an attribute of capital or as its reflection. This position is false, even if it does correctly pose the problem of the non-homologability of the concept of power as between its capitalist usage and its proletarian usage (ie the untranslatability of the term). But, precisely, this is a problem of method ‘which cannot be answered with a reply that is radically negative in its content. From this point of view you end up playing into the enemy's hands — ie you maintain that the only meaningful linguistic horizon is that pertaining to the structure of capitalist power (a position which, apart from anything else, is contradictory with the spirit and the method of approach to the analysis of self-valorisation within women's autonomy and youth autonomy which forms the substance of both these essays).

And it is this which is false. Power, party: Panzieri used to say “that in such conditions the party will become something wholly new, and it even becomes difficult to use that term”. Very true. But elsewhere, and in the same sense, he adds: “no revolution without a party”. And we might further add: “without power, no proletarian self-valorisation”. And then we could even change the terminology, if you like! But first let us reconquer the dialectical unity of the process of proletarian self-valorisation, its tendency towards the destructurement of the enemy power as a project for its own liberation, as a powerful and effective struggle for its own proletarian independence.

One final note, as a prelude. It is not hard to understand how important it is *at the level of militancy* to stress the necessary relationship between action that is materially destructuring and action that politically restabilises the enemy power. Here in fact, that slender but strong thread that feeds subjectivity with a *mass-content*, which transforms proletarian love into struggle against the enemy, which gives a joint basis and a bonding of class hatred and the passion for freedom, finds again its unifying wellspring. The personal is political, through this collective mediation. It is the collective praxis of proletarian self-valorisation that determines the unity of the subjective awareness. It is this dynamic and productive being that constitutes our dignity as revolutionaries. Thus, both objectively and subjectively, we have no choice but to fight to re-establish the complexity of the revolutionary proposition, in relation to the independence of proletarian self-valorisation.

Chapter 2 Parenthesis no.1: Regarding Method

When I theorise an independence of the process of proletarian self-valorisation, and when I examine the possibility of its having an internal dialectic of continuous recomposition between structural functions and attacking functions, I am bound to draw certain methodological conclusions. First, it seems to me fundamental to consider the totality of the process of proletarian self-valorisation as *alternative* to, and radically *different* from, the totality of the process of capitalist production and reproduction. I realise that I am exaggerating the position, and oversimplifying its complexity. But I also know that this “intensive road”, this radical break with the totality of capitalist development, is a fundamental experience of the movement as it stands today.

Today the process of constituting class independence is first and foremost a process of separation.

I am emphasising this forced separation in order to clarify the overall meaninglessness of a capitalist world within which I find myself constituted in non-independent form, in the form of exploitation. I thus refuse to accept the recompositional dialectic of capital; I affirm in sectarian manner my own separateness, my own independence, the differentness of my constitution. As H.J.Krahl understood (in his book *Constitution and Class Consciousness* - a book which, with the passing of the years, becomes increasingly important), the totality of class consciousness is first and foremost an intensive condition, a process of intensification of class self-identity as a productive being, which destroys the relationship with the totality of the capitalist system.

Working class self-valorisation is first and foremost deconstruction of the enemy totality, taken to a point of exclusivity in the self-recognition of the class's collective independence. For my own part I do not see the history of class consciousness in a Lukacsian sense, as some future all-embracing recomposition; on the contrary, I see it as a moment of intensive rooting within my own separateness. I am *other* — as also is the movement of that collective praxis within which I move. I belong to the *other movement* of the working class. Of course, I am aware of all the criticisms that could be levelled at this position from a traditional Marxist viewpoint. For my own part, I have the sense of having placed myself at the extreme limits of meaning in a political class debate. But anyone who comes with accusations, pressing me with criticism and telling me that I am wrong, must, in turn, accept the responsibility of being a participant in the monstrosities we have seen in the development of “socialism” — with its illicit dealings with the most disgusting results of the capitalist mode of production. It is only by recognising myself as other, only by insisting on the fact of my differentness as a radical totality that I have the possibility and the hope of a renewal.

Furthermore, in my insistence on this radical methodological rupture I am in good company. The *continuity of the history of the working class revolutionary movement* is the *history of the discontinuity of that movement*, the history of the radical ruptures that have characterised it. The revolutionary working class movement is continually being reborn from a virgin mother. The hacks of continuity are still alive and well in the History Institutes of the labour movement. But luckily militant historiography is undergoing a renaissance too, spurred by the experience of the ruptures in our present movement

— and in our history-writing we are now confident enough to present the notion of the “other workers’ movement”. Thus the methodological precondition of an initial radical rupture (which we consider fundamental for any renewal of the social practice of the proletariat) is empirically corroborated by an extensive documentation (limited, perhaps, in scale, but remarkable in its intensity). When Karl-Heinz Roth (*Die Andere Arbeiterbewegung* — “The Other Workers’ Movement”, shortly to be published by CSE Books), or Gisela Bock *La Formazione dell’Operaio Massa ne li USA* — “The Formation of the Mass Worker in the USA” — Feltrinelli, Milano, 1976 tell the formidable story of how the working class in struggle has continually destroyed its own traditional organizations they are certainly not animated by a spirit or iconoclasm: rather, they are highlighting the radical, irreducible differentness of the revolutionary movement. This is a perspective which could also provide us with a feel for other historical revolutionary experiences of the proletariat — experiences that have proved victorious and have (therefore) been betrayed and destroyed.

So, I must assume this radical “otherness” as a methodological precondition of the subversive case we are arguing — namely the project of proletarian self-valorisation. But what about the relationship with the totality of history, the relationship with the totality of the system? Here I must now face up to the second methodological Consequence of my assumption: *my relationship with the totality of capitalist development, with the totality of historical development, is guaranteed solely by the force of destructure* that the movement determines, by the global *sabotage* of the history of capital that the movement enacts. There is only one way that I can read the history of capital — as the history of a continuity of operations of self-re-establishment that capital and its State have to set in motion in order to counter the continuous breakdown process, the permanent provocation-towards-separation that the real movement brings about. *The present state of things is built upon a continuity of destruction, of abolition of transcendence that the real movement brings about.* I define myself by separating myself from the totality; I define the totality as other than me -as a net which is cast over the continuity of the historical sabotage that the class operates. And thus (here is the third methodological implication) — there is *no homology*, no possible immediate translatability of languages, of logics, signs, between the reality of the movement as I experience it and the overall framework of capitalist development, with its contents and its objectives.

Let us now pause and consider the question from another angle. The fundamental point, however you look at the question, is obviously still the nexus between the process of self-valorisation and its effects in destructure. I have taken this nexus to extremes, and I have defined it as separation. Basing myself on the experience of the movement, I have stressed first and foremost the subjective element. If I now approach the question from the objective point of view — the viewpoint of the Crisis-State (*Stato-crisi*), the position is no different. When the State, faced with the crisis in the functioning of the law of value, attempts to reimpose that law by force, mediating its own relation to capital in relation to the commodity form, it registers upon itself, in effect, the crisis of all homologous functions. Force does not substitute for value, but provides a surrogate for its form.

The law of value may be forcibly reintroduced, in spite of the crisis of That law, and its operations may be imposed in modified form — but this does not remove the void of significations that Power is forced to register. The Crisis-State is a power which lives in a vacuum of significations, a void, a logic of force/logic which is itself destructured. This logic, this critical form, is a “dark night in which all cows are white”: in other words, the meaning of the whole is not in any way provided by the perfect connection of the parts. The State’s investment in the totality is purely negative, in terms of meaning. The rule of total alienation is the only possible content of this project. The totality is a void, is structured as destructure, as a radical lack of value. Thus it becomes clear what we mean in this case by a lack of homology. All the elements of the whole are unified in a *technical* sense; they only hang together in their mutual untranslatability; only in the form of a forced relationship. So, from an *objective* viewpoint too, the system can be seen — *must* be seen — as destructured.

However, while our consideration of the objective aspect of the situation confirms our analysis of the subjective aspect, the objective aspect has neither the same logical extension nor the capacity to

substitute for the subjective. One cannot move from the understanding of destructurement as an effect, to the identification of the process of self-valorisation as the cause. This is particularly clear in the analytic principles of Michel Foucault (and in particular his methodological treatment in *La Volonte de Savoir*), which have caught my attention because of the way they strain after a notion of a productivity, a creativity of an unknown quantity located beyond the cognitive horizon.

This is also clear — and, furthermore, scandalous — in the various surreptitious attempts that are being made to reimpose a sense of conclusiveness on this destructured horizon. (These attempts, be they humanistic in inspiration, or conceived in terms of *Wille zur Macht*, do nonetheless start from a correct perception of the blind objectivity of the development of capital's system. Regarding Cacciari's *Krisis* — Feltrinelli, Milan 1977 — see my review in Nos.155–156 of *Aut-Aut*). But this surreptitiously-restated homology this “revolution from above” in the absence of radical significance — can be seen clearly, in the light of what we have said, for what it is — a fraud.

The above considerations lead me now to confirm my original hypothesis of *the prevalence of the subjective* in the explanation of the present-day dialectic of capital. Taking the subjective viewpoint to extremes does not negate its methodological validity. Rather, it confirms and extends it. It permits me, in the articulation between self-valorisation and destructurement, to avoid both premature reductionist foreclosures of the problem (because in fact it is the productivity of the proletarian subject that structures the destructurement, ie negatively determines its own opposite); and, on the other hand, totalising dialectical extensions of the discourse, because, in this case, there are no longer any homologous functions.

We are not suggesting that methodology in any sense resolves the problems that face us (although a correct framing of the solution is greatly facilitated). We know that the methodological hypothesis requires confirmation from class analysis. It is only the theoretical-political determination of the composition of the working class that can offer a sound basis for a methodological hypothesis such as ours. And in fact the following methodological approximations, without pretending to be exhaustive, confirm our initial methodological assumption that, today, the establishment of working class independence takes place first and foremost in its separation. But *separation* in this instance means *breaking the capital relation*. Separation also means that, having reached the highest point of socialisation, the working class breaks the *laws of the social mediation* of capital. Marx in *Capital* Vol.11, 1, calls for “another mode of inquiry” in the analysis of the metamorphoses of overall social capital. Is this to be a logic of separation? Is it to be a *Darstellung* built on carrying to extremity this independent proletarian subjectivity, built on the movements of proletarian self-valorisation as such?

I think that these questions are important for the further development of this essay. However, before going further, they can be further articulated at a formal and methodological level, in order to constitute a framework for the ensuing debate. Let us look more closely. As I have said, the separateness of the proletarian subject is organised in the dialectic between self-valorising productivity and functions of destructurement. I know, however, that this dialectic does not produce effects of homology and of totalisation, because it is a dialectic of separation. But, equally necessarily it is inherent in The complexity of The events that are being determined. How? In particular, how does this articulation of a separate subject relate to the constitution of capitalist domination? Secondly and conversely, how precisely does the constitutive process of the collective subjectivity proceed, in all its radicality and intensity?

In short, what are the laws that govern (albeit in a situation of separateness, of lack of any homology) the parallel and opposed processes of the State-form and of proletarian self-valorisation?

The further development of this book will be dedicated to answering these questions. But in defining the problems we can now add a couple of further notes — first in relation to the *self-valorisation/destructurement nexus*. In the history of socialist thought and practice. The sense of proletarian self-valorisation has often been expressed with original intensity. (If Gramsci's teachings can be retained in any useful sense today, it is certainly in this regard). But it is never expressed in terms of separateness — rather it is always expressed in a dialectical sense in relation to the totality. Reciprocation takes the place of opposition. In the social-anarchist tradition this reciprocity, this correspondence, has been played out in

terms of the dialectic between centralisation and decentralisation. Thus it is not difficult, in a critique that starts with Marx and stretches through to Foucault's edition of the *Panopticon*, to demonstrate the perfect compatibility of Proudhon and Bentham. But this compatibility also exists in the tradition of "scientific socialism" — this time not extensive (between centralization and decentralisation), but intensive between the general working class interest and the general interests of society, between socialism and democracy). This compatibility, of the process of self-valorisation with the productive structuration of society, is a myth. It is not Proudhon and Bentham, but Rousseau and Stalin who are the fathers of this much-loved synthesis. personally, I have no time for the so-called "nouveaux philosophes", but I must say I am rather disconcerted when I see representatives of the historical parties of the working class, who have always been enamoured of the link between rationalism and productive Stalinism, insulting these young philosophers for having drawn attention to this mystifying connection".

In short, they are addressing themselves to a problem which no longer has any real basis. Class self-valorisation has nothing to do with the structuration of capital. But it has a lot to do with its de-structuration. The whole of capitalist development, ever since the working class reached its present high level of composition, has been nothing other than the obverse, a reaction to, a following-in-the-footsteps-of proletarian self-valorisation -a repeated operation of self-protection, of recuperation, of adjustment in relation to the effects of self-valorisation, which are effects of sabotage of the capitalist machine. Tronti is correct in his latest utterance that the modern State is the political form of the autonomy of the working class. But correct in what sense? In the sense — for him too, with his revamped socialism — of compatibility and convergence? Not at all, comrade: here the methodology of the *critique of political economy* has to be modified, taking as its starting point proletarian self-valorisation, its separateness, and the effects of sabotage that it determines. In particular it is within this perspective that we must frame our analysis of the State-form.

If our analysis of the nexus between self-valorisation and State structure leads us along a path of causality that is negative and destructuring, the situation is different when we come to consider our methodological approach to the *nexus of self-valorisation with itself* in its separateness. Here we shall have to stress and adequately analyse the synchronous dimensions of the process. But here, too, there can be no recourse to models of "continuity", to functional determinations! What can be said straightaway -because it constitutes the heart and substance of the methodological proposition itself — is that the separateness of proletarian *self-valorisation* itself appears as a *discontinuity*, as aconjoining of leaps and innovations. The method of social transformation that derives from the self-valorising separateness of the proletariat has nothing in common with the homologies of rationalist or historicist progressivism. Proletarian self-valorisation is the power to withdraw from exchange value and the ability to reappropriate the world of use values. The homologies of progressivism relate to exchange value. The rupture and recognition of the class's own independent productive force, removes any possibility of a resolute dialectic. The dialectical positivity of method in the separateness of proletarian self-valorisation is wholly and solely innovative.

Chapter 3 The Form of the Domination

Having outlined our polemical methodological premises, we can now start on the substance of the matter. Facing us stands the State; among us -and sometimes within us — stands the form of the domination. To struggle means that we must recognise the monstrous nature of the power that stands facing us, recognise it with the same immediate clarity and on the same level as we have seen the relationship between self-valorisation and de-structuration. Now, *this monstrous nature of power is the effect of our sabotage*; it is the negative result of our actions:

"Crime," says Marx, "through its constantly new methods of attack on property, constantly calls into being new methods of defence, and thus is as productive as strikes are in relation to the invention of machinery". (K.Marx, *Theories of Surplus Value*)

This is no paradox — Marx does not like the paradox label, not even in the case of Mandeville's *Fable of the Bees*; this pleasure he leaves to the “philistine apologists of the bourgeois school”. It is, rather, a key to understanding. In point of fact, the more we sabotage the State and the more we give expression to the self-valorisation/destructuration nexus, the more the rules governing the development of capital's State-system become ferocious, monstrous and irrational'. So now let us look at how the State and the system of social domination respond to the social sabotage which results from self-valorisation, and let us look at the logic that they express — a logic which is internally coherent, but which is nonetheless negative; a logic of destructuration which can never be sublimated, but only precipitated further.

Capital's continual restructuration is its response to working class sabotage. *Restructuration is the empty but efficacious content of the State-form*. Empty, because it lacks any rationality save that accredited by working class sabotage; efficacious, because the form of the restructuration is command. But bourgeois economy's critical consciousness is obliged to fill the vacuum of its own process by spreading a wafer-thin (recuperated and mystified) formal rationality, over the timings set by working class and proletarian struggles. Let us look at how it proceeds.

Within the critical consciousness of bourgeois political economy, the evolution of the logic of co=and has taken place in at least three distinct phases, following on the great Crisis of the 1930s. Each one of these phases is matched by a particular quality and intensity of working class and proletarian struggles. Elsewhere (in the articles published in *Operai e Stato* (“Workers and the State”), Feltrinelli, Milan 1972) I have indicated the fundamental characteristics of the *Keynesian epoch*. In that epoch, control of working class struggle was to be achieved in global terms. Keynes replied to the formation and the struggles of the mass worker with an overall balancing — in progressive terms — of supply and demand. But Keynes based himself on a political proposition that was pure and general — he had stressed the overall *trend*. But when the trend comes into contradiction with the actual progress of the cycle (because working class conflictuality does not respect finalized equilibria), the Keynesian state goes into crisis. Who commands in the crisis? The Keynesian-bred politicians try to invent a “political trade cycle”, try to form “intermediate regimes” etc: in practice, control is little by little slipping out of their hands -the control-dimension no longer matches the dimensions of proletarian and working class conflictuality. A *second phase* opens. Alongside the theoretical progresses that lead Sraffa and his ilk to a dissolution of the aggregate categories of Capital, more concretely we can observe that the working class struggle has a continuity that is discontinuous, and that the apparent continuity of the struggle is the outcome of an infinite series of individual crisis-points. The economic and political sciences of restructuration must take account of this. It is no longer possible to invent indeterminate macro-economic equilibria which are independent of short-run variations and independent of the micro-economic components which are variable within the unforeseeable timing determined by the struggles of the collective worker. Based on this necessity, we now see the formation of the State-as-Crisis, the Crisis-State (*Stato-crisi*), on the following lines: to divide up the overall thrust of the working class; to control it from within the mechanisms of its own accumulation; and to forestall it, by attacking it in its class composition. Keynes' broad equilibria are replaced by an internal operation of decomposition, within the class, in an attack that is precisely orientated towards dealing with single and particular class crisis points — a microphysics of political economy. “The long-term trend is nothing other than a component — which alters slowly — of a chain of short-term situations” ... “it is not an independent entity”. (Michael Kalecki, in *Trend and Business Cycles Reconsidered*, in *Economic Journal*, July 1968, pp 263 seq.). Thus it becomes impossible to produce a model of development unless it takes explicit account of the interruptions that occur in the process of production and reproduction, and thus a fresh foundation is laid for a theory of development based on the theory of cyclical fluctuations, incorporating the dynamics that occur at the microeconomic level. A long phase of bourgeois economic theory now develops around these premises. Michael Kalecki is the leading light in this movement (see Joan Robinson in *New York Review of Books*, 4th March 1976 — and in particular George R. Feiwel, *The Intellectual Capital* of M.Kalecki, Knoxville, Tennessee, 1975). But this theory also falls short. Crisis-State theory is, after all, a reformist theory. It faces up to the emerging productivity of the mass worker, and tries to

construct an “economy of oligopolies” — on two fronts: on the one hand the capitalist entrepreneurial oligopoly, and on the other hand the working class-trade union oligopoly in the factory (M. Kalecki, “Class Struggle and the Distribution of National Income”, in *Kyklos* XXIV, 1971, pp 1 seq.) But in the meantime, the struggle has advanced; the action of the mass worker has gradually laid siege to the whole of society. We now see the worker developing as a “social” worker — even (and particularly) if still remaining a “workplace worker”. The worker responds to the Crisis-State even more violently than previously to the State-as-Planner (*Stato-piano*). If this latter went into crisis because of its inability to control the quantities of working class demand, the Crisis-State is forced into an internal self-criticism of what is now a socially inescapable (and immediately efficacious) extension of working class action. The *Crisis-State* is not only a State-form that is reformist to its roots — it is also, and above all, a State-form that is still linked in to the dimensions of direct production, to factory command over living labour. But when working class sabotage extends to invest the whole of society, the entire mechanism of circulation, forcing aggregate social capital into a confrontation over the rifles governing the reproduction of the system, at that same moment the consciousness of bourgeois political economy — which had actually been consolidating itself up to that point — goes into a further stage or crisis and disintegration.

It is interesting to note the formation of a *third phase* of theoretical development in the political economy of the Keynesian epoch. It is in the process of formation today, and draws on the elements of crisis in the previous schemas. In particular it tries to operate in a more generalised way on the social movements of the working class. Its central arena of interest is the question of *circulation*. The simple transition from global control of production (Keynes), to dynamic control of production (Kalecki) is insufficient. The problem is that of the functional control of circulation, of the dynamic nexus linking production and reproduction. And here the problem of *time* becomes fundamental. Keynes never concerned himself with the temporal determination of equilibria and secondary equilibria. Kalecki, on the other hand, stressed the necessity of determining Keynesianism via the redefinition of phenomena within individual “time units”. And now, today, the temporal dimension is being extended to the whole of the process. In analytic terms, the new approach is a sort of Einsteinian theory of relativity: it involves the insertion of another dimension of analysis, in order to relativise the contents of that analysis. But this is indeed a strange kind of relativity: it is above all a relativity of time, the reduction of time to an *indifference of command*. In practical political terms we have an analytic mechanism which assumes circulation-time as a terrain of both theory and control. The totality of circulation-time is drawn into the economic analysis; the totality of circulation-time is to be controlled by economic policy: the hypothesis of the simultaneity of functions and operations within the cycle is not assumed in advance and abstract (a la neo-classics), but operational and political (a la Milton Friedman and his monetarist bedfellows). The Kaleckian interruptions of the short cycle are still mediations between the trend and the overall cycle: here science does not become separated in its application, does not waste its efforts in forecasting, but intensifies its analysis on every moment, every transition. It is a physics of elementary particles — and science stands watchful, like a policeman, over everything. It is not the Marxists’ job to observe that the temporal dimension is decisive in the relation between circulation and reproduction, and in general within the relation as it impinges on the class struggle in the sphere of reproduction (although Geoff Kay draws attention to the problem in his very useful *Development and Underdevelopment*, Macmillan, London, 1975). It is not surprising that the problem is arising again. Rather, what is surprising is the fact that the proposition arouses so much passion. The philosophers are well aware of the problems associated with the dimension of time: infinitely sub-divisible and infinitely extendable. So how should we grasp the analytic proposition in operational terms; how are we to concretise the political project? It is not our job to answer this: suffice it to draw attention to the indeterminateness of the project. Rather, our task is to note how *the process of destructureation within the logic of political economy* is taking a further step forward. (See, apropos, the fine essay by A. Graziani, introducing R. Convevole’s book *La Dinamica del Salarid Relativo* (“The Dynamic of the Relative Wage”), republished in *Quaderni Piacentini*, No.64, pp 113 seq.). In its anxiety to keep up with the process of working class attack against the general dimensions of exploitation, bourgeois political economy strips even the appearance

of coherence from its logic, and forces itself into the role of a technical instrument against the emergence of the destructuring power of the working class; it extends itself over the indefinite discontinuity of the movement of self-valorisation state restructuration becomes increasingly an indiscriminate succession of actions of control, a technical apparatus that is effective, but which has lost all measure, all internal reference-points, all internal coherent logic.

Good working class theory rejoices at this. But, being responsible people, we must recognise the enormous weight of suffering, of inhumanity, of barbarities that all this brings with it. This revelation of the internal void of capitalist restructuration, this successive self-destruction of the moments of capitalist control, and this *dissolution of theory into a technique of power*, bring closer the final outcome of the revolutionary struggle. But at the same time it makes it hard to endure the harshness of the daily struggle and the cruelty of capital's continued existence. (Note that certain theoretical positions that exist within the official labour movement, and which have nothing to do with Marxism — such as the famous theory of the “autonomy of the political” — ape these bourgeois affirmations). And yet it is still the action of the working class that brings about these effects -to The extent that *the destructuring tendency of these struggles has a direct effect on the very rationality* of capitalist restructuring, and removes this rationality, even in its formal aspect, and leaves us with a whole that is destructured, technical and repressive. The varied and combined modality of working class action is respected in every moment of the restructuration of capital: from the actions of the mass worker, and from those of the social” worker, arise effects that are then matched, in the sense of a subsequent radical destructuring of the enemy power. Thus it is no accident that today the big forces of capitalist reformism have adopted — at a world-wide level — *a terroristic strategy of savage deflation* (or “dis-inflation”, if you prefer). On the basis of the experience of the fiscal crisis of the American cities this political line has been correctly described as a “regressive distribution of income, of wealth, and of power” (see the articles by Robert Zevin, and Roger A. Alcaly and Elen Bodian in *The Fiscal Crisis of American Cities*, New York, 1977).

The destructured logic of the economic compatibilities must in fact be extended downwards, to reach single individual social groups, in such a way as to destroy any consolidation of proletarian self-valorisation. At every level. Generalised control must be deepened and intensified, to act on every point of linkage in the process of reproduction; it must allow the destruction of every rigidity; it must fluidify, in a new manner, the cycle of capitalist reproduction. But — you say — this has always happened! This is one of the laws of capital! Certainly. But what makes the present situation specific is the depth, the intensity, the extensiveness of the control. Capital has been subjected to a class pressure at the social level, which has definitively destructured its terms of reference. Right down to the level of factory-command (*commando-impresa*), command is in crisis. Restructuration, at this point, is pure form-of-domination. It aims to be effective even at the level of the individual unit of production, the single social group, the single individual. Thus it is no accident that, acting at such a depth and within such micro-economic dimensions, State power is once again, for the first time in several decades, resurrecting the ideology of Freedom!

At this stage, the capitalist determination (whose articulations attempt to follow the social emergence of The processes of proletarian self-valorisation, and which has to face up to the destructuration effects that these engender), reaches a high point of its logical vacuity: *here the reimposition of the law of value within restructuration is violence and is logically founded on criteria of indifference*. However, this in no sense diminishes the efficacy of the project of restructuration. The specification of the indifference starts from command. If the social struggle of the working class has driven the capitalist brain into a position of formal indifference, then capitalist command tries to specify itself materially on this possibility. It is important to emphasise this transition. It is important because with it comes a fundamental shift in the development of the contemporary form of the State. That very *social-democratic* project, which since the time of Keynes has been at the centre of capital's interests within the restructuring process, is now *subsumed to the indifference* of the possibilities of capital. This is perhaps a splendid example of how working class and proletarian self-valorisation has destroyed an instance of the enemy. The

social-democratic project is beginning to disintegrate, and from this point of view, the euphoria That is accompanying the present development of the various Euro-communisms is slightly macabre.

So, concretely speaking, what is the centre of the capitalist restruct-uration project today? How is the form of domination being realised? The fact of command over living labour taking The upper hand over the law of value is not something new: but *what is specific to today's restructuration is the conjuncture of command together with the indifference of the contents of command and of its articulations.* This capitalist conclusion derives from the powerful socialisation of the revolutionary movement of the proletarian class; it is the obverse of this. In this situation, capital's initiative becomes regressive — in other words, it has to base itself on a logic that is as empty as it is separate. Once again a premise which, to us, is fundamental — ie the separateness of the cycles of capital and its State-form from the cycle of working class self-valorisation — is verified. But at this point a whole series of problems re-emerge. In particular, if we want to identify not so much the centre, as the specific content of capitalist restructuration. This terrible void and indifference, this terribly weak and at the same time ferocious freedom of capital — how is it determined today?

For the moment I know only one thing. That from the working class point of view — having arrived at this level of awareness — the effects of the destructuring action that I have set in motion force me to confront -in a destructive manner — capital's powers of stabilisation. And this means, above all, confronting that power which ;provides the breeding ground for the multiple indifferent possibilities of domination. Destructuration of the enemy system involves the immediate necessity of attacking and destabilising its political regime.

Chapter 4. Parenthesis no.2: Regarding the wage

I find myself in a complex theoretical position. I must, at one and the same time, show how The form of capitalist domination is subordinated to the process of working class and proletarian self-valorisation — and at the same time show The resulting determinations in the destructured separateness of command. This, in fact, is the sense of the question that I posed earlier: how does one specify and determine the *indifference of command?*

As regards the first proposition, I think I have already gone some way towards proving my point. In short, at the same time as capital is living through The complete socialisation of the productive power of the working class, you rind that the (Keynesian and/or Kaleckian) instruments that it had at its disposal for controlling the relation between production and reproduction (based on a balancing of supply and demand, on the twin basis of an expanding employment base and an expanding production base) fail. Why do they fail? *Because the mechanisms of capital's reproduction and the mechanisms of reproduction of the working class are no longer operating synchronously.* The social self-valorisation of the working class accentuates, in an antagonistic sense, both the quality and the quantity of working class needs. It radicalises the aspect of *simple circulation*, *over against the* global reproduction of all the dimensions of capital. At this point, as we have seen (and as Christian Marazzi describes so well in his *Intervention on Public Expenditure*, Ecole Normale Superieure, Paris, April 1977, mimeo, “the needs of social expenditure have to be met, in as much as they have to guarantee a continuity of production and reproduction of aggregate labour power. This Therefore sets in motion a State monetary phenomenon which, unlike Keynesian deficit spending, must make possible a *simultaneity* of both capitalist and working class reproduction”).

Thus all the channels of administration — and not merely the monetary aspect — must work to provide possibilities of reducing to zero the relation between supply and demand. Given the actual strength of the working class, the problem is thus to reduce the autonomous reproduction-time of the working class. Thus the separateness of capitalist command could not be clearer. Its destructuration springs from capital's realisation that every attempt to match up to the given articulation of the working class and the proletariat fails, for this very reason of the split timings of capitalist and proletarian reproduc-

tion. Only command, conceived as indifference, conceived as a capacity for separate self-reproduction of itself -only this command can hope to succeed. Capital is driven to daydreams of self-sufficiency. It is no accident that, at this extreme, we see the re-emergence of economic theories that we Thought long dead and buried -theories of the self-sufficiency of capital and its money — memories of neo-classicism, and quantitative monetarist practices. But dreams are only dreams for all that: that noisy alarm clock of the class struggle is still there to wake you up. So the capitalist State now has to rearticulate in positive terms the separate essence of its command. From a practical and theoretical point of view, there has certainly been a profound and significant advance: here the destruction of the value-terms of the capitalist social relation is no longer a result, but a starting point; it is no longer a “result suffered”, but a proud and arrogant “act of will”. Indeed, never before has the capitalist State been so politically autonomous! It still remains necessary for capitalist command to be articulated, but henceforth its parameters will be based on this separateness. The source and the legitimation of power are no longer the law of value and its dialectic, but the law of command and its hierarchy. Having been forced into the most radical material destructuration, capital’s State must now restructure itself ideally. The free productive State characteristic of the capitalist revolution is now reduced to a corporative, hierarchical form — to the organisation of appearances. This is the only logic of the so-called “autonomy of the political”. Henceforth neither political economy and the critique of political economy, nor the analysis of class and class composition, can adequately explain this destructured reality: only descriptive sociology is fitted for following this phenomenon! This is the State-based-on-Income-as-Revenue, the State-of-Revenue (Stato-rendita). A State of political income. The one absolute value against which all other hierarchical values must measure themselves is political power. And this one absolute value is the foundation for the construction of a rising ladder of differential incomes, whose value is calculated on the basis of one’s greater or lesser distance from the centre, from the point of production of power. (In addition to The work of Romano Alquati, see the article by G.Bossi in Aut-Aut No.159–160, pp 73 seq.). Power is the simultaneity, the point of perfect compatibility of the mechanisms of production and reproduction, and it is from this that circulation must proceed, accepting its authority. One’s location in the hierarchy, the nature of the corporative structure, and the respective positions of the various “separate bodies” (corpi separati) — all these are articulated according to this logic. These differential incomes are distributed according to the variability of one’s insertion within the hierarchy, within the articulation of command. This, then, is the only form within which the “indifference” can be determined. The party-State (Stato-de-Partiti) and the system of public administration tend to guarantee this specification of differential income as the form and the content of political power (see Sergio Bologna “The Tribe of Moles”, in Primo Maggio No.8, Spring 1977) (page 67 in this book). Now, all of this is of direct relevance to productive labour. What, in short, is the nature of productive labour within the State-of-Income-as-Revenue? From capital’s point of view we can define it as that cart of social labour which has been trade-unionised, corporatised, placed and located within the “separateness” of the State hierarchy. From this point of view, the extent of your faithfulness to the system is watched more closely than the actual value you produce. The labour market — ie aggregate labour power in its relative independence — is sectionalised according to the hierarchical values advanced by the system (see Glen a Cain “The Challenge of Segmented Labour Market Theories to Orthodox Theory: A Survey”, in Journal of Economic Literature, December 1976). Of course, every time the State mechanism intervenes in the reality of The class struggle in a direct manner, the game becomes harder. In particular, when the intensity of the approach cannot be mystified, when the intervention takes place at the point of greatest contradiction. To take an initiative against the labour market in order to divide it, to sectionalise it, to hierarchise it (when it is precisely at this level that productive labour has made itself general, and where “small circulation” has made itself independent, and where reproduction seeks to be self-valorisation. See, apropos, the useful notes by M.Aglietta: “Panorama et nouveaux développements sur les theories de l’emploi”. mimeo, INSEE 14/1/1977 MA/SP 320/ 3564) — to take such an initiative, as I said, against this concrete reality guarantees a maximum of violence and mystification. Because here the two extremes of the process that we are describing, meet: on the one hand the unified mate-

rial base of the processes of proletarian self-valorisation, and on the other The active, repressive figure of the State-power that has been destructured by the struggles. It is worth pausing for a moment to consider this central moment, and to emphasise some of the consequences of what we have been saying, as regards the theorisation of proletarian self-valorisation. Now, two elements are immediately clear. The first is that the wage is no longer at this point, in its economic identity, an independent variable. It is completely subordinated to the entire dynamic of power, to the entire framework of the political autonomy of the State. The wage is reduced to the hierarchy of command, in a process which is the counter-part, the obverse of, the repression of the unity of the proletariat at the social level. This leads us to the second consequence: the centre of the working class and proletarian struggle consists in the recognition of the general aspects of the wage as a cost of reproduction of the unity of the proletariat, of its self-valorisation. The problem is political, on both fronts — even if, as in this case, it is obvious that the meanings of the term “political” are not homologous — because we are dealing with meanings that are mutually opposed, completely and precisely antagonistic. For capital, politics is division and hierarchy, for the proletariat it is unity and equality; for capital it means the subordination of labour, for the proletariat it means the process of self-valorisation; for the State it means the simultaneity of the processes of production and reproduction, for the proletariat it means developing the independence of its own processes of reproduction, its dissymmetry, its discontinuity. At this point, therefore, the problem of the wage (as the pivot-point of the antagonistic capital relation) has to be seen in a different light. The logic of separation — which flows from the process of self-valorisation, and which capital undergoes in a destructured and idealised form — leaves no margins of compromise in this respect. So it becomes obvious by the capitalist reaction to the development of the class struggle has expressed — itself particularly around the problem of public expenditure — understood as the terrain on which the thrust of the working class struggle was reshaping the thematic of the wage, in effective terms of an offensive, bringing it up to the level of the project of self-valorisation. In the struggle over public spending, capitalist hierarchisation, the differential incomes accorded by State power, the corporative mystifications of the trade unions, were coming under heavy attack, while the unity of social productive labour as the basis of the process of self-valorisation was increasing. This was indeed a “battle for production”! It gave the working class the possibility of regaining its own productive dignity, its unity, outside and against the mechanisms of State income, of State parasitism, which the trade unions and the forces of State power sought to impose on it. It gave the working class the possibility of finding a material base for its own productive unity — a possibility of opposing exploitation by self-valorisation. Public spending and the wage are themes to which the analysis, the theory and the practice of revolutionaries will continually have to return, because in a situation of discontinuity in the cyclicity of the class struggle, the problem of public spending will, in the coming years, assume the same importance as the wage, narrowly defined, has had in years past. But we must be clear here: in the discontinuity of the movement, once again, no homology, no equation of terms is permissible. In other words, the theme of fighting public spending cuts is not simply an extension, a completion of the theme of the wage-struggle. The problem of public spending is not that of the social wage. It is rather the recognition, the imposition of the recognition that the unity of social labour, of the whole of social labour, today constitutes the only possible’ definition of the productivity of labour: this is the base for which capital must pay. It must pay for it, giving regard to its quality, its articulations, its determinante nature. It must recognise the independence of working class self-valorisation. But, as we have seen, this does not happen. Rather, the contrary happen — the whole of capital’s attention is directed to the operation of differential income (restructuration) and to the consolidation, in absolute terms, of its political basis (stabilisation). Now, the mechanism of income-as-revenue must be destroyed: the struggle against public spending cuts is a struggle that directly attacks the mechanisms of command and the determination of income, and destroys those mechanisms. It destroys them by quantitatively raising public spending to the point of making it incompatible with the maintenance of command over reproduction, and by blocking qualitatively the relative choice of options. But this is not enough. There is also the question of a need for direct action. As follows. Some groups of workers, some strata of the working class, remain tied to the

dimension of the wage, to its mystified terms. In other words, they are living off income-as-revenue. Inasmuch as they are living from income-as-revenue (even some who work in the big factories), they are stealing and expropriating proletarian surplus value — they are participating in the social-labour racket on the same terms as their management. These positions — and particularly the trade union practice that fosters them — are to be fought with violence if necessary. It will not be the first time that a march of the unemployed has entered a large factory so that they can destroy the arrogance of salaried income! (See the accounts in Wal Hannington's *Unemployed Struggles*). This was what the unemployed were doing in Britain in the 1920s — and quite rightly so. Here, however, it is no longer simply a matter of the unemployed. Here we are dealing with all the protagonists in the social production of value who are rejecting and refusing the operation that capital has set in motion in order to destroy their unity: the workers of the large factories need to be brought back again into the battle-lines of this struggle. This is fundamental. The social majority of the proletariat, of socially-productive labour power, must impose the theme and practice of unity, resubmitting it to the attention of the workers in the large factories. The mass vanguards of the large factories must struggle, in conjunction with the proletarian movement, in order to destroy the blue-eyed boy syndrome, guaranteed by the trade unions in the big factories. This is fundamental. Here, in fact, we are dealing with the project — the living, effective project — of working class self-valorisation, which refuses, and must destroy, the vacuity of the rentier logic of capital, and all of its apparatuses. Now, at this point I should answer those jackal voices that I already hear howling: I am not saying that the Mirafiori worker is not an exploited worker (this is the extent to which you have to go, in order to polemicise with jackals!). I am saying that the “Party of Mirafiori” must today live the politics of the proletarian majority, and that any position which is restricted purely to the necessary struggle in the factory, and which is not linked to the wider majority of the proletariat, is a position that is bound to lose. The factory struggle must live within the wider majority of the proletariat. The privileged place of the wage in the continuity of proletarian struggle must, today, be extended to the struggle over public spending cuts. Only this struggle can enable the full self-recognition of the proletariat; can fix the bases of self-valorisation; can attack directly the theory and practice of income-as-revenue. On the other hand, the capitalist practice of political income defined according to the hierarchy of power is utterly fragile — fragile because it is completely ideal, in the sense of being political. Here the problem is no longer that of income-as-revenue, but that of its political foundation. Now, this “absolute” foundation is itself ideal — it is the point at which the threat to the whole machinery of capitalist development becomes manifest, to the extent that it has registered the crisis of the law of value. It has, therefore, an absolute limit. And thus it is nothing more than an attempt at overall mystification of the system of exploitation. When Marx criticises Ricardo's theory of absolute rent, he admits nonetheless that its tendency must be to disappear: the “overestimation” of Ricardo's differential rent would in this context become plausible. But here we are already in the situation where the survival of moments of absolute rent has already given way to the global domination of the capitalist mode of production. Mere the re-appearance of income-as-revenue no longer has any material foundation. It is a phantasma. The State-of-income-as-revenue develops two mystifications. The first is the one which joins differential income and its mechanisms to a generic emergence of the law of value (which, as we have already said, has been transmuted into the form of command over living labour); the second is that which seeks to consider the absolute nature of income at the level of the source of power it self, as its fundamental condition. But this too, as it happens, is pure and simple mystification: here we are not seeing the expression of an historical necessity tied to the period of development of the law of value — we are seeing simply the expression of the extreme limit of mystification, of forced reimposition of a law onto a proletarian world which otherwise would be impossible to dominate. At the same time, this proletarian movement represents the extreme dissolution of the very concept of power. And now enough of tirades on the nexus between Lenin and Wax Weber! Here, as in the thought of Lenin, thought and practice go in two opposite directions — working class freedom and bureaucratic indifference are two polar opposites -with the first being rational, the second irrational; the first being struggle, the second mere formalisation of income-as-power. The indifference of command, therefore, is specified in a

sort of political practice of income-as-revenue, whose absolute foundations lie in political authority, and whose differential lies within the system of hierarchy. This situation brings about a conception (and a reality) of the wage system which differs radically from the experience of wage struggles conducted by the “other” workerist movement in other historical epochs. Today, in fact, the wage struggle cannot be other Than immediately political, general and egalitarian. The principal terrain on which it moves is that of public spending, of the self-valorising overall reproduction of the proletariat. This terrain has to be rebuilt, together with the workers in the factories; this straggle must re-unify the terrain of the proletariat. And it can. And anyway, there is no alternative: or rather — there is an alternative — it is to accept subordination, to plunge into the whirlpool of destructuration, to abandon ourselves to destruction.

Chapter 5 and Nietzsche went to Parliament

Now, once again, the only point that we are interested in pursuing is the relationship between self-valorisation and destructuration. Reformism fundamentally denies this relationship rather it asserts that self-valorisation is compatible with structuration — not destructuration. Valorisation, for reformism, is univocal: there is only capitalist valorisation. The problem is how to gain command over it. Everything else is Utopian. Eurocommunism sets itself up as a candidate to represent the developed working class, as a party that mediates’ the process of proletarian self-valorisation with the restructuring of capital. Eurocommunism is the party of restructuring -it is the party of the synthesis between proletarian self-valorisation and capitalist valorisation. Raving picked out of the mud the banners of democracy that the bourgeoisie had let drop, Eurocommunism now sets about gathering the banners of the economic development which capital had destructured. Thus any discussion about power is based, is organised solely within the virtuous circle of restructuring. And as for Eurocommunism’s objectives, they are more than clear: the conscious extension of the capitalist mode of production to the whole of society, and its (“socialist”) State-management. Our intention here is not to demonstrate that this project is wicked, nasty etc. Rather, we believe we can show it to be impossible — undesirable, in fact, because it is not realistic but mystified. We believe it can be shown that the working class is moving — increasingly so, as it becomes more socialised — in terms that are antagonistic to this project. The battle is on, and it is a battle between the true and the false. And to conclude, we believe it can be shorn that Eurocommunism, inasmuch as it moves on these lines, presents no alternative whatsoever to capitalist development, but rather is the representation of a catastrophic subordination of the class to capital, a fragile and transitory element of capital’s State-form. So, self-valorisation and restructuring. In reality, the decision as to whether or not these two terms are compatible is not merely a question of fact. Eurocommunism is innovatory in terms of Marxism, not because it denies the empirical conditions of the process of self-valorisation, but because it denies the working class and proletarian nature, the radically antagonistic potential, and the political relevance of that self-valorisation. First, the working class and proletarian nature. Eurocommunism does not use the term self-valorisation, but rather the term “hegemony”. This term allows the processes of socialisation of the working class struggle from below to be interpreted along the lines of the dissolution of the class into “civil society”. It substitutes for a Marxist, class terminology, a Hegelian and populist one. Operating through this framework, Eurocommunism shifts the focus from the class struggle and the antagonism within the reproduction process, the terrain of class recomposition in the crisis, to “society” understood generally, and “politics” as the sphere of institutional power. By this means the terrain of self-valorisation is robbed of its class content. For Eurocommunism it becomes a marginal “frontier zone”, meaningful only in the terms of the reconstruction of a social totality. Second: the denial of the radically antagonistic potential of the processes of working class self-valorisation is the dynamic consequence of the first negation. Once it is seen only as an ephemeral emergent phenomenon, it can only be expressed dynamically by way of its suppression within the social totality. This is the totality that is determined by the society of capital. So we are not dealing with an

antagonism, according to Eurocommunism, but with an organic and functional dialectic between the classes, the terms of whose solution are provided by the balance of power and by relative compatibilities within the general interest. And the general interest is the development of capitalism. And finally, the political relevance of working class self-valorisation will only be able to be restored by a general function, external, such as to be able to discriminate the functions within the project of the globality of development. Immediately, no political relevance can be given to working class and proletarian self-valorisation, all the more so since it is interpreted as on the extreme margins of the phenomenology of the “productive aphere”. Its movements do not contain a generality; its separateness is to be politically mediated through society, with society, in society; and the particularity of its interest is to be articulated with the generality of capital’s development. Now, from negation to the affirmative. Only restructuration — say the Eurocommunists in addition and in conclusion — will provide the possibility of restoring the formal conditions for proletarian self-valorisation, within the capitalist mechanism of development. Restructuration reorganises the logic of capitalist development and structures it in relation to the needs of the proletariat: it goes therefore from the general to the particular, and only by proceeding in this direction can it give meaning to the emerging movements of the proletariat at the margins of “society”. The only way that the particular interests of the proletariat can be repaid in economic terms (of course, in a different manner, a manner which is organic and compatible with development), is by destroying those touchy, antagonistic points of particular interests that arise along the road that leads to the centrality of the function of restructuration. The social brain of the working class — the reformists continue — is the centre of the process of restructuration: it negates the economism of its stimuli, and transforms them into political direction; it negates the political direction and moulds it into a force to manage capital. In the more refined versions (Trans: Cacciari and others in the PCI) the insistence on the centrality of the political functions of restructuration vis-a-vis the class mechanism of self-valorisation reaches an extreme form of essentialism: functional formalism of the bourgeois tradition (Weber, Nietzsche) is recuperated and inverted into a pure autonomy of workers’ political power. I think I have done justice to Eurocommunism in expounding its theory in these terms. In reality the operation is so clear-cut that there is little point in descending to polemic. And in fact, as has quite often been demonstrated, quite apart from the debasement of Marxism that this conception entails, it is shown to be false simply by the reality of the movement. When we say self-valorisation, we mean that the working class sets in motion an alternative on the terrain of production and reproduction, by appropriating to itself power and by re-appropriating wealth, in opposition to the capitalist mechanisms of accumulation and development. We face a point where the process of proletarian self-valorisation has begun to invest the entire terrain of the socialisation of production, and of the circulation of commodities (every-increasingly subsumed within the mechanism of capitalist reproduction). We face, in short, an extension of the processes of valorisation (inclining essential modifications that are inherent to the concept of productive labour). And at this point every possibility of bestowing an antagonistic or “generalising” political function (on the party as the working class “brain”, on an “independence of the political” however conceived) — outside the process of self-valorisation itself, becomes less and less viable. Certainly, it is true that, in line with working class socialisation, capitalist society has been permanently restructured: infrastructures, services, education, housing policies, welfare policies etc multiply and determine an ever-wider context for the processes of self-valorisation.. But precisely this process reveals the characteristics of that self-valorisation: in fact it reproduces within itself — the more so the further it extends — the antagonistic characteristics of working class power. The working class struggle imposes a reorganisation of society, a capitalist restructuration. This restructuration must prove capable of matching a series of needs that are imposed by the struggles themselves. It is the quantity and the quality of the struggles that determine the reforms. But these still remain capitalist reforms, and the effect of the working class struggle on them is immediately a double effect: it reopens the struggle within this restructured fabric; and — through the subsequent extension and generalisation of the struggle — it destructures capitalist command at this level too, at this degree of extension. Working class self-valorisation does not find a possibility of continuity within restructuration: in restructuration it sees only an effect of its min

strength, an increase of its own attacking possibilities, an extension of its own power capacity for overall destructure of capital. So, there is no mediation possible at this level, either in institutional terms or in terms of economic re-structure. Eurocommunism, seen from this angle, is living a lie: it claims a continuity with the processes of self-valorisation, which is not given — and consequently it is forced to mystify and to fight the effective movement of self-valorisation on the terms in which that movement actually expresses itself — as a potential of destructure. So it is no accident that the positions within Eurocommunism which have laid claim to a correct institutional mediation of the processes of self-valorisation, have also ended by being overturned by the illusion of mediation. From the factory struggles to the struggles for reforms, they said; then, from the struggle for reforms to a campaign to restructure capitalist initiative, to restructure the State. Was this a necessary continuity? Only as a step along the road of mystification! In fact, after a short while, we then saw these bright sparks returning into the factory: of necessity, the continuity which had led “from the struggles to the State” had now been put into reverse. Now they were speaking from within the logic of the State, and the antagonistic content of the worker’s factory struggles and the struggles for reforms, were totally subordinated to The State. The ‘processes of self-valorisation were now to be seen as “functions” of the capitalist State. Let us now look at the working class viewpoint (il punto di vista operaio). It extends and spreads from the factory to the society; it forces capital into the organisation of social productive labour; it re-opens on this terrain a struggle that is continuous and increasingly efficacious. In valorising itself socially, the working class destructures capital increasingly as capital is increasingly forced to extend its direct command over society. Within this framework, the action of reformism and of Euro-communism is an element of the State-form of capitalism — but, we should note, in a subordinate and threadbare form. It does not succeed — in effect it cannot succeed — in ensuring that the rationale of self-valorisation prevails within capitalist restructure. It remains prisoner of a destabilised, destructure rationality which cannot be recomposed; it is hemmed in by the indifference of power, the transcendent nature of its unity. The bargaining tempo which is proper to the practice of reformism in the Keynesian State has become dissolved into the new process of distribution of political income. In this context the only credibility of reformism today takes the form of corporativism, as a subordinate articulation of the State-form. The sole compensation for this subordination is the mystified “bad faith” of belief in a political will and vocation, which takes the path of repression of the struggle, terroristic suppression of working class and proletarian self-valorisation. But at what a price! The historical lesson of Germany is once again demonstrated. So this Nietzschean presence in Parliament is something to rejoice at. The situation is such that every failure of mystification is a victory for the working class. Faced with the impetuosity and the force of the process of working class self-valorisation, the coalitions that have determined the State-form of late capitalism are necessarily surrendering to the working class antagonism. Oligopolies, trade unions, the “middle classes” have for half a century — and certainly since the Rooseveltian revolution-dominated the framework of the State-form and have determined its constitutional foundations in the whole of the Western world. The working class is now emancipating itself from the institutions, imposing a continuous investment in public expenditure which is now purely and simply appropriation, a fact of power, dastri destructure of the enemy. The capitalist response is disinvestment, is the flight from the confrontation with the class. There is no alternative to the fall of the rate of profit in this situation: whatever road is followed — that of the defence and maintenance of employment, or that of public spending — come what may, the rate of profit is decreasing. (see W. Nordhaus, “The Falling Share of Profits”, in *Brooking Papers on Economic Activity*, No.1, 1974). The relation of self-valorisation to restructure — which is the only basis for any remaining dignity of reformism and Eurocommunism — thus has no standing whatsoever, from any point of view. Neither as regards the working class, nor as regards capitalism. From both standpoints, the relation appears antagonistic. And yet, because Power recognises that mystification can be efficacious, it can still be part of the State-form. Up to what point can this reformist participation in the State have a stable existence? From the moment where its function has been totally subordinated, the point will be determined by the struggle between the classes over the question of power. For The moment, reformism and Euro-communism are living an opaque,

subordinate role within the framework of The State-form of capital. Corporativism and parasitism are the qualities of their existence.

19. Brexit means... what?

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The EU Migrants' Ordeal and the Limits of Direct Action

We begin this article with a case dealt with by Brighton Solved (SF) and CASE Central social centre – the story of an EU migrant in Brighton.

At the end of 2015, L., a Spanish hospitality worker, sought help from SF. She had worked in a restaurant for more than a year but, as soon as she fell ill, her employer sacked her with a flimsy excuse, in order to avoid paying Statutory Sick Pay (SSP). Receiving SSP would have been this worker's right under both domestic and European Union (EU) legislation. However, the employer insisted that she left her job voluntarily, and refused to re-employ her.

L. then claimed a sickness benefit, Employment and Support Allowance (ESA). As an EU worker, she should have been entitled to equal rights under EU legislation, and to ESA. However, the state refused the benefit: they said that, due to a 'gap' between the end of her job and her claim, she was no longer a 'worker' when she claimed ESA. A benefits advice group helped with an appeal, but the state refused to reconsider. L. was in a desperate situation, with no money and far from her family, and was tempted to move back to Spain. This would amount to economic deportation – not imposed through physical force, but through extreme hardship.

Back in the 1970s the UK's membership of the European Common Market was opposed by leftwing militants, as the Common Market was seen as a neoliberal club designed to prevent the advance of socialism, or just the implementation of Keynesian policies.

Yet the UK joined the EU. As a consequence of the Treaty of Maastricht since the early 1990s one of the rules that the UK government had to abide by was the 'free movement of labour'. This principle obliged each government to treat EU citizens equally as British citizens; both workers, and, following EU Court rules, also those who entered the UK to seek work, as long as they were 'genuine jobseekers'. This included giving them the rights to claim benefits and receive help with housing.

The best aspect of migration from the point of view of the individual employer is the migrants' normally disadvantaged and vulnerable position, which the imposition of equality tended to mitigate. Once entitled to equal rights at work and to all benefits, EU migrants had the option of refusing crap jobs. They had also the same incentive as their British workmates to fight for better pay and working conditions in their workplaces, side by side.

Thus since day one, the rightwing press relentlessly attacked the principle of equality underlying freedom of movement in the EU, depicting them as 'benefit tourists'. Sensitive to this pressure, the Conservative government made a series of efforts to deny equal rights to EU migrants, above all the unemployed. A 'habitual residence test' in the UK in order to claim many out of work benefits.² What this 'habitual residence' meant was so vague that it was equally as easy for the state to immediately reject a claim, as it was for claimants to eventually win their appeals. A lengthy appeal procedure would

² The government would also try to refuse benefits to those who had worked, arguing that their job was not 'genuine and effective' or that they had not worked long enough, causing endless legal controversies.

however prolong the wait for a hearing for months, and would oblige migrants, through destitution, to return to their country. Only those who received help from friends or organisations (e.g. churches, political groups, squats), or had some savings, could persevere to the hearing.

The ‘habitual residence test’ was the first challenge from the British government against the Freedom of Movement, and was introduced with caution and great reverence towards the newly born principle of equality. Not to contradict this principle, the state felt obliged to impose the test to *anyone* coming from abroad, *including British citizens*.

In 2006, after part of Eastern Europe was allowed to ‘access’ the EU, the government restricted the ‘habitual residence’ rules. This was paradoxically done by exploiting a new EU law, Directive 2004/38/EC, which had been created to *clarify and strengthen* the rights of EU citizens. As the directive produced a list of ‘qualified persons’ who had automatic right to residence, the government used this list to *exclude* from equal treatment many thousand EU citizens who had so far been treated equally under the ‘habitual residence test’, if they did not match the list. For example, ‘Workers’ and ‘Self Employed’ had a right to reside, but ill people who had not worked much or at all, carers or single mothers who were not in work were excluded. A Right of Residence test based on the directive became a prerequisite for many out of work benefits.³

This new test was the UK government’s first challenge to the principle of equality, as British citizens who had lived abroad were automatically exempted from it. In May 2013 the EU Commission took this challenge to court, but failed: the inequality of treatment of EU citizens was approved by an EU court as ‘justified’ by the interests of the member state.

Since the introduction of the right of residence test in 2006, workers who became ill, such as L. could have their claim for sickness benefit simply denied, with any flimsy excuse, or even with no reasons at all. Isolated and ill, they were put in the position of having to ‘prove’ their Right of Residence and, to do so, wait up to nine months for a tribunal hearing on no income.

Not happy with this, the nationalist anti-migrant lobbies continued to pressurise the government. In 2015 unemployed migrants were stripped of unemployment benefit (Job Seeker’s Allowance (JSA)). Following a re-interpretation of the directive and case law that protected the right to reside of unemployed EU citizens as long as they had ‘genuine chances of finding work’, the state subjected EU citizens to a ‘Genuine Prospect of Work Test’. This test was as abhorrent as the trial of witches by ducking stool: all unemployed EU citizens would lose their JSA after a fixed 6 month period after their last job unless they got a new job within this period. Failing this they would lose all rights of residence, including the right to Housing Benefit and could be made homeless. The statistical concept of ‘prospect’, was then redefined as a limitation to all benefits to a strict period of 3–6 months. At the same time, all those who lost their status as workers were denied Housing Benefit altogether.⁴

Still unhappy about this, and threatening to leave the EU, last year the Tory government went for the whole hog and obtained an opt out from paying all in-work or out-of-work benefits to all EU migrants for their first 4 years in the UK.

Recently, the EU migrants have also started being deported, under the allegation of not having, or ‘abusing’, a Right of Residence. A pilot scheme that began in 2011 with the deportation of homeless and jobless East European citizens has now been extended to all EU nationals.⁵

Activist groups such as Solfed and Brighton Benefits Campaign obviously oppose all this. Yet when the means to tackle injustice is based on collective solidarity there is a limit to what one can do. L. could not get financial support from a group composed of people like herself, who struggled to pay bills

³ The only EU jobless still protected by the directive are those who had lived in the UK for five years ‘legally’, and, have then acquired a permanent right of residence. ‘Legally’ means: with a right of residence.

⁴ Non-EU migrants have been subject to a harsh visa scheme allowing only those with jobs earning more than £28,000 per year, which was increased by Theresa May to £35,000 from April 2016, to remain. Being married to a British citizen would not help: husbands or wives of British citizens are deported, and families destroyed. www.bbc.co.uk

⁵ In ‘The renewed imposition of work in the era of austerity’, *Aufheben* 19 (2011), we described the resurgence of new benefits struggles after the financial crisis, and expected that these struggles could grow. We were a bit too optimistic. The whole of the anti-cuts movement, including claimant struggles, failed to take off.

and rent. Also, direct action was precluded by the remoteness of the decision making. Where to protest, and what office to picket, if the decisions regarding L. were taken in Belfast and revised in Inverness? Perhaps in better times, a network of protestors could act nationally and reach remote offices, but at present there was no hope to resolve L.'s problem through direct action.

In the absence of a self-sustaining alternative community, or a mass benefits campaign, demanding that the state abide by EU law was the only option; and after a few nasty letters from CASE, the state acknowledged L's rights and paid her ESA.⁶

Of course, the laws and institutions do not act for us; we still need to act, and even simply invoking the laws can be a mini war against the state. CASE volunteers are now used to receiving phone calls from government officers who try to convince them that this or that piece of EU legislation do not mean what they say, or that there are other new mysterious 'laws' that contradict it. Any weak response at this stage would encourage these bureaucrats to issue an unfavourable decision. It is clear that the government has given guidance to its officers to deny EU rights at all costs. This attempt to make EU laws ineffective for benefits claimants is the frustrating experience of many benefits advisers across the country.

Thus when, on 23 June 2016, Brexit won the plebiscite, both migrants and those who had been involved in defending migrants' rights felt alarmed. Brexit will set aside all EU rights, with no guarantee of any automatic rights. If the same visa system that applies for non-EU migrants is applied to current EU workers living in the UK, 9 out of 10 would not qualify.⁷ Crucially, the abolition of the rights emanating from EU laws is not the result of our success in establishing more radical options, but the success of nationalist lobbies.

In the following we will discuss the position of people in the radical left, such as the political groups (SWP, etc.) or individual Bennites, on Brexit. But before, let us ask ourselves the question: *what has the radical left done during the previous decades of attacks on EU migrants?* What did these people do while EU migrants were made penniless by the gruelling General Prospect Tests? What have they done when workers like L. were denied all their rights as soon as they fell ill? The answer is: nothing. In fact, most of the groups and individuals in 'the left' have never even bothered to know about these issues.

Of course, the non-EU refugees escaping from war, especially those from Syria, have deserved a lot of interest and action. However, as we will show later, many people in the left have been very busy with other, more ideological, issues, such as the burkini ban in France. Similar issues seem to deserve more enthusiasm, time and efforts than the sorts of EU citizens reduced to homelessness and desperation. And even than the xenophobic murder of a Polish citizen in the summer of 2016.

The Big Blunder

It was clear since the beginning that the referendum about the EU was not about the EU as an institution at all. Previous opinion polls had repeatedly shown that EU matters were at the bottom of a scale of concerns for most Britons. The referendum was, in reality, the product of an internal in-fight within the Conservative Party.

As David Cameron once put it, the only people that insisted on 'banging on about Europe' were the 'nutters' in the United Kingdom Independence Party (UKIP), old diehard Thatcherite Tory Party activists and a few dozen backbench Tory MPs, cheered on by the right wing press. But Cameron's project of rebranding the Conservative Party as an electable, modern, socially liberal party depended on keeping these diehard social conservatives in the Tory Party quiet. To placate them Cameron had repeatedly thrown them the odd euro-sceptic bone to chew on. But the more bones he threw the hungrier they became.

⁶ www.personneltoday.com

⁷ A journalist described Gove on the morning of the 24 June as 'someone who comes down from an acid trip and discovers they've killed their best friend'!

Finally, encouraged by the bad publicity caused by the EU's handling of the Euro crisis, the Tory right became so vociferous that Cameron was obliged to promise a referendum on Britain's membership of the EU at some time in the future. It was not possible right then, of course, because his coalition LibDem partners would not go along with his referendum plans. But this commitment was included in the Conservative Party manifesto for the 2015 elections.

At the time this seemed quite a clever move, since it was widely expected that there would be another hung Parliament, and any Conservative-led Government would have to share power again with the LibDems. Cameron would therefore be able to blame Nick Clegg for any failure to deliver on his pledge to hold a referendum. But unfortunately for him, the Conservatives won the election, but with a small majority. Cameron then risked the fate of John Major in 1990s, who spent much of his second term as Prime Minister being dogged by repeated Euro-sceptic rebellions threatening to bring down his government.

Thus the best option was to press on with plans for a referendum. With all three mainstream parties expected to support Remain, Brexit would be fronted by a motley collection of minor Tory backbenchers, and by Nigel Farage and various other UKIP 'nutters'. Although a tiresome Referendum would waste the government's time and effort, a resounding Remain vote would at least stop 'them banging on about Europe' once and for all.

But Cameron made a mistake that would bring about his ignominious political demise: he let it be known that he was considering standing down as Prime Minister after his second term. The heir apparent, George Osborne, was entrusted to lead the Remain campaign. Osborne's rivals then faced a dilemma: either support Remain or jump ship and support Brexit, in the hope that this would win favour amongst Tory activists, which could prove crucial in stopping Osborne's coronation as party leader.

Shortly before the official Referendum campaign was due to start, Boris Johnson and Michael Gove took the plunge. Opinion polls had growing support for Brexit and they could that a good showing for the Leave campaign, with them at the helm, would oblige Cameron to be magnanimous in victory. After all Cameron had suspended party discipline and collective responsibility for the referendum. So these pro-immigration, neoliberal internationalists made an unholy alliance with the xenophobic little Englanders of UKIP.

On the morning of the 24 June, no one was more shocked than Johnson and Gove.⁸ It was apparent that they had expected that Remain would win, and had no concrete plan for a Brexit – yet Johnson was appointed by new PM Theresa May as one of the Brexit ministers, with the task of leading the actual thing.

Brexit and Ideology

UKIP and its leader, Nigel Farage, were the ideological winners of Brexit. They were able to use a populist, nationalist, anti-establishment message which united a large number of people from different classes: from middle class Tory voters in the south of England, who contributed to the majority of Brexit votes, to working class people in industrial cities of the north, disillusioned with social democracy. In the eyes of everybody, from immigration experts to MPs, it was clear that the campaign for Brexit boiled down to a campaign against the Freedom of Movement. This emerged as the only consistent message, amidst a mish-mash of half-baked issues, such as a £350m per week of EU fees that should rather go to the NHS or the imposition of straight bananas by Brussels.

Part of the left and the Green Party, Trotskyist Socialist Appeal and the Left Unity party campaigned against Brexit. Probably the age composition of Socialist Appeal, popular among university students, played a major role in its pro-Remain position.

⁸ The issue of the Common Market had the same contradictions as today – indeed, leftwing Tony Benn campaigned against it *alongside extreme rightwing Tory Enoch Powell*.

But for others it was a dilemma. On the one hand Cameron and a large part of the bourgeoisie supported Remain: the capitalist market depended on stability and would be vulnerable in the massive economic change created by leaving the single market. On the other hand, the Brexit campaign had an appealing, populist, anti-establishment, pro-working-class message. And, of course, the EU was part of the capitalist system...

For all these reasons, supporting Remain could have come across as supporting global capital against the British working class, and supporting Cameron. All this could taint a leftwing soul. Assuming that Remain would win, one can then hold a principled stand against the EU *thinking that this would have no real consequences*.

For many leftists, used to decades of simplistic political common sense, arguments that raised complex issues, such as the political meaning of a victory for the Brexit campaign, were perhaps too difficult to take in. Instead of struggling with the political and moral complications of the present, it was thus easier to dust off the Eurosceptic reasons of the 70s, when the left opposed the Common Market, and to follow the ghostly authority of Tony Benn.⁹

Yet also claiming to support 'Brexit' would taint a leftwing soul. To get out of the dilemma, they just renamed the same thing... 'Lexit' (i.e. 'exit from the Left'). Problem solved. The Lexiteers' arguments were packaged as ready-made slogans loaded with good left-wing values. Questions regarding the EU protection of workers' rights or the environment, or migrants' rights, were confronted with banal answers, such as 'it's all scaremongering', 'what about the TTIP', or 'the EU is bureaucratic' (sic). More pathetic, some Trots voted leave to support Johnson's attempt to destabilise Cameron. While these people were blinkered by ideology, the fact that Brexit would, in concrete, be a victory for the far right was meanwhile clear to the far right across Europe and the USA, and to Donald Trump, who all celebrated the victory of Brexit.

Momentum, the movement which arose in support of Labour party leader Jeremy Corbyn, and the Labour party itself, officially campaigned for Remain. By age and affiliation, Corbyn could well have been a follower of Eurosceptic Benn, but led the campaign – but, only two weeks before the vote, nearly a third of Labour party members were still in the dark about the position of their own party! But many of Corbyn's supporters did not worry about Brexit. With Jeremy leading the opposition, and the fantastic prospect of him leading the country, the UK could soon have new good laws, protecting workers, migrants and the environment. Who needs the EU?¹⁰

Yet a prerequisite to lead a country is that to have clear positions; and Corbyn's positions equivocated. Interestingly, as soon as Brexit won, 'Remainer' Corbyn stated that:

'It was communities, often in former industrial heartlands, that had tended to vote for Brexit...'¹¹

Respecting these 'communities', Corbyn was happy to say that Parliament should accept that Brexit would happen and 'work with it'.¹²

On the sorts of EU migrants, Corbyn and his allies equivocated too. Worryingly, not a comment was said on the status of the EU citizens currently living in the UK, threatened by Theresa May. For Corbyn what mattered was the protection of the British workers' rights in Britain:

⁹ It is not clear how many Corbyn supporters were 'neutral' on Brexit; some polls show that most Momentum supporters (>60%) were pro-Remain; the new people joining Labour through 'the Corbyn effect' appear to be a mixture of old left types coming back to Labour (and so anti-EU) and other people who were new to politics; these latter have no prior commitment to anti-EU Bennism and many see the EU as progressive.

¹⁰ 'Jeremy Corbyn pledges to change Labour's policy on immigration after Brexit vote' *The Independent*, Saturday 25 June 2016, www.independent.co.uk. As we explained several times in *Aufheben*, this romantic idea of 'communities' is just ideological. In fact most of those who voted to leave were just individual tabloid or Telegraph readers.

¹¹ 'Jeremy Corbyn: Brexit is happening and Parliament must accept it', *The Independent*, 19 September 2016, www.independent.co.uk

¹² *Ibid.*

‘The red lines have to be: access to the European market, European Investment Bank, protection of maternity leave, paternity leave, minimum wage legislation. There has to be protection for people against workplace discrimination. Those issues to me are absolutely crucial’¹³

The rights of EU migrants to equal treatment could well slip through Corbyn’s ‘red lines’. This is part of an ideology that conflates the Freedom of Movement, a specific principle, with the general issues of border controls and ‘anti-racism’; and in turn conflates EU migrants with refugees.¹⁴ This conflation can well unite leftwing Remainers and Brexiteers, by sacrificing, and forgetting about, EU migrants and their rights.¹⁵

On his part, the Shadow Chancellor of the Exchequer, John McDonnell, repeated that the free movement of labour would end with Brexit and that Labour would ‘consult the British people’ (sic) on the issue of future migration.¹⁶ More enlightening, Corbyn replied to a question about the need for an upper migration limit with the following, unquestionable, statement:

‘I don’t think you can have one while you have the free movement of labour’ (sic)...¹⁷

a truism which even the *Telegraph* agreed with.¹⁸

At the end of September, Corbyn’s refusal to make promises on migration control under a future Labour government was generously interpreted as a combative defence of freedom of movement by leftwing media.¹⁹ In the face of this devoted trust, probably Corbyn and his allies have not clarified even to themselves what migration policy can be reasonably envisaged in the context of leaving the EU, an action that they have supported.

In the anarchist scene too, the referendum challenged radical purity. Anarchist issues are normally founded on a clear-cut moral stand, where what is bad is unquestionably bad and only needs action. As long as issues are chosen to fit moral categories, it is all indisputable: freedom and self determination is good, state control is bad, sexism and patriarchy are bad, animal cruelty is bad, racism and fascism are bad. But Brexit was a problem. On the one hand, the Brexit campaign was a nationalist and xenophobic campaign, which could comfortably fit the category of ‘fascism’. On the other hand, the Remain campaign was supported by Tories, politicians and experts who were part of the establishment, and the EU is an institution embedded in global capitalism, and controlled by bankers and international lobbies. This many simply sat on the fence, seeing the vote as an option between two bad authorities (the UK and the EU). A few even supported Lexit.

As a result of these moral dilemmas the campaign for Remain was left to liberals and important reasons for opposing Brexit were not highlighted from a radical standpoint.

¹³ Which is a mirror image of the ideology of the far right, as this conflation was used during the Brexit campaign.

¹⁴ Facing the attack from the new government on EU migrants, a Socialist Workers Party hack stated at a public meeting that the solution to the post-referendum racism was that to have lots of demonstrations against... the EDL. This only shows how far these ideologues are from reality.

¹⁵ ‘John McDonnell: Brexit will end free movement of people’, *The Guardian*, 1 July 2016, www.theguardian.com and BBC News, 19 June 2016, op. cit.

¹⁶ ‘Jeremy Corbyn says EU free movement means no immigration limit’, *BBC News*, 19 June 2016, www.bbc.co.uk; and ‘Jeremy Corbyn refuses to promise immigration cutback’, *The Week*, 28 September 2016, www.theweek.co.uk.

¹⁷ ‘At least Jeremy Corbyn tells the truth: being in the EU means unlimited immigration’, *The Telegraph*, 19 June 2016, www.telegraph.co.uk.

¹⁸ ‘Jeremy Corbyn’s refusal to promise EU migration cut is wise if the Tories’ track record is any guide’, *The Huffington Post*, 28 September 2016, www.huffingtonpost.co.uk.

¹⁹ In ‘Reclaim the state debate’, *Aufheben* #18 (2010), we discussed excellent criticism of structuralism, which assumes that subjectivity is shaped by such ‘objective’ structures, in particular that of Simon Clarke in *The State Debate* (edited by Simon Clarke), St Martin’s Press.

What's in the Law?

In his essays on class consciousness in capitalism, Georg Lukacs said that while past social relations were mystified by religious or other ideological constructions, in capitalism we can clearly see economic relations as driving society, and due to this clarity it is now possible to transform society through a conscious movement against exploitation. Yet, he also saw that our relations create their own mystification, which can affect the proletariat itself; for this reason, he concluded, a clear consciousness is only embodied by 'the party'.

It is indeed true that consciousness is shaped by capitalist society... but is it true that a Leninist party or an elite of radical intellectuals see better than the riff-raff?

It is a matter of fact that every social class system develops its special mystification. It is easy for us to see and criticise, for example, the religious beliefs that expressed and veiled at the same time feudal class relations, but it is incredibly difficult to disentangle the exploitation and unfairness of capitalism from its veils of liberal glitter. *The problem is that this is difficult for Leninist or a radical campaigner too.* In this section we will show that the demoralising ineffectiveness of the left in front of the Brexit campaign was rooted in the mystification of capitalism: commodity fetishism.

Commodity fetishism is an inversion of reality, where a relation among humans appears as a relation between commodities and money. In this inversion, capital or 'the economy' becomes the real protagonist of history, and dictates its needs and its rules to people – needs and rules that are more compelling than our individual needs or desires. Our bullying, misery and exploitation then appear as caused by objective, almost 'natural' forces, not by people. The fact that our relations are transformed into an objective 'thing', separate from any individuals, was called by Lukacs reification. At the same time, individuals relate to each other as free and equal buyers and sellers – only the money we have in our pocket dictates what we can eat, study, hope and be, and if we need to get a job... and there are people who can hope and be whatever they want, others who can't hope anything at all. Reification mystifies the fact that we live in an unequal society, where a class of people control all the means of production and another class of people have to work for them day in, day out.

Reification shapes all aspects of social life. Political, economic, cultural spheres appear too, to have a life on their own, dictating their 'objective' rules to people. The state and its laws are objectifications too. These structures are not an illusion, but a reality: for example, in order to make a political career one needs to play along with the rules of electoral democracy, and navigate the structures of unions, parties and states. Simply telling ourselves that these structures are 'a social construction' or an 'illusion' won't help – the need remains, for making a political career, to accept them as real and play along with them.

In this inverted relation, otherwise free and equal individuals, 'relate' to the state, by voting or being elected in it, and by abiding by or opposing its laws. But even being critical of the state, however clever our criticism is, will not abolish the state and its laws, because they are based on actual relations among people.

Yet, we *can* defy this 'solidity', and we do it through class struggle.²⁰ When workers, tenants, claimants, etc., are involved in a struggle connected to their needs, the focus can shift from *things* like money, laws, economy, to *our concrete situation and experience*. The stronger we are, the more cheeky questions we ask, shaking the solidity of capitalist constructions: 'fuck the *legal* contract, why should we be treated this way and paid so little?', 'fuck the Human Right to private property, why can't I use this empty flat?', 'there is no money my arse, why can my bosses go on holiday to Bali?'... The mystification is then unveiled and during the struggle our relations reveal themselves as what they are: a balance of forces between people (or better, people 'like us' and people 'like them': classes).

When past struggles ended, capital re-solidified. A law forbidding farmers to use some pesticides, or a law protecting pregnant women at work, expresses our victory, and the redefinition of a balance

²⁰ For a detailed chronology and analysis of the pension dispute, see S. Johns (2012) "The fight of our lives": An analysis of

of forces, but they appear again as things: new legal rights, which apparently emanate from something alien: a state. Those laws still reflect our victory, and, however weak we have become, we can still use them for our protection in our ongoing daily struggles with bosses or the government.

However, this ‘solidity’ is also challenged by the ruling class. As soon as our capacity to fight back has shrunk, the ruling class will try to redefine new ‘objective’ conditions, changing the laws. The fact that this happens through the objective realm of the state and its laws can paralyse our radical mind. After all, a law that protects pregnant workers or wildlife comes from the state. So why should we defend this law when the government wants to change it? Thus when various governments enacted attack after attack: benefit cuts, the abolition of security of tenure, the abolition of legal aid, the privatisation of public spaces... all this happened in the impotent silence of many radical people. To be fair, we can see the material weakness of the class behind this silence, but these unchallenged attacks have led to our increasing weakness and impotence.

The latest attack was the campaign for Brexit. It was UKIP’s clear intention to get rid of EU laws that impose equality at work, maternity and paternity pay, disability rights and holiday pay; as well as laws restricting the freedom for capitalists to pollute air, land and sea.

The fact that Brexit is the objectification of our defeat is also apparent from the dynamics of the campaign itself. While our challenge to capitalism involves the cheeky suspension of the ‘solid’ appearance of bourgeois structures of power, Brexit has emerged through state institutions. It used a referendum organised through the state, confirming the objectivity of the political sphere and of bourgeois democracy. Also, the result of the referendum immediately appeared as *a legal mandate for the state*: a ‘thing’, more solid than any real people. The migrants whose lives may be wrecked by Brexit do not count, the democratic mandate does. The voters who ‘repented’ do not count, the democratic mandate is more real than them. Any concrete objections do not count. Remarkably, the relation between this ‘democratic mandate’ and real individuals is the same as that between the state and ‘people’.

As the Brexit campaign played with, and reinforced, the reification of the political sphere, the ‘left’ and many radical people were caught by the same mystification.

The retreat of the anti-cuts movement, which petered out in 2012, following the defeat of the public pension dispute, encouraged an ideological counter-attack from the far right, which culminated with Brexit. Meanwhile, class struggle was substituted by its weirdest reified surrogate in the history of the British left.²¹

Just a few months before the EU referendum, Labour party back-bencher Jeremy Corbyn was propelled into leadership through an online vote of leftwing supporters. All eyes and hopes then focused on this newly elected leader and his heroic navigation through the structures of the party and the state, and a new group, Momentum, was created to support him. An institutional power game appeared to do the magic of advancing the left into prominence: a success that real people had been unable to achieve through industrial disputes and a mass movement during the anti-cuts campaign.

In the past, the power of socialist governments or politicians had normally emerged from the settlement of some class struggle or mass movement into institutional shapes – the Corbyn effect appeared to have inverted this dynamic, with an electoral victory within bourgeois institutions leading to a movement pivoting around the electoral victory after the actual defeat of a class struggle.

If all the leftwing eyes and hopes focused on the reified structures of capitalist power, it is not surprising that the Trots who voted for Brexit had no time for its consequences on migrants and workers. What’s the point of considering real people, when people are eclipsed behind the glitter of reification?

Also many radicals were caught by the same reification. If it’s all about ‘us’ and solid, abstract, authorities over there, a radical position would be to oppose *both* the state and the EU or even vote

the UK pensions dispute, Libcom.

²¹ E.g. Rousseau.

against the EU, because it is a form of state. Again, any appeal for solidarity from the real individuals threatened by Brexit was dismissed.

In the next sections, we will see how the victory for Brexit would reinforce capitalism by dividing the working class, and that those who are involved in however small struggles around, can *see* this.

The ‘Freedom of Movement’ and Freedom for the Movements – the Contradictions of Capitalism

Since its beginnings, capitalism has been faced by moral criticism based on ideal positions – money is bad, the bourgeois state is bad, the police are bad, poverty is bad, industrialization is bad...²² Yet a moralistic challenge will not destroy capital; for example, good-hearted Christian criticism has never challenged it, but also abstract radical moralism can be as ineffective.

The applies also to the issues of the EU. There are plenty of moral/radical judgements that are abstractly true – the EU is a capitalist institution; it *does* reflect the interests of capitalists; it *is* embedded in a global economy, etc. Yet knowing and proclaiming all this will not liberate us from capitalism or from the global economy – let alone asking a Tory government to lead us out of the EU! Instead, the practical actions of people who take advantage of the present, including the EU, can be a good start.

One of these contradictions is the Freedom of Movement. It is true that European capital uses migration to divert competition in the labour market towards areas where labour is in demand. The unemployed individual who is forced by his country’s economy to move abroad for jobs is in this sense a pawn in a machine intended to make production efficient. Yet, at closer inspection, *all* the unemployed and workers who are forced to compete against each other for jobs or careers are pawns of the same machine, and the British workers who feel forced by these same laws to antagonise with migrants *are* the best pawns of all, as this division effectively defuses our potential for rebellion.

In fact our rebellion against capital *must* first of all challenge our division along national lines, as well as along other lines such as gender or race. In light of this, in this section we discuss the success of a collaboration among activists from all parts of Europe and how these protesters took advantage of the Freedom of Movement, turning it into a motorway for solidarity and direct action.

In May 2016 social centre CASE Central gave its minibus to a group of people from Brighton and London, composed of British and EU citizens, to attend an international protest against a huge opencast coal mine in Lusatia, Germany.²³ Air pollution and carbon emission is an international issue and it is important that protests are international – a national protest would have attracted far less people and would have been seen as a local issue.

The participation from Brighton and London was made possible because of the Freedom of Movement. The minibus could be driven by both a British and a German, it crossed the English Channel, travelled through Belgium and France, arrived in Germany, and came back. No problems with borders, no problems with traffic wardens, no problems with the insurance: all this *because we are in the EU*. The EU legislation on freedom of movement was turned on its head to become our freedom to challenge capital around Europe.²⁴

This freedom has been already exploited by many European movements, allowing, for example, the creation of a large European LGBT, and allowing people to travel to France and Greece in solidarity with workers on strike. Other examples of such international networking are the international anti-fascist self-defence gatherings that have taken place around Europe, last time in Poland, and which will continue in spring 2017 with a gathering in Brighton.

²² reclaimthepower.org.uk

²³ The merits of individual actions or demos across Europe is a separate issue. What is important is that the potential for transnational solidarity would be affected by a clamp down on the freedom of movement.

²⁴ *Nnamdi Onuekwere v Secretary of State for the Home Department*

It is true that people could travel around to protests before the EU opened its borders, and that wealthy radical students can travel to Seattle or Brazil for anti-capitalist gatherings. But the Freedom of Movement has made connections much cheaper and accessible: just grab a minibus and go! Together with making our connections easier, the Freedom of Movement has created the conditions to abolish our mental divisions: by developing concrete solidarity across borders and nationalities against the common enemy. This is more than clear to the far right, who would be happy to see environmental, anti-fascist and LGBT activism set back in Europe.

Freedom of Movement and *The Freedom of Movement* – Illegality as a Weapon of Capitalism

The Freedom of Movement is a contradiction of capitalism also in another respect: our potential to establish solidarity in our workplaces.

We need to clarify that *the* Freedom of Movement of labour is not just... freedom of movement, i.e. ‘allowing free access’ to migrants: it is also, and fundamentally, *a set of rules* that obliges each member state to treat all EU workers and self employed equally. Understanding this is fundamental: without the Freedom of Movement, all EU migrants would be desperate for any crap job, and their struggle to survive would work more efficiently in undermining all wages and working conditions. The principle of the Freedom of Movement were agreed to avoid the most extreme effects of migration.

Brexit will not stop migration, whether legal or illegal. In fact the leader of the House of Commons at the time), Chris Grayling, suggested that EU migrants entering the UK from the Republic of Ireland would not need a visa, but could simply be denied a National Insurance number. It is clear that the ruling class is not interested in stopping the movement of EU workers to the UK, but to undermine their rights and divide them from national workers.

The separation of workers into ‘legal’ and ‘illegal’ is already an instrument of division which has a significant impact on solidarity in workplaces. In order to see how subtly this works, we will now mention a workplace issue, which involved foreign workers.

The scenario in this case was a small food outlet run as a family business. The owner ran the outlet with patriarchal authority, creating a system of personal favours, hiring illegal migrants and paying them under the counter and below the minimum wage. This created a bond between employer and employees, based on gratitude for the favours, and perhaps also a shared feeling of solidarity *against the state*, as both the petty bourgeois employer and their employees dodged the law. Yet all this also consolidated a very exploitative relationship, where lack of rights made the illegal workers subject to the whims of their employer.

At the same time this situation also divided illegal and legal workers. The employees from the EU *had rights, guaranteed by the Freedom of Movement*. This meant that their entitlements did not depend on the employer’s patriarchal good heart at all and that they could then see themselves in antagonism with the capital that hired them. Yet, with such a divided workforce, solidarity was impossible. In fact, the case started when a worker from the EU fell out with an illegal workmate: the illegal workmate stuck to the employer, and grassed the other up for minor issues, obtaining an unfair dismissal. After a brief dispute, the leaving worker obtained holiday pay, yet she did not, and could not, receive support from within her workplace.

We need to add that not just ‘illegal’ workers, also non-EU migrants who are granted a visa through their employers will be at their mercy, as they can have their work permit withdrawn at the employer’s whim.

Currently, all workers from the EU are treated equally as British workers and their status does not depend on the will of their employers. For this reason, their loyalty can then develop along clear class lines. For example, we know about Eastern European health and social care workers who tried to initiate

a workplace struggle in a care home, involving their British colleagues. By depriving EU migrants of their rights, Brexit will undermine this potential.

Besides our solidarity against the employers, Brexit will undermine our solidarity against the state. Currently, Polish, Italian, and German citizens are not uncommon in protests such as anti-fascist demos or direct actions in the UK. Less common are people from outside the EU. This is not because of a lack of political awareness (in fact, for example, many Iranian refugees were leftwing activists in their country) but because of a condition of vulnerability, as non-EU migrants depend on leaves issued by the national state. Unlike them, EU citizens feel that they can happily antagonise the state and risk arrest, without fearing repercussions, precisely because their right to stay is an ‘aura’ that derives from EU laws and not the state.

It is true that the British government has worked hard to undermine this aura. Following an appeal from the UK government, in January 2014, an EU court decided that prison terms can seriously disrupt EU rights of residence.²⁵ Yet, most EU citizens are still protected, and feel safe in rebellious events, side by side with their British mates. These rights, however, can be wiped out by Brexit. The intention is there: Home Secretary Amber Rudd has just announced at the Conservative Party Conference in Birmingham that even before Brexit the new government will push to deport EU citizens found guilty of repeated minor offences.²⁶

Brexit will be the victory of a system which uses borders and illegality as a weapon to divide and weaken us. But the Lexiteers are still proud of this. After all, their anti-racist beliefs will shine unspoiled under the new conditions, *which they have voted to have* – and why not, with migrants under threat and the far right empowered, being an anti-racist will be even more exciting! This is, again, ineffective ideology. Our belief that ‘solidarity has no borders’ does not stand on abstract truths written once and for all by the Marxs and Bakunins and preserved in formalin, but on what we are going to lose: the concrete practice of struggle side by side.

In fact, perhaps we should not expect any exciting leftwing actions in defence of EU citizens at all. It is indeed instructive to compare the reaction to the banning of the Islamic ‘burkini’ garment in France and the xenophobic murder of a Polish migrant in Harlow, which both hapened in the late summer of 2016. The search engine reveals the following posts/entries between August and 1 October 2016 (picture below).

Mentioning	Burkini ban	Murder/vigil
Left Wing and Proud (Facebook Group)	12	2
Socialist Worker (Britain) (Facebook Page)	6	1
Socialist Worker (Website)	18	3
Brighton People’s Assembly against Austerity (Page)	4	0

Significantly, the Facebook group ‘*EU leave and remain voters united against racism and prejudice*’ had in the same period no posts at all on the assault in Harlow or on the vigil that followed it, which

²⁵ ‘EU criminals facing deportation and UK ban for up to 10 years’, Sky News, Tuesday 4 October 2016, news.sky.com

²⁶ This bankruptcy is exemplified by the action taken in July 2013 by six senior officers of Brighton and Hove District Trades Council and managers of the Brighton Unemployed Workers’ Centre, when a worker from the EU who had lived, studied, and worked in the UK for 20 years, complained about a xenophobic email sent to a British co-worker by her manager and UNISON officer Tony Greenstein: ‘*P. is a liar who only half understands English I’m not speaking 2 the bitch give me some credit*’. The reaction was: silence – not even a single word in solidarity with the worker, let alone a word censoring the email. In fact concrete solidarity was better shown to the worker by the supposedly politically illiterate proletariat of the local council estate.

would be expected from a group with such a name! In terms of action, while we would expect at least a mini demo in Brighton after a murder, there was none, while the burkini ban had a beach demo on 27 August, as well as an emergency demo in London on 26 August.

If this happened after a murder, we wonder what level of action we are going to see when thousands of EU citizens lose their rights. It is more realistic to think that the left will be too busy with other, more ideologically uncontroversial, issues.²⁷

Brexit Means What? Working Rights and Exploitation

Also the loss of EU directives that protect workers' rights (minimum wage, pregnancy and sickness rights etc.) is not a step out of global capitalism at all, especially in a situation, like the UK, of very low class militancy.

Like all laws and rights, EU rights are the result of a class settlement, but in this case the settlement has congealed the outcomes of struggles which have taken place in Europe. While the working class in the UK has quietly accepted to work harder on zero hour contracts after the financial crisis, other countries still face resistance from their working class. Although one may simplistically expect that an institution of the ruling class should automatically be against workers' rights, it is in the interest of capitalism that standards achieved in other countries, for example France or Germany, are imposed throughout the EU in order to protect national capitals against unfair competition. Thus EU directives impose, at least formally, minimum standards on British employers.

For a few years already UKIP had campaigned against rights at work, especially those imposed by EU directives, and their Brexit campaign was consistent with this. Attacking the EU and its 'red tape' meant to attack the laws that regulated work as well as the use of pesticides, gas emissions, animal welfare, etc.

When the British people voted for Brexit, they were not told what Brexit meant – but this question became relevant only after the vote was made. Crucially, the question 'what does Brexit mean *for the working class?*' was not spelt out during the campaign. But something is now taking shape, with May blatantly pushing for very rightwing changes, for example the re-introduction of grammar schools.

The alliance of UKIP and Johnson was a winning combination. Johnson had been pro-EU for years, even demanding that Turkey be admitted to the EU 'to reconstruct the Roman Empire'. For the neoliberal Johnson, Brexit means to fully expose the UK to global capitalism. More than an opportunity, this will be a need: if the UK leaves the EU, it will be desperate for any trade deals, and will have to negotiate these deals with large powers and aggressive multinational corporations *as a country on its own*. China is well aware of this weakness: in the aftermath of the referendum, May was told that a refusal to go ahead with the controversial nuclear power station at Hinkley Point would jeopardise any future trade deals with China. A similar blackmail of the EU would have been impossible, but the UK needs to trade with China, while China does not need to trade with a small island.

Although UKIP's nationalism would superficially appear to be at the nadir of Johnson's globalism, the conjunction of 'stars' Farage and Johnson makes sense if we see Brexit, simply, as a victory of the ruling class. If UK industry is open to global competition, as Johnson is happy to prospect, national industry will have to adopt a new ethos of production of the sake of international competition. Already in September 2016, Brexiteer Trade minister Liam Fox said at a Conservative 'Way Forward' event for business leaders:

'We've got to change the culture in our country. People have to stop thinking about exporting as an opportunity and start thinking about it as a duty...'²⁸

And a new ethos of work and money discipline will have to be re-imposed after decades of 'laziness':

²⁷ 'No10 distances itself from Liam Fox remarks on 'lazy' companies', *The Guardian*, 13 September 2016.

²⁸ *Ibid.*

‘This country is not the free-trading nation that it once was. We have become too lazy, and too fat on our successes in previous generations.’²⁹

What appeared to be a reproach to ‘lazy’ chief executives, was in fact an appeal to make British production more efficient – after all, efficiency of production does not depend on whether its directors play golf, but on their capacity to squeeze their workers. In order to survive, British industry will have to streamline production to the standards of Jakarta, or Bangladesh – this means first of all to reduce *the costs of labour as well as environmental costs*, degrading the treatment of workers, animals, land, water and air. Thus the protection of workers imposed by the EU, however flimsy and difficult to enforce, will have to go, as Farage was happy to prospect.

The smaller domestic industry and petty bourgeois businesses will be under threat from global capital, but there will be lots of illegal migrants from the EU to squeeze.

So, all the pieces of this the Brexit puzzle fit together, suggesting one meaning: *Brexit means UKIP*. The British capitalists who have been reluctant to face dramatic changes may accept the new challenge and its potential for extreme exploitation of the working class. All this, in the silence and acquiescence of many British workers who think that Brexit is a fantastic pro-working-class achievement, and in the silence and acquiescence of a politically obtuse radical left.

Conclusion

In this article we have argued that the Brexit victory reflected a victory of the far right. We have also seen that many people in the radical left have been blinded by the ideological forms of our social relations to the point of accepting this victory with acquiescence, or even supporting it.

A question remains: since the mystification of capitalism acts upon anyone, why are we able to criticise them? Have we read the right books? Or are we more clever? Not at all. We can criticise them because we have been involved in campaigns and direct action, supporting migrants and casual workers in their benefits and workplace disputes. Unlike some left wing or ‘political’ people who can only see the world from a secure job and a secure home, those who have a direct experience of class struggle for their survival are more likely to perceive the direct relations of bullying and exploitation behind the forms of bourgeois power – even if they have never read Marx! From this perspective, Brexit is not an abstract issue of ‘globalisation’, or ‘bureaucracy’ or any other clever, politically educated issues: it is simply, and obviously, the ruling class’s concrete attempt to undermine our solidarity in the workplace and in the streets.³⁰

From this point of view, supporting a movement to defetishise the ‘democratic’ results of the referendum and sabotage the Brexiteers’ plans would make sense.

²⁹ Analogously, it was only because of involvement in struggles with the German proletariat that gave Marx the opportunity to see through the veils of the capitalist forms – and not because of his philosophical studies.

³⁰ Aaron Winter, “Online Hate: From the Far-Right to the ‘Alt-Right’, and from the Margins to the Mainstream,” in *Online Othering: Exploring Digital Violence and Discrimination on the Web*, edited by Karen Lumsden and Emily Harmer (London: Palgrave, 2019).

20. The Oppositional Gaze

Subtitle: Black Female Spectators

Author: Bell Hooks

Topics: The Male Gaze, The Oppositional Gaze, Feminism, Black Feminism, Cinema

Date: 1992

Source: Black Looks: Race and Representation

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Note: The essay that coined the term “the oppositional gaze.” Contains discussions of the intersection of the black and female experiences with the theater in the period. How “the gaze” of any given individual holds power.

Deleted reason: not anarchist

Bell Hooks, in *Black Looks: Race and Representation*

Chapter 7

The Oppositional Gaze Black Female Spectators

When thinking about black female spectators, I remember being punished as a child for staring, for those hard intense direct looks children would give grown-ups, looks that were seen as confrontational, as gestures of resistance, challenges to authority. The “gaze” has always been political in my life. Imagine the terror felt by the child who has come to understand through repeated punishments that one’s gaze can be dangerous. The child who has learned so well to look the other way when necessary-. Yet, when punished, the child is told by parents, “Look at me when I talk to you.” Only, the child is afraid to look. Afraid to look, but fascinated by the gaze. There is power in looking.

Amazed the first time I read in history classes that white slave owners (men, women, and children) punished enslaved black people for looking, I wondered how this traumatic relationship to the gaze had informed black parenting and black spectatorship. The politics of slavery, of racialized power relations, were such that the slaves were denied their right to gaze. Connecting this strategy of domination to that used by grown folks in southern black rural communities where I grew up, I was pained to think that there was no absolute difference between whites who had oppressed black people and ourselves. Years later, reading Michel Foucault, I thought again about these connections, about the ways power as domination reproduces itself in different locations employing similar apparatuses, strategies, and mechanisms of control. Since I knew as a child that the dominating power adults exercised over me and over my gaze was never so absolute that I did not dare to look, to sneak a peep, to stare dangerously, I knew that the slaves had looked. That all attempts to repress our/black peoples’ right to gaze had produced in us an overwhelming longing to look, a rebellious desire, an oppositional gaze. By courageously looking, we defiantly declared: “Not only will I stare. I want my look to change reality.” Even in the worst circumstances of domination, the ability to manipulate one’s gaze in the face of structures of domination that would contain it, opens up the possibility of agency. In much of his work, Michel Foucault insists on describing domination in terms of “relations of power” as part of an effort to challenge the assumption that “power is a system of domination which controls everything and which leaves no room for freedom.” Emphatically stating that in all relations of power “there is necessarily the possibility of resistance,” he invites the critical thinker to search those margins, gaps, and locations on and through the body where agency can be found.

Stuart Hall calls for recognition of our agency as black spectators in his essay “Cultural Identity and Cinematic Representation.” Speaking against the construction of white representations of blackness as totalizing, Hall says of white presence: “The error is not to

conceptualize this 'presence' in terms of power, but to locate that power as wholly external to us-as extrinsic force, whose influence. can be thrown off like the serpent sheds its skin. What Franz Fanon reminds us, in *Black Skin, White Masks*, is how power is inside as well as outside:

... the movements, the attitudes, the glances of the Other fixed me there, in the sense in which a chemical solution is fixed by a dye. I was indignant; I demanded an explanation. Nothing happened. I burst apart. Now the fragments have been put together again by another self. This "look," from-so to speak-the place of the Other, fixes us, not only in its violence, hostility and aggression, but in the ambivalence of its desire.

Spaces of agency exist for black people, wherein we can both interrogate the gaze of the Other but also look back, and at one another, naming what we see. The "gaze" has been and is a site of resistance for colonized black people globally. Subordinates in relations of power learn experientially that there is a critical gaze, one that "looks" to document, one that is oppositional. In resistance struggle, the power of the dominated to assert agency by claiming and cultivating "awareness" politicizes "looking" relations-one learns to look a certain way in order to resist.

When most black people in the United States first had the opportunity to look at film and television, they did so fully aware that mass media was a system of knowledge and power reproducing and maintaining white supremacy. To stare at the television, or mainstream movies, to engage its images, was to engage its negation of black representation. It was the oppositional black gaze that responded to these looking relations by developing independent black cinema. Black viewers of mainstream cinema and television could chart the progress of political movements for racial equality via the construction of images, and did so. Within my family's southern black working-class home, located in a racially segregated neighborhood, watching television was one way to develop critical spectatorship. Unless you went to work in the white world, across the tracks, you learned to look at white people by staring at them on the screen. Black looks, as they were constituted in the context of social movements for racial uplift, were interrogating gazes. We laughed at television shows like *Our Gang* and *Amos 'n 'Andy*, at these white representations of blackness, but we also looked at them critically. Before racial integration, black viewers of movies and television experienced visual pleasure in a context where looking was also about contestation and confrontation.

Writing about black looking relations in "Black British Cinema: Spectatorship and Identity Formation in Territories," Manthia Diawara identifies the power of the spectator: "Every narration places the spectator in a position of agency; and race, class and sexual relations influence the way in which this subjecthood is filled by the spectator." Of particular concern for him are moments of "rupture" when the spectator resists "complete identification with the film's discourse." These ruptures define the relation between black spectators and dominant cinema prior to racial integration. Then, one's enjoyment of a film wherein representations of blackness were stereotypically degrading and dehumanizing co-existed with a critical practice that restored presence where it was negated. Critical discussion of the film while it was in progress or at its conclusion maintained the distance between spectator and the image. Black films were also subject to critical interrogation. Since they came into being in part as a response to the failure of white-dominated cinema to represent blackness in a manner that did not reinforce white supremacy, they too were critiqued to see if images were seen as complicit with dominant cinematic practices.

Critical, interrogating black looks were mainly concerned with issues of race and racism, the way racial domination of blacks by whites overdetermined representation. They were

rarely concerned with gender. As spectators, black men could repudiate the reproduction of racism in cinema and television, the negation of black presence, even as they could feel as though they were rebelling against white supremacy by daring to look, by engaging phallogentric politics of spectatorship. Given the real life public circumstances wherein black men were murdered/lynched for looking at white womanhood, where the black male gaze was always subject to control and/or punishment by the powerful white Other, the private realm of television screens or dark theaters could unleash the repressed gaze. There they could “look” at white womanhood without a structure of domination overseeing the gaze, interpreting, and punishing. That white supremacist structure that had murdered Emmet Till after interpreting his look as violation, as “rape” of white womanhood, could not control black male responses to screen images. In their role as spectators, black men could enter an imaginative space of phallogentric power that mediated racial negation. This gendered relation to looking made the experience of the black male spectator radically different from that of the black female spectator. Major early black male independent filmmakers represented black women in their films as objects of male gaze. Whether looking through the camera or as spectators watching films, whether mainstream cinema or “race” movies such as those made by Oscar Micheaux, the black male gaze had a different scope from that of the black female.

Black women have written little about black female spectatorship, about our moviegoing practices. A growing body of film theory and criticism by black women has only begun to emerge. The prolonged silence of black women as spectators and critics was a response to absence, to cinematic negation. In “The Technology of Gender,” Teresa de Lauretis, drawing on the work of Monique Wittig, calls attention to “the power of discourses to ‘do violence’ to people, a violence which is material and physical, although produced by abstract and scientific discourses as well as the discourses of the mass media.” With the possible exception of early race movies, black female spectators have had to develop looking relations within a cinematic context that constructs our presence as absence, that denies the “body” of the black female so as to perpetuate white supremacy and with it a phallogentric spectatorship where the woman to be looked at and desired is “white.” (Recent movies do not conform to this paradigm but I am turning to the past with the intent to chart the development of black female spectatorship.)

Talking with black women of all ages and classes, in different areas of the United States, about their filmic looking relations, I hear again and again ambivalent responses to cinema. Only a few of the black women I talked with remembered the pleasure of race movies, and even those who did, felt that pleasure interrupted and usurped by Hollywood. Most of the black women I talked with were adamant that they never went to movies expecting to see compelling representations of black femaleness. They were all acutely aware of cinematic racism’s violent erasure of black womanhood. In Anne Friedberg’s essay “A Denial of Difference: Theories of Cinematic Identification” she stresses that “identification can only be made through recognition, and all recognition is itself an implicit confirmation of the ideology of the status quo.” Even when representations of black women were present in film, our bodies and being were there to serve—to enhance and maintain white womanhood as object of the phallogentric gaze.

Commenting on Hollywood’s characterization of black women in *Girls on Film*, Julie Burchill describes this absent presence:

Black women have been mothers without children (Mammies—who can ever forget the sickening spectacle of Hattie MacDaniels waiting on the simpering Vivien Leigh hand and foot and enquiring like a niddy, “What’s ma Jamb gonna wear?”) ... Lena Home, the first black performer signed to a long term contract with a major (MGM), looked gutless but

was actually quite spirited. She seethed when Tallulah Bankhead complimented her on the paleness of her skin and the non-Negroidness of her features.

When black women actresses like Lena Home appeared in mainstream cinema most white viewers were not aware that they were looking at . black females unless the film was specifically coded as being about blacks. Burchill is one of the few white women film critics who has dared to examine the intersection of race and gender in relation to the construction of the category “woman” in film as object of the phallogentric gaze. With characteristic wit she asserts: “What does it say about racial purity that the best blondes have all been brunettes (Harlow, Monroe, Bardot)? I think it says that we are not as white as we think.” Burchill could easily have said “we are not as white as we want to be,” for clearly the obsession to have white women film stars be ultra-white was a cinematic practice that sought to maintain a distance, a separation between that image and the black female Other; it was a way to perpetuate white supremacy. Politics of race and gender were inscribed into mainstream cinematic narrative from *Birth of A Nation* on. As a seminal work, this film identified what the place and function of white womanhood would be in cinema. There was clearly no place for black women.

Remembering my past in relation to screen images of black womanhood, I wrote a short essay, “Do you remember Sapphire?” which explored both the negation of black female representation in cinema and television and our rejection of these images. Identifying the character of “Sapphire” from Amos ‘n ‘Andy as that screen representation of black femaleness I first saw in childhood, I wrote:

She was even then backdrop, foil. She was bitch-nag. She was there to soften images of black men, to make them seem vulnerable, easygoing, funny, and unthreatening to a white audience. She was there as man in drag, as castrating bitch, as someone to be lied to, someone to be tricked, someone the white and black audience could hate. Scapegoated on all sides. She was not us. We laughed with the black men, with the white people. We laughed at this black woman who was not us. And we did not even long to be there on the screen. How could we long to be there when our image, visually constructed, was so ugly. We did not long to be there. We did not long for her. We did not want our construction to be this hated black female thing-foil, backdrop. Her black female image was not the body of desire. There was nothing to see. She was not us.

Grown black women had a different response to Sapphire; they identified with her frustrations and her woes. They resented the way she was mocked. They resented the way these screen images could assault black womanhood, could name us bitches, nags. And in opposition they claimed Sapphire as their own, as the symbol of that angry part of themselves white folks and black men could not even begin to understand.

Conventional representations of black women have clone violence to the image. Responding to this assault, many black women spectators shut out the image, looked the other way, accorded cinema no importance in their lives. Then there were those spectators whose gaze was that of desire and complicity. Assuming a posture of subordination, they submitted to cinema’s capacity to seduce and betray. They were cinematically “gaslighted.” Every black woman I spoke with who was/is an ardent moviegoer; a lover of the Hollywood film, testified that to experience fully the pleasure of that cinema they had to close down critique, analysis; they had to forget racism. And mostly they did not think about sexism. What was the nature then of this adoring black The Oppositional Gaze 121 female gaze—this look that could bring pleasure in the midst of negation? In her first novel, *The Bluest Eye*, Toni Morrison constructs a portrait of the black female spectator; her gaze is the

masochistic look of victimization. Describing her looking relations, Miss Pauline Breedlove, a poor working woman, maid in the house of a prosperous white family, asserts:

The onliest time I be happy seem like was when I was in the picture show. Every time I got, I went, I'd go early, before the show started. They's cut off the lights, and everything be black. Then the screen would light up, and I's move right on in them picture. White men taking such good care of they women, and they all dressed up in big clean houses with the bath tubs right in the same room with the toilet. Them pictures gave me a lot of pleasure.

To experience pleasure, Miss Pauline sitting in the dark must imagine herself transformed, turned into the white woman portrayed on the screen. After watching movies, feeling the pleasure, she says, "But it made coming home hard."

We come home to ourselves. Not all black women spectators submitted to that spectacle of regression through identification. Most of the women I talked with felt that they consciously resisted identification with films—that this tension made moviegoing less than pleasurable; ~t times it caused pain. As one black woman put, "I could always get pleasure from movies as long as I did not look too deep." For black female spectators who have "looked too deep" the encounter with the screen hurt. That some of us chose to stop looking was a gesture of resistance, turning away was one way to protest, to reject negation. My pleasure in the screen ended abruptly when I and my sisters first watched *Imitation of Life*. Writing about this experience in the "Sapphire" piece, I addressed the movie directly, confessing:

I had until now forgotten you, that screen image seen in adolescence, those images that made me stop looking. It was there in *Imitation of Life*, that comfortable mammy image. There was something familiar about this hard-working black woman who loved her daughter so much, loved her in a way that hurt. Indeed, as young southern black girls watching this film, Peola's mother reminded us of the hardworking, churchgoing, Big Mamas we knew and loved. Consequently, it was not this image that captured our gaze; we were fascinated by Peola.

Addressing her, I wrote:

You were different. There was something scary in this image of young sexual sensual black beauty betrayed—that daughter who did not want to be confined by blackness, that "tragic mulatton who did not want to be negated. just let me escape this image forever, n she could have said. I will always remember that image. I remembered how we cried for her, for our unrealized desiring selves. She was tragic because there was no place in the cinema for her, no loving pictures. She too was absent image. It was better then, that we were absent, for when we were there it was humiliating, strange, sad. We cried all night for you, for the cinema that had no place for you. And like you, we stopped thinking it would one day be different.

When I returned to films as a young woman, after a long period of silence, I had developed an oppositional gaze. Not only would I not be hurt by the absence of black female presence, or the insertion of violating representation, I interrogated the work, cultivated a way to look past race and gender for aspects of content, form, language. Foreign films and U.S. independent cinema were the primary locations of my filmic looking relations, even though I also watched Hollywood films.

From “jump, n black female spectators have gone to films with awareness of the way in which race and racism determined the visual construction of gender. Whether it was *Birth of A Nation* or *Shirley Temple* shows, we knew that white womanhood was the racialized sexual difference occupying the place of stardom in mainstream narrative film. We assumed white women knew itto. Reading LauraMulvey’s provocative essay, “Visual Pleasure and Narrative Cinema, n from a standpoint that acknowledges race, one sees clearly why black women spectators not duped by mainstream cinema would develop an oppositional gaze. Placing ourselves outside that pleasure in looking, Mulvey argues, was determined by a “split between active/male and passive/female.” Black female spectators actively chose not to identify with the film’s imaginary subject because such identification was disenabling.

Looking at films with an oppositional gaze, black women were able to critically assess the cinema’s construction of white womanhood as object of phallogentric gaze and choose not to identify with either the victim or the perpetrator. Black female spectators, who refused to identify with white womanhood, who would not take on the phallogentric gaze of desire and possession, created a critical space *The Oppositional Gaze* 123 where the binary opposition Mulvey posits of “woman as image, man as bearer of the look” was continually deconstructed. As critical spectators, black women looked from location that disrupted, one akin to that described by Annette Kuhn in *The Power of The Image*:

... the acts of analysis, of deconstruction and of reading “against the grain” offer an additional pleasure—the pleasure of resistance, of saying “no”: not to “unsophisticated” enjoyment, by ourselves and others, of culturally dominant images, but to the structures of power which ask us to consume them uncritically and in highly circumscribed ways.

Mainstream feminist film criticism in no way acknowledges black female spectatorship. It does not even consider the possibility that women can construct an oppositional gaze via an understanding and awareness of the politics of race and racism. Feminist film theory rooted in an ahistorical psychoanalytic framework that privileges sexual difference actively suppresses recognition of race, reenacting and mirroring the erasure of black womanhood that occurs in films, silencing any discussion of racial difference—of racialized sexual difference. Despite feminist critical interventions aimed at deconstructing the category “woman” which highlight the significance of race, many feminist film critics continue to structure their discourse as though it speaks about “women” when in actuality it speaks only about white women. It seems ironic that the cover of the recent anthology *Feminism and Film Theory* edited by Constance Penley has a graphic that is a reproduction of the photo of white actresses Rosalind Russell and Dorothy Arzner on the 1936 set of the film *Craig’s Wife* yet there is no acknowledgment in any essay in this collection that the woman “subject” under discussion is always white. Even though there are photos of black women from films reproduced in the text, there is no acknowledgment of racial difference.

It would be too simplistic to interpret this failure of insight solely as a gesture of racism. Importantly, it also speaks to the problem of structuring feminist film theory around a totalizing narrative of woman as object whose image functions solely to reaffirm and reinscribe patriarchy. Mary Ann Doane addresses this issue in the essay “Remembering Women: Psychological and Historical Construction in Film Theory”:

This attachment to the figure of a degeneralizable Woman as the product of the apparatus indicates why, for many, feminist film theory seems to have reached an impasse, a certain blockage in its theorization ... In focusing upon the task

of delineating in great detail the attributes of woman as effect of the apparatus, feminist film theory participates in the abstraction of women.

The concept "Woman" effaces the difference between women in specific socio-historical contexts, between women defined precisely as historical subjects rather than as a psychic subject (or non-subject). Though Doane does not focus on race, her comments speak directly to the problem of its erasure. For it is only as one imagines "woman" in the abstract, when woman becomes fiction or fantasy, can race not be seen as significant. Are we really to imagine that feminist theorists writing only about images of white women, who subsume this specific historical subject under the totalizing category "woman," do not "see" the whiteness of the image? It may very well be that they engage in a process of denial that eliminates the necessity of revisioning conventional ways of thinking about psychoanalysis as a paradigm of analysis and the need to rethink a body of feminist film theory that is firmly rooted in a denial of the reality that sex/sexuality may not be the primary and/or exclusive signifier of difference. Doane's essay appears in a very recent anthology, *Psychoanalysis and Cinema* edited by E. Ann Kaplan, where, once again, none of the theory presented acknowledges or discusses racial difference, with the exception of one essay, "Not Speaking with Language, Speaking with No Language," which problematizes notions of orientalism in its examination of Leslie Thornton's film *Adynata*. Yet in most of the essays, the theories espoused are rendered problematic if one includes race as a category of analysis.

Constructing feminist film theory along these lines enables the production of a discursive practice that need never theorize any aspect of black female representation or spectatorship. Yet the existence of black women within white supremacist culture problematizes, and makes complex, the overall issue of female identity, representation, and spectatorship. If, as Friedberg suggests, "identification is a process which commands the subject to be displaced by an other; it is a procedure which breeches the separation between self and other, and, in this way, replicates the very structure of patriarchy." If identification "demands- sameness, necessitates similarity, disallows difference" must we then surmise that many feminist film critics who are "overidentified" with the mainstream cinematic apparatus produce theories that replicate its totalizing agenda? Why is it that feminist film criticism, which has most claimed the terrain of woman's identity, representation, and subjectivity as its field of analysis, remains aggressively silent on the subject of blackness and specifically representations of black womanhood? Just as mainstream cinema has historically forced black female spectators not to look, much feminist film criticism disallows the possibility of a theoretical dialogue that might include black women's voices. It is difficult to talk when you feel no one is listening, when you feel as though a special jargon or narrative has been created that only the chosen can understand. No wonder then that black women have for the most part confined our critical commentary on film to conversations. And it must be reiterated that this gesture is a strategy that protects us from the violence perpetuated and advocated by discourses of mass media. A new focus on issues of race and representation in the field of film theory could critically intervene on the historical repression . reproduced in some arenas of contemporary critical practice, making a discursive space for discussion of black female spectatorship possible.

When I asked a black woman in her twenties, an obsessive moviegoer, why she thought we had not written about black female spectatorship, she commented: "We are afraid to talk about ourselves as spectators because we have been so abused by 'the gaze'." An aspect of that abuse was the imposition of the assumption that black female looking relations were not important enough to theorize. Film theory as a critical "turf" in the

United States has been and continues to be influenced by and reflective of white racial domination. Since feminist film criticism was initially rooted in a women's liberation movement informed by racist practices, it did not open up the discursive terrain and make it more inclusive. Recently, even those white film theorists who include an analysis of race show no interest in black female spectatorship. In her introduction to the collection of essays *Visual and Other Pleasures*, Laura Mulvey describes her initial romantic absorption in Hollywood cinema, stating:

<quote>Although this great, previously unquestioned and unanalyzed love was put in crisis by the impact of feminism on my thought in the early 1970s, it also had an enormous influence on the development of my critical work and ideas and the debate within film culture with which I became preoccupied over the next fifteen years or so. Watched through eyes that were affected by the changing climate of consciousness, the movies lost their magic.</quote>

Watching movies from a feminist perspective, Mulvey arrived at that location of disaffection that is the starting point for many black women approaching cinema within the lived harsh reality of racism. Yet her account of being a part of a film culture whose roots rest on a founding relationship of adoration and love indicates how difficult it would have been to enter that world from "jump" as a critical spectator whose gaze had been formed in opposition.

Given the context of class exploitation, and racist and sexist domination, it has only been through resistance, struggle, reading, and looking "against the grain," that black women have been able to value our process of looking enough to publicly name it. Centrally, those black female spectators who attest to the oppositionality of their gaze deconstruct theories of female spectatorship that have relied heavily on the assumption that, as Doane suggests in her essay, "Woman's Stake: Filming the Female Body," "woman can only mimic man's relation to language, that is assume a position defined by the penis-phallus as the supreme arbiter of lack." Identifying with neither the phallogocentric gaze nor the construction of white womanhood as lack, critical black female spectators construct a theory of looking relations where cinematic visual delight is the pleasure of interrogation. Every black woman spectator I talked to, with rare exception, spoke of being "on guard" at the movies. Talking about the way being a critical spectator of Hollywood films influenced her, black woman filmmaker Julie Dash exclaims, "I make films because I was such a spectator!" Looking at Hollywood cinema from a distance, from that critical politicized standpoint that did not want to be seduced by narratives reproducing her negation, Dash watched mainstream movies over and over again for the pleasure of deconstructing them. And of course there is that added delight if one happens, in the process of interrogation, to come across a narrative that invites the black female spectator to engage the text with no threat of violation.

Significantly, I began to write film criticism in response to the first Spike Lee movie, *She's Gotta Have It*, contesting Lee's replication of mainstream patriarchal cinematic practices that explicitly represents woman (in this instance black woman) as the object of a phallogocentric gaze. Lee's investment in patriarchal filmic practices that mirror dominant patterns makes him the perfect black candidate for entrance to the Hollywood canon. His work mimics the cinematic construction of white womanhood as object, replacing her body as text on which to write male desire with the black female body. It is transference without transformation. Entering the discourse of film criticism from the politicized location of resistance, of not wanting, as a working-class black woman I interviewed stated, "to see black women in the position white women have occupied in film forever," I began to think critically about black female spectatorship.

For years I went to independent and/or foreign films where I was the only black female present in the theater. I often imagined that in every theater in the United States there was another black woman watching the same film wondering why she was the only visible black female spectator. I remember trying to share with one of my five sisters the cinema I liked so much. She was “enraged” that I brought her to a theater where she would have to read subtitles. To her it was a violation of Hollywood notions of spectatorship, of coming to the movies to be entertained. When I interviewed her to ask what had changed her mind over the years, led her to embrace this cinema, she connected it to coming to critical consciousness, saying, “I learned that there was more to looking than I had been exposed to in ordinary (Hollywood) movies.” I shared that though most of the films I loved were all white, I could engage them because they did not have in their deep structure a subtext reproducing the narrative of white supremacy. Her response was to say that these films demystified “whiteness,” since the lives they depicted seemed less rooted in fantasies of escape. They were, she suggested, more like “what we knew life to be, the deeper side of life as well.” Always more seduced and enchanted with Hollywood cinema than me, she stressed that unaware black female spectators must “break out,” no longer be imprisoned by images that enact a drama of our negation. Though she still sees Hollywood films, because “they are a major influence in the culture”—she no longer feels duped or victimized.

Talking with black female spectators, looking at written discussions either in fiction or academic essays about black women, I noted the connection made between the realm of representation in mass media and the capacity of black women to construct ourselves as subjects in daily life. The extent to which black women feel devalued, objectified, dehumanized in this society determines the scope and texture of their looking relations. Those black women whose identities were constructed in resistance, by practices that oppose the dominant order, were most inclined to develop an oppositional gaze. Now that there is a growing interest in films produced by black women and those films have become more accessible to viewers, it is possible to talk about black female spectatorship in relation to that work. So far, most discussions of black spectatorship that I have come across focus on men. In “Black Spectatorship: Problems of Identification and Resistance” Manthia Diawara suggests that “the components of ‘difference’” among elements of sex, gender, and sexuality give rise to different readings of the same material, adding that these conditions produce a “resisting” spectator. He focuses his critical discussion on black masculinity.

The recent publication of the anthology *The Female Gaze: Women as Viewers of Popular Culture* excited me, especially as it included an essay, “Black Looks,” by Jacqui Roach and Petal Felix that attempts to address black female spectatorship. The essay posed provocative questions that were not answered: Is there a black female gaze? How do black women relate to the gender politics of representation? Concluding, the authors assert that black females have “our own reality, our own history, our own gaze—one which sees the world rather differently from ‘anyone else.’” Yet, they do not name/describe this experience of seeing “rather differently.” The absence of definition and explanation suggests they are assuming an essentialist stance wherein it is presumed that black women, as victims of race and gender oppression, have an inherently different field of vision. Many black women do not “see differently” precisely because their perceptions of reality are so profoundly colonized, shaped by dominant ways of knowing. As Trinh T. Minh-ha points out in “Outside In, Inside Out”: “Subjectivity does not merely consist of talking about oneself ... be this talking indulgent or critical.”

Critical black female spectatorship emerges as a site of resistance only when individual black women actively resist the imposition of dominant ways of knowing and looking. While every black woman I talked to was aware of racism, that awareness did not automat-

ically correspond with politicization, the development of an oppositional gaze. When it did, individual black women consciously named the process. Manthia Diawara's "resisting spectatorship" is a term that does not adequately describe the terrain of black female spectatorship. We do more than resist. We create alternative texts that are not solely reactions. As critical spectators, black women participate in a broad range of looking relations, contest, resist, revision, interrogate, and invent on multiple levels. Certainly when I watch the work of black women filmmakers Camille Billops, Kathleen Collins, Julie Dash, Ayoka Chenzira, Zeinabu Davis, I do not need to "resist" the images even as I still choose to watch their work with a critical eye.

Black female critical thinkers concerned with creating space for the construction of radical black female subjectivity, and the way cultural production informs this possibility, fully acknowledge the importance of mass media, film in particular, as a powerful site for critical intervention. Certainly Julie Dash's film *Illusions* identifies the terrain of Hollywood cinema as a space of knowledge production that *The Oppositional Gaze* 129 has enormous power. Yet, she also creates a filmic narrative wherein the black female protagonist subversively claims that space. Inverting the "real-life" power structure, she offers the black female spectator representations that challenge stereotypical notions that place us outside the realm of filmic discursive practices. Within the film she uses the strategy of Hollywood suspense films to undermine those cinematic practices that deny black women a place in this structure. Problematizing the question of "racial" identity by depicting passing, suddenly it is the white male's capacity to gaze, define, and know that is called into question.

When Mary Ann Doane describes in "Woman's Stake: Filming the Female Body" the way in which feminist filmmaking practice can elaborate "a special syntax for a different articulation of the female body," she names a critical process that "undoes the structure of the classical narrative through an insistence upon its repressions." An eloquent description, this precisely names Dash's strategy in *Illusions*, even though the film is not unproblematic and works within certain conventions that are not successfully challenged. For example, the film does not indicate whether the character Mignon will make Hollywood films that subvert and transform the genre or whether she will simply assimilate and perpetuate the norm. Still, subversively, *Illusions* problematizes the issue of race and spectatorship. White people in the film are unable to "see" that race informs their looking relations. Though she is passing to gain access to the machinery of cultural production represented by film, Mignon continually asserts her ties to black community. The bond between her and the young black woman singer Esther Jeeter is affirmed by caring gestures of affirmation, often expressed by eye-to-eye contact, the direct unmediated gaze of recognition. Ironically, it is the desiring objectifying sexualized white male gaze that threatens to penetrate her "secrets" and disrupt her process. Metaphorically, Dash suggests the power of black women to make films will be threatened and undermined by that white male gaze that seeks to reinscribe the black female body in a narrative of voyeuristic pleasure where the only relevant opposition is male/female, and the only location for the female is as a victim. These tensions are not resolved by the narrative. It is not at all evident that Mignon will triumph over the white supremacist capitalist imperialist dominating "gaze."

Throughout *Illusions*, Mignon's power is affirmed by her contact with the younger black woman whom she nurtures and protects. It is this process of mirrored recognition that enables both black women to define their reality, apart from the reality imposed upon them by structures of domination. The shared gaze of the two women reinforces their solidarity. As the younger subject, Esther represents a potential audience for films that Mignon might produce, films wherein black females will be the narrative focus. Julie Dash's recent feature-length film *Daughters of the Dust* dares to place black females at the

center of its narrative. This focus caused critics (especially white males) to critique the film negatively or to express many reservations. Clearly, the impact of racism and sexism so over-determine spectatorship—not only what we look at but who we identify with—that viewers who are not black females find it hard to empathize with the central characters in the movie. They are adrift without a white presence in the film.

Another representation of black females nurturing one another via recognition of their common struggle for subjectivity is depicted in Sankofa 's collective work *Passion of Remembrance*. In the film, two black women friends, Louise and Maggie, are from the onset of the narrative struggling with the issue of subjectivity, of their place in progressive black liberation movements that have been sexist. They challenge old norms and want to replace them with new understandings of the complexity of black identity, and the need for liberation struggles that address that complexity. Dressing to go to a party, Louise and Maggie claim the "gaze." Looking at one another, staring in mirrors, they appear completely focused on their encounter with black femaleness. How they see themselves is most important, not how they will be stared at by others. Dancing to the tune "Let's get Loose," they display their bodies not for a voyeuristic colonizing gaze but for that look of recognition that affirms their subjectivity—that constitutes them as spectators. Mutually empowered they eagerly leave the privatized domain to confront the public. Disrupting conventional racist and sexist stereotypical representations of black female bodies, these scenes invite the audience to look differently. They act to critically intervene and transform conventional filmic practices, changing notions of spectatorship. *Jausions*, *Daughters of the Dust*, and *A Passion of Remembrance* employ a deconstructive filmic practice to undermine existing grand cinematic narratives even as they retheorize subjectivity in the realm of the visual. Without providing "realistic" positive representations that emerge only as a response to the totalizing nature of existing narratives, they offer points of radical departure. Opening up a space for the assertion of a critical black female spectatorship, they do not simply offer diverse representations, they imagine new transgressive possibilities for the formulation of identity.

In this sense they make explicit a critical practice that provides us with different ways to think about black female subjectivity and black female spectatorship. Cinematically, they provide new points of recognition, embodying Stuart Hall's vision of a critical practice that acknowledges that identity is constituted "not outside but within representation," and invites us to see film "not as a second-order mirror held up to reflect what already exists, but as that form of representation which is able to constitute us as new kinds of subjects, and thereby enable us to discover who we are." It is this critical practice that enables production of feminist film theory that theorizes black female spectatorship. Looking and looking back, black women involve ourselves in a process whereby we see our history as counter-memory, using it as a way to know the present and invent the future.

**21. Understanding and resisting
Left–Right convergence in the
internet age**

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Deleted reason: not anarchist. no mention of a word. searching ‘ben gidley’ and ‘anarchist’ gives zero results.

In the 1980s, as the internet was built, the Far Right was quick to establish a presence there. As Chip Berlet, and more recently Aaron Winter,³¹ have documented, the Far Right in the United States and elsewhere was pushed underground in the post-Civil Rights era by a combination of law enforcement and black-led, anti-racist social movement organizing—but being forced underground also later helped propel it to go online. And as it went online, it developed new and unfamiliar forms that constituted a challenge to traditional anti-fascism. By the 1990s, there were online eco-systems where syncretic and intellectual fascist ideas were articulated, where Holocaust denial’s alternative facts were archived, where global or translocal forms of whiteness were imagined, and where the dispersed cells of the insurgent Far Right’s “leaderless resistance” were networked. But at the same time, anti-fascists were developing a digital presence. Some sought to counter Holocaust revisionist myths (as with Ken McVay’s Nizkor Project, which started out on electronic bulletin boards before becoming a website), others to co-ordinate monitoring of the new far-right internet presence (as with the AMNET bulletin board Chip started) or network those involved in militant responses to the Far Right. I first encountered Chip Berlet’s writings at more or less the moment I first encountered the internet. By the time I got online in the 1990s, I had been active in street anti-fascism for some time and had been focused primarily on the traditional forms of Nazi-influenced British nationalism that constituted the main physical far-right presence in the UK, then exemplified by the British National Party. But the syncretic forms of fascism then emerging represented a new challenge. One problem in particular was the growth of fascisms that used apparently radical language and imagery. As Chip put it in the 1990s:

there are other strains of fascism active today, and the siren calls of those movements may mesmerize progressives whose anti-government fervor blinds them to historical lesson. As the far right made overtures to the left in the early 1980’s [sic], some of the classic scapegoating conspiracy theories of the far right began to seep into progressive, and even mainstream, analyses of foreign policy and domestic repression.³²

Berlet’s “Right Woos Left,” first published as a memo in 1990 and ending up as a 1999 book-length report, remains a key text for analyzing these “other strains of fascism,” but also holds key lessons for understanding how radical movements can get derailed by reactionary ideas, including antisemitism and conspiracy theories. This piece will outline some of Berlet’s key concepts, developed in that text and in other work, which are even more relevant in the 2020s, and concludes by thinking about how these concepts can help us build a more robust anti-fascist culture and healthier radical praxis.

³¹ Chip Berlet, “Right Woos Left,” Political Research Associates, February 27, 1999, www.politicalresearch.org/1999/02/27/right-woos-left.

³² Chip Berlet, “When Alienation Turns Right: Populist Conspiracism, the Apocalyptic Style, and Neofascist Movements,” in

Fascist parasitism and narrative coherence

The first key concept I want to touch on is fascism's *parasitism*. Chip writes, "Fascism parasitizes other ideologies, juggles many internal tensions and contradictions, and produces chameleon-like adaptations based on the specific historic symbols, icons, slogans, traditions, myths, and heroes of the society it wishes to mobilize."³³ Fascism's endurance, especially in the post-Holocaust period, has been due to its ability to ingest ideas and imageries from dynamic movements, including anti-fascist ones. Perhaps the most striking example of this is what Czech antifa have named "the big Neo-Nazi crib," whereby, at the turn of the 20th and 21st century, far-right subcultural activists in Europe began to abandon the style and symbolism of the Nazi boneheads and take up those of the antifa scene, plagiarizing and détournant anti-fascist logos and wearing the black hoodies associated with militant anti-fascism.³⁴ If fascism is inherently parasitic on other ideas, its coherence cannot be found in its ideas or ideology. Rather, as Berlet shows, fascism operates through narrative: narratives organized around heroes and villains, victors and victims, which can craft disparate and even contradictory ideas into a political message that makes sense and mobilizes people. Shared narratives enable fascist groups with sharply differing ideas to work together in ways the Left is often unable to.

Conspiracism

Centering narrative in this way enables us to see the key role of conspiracy theories for fascist movements and to understand how fascist movements can appeal beyond their core constituencies. While conspiracy theories have received media attention in recent years—as commentators have noted we have entered a "post-truth world"—their significance in mobilizing social movements (and in drawing potentially radical people toward the Far Right) has often been missed by mainstream commentators who equate conspiracism with ignorance and credulity. In contrast, Berlet looks at conspiracism from a materialist or sociological perspective, rather than a psychological or cognitive one: "Conspiracism is the idea that history is primarily shaped by secret conspiracies. Conspiracy theories circulating in a society serve a social function and are generated through a social process."³⁵

This materialist perspective shows how conspiracism might be an arrested form of critical theory:

Conspiracy theories are one way alienated people try to understand how power is exercised in a way that creates the oppression they are actually experiencing... They are half correct in their formulation. They have accurately sensed (and perhaps even accurately analyzed) the particulars of their oppression, but they have not based their interpretation of causation on structural, systemic, or institutional forms of analysis. They are blaming demonized scapegoats. Conspiracism is a narrative form of scapegoating.³⁶

Centrist, liberal, and conservative commentators often evoke images of angry rednecks easily taken in by fake news; they frame conspiracy theory as a cognitive failure among ignorant people with insufficient respect for expertise and received wisdom. Chip's materialist framing, in contrast, allows us to see that conspiracism appeals to those seeking understanding of the lived contradictions of the increasingly complex capitalist world: "false consciousness is constructed in a way that intelligent, educated, skillful people can get swept away" by conspiracist thought.³⁷ That is why Chip's account of conspiracism is

The Evolution of Alienation: Trauma, Promise and the Millennium, edited by Lauren Langman and Devorah Kalekin-Fishman (Lanham, MD: Roman & Littlefield, 2006), 116.

³³ "The Big Neo-Nazi Crib," Antifa.cz, January 3, 2011, www.antifa.cz/content/big-neo-nazi-crib

³⁴ Chip Berlet, "When Alienation Turns Right," 122.

³⁵ Ibid.

³⁶ Ibid. 131.

³⁷ Berlet, "Right Woos Left."

so relevant in the current moment. The crisis in authoritative truth, the excess of information and disinformation available on our screens, and the opacity of globalization's mechanics all open up space for conspiracist thought to flourish. Because conspiracism can be an arrested form of critical theory, it has purchase, not just in right-wing populist milieus, but also in social movements of the Left. Already by the 1990s, conspiracism had deeply penetrated them. "A large audience" had been created, Berlet wrote in "Right Woos Left",

which gullibly accepts undocumented anti-government assertions alongside scrupulous documented research, with little ability to tell the two apart. ... Elevated to leadership roles were those persons who were willing to make the boldest and most critical (albeit unsubstantiated) pronouncements about the U.S. government and U.S. society. This phenomenon has undermined serious institutional and economic analysis, replacing it with a diverting soap opera of individual conspiracies, and inadvertently creating an audience ripe for harvesting by fascist demagoguery.³⁸

At that point, these ideas were distributed via public speaking, independent radio, audiotapes and videotapes, and photocopied newsletters. Since then, the web and subsequently social media have further opened opportunities for these ideas to circulate.

The Protocols

On the Left, conspiracy theories often take a vulgar materialist form—the idea that U.S. intervention in Syria was because of a planned oil pipeline, or that the West backed a coup in Bolivia to steal its lithium—but just as often fix on figures (George Soros, the Bilderberg group, Rothschild bankers) who personify finance capital. As Chip has written, the ur-form for such conspiracy theories is the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. Not all conspiracy theories are antisemitic, but antisemitism provides a template for conspiracy theories, and that means conspiracy thinking almost inevitably finds antisemitic forms. Protocols-style conspiracy theories have found their way into the UK Labour Party, for instance. Former Labour MP Chris Williamson enthusiastically promoted the work of a right-wing Spanish colonel called Pedro Baños, who claimed to reveal "the 22 secret strategies of global power," identifying secret global power with the Rothschilds and other Jewish financiers.³⁹ Among other examples from the 2015–2019 period include: a Labour Prospective Parliamentary Candidate who shared a Far Right meme about Rothschild control of Israel and the world;⁴⁰ a councillor in Lancashire who justified sharing a meme about the Rothschilds controlling Trump by saying, "we must remember that Rothschilds are a powerful financial family (like the Medicis) and represent capitalism and big business";⁴¹ another in Tyneside shared an image of Jacob Rothschild with the text "these people ... invisibly control the world";⁴² and

³⁸ Lee Harpin, "Suspended Labour MP Chris Williamson Intervened to Defend Author Now Accused of Antisemitism," Jewish Chronicle, June 12, 2019, www.thejc.com/news/uk/suspended-labour-mp-chris-williamson-intervened-to-defend-author-now-accused-of-antisemitism-1.485285; Lee Harpin, "Penguin Random House ceases publishing 'Rothschild conspiracy' book following external review," June 26, 2019, www.thejc.com/news/uk/penguin-random-house-ceases-publishing-rothschild-conspiracy-book-by-spanish-author-pedro-banos-1.485824

³⁹ Daniel Sugarman, "Former Labour Candidate's Antisemitic Tweets," Jewish Chronicle, February 7, 2017, www.thejc.com/news/uk/labour-2015-parliamentary-candidate-shares-antisemitic-trope-1.432268.

⁴⁰ Equality and Human Rights Commission, Investigation into Antisemitism in the Labour Party—Report (London: EHRC, October 2020), 108, www.equalityhumanrights.com/en/publication-download/investigation-antisemitism-labour-party.

⁴¹ Dan O'Donoghue, "North Tyneside Councillor Slammed for Sharing 'Anti-Semitic' Post on Social Media," ChronicleLive, August 26, 2016, www.chroniclelive.co.uk/news/north-east-news/north-tyneside-councillor-slammed-sharing-11803945.

⁴² Lee Harpin, "University Distances Itself from Academic Who Promoted Rothschild Conspiracies on David Icke Show," Jewish Chronicle, February 12, 2019, www.thejc.com/news/uk/university-insists-academic-who-promoted-rothschild-conspiracies-on-david-icke-1.479941.

a Constituency Labour Party chair in Merseyside who said the “Rothschild family are behind a lot of the neo-liberal influence in the UK and the US.”⁴³

Producerism

Producerism, which was developed in the book *Chip* co-wrote with Matthew Lyons, became another important concept in *Chip*’s analysis of the Far Right. He emphasizes producerism as the key conspiracy theory for contemporary fascism: the sense of the productive middle and working class squeezed by elites above and by the idle and useless below and outside. Producerism, like conspiracism, often short-circuits to antisemitism because the reservoir⁴⁴ of antisemitic tropes is brimming with representations of antisemites as essentially non-productive, parasitical, and usurious. The Protocols stands in a long line of antisemitic narratives that imagine themselves as punching up at vampiric Jewish power. Simultaneously, late 19th and early 20th-century xenophobic movements also punched down at Jewish migrants, who were also represented (including by trade unionists and socialists) as leechlike for their willingness to work for less than “native” workers.

In recent years, we have had plenty of opportunities to see right-wing governments tap into producerist narratives. For example, the UK Conservative Party has tried to bind working- and middle-class people to their elite project by talking about “strivers” versus “skivers.”⁴⁵ The Brexit movement in the UK and Trump’s supporters in the United States identify rootless cosmopolitan “globalists” as attacking healthy native workers by plotting to import migrants.

What’s less remarked upon is how producerism has been a theme for the center-Left. For example, Britain’s last Labour government promised “British jobs for British workers,”⁴⁶ a slogan also used by the fascist British National Party, which conjures up images of foreigners stealing jobs. And this has also been a theme for the radical Left.

In the 2011 Occupy protests, which articulated a populist rhetoric against “the 1%,” a major presence, at least in London, was the *Zeitgeist* movement—which *Chip* describes as “driven by a replication of longstanding right-wing antisemitic conspiracy theories about the so-called ‘International Bankers.’”⁴⁷ The Occupy protests targeted the City of London, the financial district, and *Zeitgeist* movement slogans about defending “the real economy” (a classic producerist trope) were ubiquitous.⁴⁸ Occupy received some support from the Church of England, with the then-Archbishop of Canterbury making a supportive speech that echoed the *Zeitgeist* demands: attacking the City’s “usury,” he said, “Routine banking business should be clearly separated from speculative transactions.” He also called for banks to be recapitalized with public money only if they are “obliged in return to help reinvigorate the real economy.”⁴⁹

Key conduits between the Church and the protestors were the Anglican priest and pundit Giles Fraser (who helped the protestors camp outside St Paul’s Cathedral) and the former academic Baron Maurice Glasman (who visited the camp, publicly endorsed it, and tried to persuade it to focus its enmity

⁴³ Ben Gidley, Brendan McGeever, and David Feldman, “Labour and Antisemitism: a Crisis Misunderstood,” *Political Quarterly*, vol. 91 (2020), 413–21.

⁴⁴ Gill Valentine and Catherine Harris, “Strivers vs skivers: Class prejudice and the demonisation of dependency in everyday life,” *Geoforum*, vol. 53 (2014), 84–92.

⁴⁵ John Richardson and Ruth Wodak, “Recontextualising fascist ideologies of the past: right-wing discourses on employment and nativism in Austria and the United Kingdom,” *Critical Discourse Studies*, vol. 6, no. 4 (2009), 251–67.

⁴⁶ Chip Berlet, “Loughner, ‘Zeitgeist—The Movie,’ and Right-Wing Antisemitic Conspiracism,” *Talk to Action*, January 14, 2011, www.talk2action.org/story/2011/1/14/92946/9451.

⁴⁷ BobFromBrockley, “More Notes on #Occupy,” brockley.blogspot.com, September 3, 2015, www.brockley.blogspot.com/2011/11/more-notes-on-occupy.html; Neil Transpontine, “Occupy London: First Thoughts,” *History Is Made at Night*, October 16, 2011, www.history-is-made-at-night.blogspot.com/2011/10/occupy-londonfirst-thoughts.html.

⁴⁸ Rowan Williams, “Time for us to challenge the idols of high finance,” *Financial Times*, November 1, 2011, www.ft.com/content/a561a4f6-0485-11e1-ac2a-00144feabcd0.

⁴⁹ Lisa Ansel, “The Occupation Will Not Be Astroturfed,” *New Internationalist*, November 7, 2017, www.newint.org/blog/2011/11/07/occupy-london-protest-astroturfng-grassroots-movement.

on the City of London rather than capitalism in general).⁵⁰ Glasman was the founder of the centrist pressure group Blue Labour, which called for a syncretic combination of leftist economics with social conservatism; in the same year as Occupy, he called for less migration and a dialogue with supporters of the proto-fascist English Defence League. Blue Labour's motto is "Work, Family, Community," which disturbingly echoes the Vichy regime's "Travail, famille, patrie."⁵¹

Since then, Fraser, Glasman, and Blue Labour have moved to the Right, becoming key players in the nationalist coalition driving Brexit—British exit from the European Union. Left-wing Brexiters in this milieu have been quick to accuse Left anti-Brexit campaigners of operating with "pockets full of Soros money," to quote one trade unionist.⁵² Another left-wing pro-Brexit trade unionist tweeted about "the divide in our society—between a rootless, cosmopolitan, bohemian middle-class ... and a rooted, communitarian, patriotic working-class," quoting (knowingly or not) a key phrase of the antisemitic lexicon of Stalin's final purges.⁵³

A recent Marxist analysis by Matt Bolton and Frederick Harry Pitts of Jeremy Corbyn's 2015–2020 left-wing leadership of the UK Labour Party also identifies what we might call a producerist narrative in the Corbyn project. Bolton and Pitts point out that one of Corbyn's key slogans was against "the rigged economy," a term Trump has also used.⁵⁴ As the late Moishe Postone noted, this kind of truncated anti-capitalism—identifying the problem as a greedy elite rather than the capitalist system—can be vulnerable to antisemitic articulation.⁵⁵

Anti-fascist culture

Conservative, liberal, and centrist commentators have occasionally noted some of the phenomena described here. In the UK, for example, the mainstream media was understandably fixated on the antisemitism that bubbled around the pro-Corbyn sections of the Labour Party. With their simplistic notion of politics as a "horseshoe" in which the "Far Left" resembles the "Far Right," the mainstream commentators' diagnosis is that "both sides" are as bad as each other and all dissident movements and radical critiques are dangerous. Any departure from this superficial analysis would require a reckoning with capitalism. If we don't meaningfully address the alienation and the need to understand capitalism's lived contradictions driving the so-called "left-behind" and "squeezed middle" toward conspiracist explanations of the world, then parasitical fascism will continue to feed on democratic cultures.

What we need instead is an anti-fascist culture. As Chip puts it, "In an age of globalized alienation, we should strive to help people recognize which roads lead to actual liberation, freedom, and equality."⁵⁶ Anti-fascist knowledge is one key to anti-fascist culture. In the introduction to "Right Woos Left," he wrote that "the fascist right has been able to forge ties to the left due to a serious lack of knowledge on the left regarding the complex history, different forms, and multiple tactics of fascism": if that was true in the 1990s, it is sadly even more true now.

In the 1990s, Anti-Fascist Action, then the main militant anti-fascist network in the UK, argued that the Far Right was growing because the Left had evacuated working-class communities, leaving a vacuum the Right was sometimes able to fill. Where the labor movement had once been a meaningful presence in industrial communities—through radical municipal politics, trade unions, tenant organiza-

⁵⁰ Matt Bolton and Frederick Harry Pitts, "Liberalism and critical Marxism: A Reply to Glasman and Rutherford," *British Politics*, vol. 15 (2020), 120–33.

⁵¹ Mathilde Frot, "Trade Unionist 'Sorry' for 'Pockets Full of Soros Money' Tweet," *Jewish News*, March 27, 2019, <https://jewishnews.timesofisrael.com/trade-unionist-sorry-for-pockets-full-of-soros-money-tweet>.

⁵² Stephen Ashe and James Renton, "Antisemitism at Work in the UK: Ignorance and Denial," *Monitor: Global Intelligence on Racism*, June 2019, www.monitorracism.eu/antisemitism-at-work-in-the-uk-ignorance-and-denial.

⁵³ Matt Bolton and Frederick Harry Pitts, *Corbynism: A Critical Approach* (London: Emerald Publishing, 2018).

⁵⁴ Moishe Postone, "Anti-Semitism and National Socialism: Notes on the German Reaction to 'Holocaust,'" *New German Critique*, vol. 19 (1980), 97–115.

⁵⁵ Berlet, "When Alienation Turns Right," 133.

⁵⁶ Outram, Dorinda, *The Body and the French Revolution*, Yale University Press, 1989, p.42

tions, institutions of working-class self-education—this was no longer true in the post-industrial moment. The rise of producerism (which often speaks to a nostalgia for the industrial era) and conspiracism on the Left is a symptom of this same vacuum.

Although Marxism was never hegemonic in the labor movement in the English-speaking world, Marxist ideas circulated in the movement, providing a framework for understanding the capitalist world. The collapse of cultures of learning in working-class spaces in the wake of de-industrialization, as well as the perceived obsolescence of Marxism as an explanatory model as a result of decades of New Right backlash, has created an intellectual vacuum that conspiracism and producerist populism fill. Rebuilding the critical capacity of our movements is synonymous with building anti-fascist knowledge.

Understanding that fascism is parasitical—and how it feeds off other political traditions and breeds new syncretic forms—is essential to this anti-fascist literacy. So is understanding how narrative forms bind the emerging syncretic movements of the Far Right: once we recognize conspiracism's appeal and identify producerist and *Protocols*-style narratives, we can start to unpick the stories that propagate memetically and enable far-right movements. And only then can we find the space to start to provide alternative and genuinely emancipatory narratives and repair our broken world.

Notes

22. Bourgeois Epistemology and the Gendered Republic

Author: Heather-Noël Schwartz

Topics: epistemology, gender, feminism, French revolution

Date: 1999

Source: Retrieved on April 23, 2008 from web.archive.org

Date Published on T@L: 2022-01-19T16:30:28

Deleted reason: Written by an anarchist but topic does not deal with anarchist topics.

The French Revolution resulted in the establishment of a Republic that was consciously built upon the exclusion of women from the public sphere. This Republic was built upon the foundations of bourgeois male values of a dualistic construction of public and private spheres, the Stoic mind and body, as well as the highly-gendered roles of men and women. I will present the idea that Greek philosophy, the guillotine and Women in pre-revolutionary and revolutionary France were the main impetus behind this specific construction of the French Republic. In other words, the Republic was a reactionary bourgeois male response to years of the Old Regime and the Revolution.

The nobility of Old Regime France were a flamboyant and an emotionally expressive class that held within its ranks women who were able to manipulate power through the king and his courtly men. The nobility “had been a centre of seeing, in the sense that the gaze of society was directed at its members. They existed to be seen, their lavish outward display focusing the sight of others, and contrasting sharply with the dull, unostentatious, typically black costume of the professional middle classes.”⁵⁷ Further, the noble women excelled in these areas of grandiose display and the artful uses of language both of which could be found in the salons.

The salons established a means through which upwardly mobile individuals could change what it means to be “noble.” They “allowed for the extension of the culture of polite society to an ever-widening groups of persons, persons often outside the traditional nobility, brought to prominence by the growth of the absolutist monarchy and especially by its venal office holding system. As non-nobles acquired land and office, gradually usurping noble titles, they consciously imitated the noble way of life. And since the central feature of upward social nobility depended on one’s ability to live like a noble, salon women were particularly important in teaching the appropriate style, dress, manners, language, art, and literature to these newcomers. Indeed, the salon was central to making this usurpation possible.”⁵⁸ However, it was this disruption of and traversing within the class system that caused both the male nobility and male bourgeoisie to begin voicing its anger at the salons. The power that women held within the court (and the salons) through sexual intrigue threatened the male middle classes. Further, the recently titled nobility that had risen threatened the old nobility’s power and existence as “a noble.” Although “the official public sphere of the absolutist court achieved and maintained its sacred status by virtue of its performative character”, if newly-created nobility could simply learn to be noble, the importance of nobility by birth dissolved.⁵⁹

The king was of course seen by the bourgeois male to be the symbol of autocratic injustice, but it was also an injustice that was defined in gendered terms. The middle class men saw “the effect of the king’s supremacy in the grand household of the kingdom...was to “domesticate,” even un-man, those who ought to have been his peers. This...was the angry protest of those who celebrated the virile constitutions of republics and despised the “effeminized” states of men under absolutism.”⁶⁰ The king represented, therefore, the patriarchal father figure who had been given too much power over his sons in the past and now, because even noble women could hold more power in court than a bourgeois male could, the death of the father was seen as the answer to the end of this hierarchy.

⁵⁷ Landes, Joan B., *Women and the Public Sphere in the Era of the French Revolution*, Cornell University Press, 1988, p.24

⁵⁸ Landes, p.18

⁵⁹ Landes, p.21

⁶⁰ Outram, p.70

Because the bourgeois male could gain access to an education, an education that contained an intense study of Greek philosophy, and that the written word in France at this time was highly revered for its ability to connect author and reader, Greek moral philosophy became an almost sacred means through which these men interpreted and gained meaning in their lives throughout the revolution. Greek philosophy, particularly neo-Stoicism gave the bourgeoisie public expression as non-expression. It demanded that one sacrifice one's emotions and personal ties to the achievement of political, public participation. Further, "neo-Stoicism's aim was to increase the power and efficiency of the state by an acceptance of the central role of force and discipline in its existence. At the same time, the ideology demanded self-discipline, the extension of the duties of the ruler, and the education of the army, the officials and indeed the whole political nation, to a life of work, frugality, dutifulness and obedience."⁶¹ The male bourgeoisie found, in the Greek Stoic figures of Brutus and Cato of Utica as well as the contemporary bourgeois heroes of France such as Rousseau and Voltaire, a secular virtue that (as opposed to saints) "meant not only that they [male bourgeoisie] were 'good' in some sense, but also that they were not subject to the will of others."⁶²

Complaints made against the salon women became a discourse centering on gender and power. Bourgeois men were angered by the fact that "elite women [had] achieved a public position that had little if anything to do with their domestic roles."⁶³ Further, the power that they held was power often power over men. Thus, "male complaints against women's social power and evasion of domesticity are linked in turn to worries about excessively stylized discourses and to the emasculating effects of monarchical power."⁶⁴ As stated earlier, the existence of powerful women in the absolutist court became a symbolic equation of female power and corrupt and oppressive government. It was, therefore, the bourgeois male "articulation of a cultural complaint...in political and gendered terms. The metaphor of the reign of women signified the corruption of society at its heights."⁶⁵

Perhaps worse than powerful women in the absolutist court was powerful women in the streets of Paris. The chaos of the streets of Paris, much like the absolutist court, came to be associated symbolically with these women who held power and thus threatened the State. The threat to the State included revolts such as on October 5, 1789, when 7,000 Parisian women marched to Versailles and invaded the National Assembly demanding bread and punishment for those who had insulted the national cockade; May 10, 1790 when women "broke into an ugly riot at Montauban when crowds led by pious women forcibly prevented officials from taking inventories of confiscated monastic properties. They then turned against the [citizens'] militia, overwhelming them and killing five; Spring 1791 when "market women publicly caned a whole convent of nuns who had punished pupils for attending a constitutional mass; and in Paris on January of 1792 when "there were outbursts of popular price-fixing in the eastern districts of the capital as largely female crowds raided warehouses and grocers" shops and sold sugar and coffee they found there at the old prices."⁶⁶ Although these women are acting on their own (and their community's) best interest, the power that they are expressing is public and therefore masculine. The assumption is that if women act like men, the only thing for men to do is to become women. This fear of women's power, power that can translate only as "effeminatizing" men, is a fear that is located in the male bourgeois psyche. It is from a history under absolutism, the revolution and (more) powerful (than men) women.

For the male bourgeoisie, identity came from a sharp distinction of oneself, one's class, from another (class). This distinction came in many forms. From theories about the body to articles of dress. The

⁶¹ Outram, p. 72

⁶² Landes, p.17

⁶³ Landes, p.10

⁶⁴ Landes, p.27

⁶⁵ Doyle, William, *The Oxford History of the French Revolution*, Oxford University Press, 1989, p.122 (Oct 5, 1789), p.138 (May 10, 1790), p.148 (Spring 1791), and p.181 (Jan 1792)

⁶⁶ Outram, p. 108

middle class considered itself to be noble not by birth but by virtue.⁶⁷ This virtue translated as a containment of one's emotions which in the period of the Terror became extreme. The guillotine changed the face of State power and class distinctions. The guillotine established an efficient means in which to kill the unlawful. The laws that were passed in 1791–92 which outlawed differentiation of penalty by social class, abolition of the *peine infamante*, and establishment of the principle of personal responsibility for offenses, as well as the decree that decapitation was to be applied to all capital offenses and to be carried out by guillotine only.⁶⁸ Because of this “democratization of decapitation”, the middle class faced a new threat to its social (and existential) existence. Since all classes were killed the same way, there was no longer a distinction of the middle class as an identity. They were therefore executed “in ways which assimilated them to the *petit peuple*, and subjected them to what was viewed as public physical humiliation even before execution itself was carried out. In an age where, in spite of the Revolution's theoretical aspirations towards legal equality, social distinctions remained highly important for a middle class, and where distinctions in dress between classes were all-important in fixing status and exacting deference, to be delivered to the guillotine head shaven, coatless, bound, and shirt open, was a deep humiliation.”⁶⁹ The old method of capital punishment was with an axe which aside from being individualized also personalized and publicly dramatized one's death. The guillotine was a faceless machine which struck fear in all but brought particular shame to the middle classes. It brought to fruition the middle class fears of “the possibility of public humiliation through contact with [the] legal process.”⁷⁰ As a means of escaping the horrors of public humiliation and in keeping with the Stoic philosophy of the bourgeoisie, the male (and a few female) convicted lawbreakers committed “heroic suicide” inside the prison walls.

From Cicero's texts, the story of “Cato of Utica” became the symbol of “heroic suicide” for the imprisoned men of the middle class. In the story, Cato commits suicide at the fall of the Roman republic and thus associates suicide with the defense of republicanism. This story had strong reverberations within the middle class male bourgeoisie. “Since [the middle classes] connected heroic suicide with virtue at its most exemplary, it could hardly have been other than public. And not only was it public: it was also theatrical, reproducing... “theatricality which was both part of the legacy of Cynicism to Stoicism, and, more widely, an unexamined premise of most ancient conceptions of nobility.” Such theatricality and publicity—for example the group suicides of 9–10 Thermidor among the Robespierrists, and of the “*Prairial martyrs*” the following year, or inevitably public, in such prison suicides as Clavière's—had distinct effects: they not only maximized the visibility of the act itself, and rendered those who witnessed them collusive with the act. They also served to create an illusory impression of solidarity among such in fact very disparate individuals as the Jacobin rump known as the “*martyrs of Prairial*”, or of those remaining around Robespierre.”⁷¹ Male virtue also found its personification in the story of Brutus who put the safety of the republic above private emotion, or the protection of his family by agreeing to the execution of his sons after discovering that they had conspired to overthrow the Roman republic and restore the monarchy.⁷² The public/private, rational/emotional, male/female dichotomies were clearly used as foundations in the establishment of the French Republic. The bourgeois male used “moral philosophy, not Christian morality or the secular ethics of the ancients, as a way of knowing how to live in polite society.”⁷³ Polite society meant for them not only a necessary removal of women from the public sphere but also the denial of the lower class from obtaining access to public discourse and, therefore, power.

⁶⁷ Outram, p.109, Article I and II, Criminal Code of 1791 as well as March 20, 1792, Legislative Assembly decree

⁶⁸ Outram, p.110

⁶⁹ Outram, p. 110

⁷⁰ Outram, p. 96

⁷¹ Outram, p.126

⁷² Landes, p.29

⁷³ Doyle, p. 421

For women to be pushed out of the public sphere and into the home meant the creation of an ideology for women that could create the illusion of power-republican motherhood. Republican motherhood suggested that through a woman's influence over her child's education and well-being, power of creating good citizens translated as public power. Prudhomme offered this advice to women in 1793:

Be honest and diligent girls, tender and modest wives, wise mothers, and you will be good patriots. True patriotism consists of fulfilling one's duties and valuing only rights appropriate to each according to sex and age, and not wearing the [liberty] cap and pantaloons and not carrying pike and pistol. Leave those to men who are born to protect you and make you happy.⁷⁴

An example of one (well-known) woman's attempt at republican motherhood was Mme Roland. Mme Roland, who chronicled her relationship with her daughter, Eudore, treats the relationship with her daughter and the attempts at breast-feeding as a "drama" of heroic motherhood. "It was clear how secondary...was Eudore's welfare, compared to her [Mme Roland] obtaining power over the infant through the "bonding" which breast-feeding was assumed to produce, an exercise in power which also extends to Mme Roland's social inferiors, such as the wet-nurse herself. If the breast-feeding were going well, Mme Roland would not be dependent on the services of servants." It is striking how Mme Roland tried to find a means of exerting power, that she was denied in the public sphere, in the private sphere. The messages that were given to women during the Republican era propagandized that it was "her confinement to the private realm [that] functions as a sign of her political virtue."⁷⁵ The virtue for both men and women is Stoicism, but translated into a highly-gendered political force.

For men, Stoicism demanded control of one's emotions and political agendas in the public sphere. Public discourse was to proceed in the pursuit of the generalized good. Wrapped in the rhetoric and assumptions of equal access to public discourse and power, the public sphere developed on the basis of bourgeois male values and privileges. "To the degree that power in the old regime was ascribed to women, the Revolution was committed to an anti-feminine rhetoric, which posed great problems for any woman seeking public authority. Male politicians, on the other hand, could find in this rhetoric an escape from the guilt arising from the destruction of the French monarchy and its complex religious sanctions: what looked like a sacrilegious act had in fact been a crusade for virtue; what looked like an attack on the supreme political symbol, the king's body, had in fact been a purging of the female from the body politic. As the woman activist Olympe de Gouges remarked, "Women are now respected and excluded; under the old regime they were despised and powerful."⁷⁶

⁷⁴ Landes, p.69

⁷⁵ Outram, p.124-125

⁷⁶ Linda Alcoff, "Cultural Feminism Versus Post-Structuralism: The Identity Crisis in Feminist Theory", Nancy Tuana and Rosemarie Tong, *Feminism & Philosophy*, Westview Press Inc., 1995, p.440

23. Identity Construction Workers

Subtitle: or, How I Stopped Worrying and Learned to Love Postmodernism

Author: Heather-Noël Schwartz

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The main problem that I would cite between Feminism and Postmodernism is the bridging of feminist activism and postmodernism's deconstructionism. Deconstructing the terms "Women" and "Oppression" strikes at the heart of feminism which bases its theories and activism on these very terms. Feminism risks losing itself through existential deconstruction. But postmodern theories cannot be ignored. They reveal important under-theorized areas of feminism and thus offer feminists another position in which to theorize, mobilize and even act.

Postmodernism attempts to deconstruct many of the categories that feminists have placed at the center of their theories and activism. Postmodernism claims that terms such as "oppression" are simply constructs that actually inhibit women's freedom because making claims of oppression strengthens the dichotomy of "oppressor and oppressed." In contradiction to this, Foucault and Derrida suggest that "individual motivations and intentions count for nil or almost nil in the scheme of social reality. We are constructs—that is, our experience of our very subjectivity is a construct mediated by and/or grounded on a social discourse beyond (way beyond) individual control."⁷⁷ This I think masks feminist (and non-feminist) agency and leads one into inaction. However, the postmodernist claim that feminists are partly responsible for continuing their own oppression suggests that feminists do have agency in which to act upon society. It is this agency in which feminists can consciously and responsibly create open and temporary identities that I consider to be the best possible means of uniting postmodernism and feminism.

Postmodernism unveils the oppressive structures that are built into feminist theories. It reveals not only feminists' role in continuing the dichotomies of oppression, but also the failure of feminist terms such as "woman" to include the diffuse perspectives of various women. Postmodernism answers these problems by deconstructing everything and forcing feminists into a corner. Postmodernists claim that "[t]here is no essential core 'natural' to us, and so there is no repression in the humanist sense."⁷⁸ But this sounds a lot like the old saying "It's all in your head". Feminists are pointed towards their oppressive categories and forced not only to answer for them but destroy them. Granted, feminist categories have been able to exist only by virtue of disregarding the differences that exist within the terms used. However, destroying categories is not the answer. Feminists who attempt a postmodernist deconstruction of feminism without first deconstructing postmodernism end up annihilating feminist agency.

Deconstructing postmodernism involves asking "Who is to benefit from the destruction of the term "Woman". "Whose interests are served within postmodern theory?". By the term "interests" I mean both intentional and unintentional. I answer these questions by suggesting that although postmodern theorists may have developed their theories in the best interests of feminists, the net result of runaway deconstructionist postmodern theorizing would only serve the interests of non-feminists. Identity for feminists becomes a central concern here for "[w]ithout a notion of objectivity, feminists have difficulty claiming that their emergence from male hegemony is less artificial and constructed than that which

⁷⁷ Linda Alcoff, *F & P*, p.440

⁷⁸ Katherine Bartlett as quoted by Christine Sylvester, *Feminist Theory & International Relations in a Postmodern Era*, Cambridge University Press, 1994, p.138

they have cast off.”⁷⁹ Activism (whether it be physical, oral or textual) becomes impossible because any purposeful movement creates constructed identities, thus forcing out other identities in the process. But these constructed identities are only definitionally impermeable. When one considers an alternative construction that is based upon temporary⁸⁰ and open identities, feminist activism becomes possible and therefore feminist interests are once again able to be served.

Another piece of deconstructed postmodernism is postmodernism’s ability to easily do away with any and all constructions. Identity categories are regarded as “mere constructions” that can only impede (and even prevent) one’s progress towards freedom. But one must ask whether people who are not white, middle-class academics would agree with the idea that identities are “mere constructions”. Would they consider themselves as being within a postmodern world? “Post-Modern” implies that one has gone beyond the “modern”, has exhausted one’s use of “constructed” identities within the media, the law, academia, and feminist or non-feminist circles. It suggests years of debate and theorizing and a general agreement made among those theorizing that all avenues of modernist “constructions” and their uses in critique and protest have out-lived their value and are now detrimental to one’s self or group. But outside of academia, outside of the white, middle-class feminist world, Who has finished articulating their “constructions”, and Who has never begun? Would a black woman who works in an assembly plant declare that African-Americans had fully represented themselves in the public and academic spheres? Would she consider the terms “African-American” and “woman” as mere “constructions” that were only sustaining her many oppressions?

It becomes apparent that those who are least affected by group identities, who lose nothing by destroying one’s self-constructed identity, are an elite⁸¹ few. As Christine Sylvester warns feminists, “[t]o reject gender as another oppressive and oppressing social construct is all well and good on an abstract intellectual level. In practice, it means erasing people who do not agree with our interpretation of gender as the futile, the fleeting, or the fatuous.”⁸² I believe that this is true not only of gender but of identities such as race, class, age, etc. What does deconstructing identity mean for African-American women? What does it mean for Third-world women? How do feminists around the world act upon their interests if their interests are considered “mere constructions”? On an even more practical level, what do you put on a poster? Who or what do you protest against? If I am continuing my own oppression, in the name of Freedom no less, am I not my own worst enemy? How do you protest against yourself? Feminism becomes existentialist angst. Activism becomes silence⁸³. Protest, as feminists have known it, becomes irrelevant. Freedom is not achieved through protest, and in a strange Orwellian way, inactivism=activism. Obviously, those who are “mere constructions” are not having their interests served by this form of activism. Therefore, in order to avoid nihilism, postmodern feminist theory must allow for a conscious understanding of how and why constructed identities work for activists, while recognizing that “identity” is always being modified. Activism is therefore able to serve the interests of feminists by allowing the gender category “woman” to exist as a historically⁸⁴ temporary position of protest.

Although postmodernism regards identity constructions as idealized, abstract categories, postmodernism is in its own way an idealization of society and its individual members. Postmodernism assumes

⁷⁹ “Consciousness, therefore, is never fixed, never attained once and for all, because discursive boundaries change with historical conditions.” Teresa de Lauretis as quoted by Linda Alcoff, *F & P*, p.446

⁸⁰ “the nature of privilege is to obscure the ways it exists at others’ expense.” Nancy Hirschmann as quoted by Sylvester, *IR*, p.46. “Splitting, not being, is the privileged image for feminist epistemologies of scientific knowledge.” Donna Haraway as quoted by Sylvester, *IR*, p.60

⁸¹ Sylvester, *IR*, p.13

⁸² “an effective feminism could only be a wholly negative feminism, deconstructing everything and refusing to construct anything.” Linda Alcoff, *F & P*, p.441

⁸³ “in that political, theoretical self-analyzing practice by which relations of the subject in social reality can be rearticulated from the historical experience of women”[where the specificity of a feminist theory may be sought]Teresa de Lauretis as quoted by Linda Alcoff, *F & P*, p.446

⁸⁴ “women are socially produced and socially capable of producing a life-politics of struggle against complex systems of oppression.” Sylvester, *IR*, p.64

that everyone is a player. It assumes that I and the rest of the world are in agreement with the theory that oppression is continued by identity categories, and that from here on out we will all work towards eradicating those constructions. It assumes that the world is on the same theorized track passing modernism by together, and now consciously immersed in a postmodern world. However, if I, or an elite few, are the only ones who are deconstructing the postmodern world then nothing has changed. Identity constructions and activism becomes necessary again once you leave your apartment. Therefore, a truly deconstructivised world can only exist as long as we sit inside our rooms and think happy thoughts.

Against the mound of problematic assumptions made by (and consequences resulting from) postmodernism there are important lessons for feminist activists to learn. One of these is, of course, how identity construction has in the past kept others from being activists. Identity can imprison by becoming universalized, ahistorical and static. Activism implies agency and feminist agency comes from a conscious understanding of how identity politics works⁸⁵. A responsible use of identity, an identity that is historically situated, leads neither to radical subjectivism nor essentialism. Linda Alcoff points out that , “[w]hen the concept ‘woman’ is defined not by a particular set of attributes but by a particular position, the internal characteristics of the person thus identified are not denoted so much as the external context within which that person is situated [among a network of relations]...If it is possible to identify women by their position within this network...then it becomes possible to ground a feminist argument for women, not on a claim that their innate capacities are being stunted, but that their position within the network lacks power and mobility and requires radical change.”⁸⁶ Feminists in the U.S., in India, in the academy and in the assembly plant can benefit from a politics that is theoretically malleable.

In conclusion, postmodernism and feminism can merge at the point of identity consciousness. Feminism regains an activist position by admitting that although “we all have authority... ‘none of us can pride ourselves on being sure-footed.”⁸⁷ Activism does not avoid theory and can effectively proceed only from theory. The use of postmodern deconstructionism in understanding the categories that feminists posit as fundamental to the theories and goals of feminism provides a wider space for feminists with alternative identity categories and theories to unite. Instead of nihilism, postmodernism creates a stronger, more encompassing feminism whose members are not contained by identity categories but are instead existing among a web of identities.

⁸⁵ Linda Alcoff, *F&P*, p. 451

⁸⁶ Minh-ha Trinh as quoted by Sylvester, *IR*, p.99

⁸⁷ David Lane, *Soviet Society Under Perestroika* , Unwin Hyman Ltd., 1990, p.13

24. Soviet Russia in the NEP Era

Author: Heather-Noël Schwartz

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Upon analyzing the period of NEP in the 1920's compared with the Perestroika period of the 1980's, I have found that Russia has been forced to repeat history and eventually collapse in the second round. "Perestroika is a set of tactics aimed at resolving contradictions"⁸⁸, according to David Lane in *Soviet Society Under Perestroika*. He goes on to provide a basic structure of the goals of Perestroika.

It contains "four mobilizing strategies:

- Individual (and group) self-interest
- Public criticism
- Democracy
- Law and Control"⁸⁹

All four of these strategies led to disintegration of the Soviet Union, just as the NEP experiments in the 20's resulted in a state clamp-down and reversal of its liberal policies. Gorbachev, however, was not the inventor of Perestroika. "Andropov began to implement a program of limited economic reforms intended to promote efficiency. He also sponsored a series of studies, notably sociologist Tatiana Zaslavskaya's 1983 Novosibirsk Report, which described the state of the Soviet Union in bleak terms."⁹⁰ The goals of Perestroika were not to eliminate communist controls of the economy and society, but rather to "strengthen commitment and obedience to socialist laws, while opposing corruption and administrative privilege."⁹¹ Both periods found the lack of a strong legal system to hold back (and even cause the failure of) the movement toward individual and economic freedoms. Due to the poor state of economic affairs, measures had to be taken in order to revive the economy. However, "if market relations and private trade are to develop, it is necessary to have effective legal control."⁹² In January of 1988, a law making companies responsible for their own profits or losses went into effect. It freed companies from the daily supervision of central planners. However, as I will discuss later, this "responsibility" leads to a direct challenge of socialist ideology. The NEP period is usually described as the abolition of grain requisitioning and the freedom of private trade. Although i will discuss this in brief, I will place more emphasis on the social, educational and non-agricultural economic policies of the NEP period.

Democracy produces a pluralistic debate that lends to a refinement of ideas, goals and methods for change. Further, "higher quality of political input will lead not only to a more legitimate political system but also to more efficient decision making"⁹³

It is in this debate, as well, where challenges to the leaders and eventually to the system itself become oppositional forces for change. The NEP period began by "abolish[ing] the state monopoly of small- and

⁸⁸ SSUP, p. 13

⁸⁹ Ilya Somin, "Unanswered Questions of Communism's Collapse", Policy Review, Fall 1994

⁹⁰ SSUP, p. 15

⁹¹ SSUP, p. 15

⁹² SSUP, p. 18

⁹³ Geoffrey Hosking, *The First Socialist Society*, second ed., 1993, p.119

medium-scale manufacture, retail trade and services⁹⁴ as well as allowing (unofficially) for profits to supersede the needs of workers.

At the end of 1920, “food and fuel were lacking, money was worthless, and black markets and speculation flourished”⁹⁵. Further, the socialist ideal was far from being achieved. “Workers had not become employers: government agencies and officials now controlled their labor, using former owners and foremen as industrial managers and mercilessly punishing slackness or non-co-operation”⁹⁶. In order to stimulate the economy again, “a considerable amount of private trade was reintroduced and, to stimulate it, the hoarding of cash and the functioning of private mutual banks were no longer prohibited.”⁹⁷ Also, peasants were allowed to keep their surplus grain and resell it for whatever price they could get for it. However, the “commanding heights”, such as “large factories were removed from the control of the workers and brought directly under that of the state; considerable differentiation was now made in the remuneration of the worker on the basis of the quality and quantity of his [or her] work”⁹⁸

It is well noted throughout the history of the Soviet Union that a considerable amount of consumer goods were provided not by the state suppliers, but by small, private traders. “Estimates place the private share of retail sales in 1922 at over 80 percent”⁹⁹ The reason that private trade (legal and illegal) flourished in the 20’s and the 80’s was due to the “utter inadequacy of the state’s distribution system (following the Civil War [in the 20’s and the prolonged preoccupation of the Cold War in the 80’s]”¹⁰⁰ Consumer goods were rarely a priority of the Soviet State and only on the occasional liberalization of State controls were the trade in such items even legal.

Another factor in the prevalence of private trade was that “private traders as a rule operated more efficiently than the “socialist” retail system...even when state and cooperative retail outlets functioned capably, their insufficient number served as another compelling reason for state suppliers to include private businessmen among their customers. Otherwise, goods simply would not reach a large portion of the country.”¹⁰¹ This was true as well for the Soviet State of the 1980’s. “Much of what little grain the USSR produced rotted in silos because it could not be sent to consumers for lack of transport capacity. Because service and infrastructure conditions were not included in official Soviet production statistics on which the government’s economic Five Year Plans were based, industrial managers made little effort to improve performance in these areas.”¹⁰²

In the Gorbachev era, the degree to which private trade had been forced underground caused problems when private trade was legalized. By this, I mean to allude to underground monopolies and mafia strongholds. Society began to witness the mixture of “legal uncertainties, supply difficulties, hostile local officials, and even underworld extortion hamstringing the operations of many. Furthermore, as letters to editors and recent public opinion surveys have emphasized, the high prices charged by numerous private operators have prompted a large portion of the citizenry to view them as speculators exploiting shortages themselves on private entrepreneurs, said to buy up raw materials and finished products for resale, thus preventing their appearance in state stores at lower prices. One did not have to strain during NEP to hear the same charges, expressed by many citizens without need of the encouragement they received nevertheless from official sources.”¹⁰³

⁹⁴ Walther Kirchner, *History of Russia*, tenth ed. 1962, p.119

⁹⁵ HR, p. 224

⁹⁶ HR, p.225

⁹⁷ HR, p. 226

⁹⁸ Alan Ball, “Private Trade and Traders During NEP”, *Russia in the Era of NEP*, Sheila Fitzpatrick, Rabinowitch, Alexander, and Stites, Richard, 1991, pp.89–105

⁹⁹ Alan Ball, p.90

¹⁰⁰ Alan Ball, p.98

¹⁰¹ Ilya Somin, UQC

¹⁰² Alan Ball, p.101

¹⁰³ Alan Ball, p.101

In both eras, “sentiment for tighter constraint of the private sector appears resilient not only in party ranks but in society at large.”¹⁰⁴ This was often due to the exploitative prices of private traders as well as the loss of grain and tax monies for the State. Once private trade was legalized, the immediate profitability was recognized by all sectors of society. “People of all backgrounds—factory workers, intellectuals, demobilized soldiers, prewar merchants, artisans, invalids, peasants, and a large number of housewives—plunged into trade, often simply the barter of personal possessions. Some...sought mere survival, others an opportunity to profit from the demand for very scarce necessities.”¹⁰⁵ However, this reintroduction to capitalism did not go unquestioned. A young Bolshevik asked: “If money was reappearing, wouldn’t rich people reappear too? Weren’t we on the slippery slope that led back to capitalism? We put these questions to ourselves with feelings of anxiety.”¹⁰⁶

The corruptibility of many citizens who worked or had access to State goods often led to quite profitable ends. “Some of the very first sizable private stores opened during NEP were owned by former state employees who had used their official positions to acquire the goods they then sold on their own.”¹⁰⁷ There were also strong incentives to remain in (as if everyone had a real chance of escaping) the small, private trade business. “The expenses of modest vendors were minimal, because they did not have to maintain large inventories, permanent stores, or numerous employees. They also confronted the lowest tax brackets for private traders. Furthermore, petty traders could avoid the attention of state tax officials, the police, and other inspectors more easily than could the proprietors of larger, permanent enterprises. These advantages became virtual necessities during the last years of NEP, when the state stepped up its campaign to “liquidate the Nepmen”¹⁰⁸

The extent and speed in which private trade would grow took the leaders of the 20’s and 80’s by surprise. A decision was made “in March 1921 [at] the X Communist party congress [which] decided to replace requisitioning by a food tax, which was fixed in advance at a lower level than the previous grain quotas. The peasants would retain any surplus, and their incentive to grow more food would thus be restored.”¹⁰⁹ However, due to very low payments from the State for grain, the peasants simply held back more grain from the State in order to sell it at a higher price in the market. “Lenin later frankly admitted that “the private market proved stronger than us”¹¹⁰

The Social sphere of NEP included a reevaluation of traditional roles and values. “In 1926, the Central Executive Committee ratified the new Code on Marriage, the Family, and Guardianship”¹¹¹ Civil Marriage was to replace the religion-based ceremony that kept women from obtaining equal status with men in society. Civil Marriage meant the freedom to marry and divorce. Using a simple marriage registration or postcard notification of a spouse in cases of divorce, women were supposed to be able to free themselves from unhappy marriages. This, however, led to abuses of the system by men. Although “all children were entitled to parental support regardless of whether they were born within or outside a registered marriage...thus obliterate[ing] the legal distinction between legitimate and illegitimate children,”¹¹² men would often married in succession as well as continually leaving behind children in the process. It was therefore “men’s lack of commitment to marriage.”¹¹³

Another challenge that erupted in the NEP era as well as in the era of Perestroika was the increasing threat that women posed to the male work force. “One critic of NEP angrily described the reappearance

¹⁰⁴ Alan Ball, p. 90

¹⁰⁵ Alan Ball, p. 89

¹⁰⁶ Alan Ball, p. 91

¹⁰⁷ Alan Ball, pp.93–94

¹⁰⁸ *The Economic Transformation of the Soviet Union, 1913–1945*, ed. R.W. Davies, Harrison, Mark, and Wheatcroft, S.G., 1994, p.8

¹⁰⁹ ETSU, p.8

¹¹⁰ Wendy Z. Goldman, “Working-Class Women and the ‘Withering Away’ of the Family”, *Russia in the Era of NEP*, 1991, pp.125–143

¹¹¹ Wendy Z. Goldman, p.127

¹¹² Wendy Z. Goldman, p.128

¹¹³ Wendy Z. Goldman, p.131

of labor competition, a feature of capitalism often criticized in Marx and Engels's writings on women: "The reconstruction of enterprises on the basis of cost accounting and the development of privately owned enterprises have inevitably created the disgusting phenomenon of capitalist thriftiness, giving rise to the competition between male and female labor."¹¹⁴ Reminiscent of the 80's (and especially the 90's), was that of female workers as cheap labor or among the ranks of the unemployed. "Many women were fired by managers who considered them more costly to employ than men."¹¹⁵ Socialism was meant to go only far enough to cover the security of its male work force. When socialist demands of child care and maternity leave had to be met, layoffs began with the women.

In contrast with this is the concept of socialist "full employment [which] has many advantages: it promotes social and political stability; the population may have a low standard of living, but it is not subject to uncertainty; and people are occupied in useful, or at least harmless, activities; crime is minimized."¹¹⁶ However, NEP reintroduced the wage system whereby "enterprises were permitted to hire and fire workers in accordance with their needs. For the workers, all restrictions on changing jobs were removed; but they had to suffer the emergence of substantial urban unemployment."¹¹⁷ Therefore, worker competition for jobs partitioned skilled and non-skilled workers. "Many, perhaps most, of those recruited in 1922-5 had worked there before the revolution. This was in considerable part a second-generation working class, and a working class which had lost close connections with the countryside in the form of land holding."¹¹⁸ Competition for jobs meant the ability of managers to exploit its work force particularly in terms of wages and worker rights. "The industrial workers were the heroes [and heroines] of the October revolution and its major beneficiaries. Between 1917 and the mid-1920s their political strength greatly diminished. The workers had effectively lost their hard-won right to strike; the penalties against strikers were already more severe than before the revolution. But in other respects the revolution had brought vast enhancements in the status of the industrial workers, in their rights and privileges, and in their material position relative to the peasants, the professional classes and the minor officials."¹¹⁹

Inconsistencies in certain areas of production reveals how profit had a big hand in worker relations. "The wage gap tended to narrow between industries dominated by men, such as metalworking and mining, and industries in which the percentage of women was substantial, such as textiles and food. The narrowing of the gap was partly due to the introduction of equal pay for equal work...but the relative improvement in women's wages was also partly and perhaps mainly due to the fact that it was easier in conditions of NEP to raise prices and pay higher wages in the consumer industries, where most women worked."¹²⁰

Gorbachev in the era of Perestroika as well as the leaders of the NEP period strongly supported economic incentives instead of administrative directives as a means of regulating enterprise activity. This was a positive step toward a democratic society. Both social and economic relations benefited from the liberalization of State controls. However, both Lenin and Gorbachev underestimated the power of such reforms and in the end dire consequences resulted. In the Gorbachev era, "the reformers overestimated how much the Soviet political and economic system could be revamped without destroying its foundation"¹²¹ There were nationalist protests in various republics beginning in 1987, with demonstrators demanding independence or greater autonomy for their republics. Political perestroika involved taking the power out of the hands of the Communist party leaders and setting up parliament, the presidency,

¹¹⁴ Wendy Z. Goldman, p.131

¹¹⁵ David Lane, *Soviet Society Under Perestroika*, 1990, p.34

¹¹⁶ ETSU, p.8

¹¹⁷ ETSU, p.94

¹¹⁸ ETSU, p.94

¹¹⁹ ETSU, pp.94-95

¹²⁰ Ilya Somin, UQCC

¹²¹ David Lane, *SSUP*, p.18

and the justice system under the rule of law. The NEP period resulted in a clamp-down by the State and a reversal of many liberal, hard-fought programs.

“As Party Secretary and Politburo member V.A. Medvedev has put it: “Socialism must create a political system which takes account of...the multitude of interests and aspirations of all social groups and communities of people. What is meant, of course, are healthy, economically and morally substantiated interests which do not run counter to our system.”¹²² However as both eras painfully experienced, the interests of the people often ran “counter to the System” and often resulted in catastrophe.

¹²² Taylor, Charles. *Sources of the Self: The Making of the Modern Identity*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1989. p. 49

25. Voices from the Cave

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In Charles Taylor's *Sources of the Self*, an examination of the ethical basis behind a Communitarian society is presented. Taylor offers some insight into the ways that our intuitions can and have played a crucial role in morality and how intuitions have been ignored in the ethical theories of the modern era. I will therefore examine Taylor's views on the Self and, from a feminist perspective, critique how Taylor's ideas relate to women in Western society.

The general thrust of Turner's ideas are set against the narrative of Western intellectual thought, particularly concerning the ideas of Autonomy and Morality. Modernist philosophers have placed Reason, Autonomy and rule-governed/rights-based morality at the center of what is considered to be a "good life." What has been taken to issue by many theorists in the 19th and 20th Centuries is the harmful aspects of these grand ideas. Reason was chipped away at by the increasing bureaucratization and military technologies/methods of killing, Autonomy considered to be not only a bourgeois luxury but a naive understanding of what the individual is in society, and moralities based on rights and fundamentally, rules, had been criticized for being anything but moral by doing away with morality founded from (and maintained) within individuals. It is at this dissolution/disillusion that Taylor enters the scene.

Charles Taylor continues the effort to question the authority of Reason and Autonomy. By this, I mean to state that Reason and Autonomy have been given the the authority to be the only goods in life and thus ignoring the other facets of what Turner and contemporaries would consider "the good life." Fundamental to modernist thinking is the use of dichotomies that arbitrarily polarizes fragments of human existence and ways of knowing. Typical examples can be thrown out easily (for we all know the game) such as Reason/Intuition, Light/Dark, Male /Female, Individual/Community, etc.. In the West, the dichotomy was used as a way to regulate and steer society into a "morality" and fetishization of laws based on Reason and Autonomy. As many theorists have pointed out, the belief in an existent/coherent notion of Reason and Autonomy (that is privileged in the West) can exist only against the categories of the Irrational and Community (society). The standards (Reason, Autonomy, and rights based on the two) are given the authority to decide what does and does not matter. "Mattering", especially for Taylor, is an important aspect of ethics when considering what is "the good life."¹²³ It is in this consideration that Taylor begins to re-evaluate the values that the have been the foundation of Western thought and society.

Taylor begins by questioning the morality of rights-based and rule-based ethical theories. He asks not "what is right?", but rather "What it is to be good?"¹²⁴ Clearly, Taylor is hunting for an answer that is much more fundamental to human societies than can be found in the question "what is right?" For Taylor, our notions of "the good" are based in the instinctual/intuitional self that has been covered over and ignored by modern ethicists. Taylor believes that the concern (or hatred) for others is a universal, but that societies alter our conceptions of who can and cannot be considered "the other."¹²⁵ Therefore, the gut reactions that humans have for others is included as another legitimate basis for morality. But Taylor is not saying that our gut reactions are supposed to constitute the entirety of our morality.

¹²³ Taylor, SS. p. 3.

¹²⁴ "Culture and upbringing may help to define the boundaries of the relevant "others," but they don't seem to create the basic reaction itself," Taylor, SS. p. 5

¹²⁵ Taylor, SS. p. 8

Rather, through a kind of “moral objectivity”, we participate in an internal discourse composed of varying intuitions in order to achieve a better understanding of ourselves.¹²⁶ Taylor believes that while our intuitions are fundamental to (and constantly present within) our ideas of morality and the good life, it is within our capacity to decide which intuitions are to be given precedence and followed.

Morality based solely on laws have been criticized in the 20th Century for destroying the basis on which a society is able to fundamentally be moral. What Taylor suggests that develops under such laws is not a respect for others but rather a respect for the law. Taylor suggests that in considerations of what constitutes the good life, respect for human life, autonomy, and avoiding suffering are at the heart of our moral intuitions and thus worthy of being necessary requirements of a good life. For Turner, the main conflict in modern notions of the good life is that between the abstract, transcendent life of the mind and the everyday life that we lead. In a buddhistic fashion, he goes on to demands that when considering the good life, “the higher is to be found not outside of but as a manner of living ordinary life.”¹²⁷

Another point that Taylor makes concerning the practices of ethics is that of frameworks. These privileged constructions have all but been abandoned by many post-modern theorists, however for Taylor, disposal of frameworks is an impossibility.¹²⁸ His notion of frameworks comes directly from his notion of the Self as deeply embedded in community. Therefore, he states that

“To know who I am is a species of knowing where I stand. My identity is defined by the commitments and identifications which provide the frame or horizon within which I can try to determine from case to case what is good, or valuable, or what ought to be done, or what I endorse or oppose”¹²⁹

Therefore, the self comes to be made (societal rules learned, autonomy) and made known (self-knowledge) within the structures (including language) of a particular society. Within the society and the self exists many kinds of frameworks to choose from and which, again, must be sifted through to find the one that feels the best for a certain situation.

Charles Taylor places great emphasis in strong evaluation and working out these various frameworks. But on a societal level how is discourse suppose to work? How much importance is placed on clarity of language and the motives of the speakers? Taylor quickly points out that he believes that “full articulacy is an impossibility.”¹³⁰ However this is in reference to an individual’s strong evaluations. But if individual’s cannot fully articulate themselves because of the givenness of language then does this not lead to an even greater questioning of the articulability of a society on a public level? Certainly, Taylor does not place the naive emphasis on clarity and rationality and uni-interpretive factors in discourse that Habermas does (nor does Taylor seem to support the necessarily bourgeois public sphere in which to hold such discourse), rather he states that the language “only exists and is maintained within a language community...One is a self only among other selves”¹³¹ But what is considered a language community? And what is at risk in this “maintenance”? And what is the basis for being a self and for being included in another’s ethical consideration? Is it merely hinged upon being in the same language community? Taylor states that on an individual level there are “webs of interlocution” in which we struggle to understand ourselves. But again, how does this relate on a societal level?

A language community can exist on many levels from the individuals strongly evaluating themselves to a global system (even the Internet) in which shared ideas, symbols and discourse come into a larger

¹²⁶ Taylor, SS. p.23

¹²⁷ Further, Taylor’s example of a mental patient who showed signs of spatial disorientation was, for Taylor a horrid account of a human without frameworks and someone lacking any sense of their situated history. This is in sharp contrast to post-modernists (particularly Deleuze and Guattari) who have hailed schizophrenics as an access into studying (and enjoying) the post-modern age.

¹²⁸ Taylor, SS. p.27

¹²⁹ Taylor, SS. p.34

¹³⁰ Taylor, SS. p.35

¹³¹ Taylor, SS. p.32

form of strong evaluation (perhaps freedom of speech, autonomy, respect for others). Further, these language communities necessarily cross-over and interact. What ideas from the global level will affect an individual? Is it not impossible to imagine a case where a society has so infused a person with certain ideas of the good that that person may come to a state where any good (of society that they socialized the child to believe in) is a moral intuition? In other words, to what extent does society form not only our “reasoning,” but also our intuitional abilities? How protected are our intuitions from society? This last question suggests my 20th Century worries about the impact of consumerism upon the conceptual possibilities of the mass populace. I am merely trying to get at the reasons why intuition is considered so valuable. Is intuition a haven for our “true/or truer” selves? What other possibilities are there for coming to better understand ourselves? But at this point I am asking more questions than I am answering so I shall return back to the question of “maintenance.” I will suggest here that Taylor, because he understands the oppressive nature of static and dominating frameworks, does not see the maintenance in a language community as a policing of the borders and its members. On the contrary, Taylor seems to recognize that there is a corequisite with expressing intuitions/irrationalities and that is re-evaluating what is considered to be intuition and irrationality. Furthermore, it is often on the individual level that theories are deemed valuable or not . For instance, he states that

“the ultimate basis for accepting any of these theories is precisely that they make better sense of us than do their rivals. If any view takes us right across the boundary and defines as normal or possible a human life which we would find incomprehensible and pathological, it can’t be right.”¹³²

But what does this statement say to us? Again, what is “incomprehensible”, even more frightening, what is considered to be “pathological?” Does the statement “it can’t be right” suggest a denial of what frightens us? Perhaps Absurdity is true, does this mean that people should ignore it or consider it to be pathological? How much play are each of the “rival” given? Does not the society that one is raised in already solidify the “boundary and [define] as [not] normal or [im]possible a human life which we would find incomprehensible and pathological?”

The questions that I have been raising are not merely intellectual onanism, but rather fundamental questions for feminists dealing with the old struggles between the rational/male and the irrational/female that still seem to have some weight. Feminists ranging from post-modern feminists, essentialist feminists, psychoanalytic feminists, ecological feminists, to anarchist feminists have been busy dealing with the issues of intuition/irrationality and women. It is from this point that I suggest that Taylor needs to not only give worth to our intuitions but also to analyze what it is that is labeled intuitions. Often, women’s points of view, because they are (socially made to be) concerned with the home, family and body, have been considered the “mundane” life that Taylor speaks of in his book. However, is this mundane life mundane to women? If men were to be placed in the position of having to care for children, for the home, for the lives and bodies of all who live within that home (and related to that family) would it still be considered the mundane existence?

A second point that I want to make concerns Taylor’s use of the term narrative to describe the way we come to define ourselves and give meaning to our lives. Taylor and Nietzsche hit upon a very important medium when they approach the use of story and fable (the creation of our own histories, “history is myth”) in both individual lives and in communities. As has been shown by literary scholars, novels and parables and fiction have an a great importance in our society. These genres express not only the “mundane” lives of people(s) but also often involve the playful mixture of the mundane and the supernatural in order to resent both a justifying basis for a culture or individual as well as to bring meaning to those who relate to and tell the story. On both an individual and a community level, narratives can be used as propaganda (consciously or unconsciously) that seeks to present a coherent, positive view of the subjects. It is the fungibility and subjectivity of these stories that , in conjunction

¹³² Taylor, SS. p.47

with the dichotomy of rational-irrational that “non-scientific” accounts of history and self have been ignored. Women have used stories such as these to express their philosophies, sciences and arts and thus have come to regard stories as having great importance.

Taylor describes how our lives are presented/communicated/evaluated as an unfolding story that can continuously be re-valued and re-positioned. Further, Taylor suggests that our narratives and our notions of the good are intimately linked. “It has often been remarked that making sense of one’s life as a story is also, like orientation to the good, not an optional extra; that our lives exist also in this space of questions, which only a coherent narrative can answer.”¹³³ Therefore, the narrative format of our lives provides us with a sense of coherence that we are then able to strongly evaluate our ideas about the good life. This is similar to the post/modern/structuralist critique of the sciences and reason in which narratives too are found. Narratives therefore take on varying forms throughout our society and thus force us to re-evaluate what we mean when we categorize something as “irrational/intuitional” and “rational/scientific.”

Does Charles Taylor’s ideas about community fully question the basis on which women have in the past been oppressed? As I have stated above, it does if Taylor questions what the word “intuition” means. Further, the ideas of respect for others, a full life, including dignity in ordinary life seems to me to be an adequate way to develop an ethic that does not slide into the essentialist care ethics that have been highly problematic. Taylor uses the Western ideals of autonomy and critiques it by placing great importance to the ever evolving nature of the Self and suggesting that intuition, like reason, is a valuable source for ethical inquiry and strong evaluation. On a societal basis, Taylor suggests that

“First, one needs an understanding of the kind of social interchange, the common purposes, or mutual needs, how things can go well or badly between people in the society where this term is current. And second, one needs to grasp what I have been calling the qualitative discriminations that the people concerned make; one needs to get a sense, in other words, of their perceptions of the good.”¹³⁴

So is all of this a mere consensus of the good that determines what is good? Taylor tries to point out that he is not endorsing relativism, but what if relativism were the case? And what are the values given to those who do not fit into that consensus? However, only by understanding what is the general idea behind what a society agrees upon as the good can one recognize what are the dissenting views within a society.

An interesting point that Taylor makes concerning “reality” is that “What is real is what you have to deal with, what won’t go away just because it doesn’t fit with your prejudices.”¹³⁵ I think that this adequately absolves Taylor from the accusation that he is reifying the notion that he mentioned earlier of pathological ideas and states. Here he seems to point to both a psychological and political level in which ideas keep reemerging and forcing themselves onto our strong evaluation agenda. He is suggesting that just because something does not fit into our framework that does not mean that it is going to go away or that it will never fit. This I think creates a better access for feminist and communitarian analysis of what is the good and what is considered to be intuition.

In conclusion, Charles Taylor’s communitarian ethics are based on a notion that the intuitions are a valuable and indispensable source for considering what is the good. Further, Taylor suggests that in considering the good life one must include the strongly evaluated goods of respect for human life, autonomy and dignity in the ordinary life. Taylor’s formulation of the good life is similar to Aristotle’s flourishing, however Taylor is more keenly aware of the dangers of stating what are the “higher” pleasures and what are the “lower” ones. He presents an ethical picture in which individuals are fully aware of both their communal embeddedness and autonomy. Therefore, the ethical agency that is created is one

¹³³ Taylor, SS. p. 54

¹³⁴ Taylor, SS. p. 59

¹³⁵ Alexander Reid Ross, *Against the Fascist Creep* (AK Press: Chico, California. 2017).

of a more locally established one that does not need to be directed from outside, but rather struggled with within the community itself and the individual. If the full participation of all community members is established then the possibilities for creating better versions of ethical frameworks and thus better societies is on the horizon.

26. Stop Dividing the Korean Nation

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Over the past decade, Korea has been at the forefront of conflicts over U.S. presence in Asia, the independence and integrity of Asian nations, and what types of economic systems can lead to modernization and prosperity. Many everyday Koreans are asking themselves, why is the US army still present in Korea half a century after the end of the Korean War?

Despite North Korea's nuclear charades, many are not convinced that the North poses a serious threat to the South Korean people. In fact, the expulsion of Pyeongtaek farmers to build a new U.S. military base, the killing of young South Korean women by U.S. soldiers, and the kidnapping of South Koreans in retaliation for their participation in the U.S.'s "coalition of the willing" in Iraq often seem like more potent problems than Kim Jong Il's firecrackers. Calls for US withdrawal and demilitarization have raised discussions of different visions of national reunification and the possibility of a final end to the Korean War.

This has led one wing of the South Korean ruling class to consider more friendly relations with the North in a plan called the Sunshine Policy. Among other overtures, they have financed and built the Kaesong Industrial Complex, an export processing zone along the border of North and South Korea. This project is aimed at "opening up" the North to the recipe of the South Korean miracle economy: cheap, oppressed female labor and strong state intervention. Liberals like Roh Moo Hyun, former South Korean president, call it a step toward reunification. The conservatives, like recently elected president Lee Myung Bak more honestly tout it for the investment opportunities it offers, while affirming that reunification is not on the horizon at any time soon.

The notion that capitalism could ever bring unity to Korea overlooks the fact that historically it has been rival versions of capitalism, backed by rival cold-war empires that have torn apart Korea and subjugated its people. Kaesong is the last thing that workers need in either North or South Korea. It breathes new life into the decadent, oppressive regime in the North, and undercuts decades of labor struggle in the South by shifting production from militant South Korean factories into a new industrial zone that can more easily be managed. In reality, South Korean workers have called for solidarity with their brothers and sisters in the North, giving birth to a more encompassing vision of reunification on the basis of democracy and workers' self management. It is this vision which offers the best hopes for the national liberation of the Korean people.

Good Asian, Bad Asian

As Asian Americans we search through the news to find out what is going on in Korea and find many racist ideas that have been applied to us as well. South Korean elites imagine they are bringing progress to the backward North Korea. This resurrects the old drama of the Good Asian trying to convert the Bad Asian to respect international standards of US Empire. This is a reflection of the racial dimension which attempts to give legitimacy to U.S. foreign policy.

North Korea plays the part of the "Bad Asian". Kim Jong Il is the "Fu Manchu" figure: a carrier of the Yellow Peril. Quiet but subversive, he cooks up unauthorized nuclear technologies that can potentially destroy the world if they don't flop and crash into the sea. Although ample evidence of his motives

and methods of rule are easily available, the US State Department and its media lackeys keep insisting Kim is an enigma. All they can do is speculate about his mistresses, his madness, and his “Dear Leader” fantasies. Although he has made clear that he wants to move toward some kind of revamped Chinese style Communism, more open to working with U.S. capitalism, the media keeps insisting that North Korea is part of the Axis of Evil, and that every single North Korean hates every American with a passion. There are other examples of this Bad Asian figure more close to home, for example the Chinese scientists suspected of passing US military secrets to the People’s Republic. The Bad Asian is a perpetual foreigner to the US, linked forever to the nation of his/her ancestors. Even when his/her brains can serve to improve US technology, the Bad Asian is constantly a potential threat to US National Security and cannot be trusted with sophisticated weapons technology.

For every Bad Asian, there is a Good Asian complement. South Korea is the Charlie Chan figure, imbued with “positive” stereotypes of being intelligent, witty and diligent, much like the “model minority” Asians in the US. South Korea’s “Asian Tiger” status, its ability to rise up from Third World to First World economic standing in a matter of a few decades is testament to its success. However, its achievement shines a brighter light elsewhere, reiterating the supposed necessity and effectiveness of US imperialism in Asia. The US government emphasizes time and again, that South Korea’s success would never have been possible without the presence of the protective US military bases, the Demilitarized Zone (DMZ), and US economic advisors.

This Good Asian-Bad Asian game obscures the fact that people on both sides of the DMZ are Koreans; they speak the same language, eat the same food, celebrate the same holidays, and have the same long and proud tradition of national unity and resistance to foreign invasions. It was the U.S. and Russian imperialists that arbitrarily decided they would be two separate countries.

Beyond the cold war: two competing forms of state capitalism

Seen from the perspective of the prisons and assembly lines on both sides of the DMZ, there are great similarities between the North and the South. Both Korean states came to power by defeating a unified and radically democratic government that the Korean people had tried to institute at the end of WW2. Before the US and Russian armies could occupy and rip up the Korean peninsula, the Korean people started to dismantle the Japanese colonial state and its system of industrial slavery, replacing it with democratic workers councils and town assemblies. They tried and punished corrupt Korean collaborators and Japanese colonizers. However, when the US Army got to the peninsula, they destroyed this burgeoning democratic government with the help of right-wing fascist gangs. They propped up the remnants of the Japanese colonial state, filling its official positions with Korean collaborators and American advisers. In the North, the emerging democracy was not crushed but rather co-opted. Its leaders were controlled by the Korean Communist party and when some of them revolted, the Russian army helped Kim Il Sung put them down. In any case, both regimes were founded at the expense of democracy and national independence in Korea.

South Korea under the rule of the chaebols

The US Cold Warriors claimed that their presence in South Korea would help create a future for Asia free from Communist tyranny. But from the end of World War II till 1987, this rhetoric masked a South Korean right wing dictatorship complete with a US-trained security apparatus unapologetically called the Korean CIA. Run by huge domestic conglomerates protected by the state, the South Korean economy was a far cry from an idealistic “free market” that in reality exists nowhere, not even in the US. Much like its North Korean counterpart, the South Korean state has imposed an economic plan of ruthless modernization from above based on the assumption that development and progress are only

possible with a huge state disciplining its workers to produce at a breakneck speed. The system on both sides of the DMZ can thus be called “state capitalist.”

The South Korean state historically controlled the movement of capital and goods across its borders in order to protect and rapidly expand its domestic industries. The largest investors in the South Korean economy were either state-owned enterprises or heavily state-subsidized monopoly corporations called chaebols run by an oligarchy of several families. Hyundai, Samsung and Daewoo were all built up by the government’s economic planners. Apparently, the South Korean elites and the US Cold Warriors, despite their free market rhetoric, were not afraid of a state-controlled economy as long as it was their state-controlled economy, as long as economic planning was kept in the hands of elites allied to US imperialism, and out of the hands of everyday Koreans.

Despite the severe repression of the South Korean police state, workers and students conducted heroic campaigns from the 1970s onward for democracy and workers’ self-management. First led by women who had recently migrated from their farms to work in the Wonpoong and Dongil garment sweatshops in Seoul, this movement showed the world that migrant women workers in light industries are not just passive victims and do in fact shape history. In the 80s, this movement developed into general strikes across industry and gender lines. It was supported by liberation theology Minjung churches and worker-priests like Rev. Choo Wha-soon. Student activists dropped out of the universities to lead clandestine political study and support groups in Korea’s industrial zones. This political fermentation came to boiling point with the Kwangju uprising of 1980, a mass rebellion which was brutally suppressed by the South Korean military.

With the general strike of 1987, the dictatorship finally fell and was replaced with a form of multi-party representative democracy. However, like all representative democracies, the South Korean state continues to suppress the self-governing capacities of its population. The less radical leaders of the labor movement have been co-opted into the new government, where they repress other labor activists who have continued to push for greater workers control and safeguards against casualization and the bosses divide and conquer tactics. The recent imprisonment of Korean workers struggling in solidarity with non-Korean immigrant workers is a case in point.

During the 1997 Asian economic crisis, the IMF, World Bank, and the US treasury tried to rearrange South Korea’s state-controlled economy and turn it over to neo-liberalism, making it easier for American capitalists to invest in Korea. A wing of the South Korean middle classes today wishes to go in this direction, and South Korea has signed the Free Trade Agreement with the U.S. against the wishes of hundreds of thousands of Korean demonstrators. Korean workers and farmers have taken to the streets not only in Korea but everywhere in the world at anti-globalization demonstrations from Seattle 1999 to Hong Kong 2005. This summer they held massive demonstrations, facing down police repression in order to oppose Lee Myung Bak’s decision to allow the import of U.S. beef that is potentially tainted with mad cow disease. When the cops tried to isolate the supposed “radical elements” leading this movement they failed because the demonstrations were largely self-organized through grassroots networks of citizens. This should make it clear that the Korean people are not conservative just because a conservative president was elected: there is a massive groundswell against him, just like there is massive discontent against Bush here in the U.S.

North Korea, Inc.

If state-capitalism thrived under the South Korean chaebol, it thrived in North Korea under a one-party dictatorship. The Korean Communist Party under Kim Il Sung also pursued rapid economic development, prioritizing heavy industry in this case with Soviet and Chinese rather than American investment capital. Despite all of its rhetoric about workers’ power, the North Korean government believes that its workers are not and never will be capable of economic planning. Rather than private bosses, their labor is exploited and managed by Party bureaucrats and state planners who command

them when to work, how to work, and how much to produce. In this sense, the North Korean state functions like one giant capitalist corporation, exploiting resources and people to make a profit that it uses to bolster the rule of the Party through the development of military hardware. Rather than South Korea's oligarchy of several corporate families, you have the Kim family monarchy-monopoly. For a long time, this worked "well" in capitalist terms, and North Korea in the 1970s was better off economically than the South, but after the USSR fell and Soviet capital became unavailable, the Northern economy in the 90s spiraled toward famine.

It is likely that the Northern leaders will go the route China has gone, opening up to international capitalism while at the same time maintaining the iron grip of Party control of all aspects of life inside the country itself. This would not be a shift from "Communism" to "Capitalism" but simply a shift from one form of state- capitalism to another.

During the Cold War, Korea was ripped apart by different visions of global capitalism, lead by the USSR and the US. Now the Cold War is over and the question is whether China's rising state capitalism or the U.S.'s neoliberalism will be dominant on the peninsula. North Korea desperately needs foreign investments to survive, and which international block of capital they will orient towards is still unclear. They are moving to allow limited foreign direct investment from China and South Korea, and have even indicated that they desire a more friendly relationship with the U.S. They are playing China and the U.S. off each other to make sure that they get the best deal possible from their future imperial patron.

U.S. leaders are setting up roadblocks to reunification not only because they want an excuse to keep their troops in the South but also because they fear a reunited Korea at this time may lean towards the Chinese orbit. While they have their hands tied in Iraq, the US imperialists have tried to keep up the nuclear scare to delay questions of reunification until such a time when they can ensure the new Korean ruling class will sway toward them using force if necessary.

Alternatives from below

Many everyday Koreans are getting impatient and have their own ideas. Hardly the passive duped Asians the American media paints them as, many have decided that they don't want to live under the very modern despotisms that have developed on both sides of the DMZ.

In North Korea, many dissidents risk their lives to defect from the current government, escaping the desolation of North Korea to join their families in the South. Some escape to China, where they are subsequently caught by a harsh police force and sent back to North Korea to face labor camps and prison for supposedly betraying the nation. Defections do not necessarily indicate pro-capitalist leanings, but simply that life under the North Korean regime is so intolerable that leaving home is preferable to staying and fighting for something new. Given our limited access to North Korean society as Americans it is difficult to see what is happening on the ground today. But it is hard for us to believe that the North Koreans are all as passive and brainwashed as the US media would like to paint them.

We have more information about the South, though the depth, power, and sophistication of their developing social movements are frequently understated here in the U.S. Today there is a continuation of the democratic labor struggles discussed earlier. In the late 90s, the government tried to sneak through a program of mass layoffs to satisfy IMF austerity measures imposed by American capitalists. In response, workers, students, and churches organized a nationwide general strike despite the winter weather.

This has been followed by recurring smaller strikes and battles against layoffs and unemployment. In one case, Kim Wu-chung, founder of the Daewoo conglomerate embezzled billions of won and fled the country while one third of the Daewoo workforce was being laid off. In response, Daewoo workers and angry citizens formed the "Rob the Rich to Feed the Poor" brigade to get their money back. They chased Kim to Europe and threatened to track him down, forcing the reluctant Korean government to intervene against its protege. These labor struggles represent a serious and ongoing crisis for the South Korean regime.

At the same time, struggles against the presence of the U.S. military in South Korea have been escalated by the expansion of a U.S. military base in the Pyeongtaek region. It is built with the intention of creating an up-to-date US military hub in East Asia, ready for global deployment. This expansion, endorsed and led primarily by the Korean government has brought about forced displacements of many farmers in the Daechuri and Doduri villages.

The backlash against US troops overflows into anti-war sentiments among everyday Koreans. In the wake of the U.S. backed Israeli war on Lebanon in the summer of 2006, South Korean anti-war activists declared they did not want to be the “Israel” of Asia, a client state of the U.S. used to bolster its imperialism in the region. The South Korean government provided support for the U.S. war effort in Iraq, where Koreans were kidnapped by the Iraqi resistance. This has prompted many to resist a relationship of dependence that requires Koreans to help kill other people of color and die for U.S. imperial misadventures in the Middle East.

Under these circumstances, North Korea serves as an important ideological tool for the US to justify its continual presence in South Korea. To counter these demands for US withdrawal from Korea, the US State Department and the Pentagon play up the threat posed by North Korea. Basically, they claim they need to save Koreans from other Koreans. For a while, this was facilitated by Kim Jong Il’s policy of nuclear blackmail, where he developed nuclear weapons against the will of the US and its allies. But Kim has engaged in the Six Party Talks, deescalating this conflict. North Korea has taken steps to begin dismantling its weapons program although questions still remain about its compliance. In the last months of his presidency, Roh visited Kim Jung Il in North Korea and now Kaesong is up and running. All of these developments indicate a lessening of tensions between the two governments. This begins to raise the question of why are U.S. troops still there? Why does the U.S. want military tension in Korea when most Koreans do not want it?

The need for an alternative to the Sunshine Policy

A liberal faction of the South Korean ruling class has responded to these questions by calling for the Sunshine Policy, a gradual process of reunification based on the leadership of the South Korean capitalists; Kaesong is a key piece of this. It would provide key benefits for the South Korean elites. They could bolster their nationalist credentials in the face of popular opposition to their collaboration with an increasingly discredited U.S. Empire. Once more, Korea would be a strong, united nation, but its projected liberal leadership would at best have a thin façade of independence and would still be subordinated to U.S. interests in the region (perhaps with parallel patronage from China).

South Korean businessmen could also begin to shift production into the North, allowing them to fire and replace militant workers concentrated in the industrial parks of the South. This would allow the bosses to regain the upper hand that they have lost due to the militancy and organization of the South Korean labor movement. They have already turned toward exploiting migrant workers from other Asian countries, forcefully preventing them from unionizing so as to undercut union wages in South Korea. They would most certainly welcome a highly regulated stream of destitute, displaced North Korean farmers who could come south to staff new sweatshops.

For all of these reasons, the liberal capitalist vision of the Sunshine Policy represents a potential defeat for South Korean working folks and a co-optation rather than a victory of the struggle for national liberation. By contrast, it is the decades-long struggles of Korean workers, students, and radical churches that offer the best hope for potential national unification on a democratic and anti-imperialist basis. Certainly, there are contradictions within these movements, as with any mass movement, and some tendencies within them are tied to the liberal wing of the state bureaucracy and support the Sunshine policy. Nevertheless, these movements have shaken up South Korea’s authoritarian state capitalism, bringing down the dictatorship and keeping the remaining oligarchy on its toes.

With increased contact between the North and the South, our hope is that these movements will spread across the peninsula, challenging the Northern regime as well by linking up with dissident voices there. This could potentially lay the groundwork for reunification from below, offering workers in the North solidarity and mutual aid rather than cheap wages and subordination to Southern profits. What can international Asians and other people in solidarity do to support these developments? We can begin by organizing in our own workplaces, schools, neighborhoods, and places of worship, making links with Korean workers, students, radical Christians, etc.

American workers today are facing the fact that the jobs they used to work have been shipped overseas to Asia. The conservative trade union bureaucrats and labor aristocracy reinforce the racist notion that workers in Asian factories are all passive and obedient scabs who have undercut a stronger tradition of American labor struggle by stealing US jobs. This overlooks the fact that the auto strikes and urban uprisings of Detroit in the 60s were closely followed by strikes and uprisings in Korea in the 70s and 80s when production shifted there. Far from being passive, Korean workers, and Asian workers in general, are at the forefront of labor militancy worldwide. When we think of the “working class” today, we shouldn’t think only of middle aged white guys in Michigan with beer bellies but also young women militants in Seoul. They should be seen as allies and models for a reinvigorated American labor movement, and international links desperately need to be made if workers on both sides of the Pacific are going to successfully confront the assaults that neoliberal elites are making on our livelihoods.

American students also need to reach out to our Korean counterparts. Recently American students have raised demands for student control over university investment policies, for example with calls for divestment from Israel and from US military contractors. We should extend these calls by demanding that our universities suspend any research funded by the US armed forces, in solidarity with Korean student’s demands for US troop withdrawal from the peninsula. At the same time, we should try to make links with student activists in Korea and learn from their struggles. Through the 1980s, South Korean university students refused to see themselves as separate from the working class struggle that everyday Koreans were engaged in. They bridged the conventional divide between mental and manual labor by working alongside other Koreans in factories, applying their education in radical ways in political study groups and discussions. American students today have much to learn from the perseverance of these South Korean student militants.

As Asian Americans, we are often held up as the model minority, as obedient, upwardly mobile students living the American dream, loyal to U.S. Empire and white supremacy. South Korea is held up as the model minority internationally, as a sign of the kind of prosperity that you can get if you submit to US banks controlling your economy and 35,000 U.S. troops stationed in your country. It is time that we say as loudly as possible that malls and nightclubs in Seoul are little compensation for the fact that those troops have been stationed there to divide a proud Asian country and reinforce a client regime against the democratic aspirations of its own people. Korean workers and students have shown that they do not want to be passive, money grubbing lackeys of white supremacy; they want their country back and want to control their own lives. Inspired by their example, we should cast off the model minority myth and take control over our own lives too. We can begin this by demanding that our own workplaces, schools, and places of worship stand with rather than against the Korean struggle for democracy and national unity.

27. On Being White... and Other Lies

Author: James Baldwin

Date: 1984

Source: Retrieved on 2022/2/25 from <https://faculty.gordonstate.edu/lсандers-senu/On%20Being%20White%20and>

Date Published on T@L: 2022-02-25T19:01:03

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The crisis of leadership in the white community is remarkable—and terrifying—because there is, in fact, no white community.

This may seem an enormous statement—and it is. I’m willing to be challenged. I’m also willing to attempt to spell it out.

My frame of reference is, of course, America, or that portion of the North American continent that calls itself America. And this means I am speaking, essentially, of the European vision of the world—or more precisely; perhaps, the European vision of the universe. It is a vision as remarkable for what it pretends to include as for what it remorselessly diminishes, demolishes or leaves totally out of account.

There is, for example—at least, in principle—an Irish community: here, there, anywhere, or, more precisely, Belfast, Dublin and Boston. There is a German community: both sides of Berlin, Bavaria and Yorkville. There is an Italian community: Rome, Naples, the Bank of the Holy Ghost and Mulberry Street. And there is a Jewish community, stretching from Jerusalem to California to New York. There are English communities. There are French communities. There are Swiss consortiums. There are Poles: in Warsaw (where they would like us to be friends) and in Chicago (where because they are white we are enemies). There are, for that matter, Indian restaurants and Turkish baths. There is the underworld—the poor (to say nothing of those who intend to become rich) are always with us—but this does not describe a community. It bears terrifying witness to what happened to everyone who got here, and paid the price of the ticket. The price was to become “white.” No one was white before he/she came to America. It took generations, and a vast amount of coercion, before this became a white country.

It is probable that it is the Jewish community or more accurately, perhaps, its remnants—that in America has paid the highest and most extraordinary price for becoming white. For the Jews came here from countries where they were not white, and they came here, in part, because they were not white; and incontestably in the eyes of the Black American (and not only in those eyes) American Jews have opted to become white, and this is how they operate. It was ironical to hear, for example, former Israeli prime minister Menachem Begin declare some time ago that “the Jewish people bow only to God” while knowing that the state of Israel is sustained by a blank check from Washington. Without further pursuing the implication of this mutual act of faith, one is nevertheless aware that the Black presence, here, can scarcely hope—at least, not yet—to halt the slaughter in South Africa.

And there is a reason for that.

America became white—the people who, as they claim, “settled” the country became white—because of the necessity of denying the Black presence, and justifying the Black subjugation. No community can be based on such a principle—or, in other words, no community can be established on so genocidal a lie. White men—from Norway, for example, where they were Norwegians—became white: by slaughtering the cattle, poisoning the wells, torching the houses, massacring Native Americans, raping Black women.

This moral erosion has made it quite impossible for those who think of themselves as white in this country to have any moral authority at all—privately, or publicly. The multitudinous bulk of them sit, stunned, before their TV sets, swallowing garbage that they know to be garbage, and—in a profound and unconscious effort to justify this torpor that disguises a profound and bitter panic pay a vast amount of attention to athletics: even though they know that the football player (the Son of the Republic, their sons!) is merely another aspect of the money-making scheme. They are either relieved or embittered by the presence of the Black boy on the team. I do not know if they remember how long and hard they fought to keep him off it. I know that they do not dare have any notion of the price Black people

(mothers and fathers) paid and pay. They do not want to know the meaning, or face the shame, of what they compelled—out of what they took as the necessity of being white—Joe Louis or Jackie Robinson or Cassius Clay (aka Muhammad Ali) to pay I know that they, themselves, would not have liked to pay it.

There has never been a labor movement in this country, the proof being the absence of a Black presence in the so-called father-to-son unions. There are, perhaps, some niggers in the window; but Blacks have no power in the labor unions.

Just so does the white community, as a means of keeping itself white, elect, as they imagine, their political (!) representatives. No nation in the world, including England, is represented by so stunning a pantheon of the relentlessly mediocre. I will not name names I will leave that to you.

But this cowardice, this necessity of justifying a totally false identity and of justifying what must be called a genocidal history, has placed everyone now living into the hands of the most ignorant and powerful people the world has ever seen: And how did they get that way?

By deciding that they were white. By opting for safety instead of life. By persuading themselves that a Black child's life meant nothing compared with a white child's life. By abandoning their children to the things white men could buy By informing their children that Black women, Black men and Black children had no human integrity that those who call themselves white were bound to respect. And in this debasement and definition of Black people, they debased and defamed themselves.

And have brought humanity to the edge of oblivion: because they think they are white. Because they think they are white, they do not dare confront the ravage and the lie of their history. Because they think they are white, they cannot allow themselves to be tormented by the suspicion that all men are brothers. Because they think they are white, they are looking for, or bombing into existence, stable populations, cheerful natives and cheap labor. Because they think they are white, they believe, as even no child believes, in the dream of safety Because they think they are white, however vociferous they may be and however multitudinous, they are as speechless as Lot's wife— looking backward, changed into a pillar of salt.

However—! White being, absolutely, a moral choice (for there are no white people), the crisis of leadership for those of us whose identity has been forged, or branded, as Black is nothing new. We—who were not Black before we got here either, who were defined as Black by the slave trade—have paid for the crisis of leadership in the white community for a very long time, and have resoundingly, even when we face the worst about ourselves, survived, and triumphed over it. If we had not survived and triumphed, there would not be a Black American alive.

And the fact that we are still here—even in suffering, darkness, danger, endlessly defined by those who do not dare define, or even confront, themselves is the key to the crisis in white leadership. The past informs us of various kinds of people—criminals, adventurers and saints, to say nothing, of course, of popes—but it is the Black condition, and only that, which informs us concerning white people. It is a terrible paradox, but those who believed that they could control and define Black people divested themselves of the power to control and define themselves.

28. Radical media and the blurred lines of 'red' fascism

Author: Javier Sethness-Castro

Topics: alternative media, fascism, authoritarian left

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Note: *Javier Sethness looks at the modern rise of “red-brown” politics and its infection of the left through the lens of a recent Indy Media on Air showing with prominent radical media figure Chris Burnett, which gave Assadist hardliner Vanessa Beeley a platform offering oddly softball questions. This article first appeared at the Coalition for Peace, Revolution and Social Justice website.*

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The red-brown convergence, or the seemingly puzzling political alliance between far-left (red) and far-right (brown), is a serious and worsening problem around the world—evermore so since Donald Trump’s election and inauguration. Beyond the divisions between authoritarian and libertarian socialism on the left, both authoritarian and anti-authoritarian socialist traditions share with fascism an emphasis on revolutionism, or the need to transform society radically, rather than incrementally. In practice, this has meant that Italian Fascism grew out of the *Cercle Proudhon*, an intellectual circle dedicated to the study of this French anarchist; that the Strasserite faction of the Nazi Party had an (admittedly racist) anti-capitalist orientation; and that the Russian neo-fascist and Vladimir Putin adviser Aleksandr Dugin has developed a “fourth political theory” which combines Stalinism with Nazism.¹³⁶

While this axis has important implications for social life across the globe, the red-brown convergence is seen mostly clearly in Syria and in the discursive struggle over the Syrian Civil War. Since the beginning of the Syrian Revolution in March 2011, an estimated half-million Syrians have been killed, including 200,000 civilians. Syria’s Assad Regime, Putin’s Russia, and the Islamic Republic of Iran have been found to be responsible for killing 94% of these civilians. Moreover, in a new analysis of cyber warfare in the Syrian Revolution, an anonymous observer identifies three main stands adopted by those confronted with the events in Syria: the pro-Assad, anti-US-imperialism stance; the silent stance; and the stance in solidarity. It is unfortunate to consider that, rather than provide coverage in solidarity with Syrian dissidents across borders, Pacifica Radio/KPFK 90.7 Los Angeles gave a platform to fascism on March 21st and 28th of this year on the radio show “Indy Media on Air.” (Link available here.) While the program description states the show’s mission as being the “creation of radical, accurate, and passionate tellings of the truth,” readers of this commentary will judge for themselves whether its pro-Assad orientation can be viewed in any way as radical, accurate, or truthful.

The fascist in question is Vanessa Beeley, a British “alternative” journalist who runs interference for Assad and Putin. The website where she works as an editor, *21st Century Wire*, features anti-Semites and Holocaust deniers such as Gilad Atzmon alongside rationalizations of Assadist fascism and “exposés” about the White Helmets, otherwise known as the Syrian Civil Defense—that is, the first responders to Russian and Syrian regime bombardment of civilian areas in opposition-held regions of the country. *21st Century Wire* was founded by an *Infowars* editor, Patrick Henningsen, and has been found by Media Bias Fact Check to be a “conspiracy and fake news [website] with an extreme right bias.” Alongside Holocaust denial, the site’s editors promote climate change denial as well. Yet while introducing Beeley on his show on March 21st, Chris Burnett, host of “Indy Media on Air,” failed to mention Beeley’s association with *21st Century Wire* or *Infowars*. Neither did he clarify that Beeley’s “claim to fame” was that her “exposé” of the White Helmets has been heavily promoted by Russian State media, including *Sputnik* and *Russia Today*, and in fact was submitted in 2017 by Putin’s government to the United Nations Security Council and General Assembly as “evidence” against the group.

¹³⁶ This essay first appeared as the second chapter in *Double Binds of Neoliberalism: Theory and Culture After 1968*, eds.

Rather than disclose these questionable ties, Burnett muddied the waters from the start of the interview by linking Beeley to the Syria Solidarity Movement (SSM), which to unknowing listeners might just sound like the equivalent of the International Solidarity Movement, which organizes support for Palestinians living under Israeli Occupation through direct action. Yet the Syria Solidarity Movement (SSM) is nothing of the kind: it is instead a conspiracist, pro-Assad outfit whose mission statement demands “universal respect for and protection of Syrian sovereignty and territory” and denies the opposition the right to armed struggle, advocating “the use of exclusively nonviolent means of national resolution and reconciliation.” These are clearly pro-regime talking points that justify the *BBC*’s conclusion in a recent article on Syrian conspiracy theories which includes critique of Beeley that:

[t]he activists call themselves “anti-war,” but as they generally back the Syrian government’s military operations against rebel forces seeking to overthrow Mr Assad and Russian air strikes carried out in support, it might be more accurate to describe them as “anti-Western intervention” or “pro-Syrian government.”

Therefore, if it were honest, the SSM would rename itself the “Assad Solidarity Movement.” Its steering committee includes Sara Flounders from the Workers’ World Party (WWP); Richard Becker of the Party for Socialism and Liberation (PSL) and its front group, the Act Now to Stop War and End Racism (ANSWER) Coalition; and Navid Nasr, a self-avowed Duginist. Beeley and her fellow Assadist propagandist Eva Bartlett reportedly were part of the same SSM committee until the publication of this investigation into them in late 2016 over their fascist, conspiracist views. It bears noting here that ANSWER/PSL allowed the neo-Nazi agitator “Baked Alaska” free rein to dismiss the Douma attack as a hoax and promote his fascistic “America First” ideology at their pro-Assad rally in downtown Los Angeles on Saturday, April 14th. Tellingly in this sense, in his recent investigation into international red-brown organizing efforts in favor of Russian and Assad Regime interests in the Syrian Civil War, Alexander Reid Ross identifies the SSM as a “syncretic anti-imperialist network” which opens the door to collaboration between the authoritarian left and neo-fascist right, as was perhaps best-illustrated at the 2014 “Multipolar World” conference organized in Moscow by the Duginist Anti-Globalization Movement, which neo-Confederates and “anti-imperialists” alike attended.

Perhaps the most problematic aspect of this all is that Burnett cannot claim he didn’t know the extent of Beeley’s politics and commitments before having her onto his show.

Yet what Burnett must have known, being a journalist who covers current events, is that at that precise time—late March 2018—the Assad Regime was involved together with Russia in a genocidal campaign against the people of Eastern Ghouta, a Damascus suburb. Using napalm, cluster munitions, heavy aerial and artillery bombardment, and chemical weapons, Assad and Putin murdered close to 2,000 civilians in the district in less than two months. It is within this horrific context that Burnett gave a platform for an Assadist fascist to promote her lies. On his March 21st and 28th shows, Burnett makes no mention of the contemporary massacres in Ghouta but instead echoes Beeley in referring to the December 2016 conquest of Eastern Aleppo by Assad’s forces as its “liberation” from “terrorists.” He furthermore does not question Beeley’s use of the same term “liberation” to describe Assad’s contemporary clearance campaign in Ghouta. Imagine if the host of “Indy Media on Air” had invited a raging Zionist apologist onto his show in the midst of one of Israel’s genocidal attacks on Gaza, failed to mention these same attacks, and then agreed with his counterpart’s designation of all of Israel’s victims as “terrorists,” and their murder as amounting to their liberation!

In keeping with this highly problematic presentation, Burnett further fails to advise his listeners that Beeley had participated in a “peace delegation” to Syria with the U.S. Peace Council in July 2016. Tellingly, Beeley declared her two-hour meeting with Bashar al-Assad as her “[p]roudest moment” of the trip.

Through her interview with Burnett, Beeley reveals herself as a racist and an Orientalist who fundamentally engages in the type of atrocity-denial that is part and parcel of the both the fascist right and

Guillaume Collet, Krista Bonello Rutter Giappone, Iain MacKenzie (Rowman and Littlefield International: 2022), 39–65.

the authoritarian left's take on Syria, a position for which *Burning Country* co-author Leila al-Shami has rightly denounced the pro-fascist left. Beeley opens by mentioning her father, Harold Beeley, who was a British diplomat and an Arabist, seemingly in an implicit attempt to present herself as an "authority" on the Middle East of similar weight. She is quick to announce her view that international law demands respect for the Assad Regime's sovereignty over Syria, but she fails to mention how international law also demands the prevention and punishment of genocide, of which Assad is clearly guilty on numerous occasions, as well as chemical-weapons attacks, the murder of political prisoners and prisoners of war, the bombardment of civilian populations, and other war crimes. Neither does Burnett press her on these points. Instead, he invites Beeley to present her take on the White Helmets, which is that they are foreign-backed "terrorists" or their sympathizers who for this reason constitute legitimate targets for elimination by Assad and Putin's militaries. Beeley's criticism, which Burnett appears to share, is directed toward the first responders risking their lives to save others who have been bombed, rather than toward those forces actively doing the bombing.

Beeley accuses the White Helmets of "revising history" while ignoring her own significant revisions of history. She does not talk about the beginning of the uprising in March 2011, when regime security forces publicly threatened to forcibly disappear incarcerated teenage boys who had written anti-Assad graffiti on the walls of their local school in Der'aa, nor does she discuss the brutal suppression of subsequently organized unarmed protests by Assad's security forces. Instead, her discussion of March 2011 proceeds immediately to praising Assad for the supposedly "vast" number of State reforms he putatively proposed at the beginning of the revolt. She extols Assad's Syria for "effectively [being] very much a socialist State," and she declares her view that the regime's survival since 2011 is "close to being a miracle." Again, Burnett does not challenge her on these claims, despite the fact that it is entirely unclear how a bourgeois-terror regime that engages in mass-aerial bombardment of civilian populations using napalm and chemical weapons can be considered remotely socialist. Obviously, for those millions of besieged people on the receiving end of regime and Russian bombs, Assad is the very opposite of miraculous.

As Orientalists, Beeley and Burnett perpetuate the invisibilization of Syrians, casting the conflicts in that country as just another theater in the War on Terror, rather than a question of class struggle, the fight against despotism, and counter-revolution. In fact, this statist-geopolitical framing, which silences the Arab and Kurdish popular classes, is par for the course for the Western and white left. Indeed, Beeley asserts that the Assad Regime's fascist hegemony represents the *free self-determination* of the Syrian people. But this is a complete lie. Findings from *BBC* interviews with Syrian refugees in Lebanon and Jordan from April 2018 show that the vast majority of them saw "their best chance of returning to a country where more than 350,000 people have been killed and 5.6m have become refugees, as the removal of President Assad." Such collective attitudes are logical, given the distressing reports about returning Syrian refugees being systemically imprisoned, tortured, disappeared, and murdered—reports which typically go unmentioned by Beeley and Burnett. One wonders how Beeley and Burnett would attempt to rationalize Assad's 2012 assassination of U.S. reporter Marie Colvin in Homs, let alone the regime's "deliberate and systematic targeting of hospitals" or Assad and Russia's culpability for the murder of 90 percent of the healthcare workers killed in bombardment of medical facilities during the war.

Since the April 7th Douma chemical attack, Beeley has continued promoting her conspiracy views, suggesting on *RT* that the death-toll was due to a false-flag operation perpetrated by the White Helmets. Once again, her position is entirely equivalent to that of the Russian State.

At this point, Beeley, Burnett, and their audience would do well to contemplate al-Shami's critique of the pro-fascist, "anti-war" mobilizations against the April 14th Anglo-Franco-American strikes on regime targets:

There's no outrage when barrel bombs, chemical weapons and napalm are dropped on democratically self-organized communities or target hospitals and rescue workers. Civilians are expendable; the military

capabilities of a genocidal, fascist regime are not. In fact the slogan ‘Hands off Syria’ really means ‘Hands off Assad’ and support is often given for Russia’s military intervention.

Such a position describes Beeley and Burnett quite well, as does this other piercing line of al-Shami’s: “This pro-fascist left seems blind to any form of imperialism that is non-western in origin.” Presumably, Beeley and Burnett are much more concerned with the limited Western missile strikes on largely abandoned regime military targets, an act which represents little more than a release of tensions, than with the annihilation of an entire people by a fascist dictator and his imperialist allies.

Such views on Syria are no different than those of Alt-Right neo-Nazi Richard B. Spencer, who once again this year criticized Trump for contemplating military strikes on Assad, whom he lauds as a “British-trained physician” who is “civilized.” Clearly, for Spencer, the Hippocratic Oath which medical providers are expected to observe means little. Yet his enthusiasm for Assad’s “civilized” nature — as attested to by the despot’s willingness to commit genocide against Sunni Muslim Arabs in the interest of “progress” and “stability” for the international racial-capitalist order — is one with Beeley and Burnett’s affinities for the authoritarian-militarist campaign that the Assad Regime is currently engaged in to reconquer the country.

The last word is for al-Shami: *“I will never see people who place grand narratives over lived realities, who support brutal regimes in far off countries, or who peddle racism, conspiracy theories and atrocity denial, as allies [or comrades].”*

29. Communism as the Riddle Posed to History

Author: Jose Rosales

Topics: Communism; Algerian National Liberation Front (FLN); anti-colonial struggles; French Communist Party (PCF); Alain Badiou; Gilles Deleuze; Maurice Blanchot; Marx; Giovanni Arrighi;

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Communism as the Riddle Posed to History¹³⁷

On May 24, we admired on television the impressive Paris demonstration called by the central CGT trade union. Throughout the country were other demonstrations. We were jubilant. If the most important workers' union embraced the movement, we had an avenue for hope! We saw proof of this in president General de Gaulle, casting his bait on television: he announced the organization of a June referendum on participatory decision-making for workers in enterprises and for students in the universities. We feared seeing students fall into the trap set, but not much effort was needed to avoid potential demobilization. We learned that the response to the chief of state's proposal was another demonstration in Paris, with new barricades, and *nec plus ultra*, the burning of the Bourse! On May 25, at the Ministry of Labor in Paris, negotiations began between the trinity of trade unions, employers, and the government.

On May 27, we learned the epilogue. The content of the so-called Grenelle agreement: increased unemployment benefits and base wages, the workday gradually reduced to forty hours a week, the age of retirement lowered, revised collective agreements, recognition of trade union sections in enterprises, and increased trade union rights. To the horde of hungry dogs, the owners threw some bones to chew on. Some affordable employer concessions to suffocate social change aiming to eliminate ownership itself.

The following day, there was Francois Mitterand, who announced his candidacy for the presidency. The next day, we learned that the secretary-general of the CGT, Georges Séguy himself, went to Renault factories in Boulogne-Billancourt. He presented the agreements to the strikers. Against his expectation, they voted to pursue the strike.

On 29 May we heard the most thrilling news. The "hero" of the anti-Nazi resistance, "the President," "the general," de Gaulle abandoned l'Elysée and took refuge, like a czar, like any common dictator of the "Third World," in an army base.

All of this was coming about without elections, without "palace" maneuvers, without an armed coup d'état, without a Day of August 10, 1792, against the Tuileries, without an attack on the Winter Palace, without a Bolshevik "avant-garde Party," and without a long Maoist grassroots war. This is how the slogan "Be realistic, demand the impossible!" became a reality. Alas! Those who pretend "genuinely" to represent working people, the leaders of the "communist" party and the CGT trade union, took fright at the liberation struggle of the same working people.¹³⁸

Rather than some set of solutions or revolutionary program, May '68 appears to persist in the form of a problem. For someone like Badiou, this problem of '68 belongs strictly to the order of politics insofar as the era was defined by, and preoccupied with the question, "What is politics?" (Badiou 2010: 39–40),

while for those like Guattari, '68's problematic was socio-economic in essence, with "one specific battle to be fought by workers in the factories, another by patients in the hospital, yet another by students in the university. As became obvious in '68, the problem of the university is [...] the problem of society as a whole." (Guattari 1984: 66).¹³⁹ And for others still, such as Jean-Luc Nancy, the problem of May '68 reveals itself to be decidedly metaphysical in nature – "Democracy is first of all a metaphysics and only afterwards a politics." (Nancy 2010: 34)¹⁴⁰ Thus it seems that the fate of May '68 is to remain an eternal site of contestation, always irreducible to any single sequence of events. Hence the suggestion that "the meaning of May" signifies less a resolution of contradictions and more the formulation of a set of problems – the effect of which was a critical interrogation of the inherited figures and institutions of the workers' movement, which thereby altered the very meaning of communism as such. Perhaps the most significant outcome of the struggles of '68 stems from these confrontations between the emergence of new social movements on the one hand, and the unions and Party of the Left, on the other.

As the main institutions and organizational forms inherited from previous cycles of struggle, both the union and the Party were either unwilling or unable to advocate for the political and economic demands of an emergent, collective, political subject. That is, if '68 achieved anything, it succeeded in giving a new meaning to struggle itself: a vision of struggle no longer subordinate to any party line, no longer in want or need of recognition from the established institutions of the Left, and no longer faithful to a notion of revolutionary agency confined to the point of production. From this dual rejection of the classical identification of the industrial worker with the locus of revolutionary potential and the union and party as inherited organs of proletarian struggle, emerged an insurrectionary praxis aimed at overcoming the limitations of the union and party as the forms of organization inherited by '68.¹⁴¹

What this means from the vantage point of the current conjuncture, however, is an altogether different matter. In other words, while it was the failure of the 1848 revolution that established the aim of seizing state power for an organized working-class anticipating 1910 (Mexican Revolution) and 1917 (Bolshevik Revolution), the theoretical and practical effects that were born out of '68 left its contemporaries uncertain regarding the potential actualization of the possible futures implicated within that year:

After 1848, the world's old left were sure that 1917 would occur. They argued about how and where and when. But the middle-range objective of popular sovereignty [i.e. seizing State power] was clear. After 1968, the world's antisystemic movements—the old and the new ones together—showed rather less clarity about the middle-range objective [...] We have no answer to the question: 1968, rehearsal for what? In a sense, the answers depend on the ways in which the worldwide family of antisystemic movements will rethink its middle-run strategy in the ten or twenty years to come.¹⁴²

At the very least, '68 still merits the title of an event insofar as it refers to a political sequence whose refusal of capital as the structuring principle of social existence opened up new fields of the possible. It marks a period when a generalized antagonism proved itself capable of wresting back what was determined as impossible, via the counter-actualization of its present – thereby initiating an experiment in constructing an anti-state communist form of life adequate to the task of establishing a new norm regarding the relation of the economic and the social.¹⁴³ And yet, all that was promising in the specific reorganization of forms of everyday life that obtained during '68 eventually became so many revolutionary breaks with history that were unable to produce a determinately anti-capitalist future. Thus, if, in 1844, Marx could still confidently write that "Communism is the riddle of history solved [...] and knows itself to be this solution" (Marx 1972: 84) after '68 and no longer certain of itself, communism now appears as the riddle posed to history.¹⁴⁴

That said, it is still necessary to ask whether or not we remain its contemporaries fifty years on. In other words, this is to ask whether the problem that has come to preoccupy the Left of today is still the search for the forms and organization of political subjectivity capable of ushering in a qualitative transformation of capital. For as Badiou suggests, today "we have the same problem and are

the contemporaries of the problem revealed by May '68: the classical figure of the politics of emancipation was ineffective.” (Badiou 2010: 47) In what follows, I would like to propose that our relationship to May '68 is more complicated than any straightforward affirmation or rejection of our contemporaneity with the political sequence that bears its name and date. Moreover, it is only by understanding why we cannot simply affirm or reject all that is implied in Badiou's assertion of a singular problem as that which binds us to '68 that we are able to grasp how our relationship to '68 involves, by necessity, both responses. While it may be the case that what we share with '68 is our search for an answer to a singular question—what form will collective subjectivity take such that it is adequate to the abolition of itself and its present state of affairs?—what is also made clear is that both the context and possible solutions this question solicited in 1968 are substantively different from the context and solutions that are currently in existence.

In this way, we are forced to recognize that if there is a double bind proper to '68, it is of an altogether different nature than the properly dialectical trap, which confronts us today. Inasmuch as '68's double bind was marked by a “becoming-revolutionary without a revolutionary future,” (Deleuze 2004) what defines the double bind of the current conjuncture is the Left's division within itself between those who call for a reinvestment in the Party-form and parliamentary politics and those who reiterate their commitment to the recomposition and furthering of extra-parliamentary struggle. That is to say, unlike the movements of '68, the current cycle of struggles no longer find themselves in a condition solely defined by the existence of a revolutionary process that lacks an attendant, and emancipatory, future. Rather, contemporary social movements are circumscribed by the temptation of engaging in either a melancholic reflection on the past but in the form of the grounds for revolutionary struggle in the present, or a farcical repetition of this past pure and simple. And so, in the concluding section of this essay, it will be demonstrated how it was Blanchot rather than Badiou who best captured the double bind that serves as the political horizon for '68's contemporaries: the dialectical trap of melancholic reflection and farcical repetition.

No longer simply bearers of a shared problem, to be a contemporary of '68 is to think and act against the temptation of the former—which substitutes an historical materialist analysis of the present for the derivation of “lessons” that are said to be immediately applicable in the present (an approach that incorrectly presupposes an unchanged composition of the relation between Capital and Labour)—while rejecting the parochialism of the latter, which “anxiously conjure[s] up the spirits of the past to their service, borrowing from them names, battle slogans, and costumes” whilst failing to produce a “new scene in world history.” (Marx 1972: 595)

BADIOU'S “FOUR MAY'S”

“I would like to begin by asking a very simple question: why all this fuss about May '68 [...] 40 years after the event? There was nothing of the kind for the thirtieth or twentieth anniversary.” (Badiou 2010: 44) Thus begins Badiou's reflections on the fortieth anniversary of the events of '68. And not without justification, for it is indeed strange that May '68 becomes worthy of national commemoration only once forty years of silence have passed. Beginning with this question, Badiou identifies two dominant modes of responding to this question. On the one hand, there is a set of answers that can be said to be pessimistic, which suggest that it is possible to commemorate May '68 precisely because it no longer has any socio-political influence on the present.¹⁴⁵ In other words, such a view holds that commemoration is possible precisely because what was really achieved through the events of May was the establishment of the conditions of possibility needed for neoliberalism to emerge.¹⁴⁶ On the other hand, there are those answers that are decidedly optimistic—ranging from arguments that view this commemorative moment as looking towards the past for the inspiration needed to change the present, to those who still hold on

to a certain image of insurrectionary politics, which is said to contain the promise that another world is indeed possible.¹⁴⁷

Contrary to these positions, and emphasizing what he takes to be May '68's irreducibly complex character, Badiou argues that there are not two but four different May's:

[T]he reason why this commemoration is complicated and gives rise to contradictory hypotheses is that May '68 itself was an event of great complexity. It is impossible to reduce it to a conveniently unitary image. I would like to transmit to you this internal division, the heterogeneous multiplicity that was May '68. There were in fact four different May '68's. The strength and the distinctive feature of the French May '68 is that it entwined, combined and superimposed four processes that are, in the final analysis, quite heterogeneous.¹⁴⁸

In place of both optimistic and pessimistic mystification, says Badiou, the reality of 'May 1968' was that of a political sequence whose realisation was due to the coordination and combined effects of (i) the student/university uprising, (ii) the general and wildcat strikes organized by workers, and (iii) the protestations, which arose most notably from young people, oppressed social groups, and cultural workers. Hence, Badiou continues, it is precisely for this reason that it comes as no surprise that the symbolic sites of '68 are "the occupied Sorbonne for students, the big car plants (and especially Billancourt) for the workers, and the occupation of the Odéon theatre." (Badiou 2010: 51)

While each of these segments of '68 correspond to the first three iterations of May, what is it that constitutes the supposed 'fourth' May? And what is its relation to the university, factory, and struggles over everyday life? According to Badiou, this 'fourth May' is nothing other than the generalization of what one could call an 'absolute refusal' or 'absolute rejection' of the movements of '68 and their relation to previous cycles of revolutionary struggle. This was a form of collective refusal, which centred on two elements that, historically, have been seen as theoretical and/or practical givens regarding the question of how best to achieve revolutionary transformation: the classical model of how revolutions are to proceed and the subject of history.

As regards the classical model, the fourth May embodied a shared rejection of the Leninist outline of revolution (or what Badiou, in his essay on Sylvain Lazarus, calls 'the bolshevik mode of politics'¹⁴⁹) across these various social movements: a vision of revolution that proceeds via workers' parties, backed by labour unions, all while professional revolutionaries organize the masses in the bid to seize state power.¹⁵⁰ For Badiou, it was this rejection of revolutionary orthodoxy – which was characteristic of the fourth May – that ultimately laid the grounds for the unification of the student, worker, and cultural struggles active during '68. And it is for this reason that Badiou will go on to define this fourth May as a collective attempt to construct "a vision of politics that was trying to wrench itself away from the old vision [...] [a politics] seeking to find that which might exist beyond the confines of classic revolutionism." (Badiou 2010: 57)

In addition to this collective rejection of 'classic revolutionism,' the other defining characteristic of this fourth May was its rejection of working-class identity as being the sole determinant of one's revolutionary potential. For Badiou, this rejection, founded upon the idea that 'the classical figure of the politics of emancipation' was 'ineffective,' had its validity confirmed by his own experience of factory workers welcoming himself and his university colleagues during a march to the Chausson factory in Reims:

What happened at the gates of the Chausson factory would have been completely improbable [...] a week earlier. The solid union and party dispositif usually kept workers, young people and intellectuals strictly apart [...] The local or national leadership was the only mediator. We found ourselves in a situation in which that dispositif was falling apart before our very eyes. This was something completely new [...] This was an event in the philosophical sense of the term: something was happening but its consequences were incalculable. What were its consequences during the ten 'red years' between 1968 and 1978? Thousands of students

[...] workers, women [...] and proletarians from Africa went in search of a new politics [...] A political practice that accepted new trajectories [...] and meetings between people who did not usually talk to each other [...] At that point, we realized [...] that if a new emancipatory politics was possible [...] it would turn social classifications upside down [and] would [...] consist in organizing lightning displacements, both material and mental.¹⁵¹

Thus, says Badiou, to commemorate and reflect upon the events of '68 means to necessarily confront and understand it as a political sequence that was realized only because students, workers, cultural producers, and historically marginalized identity groups (the youth, women, Algerians, etc.) shared one and the same horizon of struggle—replete with its dual rejection of the politics of parliamentarianism, party-led unions, and transitional programs, and the figure of the worker as the sole bearer of revolutionary potential. Reflecting upon his own text written in the later months of 1968, Badiou would go on to write, “the obsolescence of a strict Leninism centered upon the question of the party, which, precisely because it is centered on the party, continues to subordinate politics to its statist deviation. It is clear that the question of organization...is indeed central to the lessons of May '68.” (Badiou 2010: 69) Moreover, it was a political sequence whose guiding question was the following: “What would a new political practice that was not willing to keep everyone in their place look like?” (Badiou 2010: 60) It is precisely in this sense that 1968 is said to mark the birth of a political subjectivity defined by a defiance of the social positions (‘places’) allotted to it by capital. Or as Kristin Ross writes, and in a manner similar to a Badiouian theory of the subject:

May was a crisis in functionalism. The movement took the form of political experiments in declassification, in disrupting the natural “givenness” of places; it consisted of displacements that took students outside of the university, meetings that brought farmers and workers together, or students to the countryside...And in that physical dislocation lay a dislocation in the very idea of politics — moving it out of its...proper place, which was for the left at that time the Communist Party.¹⁵²

And so, despite the post-war ascendancy of communist parties throughout Western Europe in general and France in particular — a period when parties achieved a number of their intermediate objectives, such as the “full organization of the industrial working class and a significant rise in their standard of living, plus accession to a place in the state political structure” (Arrighi et al 1989: 85–88) — the early 60s began to reveal the Party as an institution that had outlived its utility, insofar as it proved itself incapable of responding to the demands of a shifting composition of the working-class (whether concerning the demands of the feminist and gay liberation movements or regarding France’s ongoing colonial campaigns in Algeria). From the vantage point of Party politics, demands such as these were viewed as secondary or tertiary concerns (at best) relative to those of the industrial working-class.

To make matters worse, whatever symbolic gestures of solidarity the PCF gave domestically, it nullified internationally. Ever since the Charonne massacre in 1961, where an estimated two hundred Algerians were killed at the hands of the Paris police, the French Communist Party has continuously “referenced...the deaths at the Charonne metro, as well as to the martyrdom of Audin and Alleg, or the sacrifices of Iveton and Maillot, to bear witness to its anticolonial engagement.” (Balibar 2018) But for all of the authenticity contained in the Party’s bearing witness to these massacres, it was future socialist president François Mitterand, who in 1954, while serving as Interior Minister, summarized France’s position regarding Algerian Independence in the following terms: “Algeria is France. The only possible negotiation is war.”

What is more, in a series of critical reflections on the PCF’s ongoing ambiguity regarding anticolonial struggle, and whose publication would earn him expulsion from the PCF, Balibar writes: “There is no question that in the years between 1958 and 1962, no opposition to the colonial war could have triggered a historically effective mass mobilization without the CGT, without the Communist Party.” (Balibar

2018) Any domestic mobilization against French colonization could not take place without the support and means of a communist Party, whose underlying nationalism made it a “surprising concentration of contradictions in which the legacy of the working class’s patriotic role in the anti-fascist resistance and the worst “great power” (or medium power) chauvinisms, cemented by the influence and mimicking of Soviet nationalism, are mixed together.” (Balibar 2018) In the end, it was due to the PCF’s hesitation in formulating a clear position regarding the struggle waged by the Algerian National Liberation Front (FLN), that an opportunity for furthering the aspirations of internationalism was ultimately missed:

The opportunity was missed to forge an organic unity in struggle between French workers and immigrant workers. For both, internationalism remained...a calculus of convergent interests, not a common practice in which one learns little by little to know each other, to overcome contradictions, to envisage a shared future.¹⁵³

Errors such as these came to be viewed neither as accidents nor as aberrations, but as the actual functioning of a Party-based strategy of vying for State power. That is, if the missed opportunity for building a really existing internationalist tendency is as grave an error as it appeared to have been, it is only because this jettisoning of internationalism is not simply one error among others; rather, it was the inaugural gesture of the PCF at the very moment of its ascendancy: on 8 May 1945, just as France celebrated the liberation of Paris from Nazi occupation, French colonial soldiers massacred Algerians who were out demonstrating for liberation to reach them not only in Algiers, but in Sétif and Guelma as well. Reversing Marx and Engel’s dictum that the proletariat “has no country,” and in the aftermath of the Second World War, it is no exaggeration to claim that both Mitterand and the PCF “defended the interests of the working-class” in decidedly nationalist terms.

Showing that this was no longer a Party in opposition to the capitalist mode of production and to its cycles of so-called primitive accumulation within its colonies, experiences such as these would serve as the material basis for the “fourth May’s” analysis of the PCF and its unions as having effectively substituted class struggle for class collaboration. Thus it is no surprise that, in light of de Gaulle’s call for a referendum alongside public assemblies for workers and students, respectively, Paris saw both immigrant workers and students respond by sacking the Paris stock exchange (the Bourse) and erect a new series of barricades: “We feared seeing students fall into the trap set by...de Gaulle. But not much effort was needed to avoid potential demobilization. We learned that the response to the chief of state’s proposal was another demonstration in Paris, with new barricades, and...nec plus ultra, the burning of the Bourse!” (Naïmi 2019: 86)

Viewed in this light, the notion of there having been not two, but “four May’s,” retains its analytical usefulness insofar as it allows us to conceive of ’68 on its own terms: as a form of politics whose horizon of struggle was one that rejected past and present iterations of left-wing politics and gave consistency to a collective subjectivity via the fourth-May-as-diagonal “that links the other three [May’s].” (Badiou 2010: 57–58) Thus, in following Badiou we are necessarily led to the conclusion that it was only by virtue of the diagonal function of the fourth May that ’68 succeeded in giving a new meaning to struggle itself: a vision of struggle no longer subordinate to any party line; no longer in want or need of recognition from the established institutions of the Left; no longer faithful to a notion of revolutionary agency confined to the point of production – thereby making it possible to (briefly) live in reality what we have long been promised to be in truth: non-alienated, collective, and thus free.

1968 – ????

Today, however, things do not seem as clear as they did during 1968. Not only was the beginning of the year marked by a failed right-wing coup composed of various currents belonging to the renewed white supremacist currents at the heart of the history of the United States. The radical left (at least in the United States and UK) is increasingly confronted by an internal split between that portion of

the Left that has invested its energies and belief in progressive change in candidates and parties on the parliamentary left and the extra-parliamentary portion of the Left, which remains ever-skeptical of achieving the radical transformation of our social totality via presently existing political institutions and organizations.¹⁵⁴ This alone is already a significant divergence from Badiou's assessment of our relation to the legacy of '68. For if we are the contemporaries of '68 – and if '68 were truly defined by the diagonal function of this 'fourth May', which united various social movements via their shared rejection both of the Party-form with its unions and of the electoral process – then, from the vantage point of the present, this consensus forged during '68 has now been put into question.

That said, such an analysis was already put forward in 2015 by Plan C's Keir Milburn. In his article 'On Social Strikes and Directional Demands,' Milburn notes how one of the key contributing factors that has led to this impasse is the failure of the movements of 2011 to bring about the desired and/or expected level of change. As he puts it, "[A]n impasse was reached in both the pure horizontalist rejection of representative politics and the initial attempts to address the crisis of social reproduction autonomously from the State and capital." (Milburn 2016) Reflecting upon SYRIZA and the limitations of a straightforwardly parliamentarian approach to radical change, Milburn, in my estimation correctly, underscores the fact that electing various Left-leaning parties into power reveals what is inherently limiting about this reinvestment of the Party-form. These limitations are due, either to compromises made between the elected government and the EU, or by the EU, IMF, and World Bank's isolation of said government in order to elicit the desired set of austerity measures, thereby rendering it amenable to the demands of the market: "Neoliberalism...seeks to either replace points of democratic decision with pseudo-market mechanisms or, where this isn't possible, insulate points of political decision¹⁵⁵ from pressure and influence from below." (Milburn 2016)

If it is precisely the "fourth May's" shared anti-state, anti-party, and anti-parliamentarian orientation that is lacking and whose absence is felt in the Left's current division within itself, the solution cannot simply be further calls of support for a 'diversity of tactics'. This is precisely because when the parties of the Left have ended up in power, what we have seen in the past and may see again in the near future is the repression of all those extra-parliamentary groups' struggles, even though the very existence of these groups has helped to build a political climate favorable to the Left as a whole. This was a tendency that realized itself in post-68 France, though the best-known example is that of the Italian Communist Party's 'historic compromise.' In the recent years leading up to 2021, we have also seen echoes of this from Corbyn's Labour Party. For instance, in Labour's 2017 manifesto, one reads that the Labour Party will promise to rectify the damage done by Theresa May's cutting of funds to police and emergency personnel. (UK Labour Party 2017: 46–47) This rectification of the austerity imposed by Conservative leadership, however, is no less compromised in terms of its "socialist" principles insofar as its proposed solution is the addition of 10,000 more police officers on the streets to, ostensibly, "keep our communities safe." And all of this while Corbyn was meeting with well-known grime MCs (e.g. JME), all of whom come from communities that are at the highest risk of being harassed, beaten, wrongfully stopped and searched, verbally and physically assaulted, or worse, by the police themselves. So what are we to take away from all this?

(i) ΣΥΡΙΖΑ is Greek For Despair

In terms of a collective subject whose consistency is drawn from a shared horizon (consisting of principles, analyses, and strategies), it would be more accurate to say that, today, we are witnessing the undoing of the 'fourth May's' unifying function, which can be seen in the internal split between electoral and extra-parliamentarian approaches. And just as "we must not forget...that May '68's last slogan was élections piège à cons [Elections are a con]" (Badiou 2010: 56) one possible slogan that captures the parliamentary Left's rehabilitation of electoral politics – Pablo Iglesias' PODEMOS in Spain, to Alex

Tsipras' ΣΥΡΙΖΑ in Greece and Bernie Sanders' bid for heading the Democratic Party in the US, and the UK Labour Party previously led by Corbyn – is the idea that 'elections are a mode through which class struggle can again be waged.' Viewed from the present, however, 2021 appears to mark the failure of the parliamentary Left's consolidation of power in the wake of the Arab Spring, the 15M movement, and so on. What is more, nation-states have enacted the policies of increasingly authoritarian regimes, whether the Chinese Communist Party's passage of the Security Bill effectively eliminating the long-standing 'one country two systems' policy regarding Hong Kong, or the passage of the 'terror bill' effectively criminalizing public dissent by the Duterte-led Philippine Democratic Party (PDP–Laban).

It is in the wake of social democracy's defeat in its bid for State power, and in light of the anti-police uprisings that began as a response to the police murders of George Floyd and Breonna Taylor in the US, that the parliamentary Left has reorganized itself at the local level, targeting city politicians while identifying possible seats that can be assumed within local office. In contrast to the rights-based and juridical character assumed during the initial formation of the Black Lives Matter movement (which demanded for the State's upholding of formal equality regardless of race in light of the policing of black and brown lives) the George Floyd Rebellion reoriented public discourse around an explicitly abolitionist character, calling either for the abolition of the police tout court. Moreover, unlike its previous rights-based iteration, both the gains and setbacks of the Rebellion differed from city to city and state to state due to its confrontation with a police force that has grown increasingly explicit in its white supremacist function (e.g. police officers openly displaying blue lives matter and far-right symbols on their person), a State ill equipped to deal with the COVID-19 pandemic, and the various attempts by liberal "organizers" to neutralize the rebellions revolutionary aspirations by supplanting the language of abolition for that of "defunding."

As many experienced on the streets and read about in the various independent media outlets of the Left, what appears as the reaffirmation of their fidelity to "grassroots organizing" on the part of the liberal organizers whose true function is to reinforce statist capture, is but the worst form of localism since this strategy's function, and overall effect, is that of directing popular support for increasingly militant forms of struggle away from the struggles themselves and toward the voting booth. To take but one recent example, at a moment when 54% of Americans felt that the extra-parliamentary act of burning down the third police precinct was a justified response to the police murder of George Floyd, organizing efforts aimed at winning local elections hindered, rather than furthered, the development of a degree of popular support for a direct attack against the State the likes of which has not been seen in the United States in at least fifty years.¹⁵⁶ And yet, this reorientation of electoral campaigns with an eye on potential gains at the municipal and/or city level misses the problem posed by questions of autonomy – whether from traditional Leftist institutions, or from currently existing political parties committed to a strategy of dual power.

Understood on their own terms via the immanent criteria proper to the political upheaval that conditioned their unfolding, the tactics and experiments in autonomous forms of increasingly militant organization employed during May '68 in France, or between 1969–1978 in Italy, were not a set of solutions to the problem of an exhausted and impotent image of revolutionary politics. More than anything, they inaugurated the Left's decades-long search for a solution. Thus we are compelled to say that the post-workerist conception of autonomy cannot serve as a substitute for the actualization of novel forms of the composition and organization of struggles, if for no other reason than the fact that what autonomy achieved during this period was a rupture, or qualitative difference, established with with the classical vision of revolution as such. This rupture enacted a ruthless criticism of the Left at a moment when leftists felt trapped by the false choice between the capitalism of the U.S. and the Stalinism of the USSR, without determining the strategies and organizational forms of the politics to come. To say this, however, is not to denounce autonomia or autonomist organizing as such, but to acknowledge what current leftist movements should reasonably expect from the struggles we have inherited. Or, as Gilles Dauvé puts it:

All previous unrest or insurrectionary periods had resulted in the creation of new forms, whether party, union, or autonomous body. In the West and in Japan, since the demise of the Spanish Workers' Party of Marxist Unification (POUM) in 1937, no far-left party with strongholds in the workplace has been founded and has managed to fight on. Nothing comparable to early twentieth-century social democracy, Stalinist parties, or the 1930s CIO. Syriza is just about capable of moderating unrest in Greece: it proves incapable of putting forward a platform alternative to mainstream bourgeois politics.¹⁵⁷

Absent those forms of organization required for the construction of a revolutionary horizon, the trap laid for both the parliamentary and extra-parliamentary Left is the treatment of the problems that previous cycles of struggle posed to themselves as the solutions to the crises of the present. Autonomy presents itself as a problem and not as the practical resolution of the problematic already discovered in '68 ("the classical figure of the politics of emancipation was ineffective") and taken up again during the 1970s in Italy, such that the problem of autonomy today remains a problem of constructing forms of collective subjectivity adequate to the demands of abolition. "What new forms of political organization are needed to handle political antagonisms? As in science, until such time as the problem has not been resolved, you have all sorts of discoveries stimulated by the search for a solution." (Badiou 2010: 63)

(ii) The Fetish For Organizational Form

While the problem of the organizational forms assumed by current struggles relative to the organic composition of capital remains as urgent as it was in 1968, attempting to resolve these issues by specifying a particular figure or subject-position is, in fact, an insufficient ground upon which to establish contemporaneity since this was a problem that every historical period had to pose and answer for itself—even if the solutions to this problem assumed different names such as *sans-culotte*, the peasant, the slave, the colonized, and of course the worker. That said, what continues to bind us to the events of 1968 is the fact of a shared problem: what form of organization must struggles take in order to carry out a qualitative transformation of capitalist social relations while constructing social relations that are communist in substance? A problem made all the more urgent since it implies that the kinds of organization inherited from the workers' movement are not only ineffective, but must be left behind altogether; and it was precisely this rejection that rendered the struggles of '68 capable of establishing a break with its own history. Just as with the movements of '68, the current conjuncture presents the Left with the task of constructing forms of struggle that aid and further the construction of anti-state communist social relations as well.

However, with regard to the problem posed by questions of organizational forms, of equal importance is the need to address what one might call the fetish for organizational form, which refers to thinkers and positions that, despite theoretical and/or practical differences, give primacy to (i) the forms assumed by struggles in the course of their unfolding, to the detriment of developing analyses of the shifting compositions of collective subjectivity, which serve as its content, or (ii) to the analytic and logical forms required for providing a materialist account of the current status of the capital-labour relation. Regarding the former, it is in the midst of Sergio Bologna's reflections on the virtues and limits of the Italian cycle of struggle spanning from the 1960s to the late 1970s, that he inadvertently provides us with an exemplary case of one variant of this fetishism of form:

Despite having apparently left a void in its wake, despite having apparently only laid bare the crisis of political forms, including the crisis of the party-form, 1977 has to be considered one of the greatest anticipations of the forms and contents of political and social life seen in recent years. After 1977 there is no turning back, despite all the errors committed...1977 was a year in which the wealth and complexity of problems was such that the political form able to contain and organise them all adequately could not be found.¹⁵⁸

Interestingly enough, even Badiou himself asserts the primacy of organizational form, rather than embarking on the development of the theoretical categories necessary to account for the ways in which

the historically specific content of antagonism and anticapitalist activity renders equally novel forms of organization possible. As he puts it: “the question of organization...is indeed central to the lessons of May '68.” (Badiou 2010: 69) In terms of the present moment, addressing this formalist fetish appears to be one more problem inherited by (or one more lesson to be learned from) the contemporaries of May. And yet, this formalist fetish had already been criticized in the years immediately following these events.

In his 1972 reflections on the limits proper to the Student-Worker Action Group at Censier, François Martin explains his assessment of the group’s eventual re-centring around questions of labour and worker-identity as a regression: “the unions represent labour power which has become capital...The representatives of variable capital, of capital in the form of labour power, sooner or later have to associate with the representatives of capital who are now in power.” (Dauvé 2015: 86) For Martin, this reaffirmation of labour and worker-identity was a regression precisely because the very forms of struggle available to collective actions were limited to a concern with the rights of labor, which gave rise to a form of organization—the union—that forecloses any possibility of communism as that “positive transcendence of private property and human self-estrangement.” Martin’s conclusion: “There is only a capitalist, namely ‘unionist,’ organization of the working class.” (Dauvé 2015: 87) Thus, the problems that structure the present of May’s contemporaries is a rejection of the two-fold structure of the formalist fetish: a refusal to treat logical and theoretical forms of analysis as concretely revealed in practice, and a refusal of the various attempts at rehabilitating inherited forms of struggle that have outlived their usefulness in the present.

However, if both Badiou and Bologna fell prey to this fetishism of forms of organization, it is in the recent work of thinkers such as Joshua Clover—despite its inestimable value in having provided a systematic and historical account of the development of riots into strikes (and back again)—that one finds the best example of the other side of this formalism, concerning the status of the relationship between epistemic forms of analysis and the phenomena under investigation. Regarding the current relation of capital’s socio-economic structure to the possible existence of the long sought-after agent of abolition, the prospect of the Left’s present and future capacity for the self-determination of both the form and organizational structure assumed in the course of a struggles unfolding is perhaps even more urgent than in 1968. And it is within such a context that we must begin by emphasizing what Clover so carefully lays out: the strike and the riot continue to be, in large part, overdetermined by the accumulation and production of value—and this, in spite of everything that is redeeming in Marx’s notion of the ‘multiplication of the proletariat,’ which refers to the process that follows from capital’s increasing turn away from production and toward circulation and consumption (reproduction) for the extraction of value.¹⁵⁹ That is, the multiplication of the proletariat, for both Marx and Clover, is still a process of generalized precarity rather than the generalization of a collective and antagonistic subject.

And it is precisely because of this generalized precarity that Clover rightly speaks of “surplus rebellions,” “circulation struggles,” and “riot-prime” as novel forms of struggles given their position within the arc of capital accumulation. Neither a revival of previous forms of rioting (e.g. bread riots) nor a faithful reproduction of prior instances of rebellion waged by social groups that maintain an indirectly market-mediated relation to a wage, what distinguishes surplus rebellions and circulation struggles from these prior iterations is precisely the fact that they are practical attempts at resolving the issues of social reproduction within the sphere of circulation as the site both of consumption and of capital’s current means of self-valorization. That said, these are not forms freely chosen and constructed by surplus populations, but, as we are told, are the products of the value-determination and overdetermination of contemporary struggles. Their novelty, then, appears to come not from the self-determination of surplus populations but from the overdetermination of the value-form itself. It is for this reason that, just as the history of the workers’ movement failed in staving off a capitalist form of self-organization via the union, surplus rebellions and circulation struggles, too, find themselves assuming organizational

forms determined by cycles of value accumulation rather than by the modalities of (lumpen-)proletarian agency.

Thus we are compelled to ask: if, as Clover has painstakingly shown, an adequate theory of the riot is necessarily a theory of crisis, such that it is only by understanding the shift of capital flow from production and trade to finance and circulation that one can grasp what is essential in the riot as the way in which struggle manifests today, to what extent is this an already foreclosed or overdetermined image of the nature of the ongoing cycle of struggle today? For, as Clover writes, “The riot, for all its systematically produced inevitability...is the form of struggle given to surplus populations, already racialized...whose location in the social structure compels them to some forms of collective action rather than others.” (Clover 2016: 168) If riot-prime as the political form surplus rebellions assume in the current conjuncture is determined by the forms of value to which it is indexed by its “location in the social structure,” how, then, is this not a theory of the riot that results in an understanding of riot prime (circulation struggles) as an instance of value-determination, as opposed to a counter-determination of capitalist social relations by surplus populations themselves? Interestingly enough, one possible beginning toward addressing this problem is to be found in Clover’s own articulation of the correspondence between the form of struggle and cycles of accumulation:

strike as the form of collective action that struggles to set the price of labor power, is unified by worker identity, and unfolds in the context of production; riot, struggles to set prices in the market, is unified by shared dispossession, and unfolds in the context of consumption. Strike and riot are distinguished further as leading tactics within the generic categories of production and circulation struggles. We might now restate and elaborate these tactics as being each a set of practices used by people when their reproduction is threatened. Strike and riot are practical struggles over reproduction within production and circulation, respectively...They make structured and improvisational uses of the given terrain, but it is a terrain they have neither made nor chosen. The riot is a circulation struggle because both capital and its dispossessed have been driven to seek reproduction there.¹⁰⁰

What is striking in this passage is that what comes to define both the strike and the riot is not simply their position within the circuit of capital, but how their primary concern is one of resolving issues of reproduction while only conditionally unfolding as struggles of circulation or production. And this is precisely what is demonstrated here with the definition of strikes and riots as tactics employed in struggles over reproduction. However, to say, as Clover does, that “a theory of riot is a theory of crisis,” (Clover 2016: 1) obviates this methodological separation between struggles and their conditions such that crisis acts through riots. If nothing else, it is by maintaining (if not deepening) this antagonism and separation between struggles and their “terrain,” that one can avoid conflating determinations of value with determinations of social movements/uprisings/etc. A separation between determining-condition (production-circulation) and determining-agent (proletariat, surplus populations) such that, despite their limitations, the particularly promising content of riots and strikes is not simply equated with the compulsion of value. That is to say, if the reproduction of labour power and the self-valorization of capital simply name “the same activities...seen from different positions,” it is also the case that struggles over reproduction can be more or less reproductive of value, and suggests the possibility of a mode of struggle that reproduces itself without reproducing the value relation itself.

Interestingly enough, it is here that Clover nominates the commune as the form of life to come, where “both production and circulation struggles have exhausted themselves”. (Clover 2016: 191) Unlike its more historically frequent siblings in the riot and strike, the commune appears as a privileged form due to its capacity for reproducing non-valorizing modes of struggle that does not entail the reproduction of the value relation as its necessary precondition: “Alongside these classic circulation struggles, it can be no surprise that Occupy Oakland centered on a communal kitchen signaling the centrality of surplus population to the encampment.” (Clover 2016: 179) And yet, on this account, what gives rise to

the commune as the future form assumed by struggles over reproduction, is not any number of social movements or variations of heterogeneous collective subjects, but “a spreading disorder...that now seems to belong not to riot but to the state, to what had previously been itself a violent order. Against this great disorder, a necessary self-organization, survival in a different key.” (Clover 2016: 187)

No longer able to satisfy even the least of life’s reproductive requirements within the production or circulation process, the commune, as presented here, emerges as a form of self-organized survival whereby an individual’s own reproduction can no longer be had whether via the state or the market. This, however, is an image of the commune as indiscernible from the realization of increasingly severe capitalist crises, where the realization of the commune is identical to the realization of capitalist immiseration made absolute. And so, it is by insisting upon the separation of struggles from their conditions that strikes and riots will no longer be defined by their place within capitalist society. By acknowledging the riot and the strike as reproduction struggles, we can, at the very least, begin to develop an account – not simply of the ways in which capital establishes the boundaries of a given dispute – that differentiates between the determinations of capital and the determinations of collective subjectivities that avoid reproducing both labor and value in the process.

Without noting this difference, it is difficult to see how the commune can be said to be “the political form at last discovered under which to work out the economical emancipation of labor,” (Marx 1985: 60) since it is only when productive labour ceases to be a class attribute and an attribute of society as a whole that our collective activity is concretized as a classless form of social reproduction. Hence, the suspicion regarding the claim that circulation struggles necessarily give rise to the riot as their dominant mode of antagonism, which implies that the determining agent of the riot is not its participants but the socio-economic preconditions for the accumulation of value, and clarifies the problematic equivalence at the heart of Clover’s dictum: “a theory of riots is a theory of crisis.” For what is achieved by means of this “analytical correlation between the present shape of accumulation and the leading tactic of action” is not the delineation of “the contours of a ‘leading subject’ or organization, but precisely its impossibility,” (Toscano 2016) such that it is neither surplus populations nor a recomposed (lumpen-)proletariat but value that riots in the streets.

« UNE AUTRE FIN DU MONDE EST POSSIBLE »

Given the preceding analysis, it would seem that there is good reason to agree with Badiou’s claim regarding our contemporaneity with ’68, insofar as ours is a time defined by a search for an adequate resolution to the problem discovered in occupied universities and barricaded streets (i.e. the classical figure of revolutionary subjectivity has been found to be ineffective). That said, what is perhaps the more interesting and relevant point to underscore is that despite Badiou’s best efforts, the ‘double bind’ characteristic of ’68’s cycle of struggles and of which we are the contemporaries, is of a qualitatively different kind than that which characterizes the historical and political-economic situation of today. And it is precisely on this issue of acknowledging what continues to bind us to, while distancing us from, ’68 that the political writings of Maurice Blanchot become relevant.

Writing in December of ’68, Blanchot articulated what Badiou would only come to argue forty years after the event.¹⁶¹ Namely, that the problem confronting the movements of ’68 was the question of developing novel forms and organizations of struggle that would adequately resolve the crisis experienced in the face of the notion of revolutionary subjectivity born out of 1917: “May, a revolution by idea, desire, and imagination, risks becoming a purely ideal and imaginary event if this revolution does not renounce itself and yield to new organization and strategies.” (Blanchot 2010: 106) Given the benefit of our vantage point it would not be controversial to say that the movements of ’68 largely failed to develop the forms that struggle must take relative to the historical and material conditions of the 1960’s. This is not to say that May ’68 was itself a failure, for its singular achievement was to reconceive the political horizon of future struggles to come. This being the case, we can say that the double bind proper to

'68 is characterized by the realization of a "becoming-revolutionary without a revolutionary future." (Deleuze 2004) That is, '68's achievement was its recognition of the inefficiency and impotence of a certain dogmatic image of revolutionary thought, and its demonstration of this historical break through the collective practices embodied by each of the 'four May's.' That said, and in addition to the prescience of his analysis, Blanchot's reflections gain further significance with respect to the task of determining whether or not our contemporaneity with May extends beyond this shared problem and includes the same double bind.

Towards the end of the very same series of reflections, Blanchot provides his analysis of what, in the wake of '68, it will mean to participate in, and organize on behalf of, the ruptures, insurrections, and revolutions to come. In light of the theoretical contribution of what we could call Badiou's "contemporaneity thesis" (i.e. the seeking out of new forms for political subjectivity and its attendant organizations that would ensure its reproducibility), Blanchot's contribution is that of highlighting two particular dangers, or threats, that await revolutionary politics after '68. Politics after '68, says Blanchot, finds itself confronted by:

- (a.) The temptation to repeat May, as if May had not taken place or as if it had failed, so that it might someday reach its conclusion. Thus we see the same tactics of agitation that had meaning and effect in February-March-April poorly and painfully retried [...]
- (b.) The temptation to continue May, without noticing that all the force of originality of this revolution is to offer no precedent, no foundation, not even for its own success, for it has made itself impossible as such...everything is posed in other terms, and not only are the problems new but the problematic itself has changed. In particular, all the problems of revolutionary struggle, and above all of class struggle, have taken a different form.¹⁶²

By virtue of Blanchot's diagnosis, we too arrive at what distinguishes the political condition of 1968 from that of the present conjuncture. Unlike '68's double bind of a really existing revolutionary process devoid of a revolutionary future, it is these two temptations that form the double bind proper to our present, which is that of a dialectic between melancholic reflection and farcical repetition. So if we are to claim the existence of a double bind proper to our present, it is not defined by the logic of a "becoming-revolutionary without a revolutionary future"—for what can be said about the current composition of the progressive and radical Left is that, at the very least, each segment offers some vision of an emancipated future world (and this is true regardless of the degree to which their respective proposed futures have been more or less theorized). Rather, what we are seeing today is a Left caught between the temptation to prolong a political sequence that in reality has already come to pass, or to faithfully emulate the images of struggle that became associated with '68 as a whole. Moreover, and to perhaps make matters worse, the double bind of melancholic reflection and farcical repetition is one that pertains to both the parliamentary and extra-parliamentary segments of the present day Left (whether this be in the guise of a nostalgic reinvestment of the Party-form as object of the desire for revolution, or as embodied in the mass mobilizations whose form and organization simply repeat the past in the present).

However, unlike the fetishization of organizational form that persists throughout Badiou's critical reflections of this period, and by recognizing the existence of a problem proper to struggles that persist beyond '68 as something distinct from its characterization as a problem of the exhausted figure of revolutionary subjectivity at the moment of its revolutionary-becoming a la Badiou, Blanchot is able to critically reconceive the necessity of developing new forms of political organization alongside novel modalities of praxis. For this is what is at issue with Blanchot's warnings regarding the double-bind of political struggle in the wake of '68. In other words, Blanchot's identification of the melancholic and farcical dimensions of the cycle of struggles post-68 is simultaneously a critique of a period of which he is a part: a critique of the content of struggle, and only subsequently a critique of misguided attempts at rehabilitating what are essentially obsolete strategic and practical forms. Thus, to affirm the truth

of Blanchot's insight is to acknowledge that to be a "contemporary" of '68, in the Badiouian sense, is to remain caught within the double-bind of melancholic reflection and farcical repetition. What is more, not only does one's contemporaneity with '68 signal the manner by which one remains tied to a past, whose material conditions and modes of composition are no longer capable of affecting the present conjuncture; for contemporaneity is itself a sign that the problem that shapes and gives meaning to revolutionary struggles today has been poorly posed.

If the problem identified by Badiou is an insufficient ground for establishing contemporaneity it is because it presupposes a shared, intuitive or common sense understanding, of the very definition of communism as such. It is as if everybody knows that it is only by abolishing capital that the freedom of some will no longer require the immiseration of others, and thus no one can deny that, after '68, we still remain communists via a fidelity to communism as an Idea as opposed to maintaining a party line defined by a dogmatic belief in a historically validated program. And yet, it is the very existence of a shared understanding (common sense) of the very idea of communism, let alone the possibility of its real existence, that '68 has shown to no longer be certain. It is in this sense that Badiou's "contemporaneity thesis" remains a poorly posed problem, since it takes the rupture effected by '68, which suspended one's ability to treat terms such as communism as an idea that is as clear and distinct as it is self-evident, as the very grounds for the question that guides theoretical and practical activity. To say that it is the problem of the continued absence of novel organizational forms necessitated by the historical and material conditions of 1968 is poorly posed is not to dismiss the relevance of forms that our struggles can and may assume. Rather, it is to acknowledge the manner by which this formulation of the problem proper to the reality of communist struggle presupposes the primacy of the form of organization over the content of self-organizing activity.

Interestingly enough, Badiou briefly recognizes this aporia as one of the defining experiences of the French Left in the midst of '68 itself: "the secret truth, that was gradually revealed, is that this common language, symbolized by the red flag, was dying out. There was a basic ambiguity about May '68: a language that was spoken by all was beginning to die out." (Badiou 2010: 55) Insofar as Badiou is right to claim that May '68 marked a qualitative break with the PCF and CGT as twin personifications of communism ("May '68...posed a huge challenge to the legitimacy of the historical organizations of the Left, of unions, of parties, and of famous leaders"), our problem is not simply a question of undoing their conflation of the proletariat with the figure of the industrial worker. Rather, it is a question that inquires into the existence and meaning of a communism shorn of the theoretical and practical dogmas of the "historical organizations of the Left," raised to the level of orthodoxy. And yet, if our problem is one of discovering a new figure of revolutionary subjectivity, what remains unclear is the manner by which this definition of politics can be said to belong to the continuum of Events constitutive of what Badiou, quite seriously calls, the 'Idea of Communism.'

It is for this reason that we maintain that, after '68, we are confronted by the fact that the answer to the question "what is the meaning of communism?" or "what is communism?" can no longer take a self-evidentiary form.¹⁶³ Moreover, the very absence of a self-evidentiary reply signals to us that, today, communism presents itself in the form of a problem; a problem that is itself the ground for reinventing, redefining, or renewing the search for the political process that remains incommensurable and mutually excludes the logic of both capital and "really existing socialism." To affirm Blanchot's dictum that, after '68, "all the problems of revolutionary struggle...have taken a different form," is to acknowledge the fact that communism, too, has taken a different form. No longer the solution to the riddle of history that

knows itself to be such, and after '68, communism appears as the very riddle posed to history.

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**30. What Anne Feeney Told Me At
Frank Little's Grave in Montana**

Author: Mike Elk

Topics: United States of America, Working class culture, Industrial Workers of the World, Frank Little, songs

Date: February 4, 2022

Source: Payday Report (blog), February 4, 2022. Accessed February 26, 2022 at <https://mailchi.mp/paydayreport.com/what-anne-feeney-told-me-at-frank-littles-grave-in-montana-rest-in-power?e=5d54a3d2e6>

Date Published on T@L: 2022-02-27T04:06:29

Deleted reason: Not recognizably anarchist.

Yesterday marked the one-year anniversary when legendary labor folk singer Anne Feeney died from COVID-19 at the age of 69.

I often think of Anne's travels while I'm drinking coffee in one of the mugs that her children, who were my childhood friends and neighbors, gave me after Anne died. The dozen or so mugs are from an eclectic collection from Anne's travels in the labor movement. One is dark blue and from the Wabash Valley Labor Council in Indiana, another from the Kerrville Folk Festival in Texas, another mug that's a collector's item from the Labor Party in the late 1990s that lists their 1-800 number for activists to call to get involved, and my favorite mug: Anne's own mug of the Pittsburgh local of American Federation of Musicians in 1997.

I find myself daydreaming about the mugs and the parties that Anne played for labor activists in tough fights. Anne's songs were catchy, electric, upbeat songs that could make folks dance to songs with somber lyrics like "We just come to work here, we don't come to die," describing workers fighting back against unsafe workplaces. She opened for people like Loretta Lynn and Pete Seeger and had a gift for getting workers in tough fights to get together and dance.

According to her obituary in Rolling Stone, Anne played over 4,000 shows in her lifetime and made a living as a musician traveling the road to aid workers on strike. She often played more than 200 shows a year and struggled to make ends meet. In the early 2000s, she pioneered crowdfunding through email listservs long before Patreon or crowdfunding became a thing. She was a legend in the labor movement and folklife.

I got to know Anne Feeney first as a small child. Our families were friends, neighbors, and we would see her regularly out playing songs to pick up workers on the picket line for the United Electrical Workers, where my father worked as an organizer for 44 years.

As a 26-year-old labor reporter in 2013, I got to tag along with Anne as she went on a two-week-long cross-country RV tour with a group of Honeywell uranium workers traveling the country to share the lessons of their recent 14-month long lockout with other trade unionists. The group would march picket lines during the day, and Anne would headline shows at night. The trip was a lot of fun, but it was also difficult for Anne to continue traveling all day and play at night as she had just recovered from cancer.

With the eight of us barreling along the interstate in a cramped RV, sometimes for eight or ten hours a day across the Great Plains, Anne would get everyone singing, and people would share stories about everything from tough labor fights to failed romances. During that trip, Anne became more than "Ms. Feeney," the figure I had known since childhood. As a 26-year-old labor reporter with a few tough labor fights under my belt, I suddenly became an oddball yinzer collaborator of Anne's.

When Anne grilled me about my love life on that trip, and I told her that I was single, Anne remarked in a classic blunt yinzer fashion that I "would make a real catch for a woman someday" if only I stopped fidgeting with my hands so much. As I explained to Anne that I fidgeted as a result of "stemming," a trait associated with autism, she began laughing and doubled down that I would still make a "great catch."

On that trip, Anne and I shared laughs but also hard stories. She told me of her deep frustrations in getting the labor movement to support the arts or media and even of a few times when unions didn't pay what she was owed — a practice known as “involuntary philanthropy.”

“Unions always want you to come and play and they love when you get people dancing at their rallies, but they never want to pay you,” she remarked to me once. “In the 1930s, there were all kinds of musicians and artists in the labor movement, and now, there is virtually no support for it.”

To help make ends meet while touring for decades as a folk musician, Anne developed an elaborate network of fans and activists who would let her stay in her home. As we crossed the country, Anne's friends would open their homes to cook for us and let us crash.

One hot August morning on a trip in Butte, Montana, Anne woke up to me sleeping on an air mattress on the floor of a local carpenters union member Mike Boysza. She told me very excitedly that we were going to the grave of Frank Little, an IWW activist, who was brutally tortured and killed in 1917 while organizing miners in Butte, Montana. Little's body was strung above a railroad junction in the town by union busters to serve as a warning against workers organizing. (The workers organized and won a union anyhow.)

Anne went to great lengths to describe how much she admired the work that Boysza did in maintaining the grave of Frank Little.

“So many people gave their lives for the labor movement and it's crucial we honor them,” Anne said. “These struggles of the past inspire us in the past.”

It's been a year since Anne's death, but it's been wonderful to hear from so many labor activists who are discovering her rocky folksy labor music. After her death received obituaries in *Rolling Stone*, *The Washington Post*, and *The New York Times*, her death was widely commemorated throughout the labor movement and music world. She gained a whole new following just when workers were on the march in increasing numbers.

Shortly after Anne died, I talked to a community college professor Suzanne Jones who was fired for union organizing in North Texas. Jones discovered Feeney's music while waiting to talk on a labor radio program, and she told me how much it inspired her to discover Anne's music. The fired union activist asked me questions, and it gave me great joy to know that Anne's legacy was helping inspire a new generation of labor fights.

Recently, I was on the road with John Russell of the *Holler Ohio Valley* to cover a series of tough strikes in Huntington, West Virginia. John was a big bluegrass guy, and I asked him if he minded I put on Anne Feeney.

John had never heard Anne, but within 20 minutes, we found ourselves barreling in John's pickup truck, signing the call and response to Anne's classic “War on the Workers.”

I had never met or worked with John prior to that trip, but boy did we bond as we drove through the mountains of West Virginia, singing Anne Feeney on our way to the picket lines in Huntington.

Anne was a force of nature, and it should be no surprise that Anne's memory survives long after her death. She was given the honor of being buried next to Mother Jones' grave in Mother Jones' Monument in the Mount Olive, Illinois' Union Miners Cemetery. The Anne Feeney Hellraiser Fund has been set up to provide grants to artists, musicians, and creative types using their work to tell the story of the labor movement.

I have suggested renaming a local park named after the robber baron Henry Clay Frick, who ordered the murder of seven striking steelworkers at Homestead in 1892. You may have heard of Frick Park when a major bridge collapsed there just this week. As Anne lived near the park, I suggest that we not just rebuild the bridge but also rename the park.

As I drink out of one of her coffee mugs, I try to brainstorm ways to write stories of workers' struggles. I think of Anne trying to come up with her lyrics, and I try to think of words to cover labor fights.

May Anne Feeney's memory always be a blessing, especially to those in the labor movement struggling to tell the story of workers.

**31. Market Anarchy #1: All Power
To The Soviets!**

Date: 2007

Source: <invisiblemolotov.wordpress.com/wp-content/uploads/2008/06/ma1.pdf>

Date Published on T@L: 2024-10-07T21:57:06

Authors: William Gillis, Murray Rothbard

Topics: anarchism, politics, socialism, philosophy

Note: “Confiscation & the Homesteading Principle” was published in The Libertarian Forum edited by Karl Hess on June 15, 1969. The article mentioned at the outset of the essay was an essay called ‘Where Are the Specifics [of Libertarianism]?’ by Karl Hess (1969).

This Market Anarchy Series was created to republish and showcase historical articles from our tradition that highlight our relation to the revolutionary left and explain Market Anarchist theory in general terms.

*...what we always meant by socialism wasn't something you forced on people, it was people organizing themselves as they pleased into coops, collectives, communes, unions... And if socialism really is better, more efficient than capitalism, then it can bloody well **compete** with capitalism. So we decided, forget all the statist shit and the violence: the best place for socialism is the closest to a free market you can get!*

Mutualists believe that most of the present inequalities come not from the results of market forces but from the perversion of these forces. A market is, after all, only a system of voluntary exchange. The state has stepped in and granted preferential treatment to certain individuals and groups. This created the vast inequalities we see. Even if the market were to give rise to certain problems, these could be offset by voluntary associations such as guilds, trade unions, community groups and co-operatives.

Agorism is revolutionary market anarchism. In a market anarchist society, the positive functions of law and security will be provided by market institutions, not political institutions. Agorists recognize, therefore, that those institutions can not develop through political reform. Instead, they will come about as a result of market processes. As government is banditry, revolution culminates in the suppression of government by market providers of security and law. Market demand for such service providers is what will lead to their emergence. Development of that demand will come from economic growth in the sector of the economy that explicitly shuns state involvement (and therefore can not turn to the state in its role as monopoly provider of security and law). That sector of the economy is the counter-economy — black and grey markets.

“Confiscation & the Homesteading Principle” was published in The Libertarian Forum edited by Karl Hess on June 15, 1969.

Murray Rothbard was an incredibly influential economist who revitalized the tradition of Individualist Anarchism and is today commonly held as the founding father of Anarcho-“Capitalism”.
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Confiscation & The Homestead Principle

Karl Hess’s brilliant and challenging article in this issue raises a problem of specifics that ranges further than the libertarian movement. For example, there must be hundreds of thousands of “professional” anti-Communists in this country. Yet not one of these gentry, in the course of their fulminations, has come up with a specific plan for de-Communization. Suppose, for example, that Messers. Brezhnev and Co. become converted to the principles of a free society; they then ask our anti-Communists, all right, *how* do we go about de-socializing? What could our anti-Communists offer them?

This question has been essentially answered by the exciting developments of Tito's Yugoslavia. Beginning in 1952, Yugoslavia has been de-socializing at a remarkable rate. The principle the Yugoslavs have used is the libertarian "homesteading" one: the state-owned factories to the workers that work in them! The nationalized plants in the "public" sector have all been transferred in virtual ownership to the specific workers who work in the particular plants, thus making them producers' coops, and moving rapidly in the direction of individual shares of virtual ownership to the individual worker. What other practicable route toward destatization could there be? The principle in the Communist countries should be: land to the peasants and the factories to the workers, thereby getting the property out of the hands of the State and into private, homesteading hands.

The homesteading principle means that the way that unowned property gets into private ownership is by the principle that this property justly belongs to the person who finds, occupies, and transforms it by his labor. This is clear in the case of the pioneer and virgin land. But what of the case of stolen property?

Suppose, for example, that A steals B's horse. Then C comes along and takes the horse from A. Can C be called a thief? Certainly not, for we cannot call a man a criminal for stealing goods from a thief. On the contrary, C is performing a *virtuous* act of confiscation, for he is depriving thief A of the fruits of his crime of aggression, and he is at least returning the horse to the innocent "private" sector and out of the "criminal" sector. C has done a noble act and should be applauded. Of course, it would be still better if he returned the horse to B, the original victim. But even if he does not, the horse is far more justly in C's hands than it is in the hands of A, the thief and criminal.

Let us now apply our libertarian theory of property to the case of property in the hands of, or derived from, the State apparatus. The libertarian sees the State as a giant gang of organized criminals, who live off the theft called "taxation" and use the proceeds to kill, enslave, and generally push people around. Therefore, any property in the hands of the State is in the hands of thieves, and should be liberated as quickly as possible. *Any* person or group who liberates such property, who confiscates or appropriates it from the State, is performing a virtuous act and a signal service to the cause of liberty. In the case of the State, furthermore, the victim is not readily identifiable as B, the horse-owner. All taxpayers, all draftees, all victims of the State have been mulcted. How to go about returning all this property to the taxpayers? What proportions should be used in this terrific tangle of robbery and injustice that we have all suffered at the hands of the State? Often, the most practical method of de-statizing is simply to grant the moral right of ownership on the person or group who seizes the property from the State. Of this group, the most morally deserving are the ones who are already using the property but who have no moral complicity in the State's act of aggression. These people then become the "homesteaders" of the stolen property and hence the rightful owners.

Take, for example, the State universities. This is property built on funds stolen from the taxpayers. Since the State has not found or put into effect a way of returning ownership of this property to the taxpaying public, the proper owners of this university are the "homesteaders", those who have already been using and therefore "mixing their labor" with the facilities. The prime consideration is to deprive the thief, in this case the State, as quickly as possible of the ownership and control of its ill-gotten gains, to return the property to the innocent, private sector. This means student and/or faculty ownership of the universities.

As between the two groups, the students have a prior claim, for the students have been paying at least some amount to support the university whereas the faculty suffer from the moral taint of living off State funds and thereby becoming to some extent a part of the State apparatus.

The same principle applies to nominally "private" property which really comes from the State as a result of zealous lobbying on behalf of the recipient. Columbia University, for example, which receives nearly two-thirds of its income from government, is only a "private" college in the most ironic sense. It deserves a similar fate of virtuous homesteading confiscation.

But if Columbia University, what of General Dynamics? What of the myriad of corporations which are integral parts of the military-industrial complex, which not only get over half or sometimes virtually

all their revenue from the government but also participate in mass murder? What are *their* credentials to “private” property? Surely less than zero. As eager lobbyists for these contracts and subsidies, as co-founders of the garrison state, they deserve confiscation and reversion of their property to the *genuine* private sector as rapidly as possible. To say that their “private” property must be respected is to say that the property stolen by the horsethief and the murderer must be “respected”.

But how then do we go about destatizing the entire mass of government property, as well as the “private property” of General Dynamics? All this needs detailed thought and inquiry on the part of libertarians. One method would be to turn over ownership to the homesteading workers in the particular plants; another to turn over pro-rata ownership to the individual taxpayers. But we must face the fact that it *might* prove the most practical route to first nationalize the property as a prelude to redistribution. Thus, how could the ownership of General Dynamics be transferred to the deserving taxpayers without first being nationalized *en route*? And, further more, *even if* the government should decide to nationalize General Dynamics—without compensation, of course—*per se* and *not* as a prelude to redistribution to the taxpayers, this is not immoral or something to be combatted. For it would only mean that one gang of thieves—the government—would be confiscating property from another previously cooperating gang, the corporation that has lived off the government. I do not often agree with John Kenneth Galbraith, but his recent suggestion to nationalize businesses which get more than 75% of their revenue from government, or from the military, has considerable merit. Certainly it does not mean aggression against *private* property, and, furthermore, we could expect a considerable diminution of zeal from the military-industrial complex if much of the profits were taken out of war and plunder. And besides, it would make the American military machine less efficient, being governmental, and that is surely all to the good. But why stop at 75%? Fifty per cent seems to be a reasonable cutoff point on whether an organization is largely public or largely private.

And there is another consideration. Dow Chemical, for example, has been heavily criticized for making napalm for the U.S. military machine. The percentage of its sales coming from napalm is undoubtedly small, so that on a percentage basis the company may not seem very guilty; but napalm is and can only be an instrument of mass murder, and therefore Dow Chemical is heavily up to its neck in being an accessory and hence a co-partner in the mass murder in Vietnam. No percentage of sales, however small, can absolve its guilt.

This brings us to Karl’s point about slaves. One of the tragic aspects of the emancipation of the serfs in Russia in 1861 was that while the serfs gained their personal freedom, the land—their means of production and of life, their land was retained under the ownership of their feudal masters. The land *should* have gone to the serfs themselves, for under the homestead principle they had tilled the land and deserved its title. Furthermore, the serfs were entitled to a host of *reparations* from their masters for the centuries of oppression and exploitation. The fact that the land remained in the hands of the lords paved the way inexorably for the Bolshevik Revolution, since the revolution that had freed the serfs remained unfinished.

The same is true of the abolition of slavery in the United States. The slaves gained their freedom, it is true, but the land, the plantations that they had tilled and therefore deserved to own under the homestead principle, remained in the hands of their former masters. Furthermore, no reparations were granted the slaves for their oppression out of the hides of their masters. Hence the abolition of slavery remained unfinished, and the seeds of a new revolt have remained to intensify to the present day. Hence, the great importance of the shift in Negro demands from greater welfare handouts to “reparations”, reparations for the years of slavery and exploitation and for the failure to grant the Negroes their land, the failure to heed the Radical abolitionist’s call for “40 acres and a mule” to the former slaves. In many cases, moreover, the old plantations and the heirs and descendants of the former slaves can be identified, and the reparations can become highly specific indeed.

Alan Milchman, in the days when he was a brilliant young libertarian activist, first pointed out that libertarians had misled themselves by making their main dichotomy “government” vs. “private” with the former bad and the latter good. Government, he pointed out, is after all not a mystical entity but a

group of individuals, “private” individuals if you will, acting in the manner of an organized criminal gang. But this means that there may also be “private” criminals as well as people directly affiliated with the government. What we libertarians object to, then, is not *government* per se but crime, what we object to is unjust or criminal property titles; what we are for is not “private” property *per se* but just, innocent, non-criminal private property. It is justice vs. injustice, innocence vs. criminality that must be our major libertarian focus.

32. Anatomy of the State

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The greatest danger to the State is independent intellectual criticism.

— Murray N. Rothbard

This gives a succinct account of Rothbard's view of the state. Following Franz Oppenheimer and Albert Jay Nock, Rothbard regards the state as a predatory entity. It does not produce anything but rather steals resources from those engaged in production. In applying this view to American history, Rothbard makes use of the work of John C. Calhoun.

How can an organization of this type sustain itself? It must engage in propaganda to induce popular support for its policies. Court intellectuals play a key role here, and Rothbard cites as an example of ideological mystification the work of the influential legal theorist Charles Black, Jr., on the way the Supreme Court has become a revered institution.

What the State Is Not

The State is almost universally considered an institution of social service. Some theorists venerate the State as the apotheosis of society; others regard it as an amiable, though often inefficient, organization for achieving social ends; but almost all regard it as a necessary means for achieving the goals of mankind, a means to be ranged against the “private sector” and often winning in this competition of resources. With the rise of democracy, the identification of the State with society has been redoubled, until it is common to hear sentiments expressed which violate virtually every tenet of reason and common sense such as, “we are the government.” The useful collective term “we” has enabled an ideological camouflage to be thrown over the reality of political life. If “we are the government,” then anything a government does to an individual is not only just and untyrannical but also “voluntary” on the part of the individual concerned. If the government has incurred a huge public debt which must be paid by taxing one group for the benefit of another, this reality of burden is obscured by saying that “we owe it to ourselves”; if the government conscripts a man, or throws him into jail for dissident opinion, then he is “doing it to himself” and, therefore, nothing untoward has occurred. Under this reasoning, any Jews murdered by the Nazi government were not murdered; instead, they must have “committed suicide,” since they were the government (which was democratically chosen), and, therefore, anything the government did to them was voluntary on their part. One would not think it necessary to belabor this point, and yet the overwhelming bulk of the people hold this fallacy to a greater or lesser degree.

We must, therefore, emphasize that “we” are not the government; the government is not “us.” The government does not in any accurate sense “represent” the majority of the people.¹ But, even if it did, even if 70 percent of the people decided to murder the remaining 30 percent, this would still be murder and would not be voluntary suicide on the part of the slaughtered minority.² No organicist metaphor, no irrelevant bromide that “we are all part of one another,” must be permitted to obscure this basic fact.

If, then, the State is not “us,” if it is not “the human family” getting together to decide mutual problems, if it is not a lodge meeting or country club, what is it? Briefly, the State is that organization in society which attempts to maintain a monopoly of the use of force and violence in a given territorial area; in particular, it is the only organization in society that obtains its revenue not by voluntary contribution or payment for services rendered but by coercion. While other individuals or institutions obtain their income by production of goods and services and by the peaceful and voluntary sale of these goods and services to others, the State obtains its revenue by the use of compulsion; that is, by the use and the threat of the jailhouse and the bayonet.³ Having used force and violence to obtain its revenue, the State generally goes on to regulate and dictate the other actions of its individual subjects. One would think that simple observation of all States through history and over the globe would be proof enough of this assertion; but the miasma of myth has lain so long over State activity that elaboration is necessary.

What the State Is

Man is born naked into the world, and needing to use his mind to learn how to take the resources given him by nature, and to transform them (for example, by investment in “capital”) into shapes and forms and places where the resources can be used for the satisfaction of his wants and the advancement of his standard of living. The only way by which man can do this is by the use of his mind and energy to transform resources (“production”) and to exchange these products for products created by others. Man has found that, through the process of voluntary, mutual exchange, the productivity and hence, the living standards of all participants in exchange may increase enormously. The only “natural” course for man to survive and to attain wealth, therefore, is by using his mind and energy to engage in the production-and-exchange process. He does this, first, by finding natural resources, and then by transforming them (by “mixing his labor” with them, as Locke puts it), to make them his individual property, and then by exchanging this property for the similarly obtained property of others. The social path dictated by the requirements of man’s nature, therefore, is the path of “property rights” and the “free market” of gift or exchange of such rights. Through this path, men have learned how to avoid the “jungle” methods of fighting over scarce resources so that A can only acquire them at the expense of B and, instead, to multiply those resources enormously in peaceful and harmonious production and exchange.

The great German sociologist Franz Oppenheimer pointed out that there are two mutually exclusive ways of acquiring wealth; one, the above way of production and exchange, he called the “economic means.” The other way is simpler in that it does not require productivity; it is the way of seizure of another’s goods or services by the use of force and violence. This is the method of one-sided confiscation, of theft of the property of others. This is the method which Oppenheimer termed “the political means” to wealth. It should be clear that the peaceful use of reason and energy in production is the “natural” path for man: the means for his survival and prosperity on this earth. It should be equally clear that the coercive, exploitative means is contrary to natural law; it is parasitic, for instead of adding to production, it subtracts from it. The “political means” siphons production off to a parasitic and destructive individual or group; and this siphoning not only subtracts from the number producing, but also lowers the producer’s incentive to produce beyond his own subsistence. In the long run, the robber destroys his own subsistence by dwindling or eliminating the source of his own supply. But not only that; even in the short-run, the predator is acting contrary to his own true nature as a man.

We are now in a position to answer more fully the question: what is the State? The State, in the words of Oppenheimer, is the “organization of the political means”; it is the systematization of the predatory process over a given territory.⊠ For crime, at best, is sporadic and uncertain; the parasitism is ephemeral, and the coercive, parasitic lifeline may be cut off at any time by the resistance of the victims. The State provides a legal, orderly, systematic channel for the predation of private property; it renders certain, secure, and relatively “peaceful” the lifeline of the parasitic caste in society.⊠ Since production must always precede predation, the free market is anterior to the State. The State has never been created by a “social contract”; it has always been born in conquest and exploitation. The classic paradigm was a conquering tribe pausing in its time-honored method of looting and murdering a conquered tribe, to realize that the time-span of plunder would be longer and more secure, and the situation more pleasant, if the conquered tribe were allowed to live and produce, with the conquerors settling among them as rulers exacting a steady annual tribute.⊠ One method of the birth of a State may be illustrated as follows: in the hills of southern “Ruritania,” a bandit group manages to obtain physical control over the territory, and finally the bandit chieftain proclaims himself “King of the sovereign and

independent government of South Ruritania”; and, if he and his men have the force to maintain this rule for a while, lo and behold! a new State has joined the “family of nations,” and the former bandit leaders have been transformed into the lawful nobility of the realm

How the State Preserves Itself

Once a State has been established, the problem of the ruling group or “caste” is how to maintain their rule. While force is their *modus operandi*, their basic and long-run problem is ideological. For in order to continue in office, any government (not simply a “democratic” government) must have the support of the majority of its subjects. This support, it must be noted, need not be active enthusiasm; it may well be passive resignation as if to an inevitable law of nature. But support in the sense of acceptance of some sort it must be; else the minority of State rulers would eventually be outweighed by the active resistance of the majority of the public. Since predation must be supported out of the surplus of production, it is necessarily true that the class constituting the State—the full-time bureaucracy (and nobility)? must be a rather small minority in the land, although it may, of course, purchase allies among important groups in the population. Therefore, the chief task of the rulers is always to secure the active or resigned acceptance of the majority of the citizens.

Of course, one method of securing support is through the creation of vested economic interests. Therefore, the King alone cannot rule; he must have a sizable group of followers who enjoy the prerequisites of rule, for example, the members of the State apparatus, such as the full-time bureaucracy or the established nobility. But this still secures only a minority of eager supporters, and even the essential purchasing of support by subsidies and other grants of privilege still does not obtain the consent of the majority. For this essential acceptance, the majority must be persuaded by ideology that their government is good, wise and, at least, inevitable, and certainly better than other conceivable alternatives. Promoting this ideology among the people is the vital social task of the “intellectuals.” For the masses of men do not create their own ideas, or indeed think through these ideas independently; they follow passively the ideas adopted and disseminated by the body of intellectuals. The intellectuals are, therefore, the “opinion-molders” in society. And since it is precisely a molding of opinion that the State most desperately needs, the basis for age-old alliance between the State and the intellectuals becomes clear.

It is evident that the State needs the intellectuals; it is not so evident why intellectuals need the State. Put simply, we may state that the intellectual’s livelihood in the free market is never too secure; for the intellectual must depend on the values and choices of the masses of his fellow men, and it is precisely characteristic of the masses that they are generally uninterested in intellectual matters. The State, on the other hand, is willing to offer the intellectuals a secure and permanent berth in the State apparatus; and thus a secure income and the panoply of prestige. For the intellectuals will be handsomely rewarded for the important function they perform for the State rulers, of which group they now become a part.¹¹

The alliance between the State and the intellectuals was symbolized in the eager desire of professors at the University of Berlin in the nineteenth century to form the “intellectual bodyguard of the House of Hohenzollern.” In the present day, let us note the revealing comment of an eminent Marxist scholar concerning Professor Wittfogel’s critical study of ancient Oriental despotism: “The civilization which Professor Wittfogel is so bitterly attacking was one which could make poets and scholars into officials.”¹² Of innumerable examples, we may cite the recent development of the “science” of strategy, in the service of the government’s main violence-wielding arm, the military.¹³ A venerable institution, furthermore, is the official or “court” historian, dedicated to purveying the rulers’ views of their own and their predecessors’ actions.¹⁴

Many and varied have been the arguments by which the State and its intellectuals have induced their subjects to support their rule. Basically, the strands of argument may be summed up as follows: (a) the State rulers are great and wise men (they “rule by divine right,” they are the “aristocracy” of men, they

are the “scientific experts”), much greater and wiser than the good but rather simple subjects, and (b) rule by the extent government is inevitable, absolutely necessary, and far better, than the indescribable evils that would ensue upon its downfall. The union of Church and State was one of the oldest and most successful of these ideological devices. The ruler was either anointed by God or, in the case of the absolute rule of many Oriental despotisms, was himself God; hence, any resistance to his rule would be blasphemy. The States’ priestcraft performed the basic intellectual function of obtaining popular support and even worship for the rulers.¹☒

Another successful device was to instill fear of any alternative systems of rule or nonrule. The present rulers, it was maintained, supply to the citizens an essential service for which they should be most grateful: protection against sporadic criminals and marauders. For the State, to preserve its own monopoly of predation, did indeed see to it that private and unsystematic crime was kept to a minimum; the State has always been jealous of its own preserve. Especially has the State been successful in recent centuries in instilling fear of other State rulers. Since the land area of the globe has been parceled out among particular States, one of the basic doctrines of the State was to identify itself with the territory it governed. Since most men tend to love their homeland, the identification of that land and its people with the State was a means of making natural patriotism work to the State’s advantage. If “Ruritania” was being attacked by “Waldavia,” the first task of the State and its intellectuals was to convince the people of Ruritania that the attack was really upon them and not simply upon the ruling caste. In this way, a war between rulers was converted into a war between peoples, with each people coming to the defense of its rulers in the erroneous belief that the rulers were defending them. This device of “nationalism” has only been successful, in Western civilization, in recent centuries; it was not too long ago that the mass of subjects regarded wars as irrelevant battles between various sets of nobles.

Many and subtle are the ideological weapons that the State has wielded through the centuries. One excellent weapon has been tradition. The longer that the rule of a State has been able to preserve itself, the more powerful this weapon; for then, the X Dynasty or the Y State has the seeming weight of centuries of tradition behind it.¹☒ Worship of one’s ancestors, then, becomes a none too subtle means of worship of one’s ancient rulers. The greatest danger to the State is independent intellectual criticism; there is no better way to stifle that criticism than to attack any isolated voice, any raiser of new doubts, as a profane violator of the wisdom of his ancestors. Another potent ideological force is to deprecate the individual and exalt the collectivity of society. For since any given rule implies majority acceptance, any ideological danger to that rule can only start from one or a few independently-thinking individuals. The new idea, much less the new critical idea, must needs begin as a small minority opinion; therefore, the State must nip the view in the bud by ridiculing any view that defies the opinions of the mass. “Listen only to your brothers” or “adjust to society” thus become ideological weapons for crushing individual dissent.¹☒ By such measures, the masses will never learn of the nonexistence of their Emperor’s clothes.¹☒ It is also important for the State to make its rule seem inevitable; even if its reign is disliked, it will then be met with passive resignation, as witness the familiar coupling of “death and taxes.” One method is to induce historiographical determinism, as opposed to individual freedom of will. If the X Dynasty rules us, this is because the Inexorable Laws of History (or the Divine Will, or the Absolute, or the Material Productive Forces) have so decreed and nothing any puny individuals may do can change this inevitable decree. It is also important for the State to inculcate in its subjects an aversion to any “conspiracy theory of history;” for a search for “conspiracies” means a search for motives and an attribution of responsibility for historical misdeeds. If, however, any tyranny imposed by the State, or venality, or aggressive war, was caused not by the State rulers but by mysterious and arcane “social forces,” or by the imperfect state of the world or, if in some way, everyone was responsible (“We Are All Murderers,” proclaims one slogan), then there is no point to the people becoming indignant or rising up against such misdeeds. Furthermore, an attack on “conspiracy theories” means that the subjects will become more gullible in believing the “general welfare” reasons that are always put forth by the State for engaging in any of its despotic actions. A “conspiracy theory” can unsettle the system by causing the public to doubt the State’s ideological propaganda.

Another tried and true method for bending subjects to the State's will is inducing guilt. Any increase in private well-being can be attacked as "unconscionable greed," "materialism," or "excessive affluence," profit-making can be attacked as "exploitation" and "usury," mutually beneficial exchanges denounced as "selfishness," and somehow with the conclusion always being drawn that more resources should be siphoned from the private to the "public sector." The induced guilt makes the public more ready to do just that. For while individual persons tend to indulge in "selfish greed," the failure of the State's rulers to engage in exchanges is supposed to signify their devotion to higher and nobler causes? parasitic predation being apparently morally and esthetically lofty as compared to peaceful and productive work.

In the present more secular age, the divine right of the State has been supplemented by the invocation of a new god, Science. State rule is now proclaimed as being ultrascientific, as constituting planning by experts. But while "reason" is invoked more than in previous centuries, this is not the true reason of the individual and his exercise of free will; it is still collectivist and determinist, still implying holistic aggregates and coercive manipulation of passive subjects by their rulers.

The increasing use of scientific jargon has permitted the State's intellectuals to weave obscurantist apologia for State rule that would have only met with derision by the populace of a simpler age. A robber who justified his theft by saying that he really helped his victims, by his spending giving a boost to retail trade, would find few converts; but when this theory is clothed in Keynesian equations and impressive references to the "multiplier effect," it unfortunately carries more conviction. And so the assault on common sense proceeds, each age performing the task in its own ways.

Thus, ideological support being vital to the State, it must unceasingly try to impress the public with its "legitimacy," to distinguish its activities from those of mere brigands. The unremitting determination of its assaults on common sense is no accident, for as Mencken vividly maintained:

The average man, whatever his errors otherwise, at least sees clearly that government is something lying outside him and outside the generality of his fellow men? that it is a separate, independent, and hostile power, only partly under his control, and capable of doing him great harm. Is it a fact of no significance that robbing the government is everywhere regarded as a crime of less magnitude than robbing an individual, or even a corporation? ... What lies behind all this, I believe, is a deep sense of the fundamental antagonism between the government and the people it governs. It is apprehended, not as a committee of citizens chosen to carry on the communal business of the whole population, but as a separate and autonomous corporation, mainly devoted to exploiting the population for the benefit of its own members... When a private citizen is robbed, a worthy man is deprived of the fruits of his industry and thrift; when the government is robbed, the worst that happens is that certain rogues and loafers have less money to play with than they had before. The notion that they have earned that money is never entertained; to most sensible men it would seem ludicrous.¹☒

How the State Transcends Its Limits

As Bertrand de Jouvenel has sagely pointed out, through the centuries men have formed concepts designed to check and limit the exercise of State rule; and, one after another, the State, using its intellectual allies, has been able to transform these concepts into intellectual rubber stamps of legitimacy and virtue to attach to its decrees and actions. Originally, in Western Europe, the concept of divine sovereignty held that the kings may rule only according to divine law; the kings turned the concept into a rubber stamp of divine approval for any of the kings' actions. The concept of parliamentary democracy began as a popular check upon absolute monarchical rule; it ended with parliament being the essential part of the State and its every act totally sovereign. As de Jouvenel concludes:

Many writers on theories of sovereignty have worked out one ... of these restrictive devices. But in the end every single such theory has, sooner or later, lost its original purpose, and come to act merely as a springboard to Power, by providing it with the powerful aid of an invisible sovereign with whom it could in time successfully identify itself.²☒

Similarly with more specific doctrines: the "natural rights" of the individual enshrined in John Locke and the Bill of Rights, became a statist "right to a job"; utilitarianism turned from arguments for liberty to arguments against resisting the State's invasions of liberty, etc.

Certainly the most ambitious attempt to impose limits on the State has been the Bill of Rights and other restrictive parts of the American Constitution, in which written limits on government became the fundamental law to be interpreted by a judiciary supposedly independent of the other branches of government. All Americans are familiar with the process by which the construction of limits in the Constitution has been inexorably broadened over the last century. But few have been as keen as Professor Charles Black to see that the State has, in the process, largely transformed judicial review itself from a limiting device to yet another instrument for furnishing ideological legitimacy to the government's actions. For if a judicial decree of "unconstitutional" is a mighty check to government power, an implicit or explicit verdict of "constitutional" is a mighty weapon for fostering public acceptance of ever-greater government power.

Professor Black begins his analysis by pointing out the crucial necessity of "legitimacy" for any government to endure, this legitimation signifying basic majority acceptance of the government and its actions.²¹ Acceptance of legitimacy becomes a particular problem in a country such as the United States, where "substantive limitations are built into the theory on which the government rests." What is needed, adds Black, is a means by which the government can assure the public that its increasing powers are, indeed, "constitutional." And this, he concludes, has been the major historic function of judicial review.

Let Black illustrate the problem:

The supreme risk [to the government] is that of disaffection and a feeling of outrage widely disseminated throughout the population, and loss of moral authority by the government as such, however long it may be propped up by force or inertia or the lack of an appealing and immediately available alternative. Almost everybody living under a government of limited powers, must sooner or later be subjected to some governmental action which as a matter of private opinion he regards as outside the power of government or positively forbidden to government. A man is drafted, though he finds nothing in the Constitution about being

drafted... A farmer is told how much wheat he can raise; he believes, and he discovers that some respectable lawyers believe with him, that the government has no more right to tell him how much wheat he can grow than it has to tell his daughter whom she can marry. A man goes to the federal penitentiary for saying what he wants to, and he paces his cell reciting ... "Congress shall make no laws abridging the freedom of speech."... A businessman is told what he can ask, and must ask, for buttermilk.

The danger is real enough that each of these people (and who is not of their number?) will confront the concept of governmental limitation with the reality (as he sees it) of the flagrant overstepping of actual limits, and draw the obvious conclusion as to the status of his government with respect to legitimacy.²²

This danger is averted by the State's propounding the doctrine that one agency must have the ultimate decision on constitutionality and that this agency, in the last analysis, must be part of the federal government.²³ For while the seeming independence of the federal judiciary has played a vital part in making its actions virtual Holy Writ for the bulk of the people, it is also and ever true that the judiciary is part and parcel of the government apparatus and appointed by the executive and legislative branches. Black admits that this means that the State has set itself up as a judge in its own cause, thus violating a basic juridical principle for aiming at just decisions. He brusquely denies the possibility of any alternative.²⁴

Black adds:

The problem, then, is to devise such governmental means of deciding as will [hopefully] reduce to a tolerable minimum the intensity of the objection that government is judge in its own cause. Having done this, you can only hope that this objection, though theoretically still tenable [*italics mine*], will practically lose enough of its force that the legitimating work of the deciding institution can win acceptance.²⁵

In the last analysis, Black finds the achievement of justice and legitimacy from the State's perpetual judging of its own cause as "something of a miracle."²⁶

Applying his thesis to the famous conflict between the Supreme Court and the New Deal, Professor Black keenly chides his fellow pro-New Deal colleagues for their shortsightedness in denouncing judicial obstruction:

[t]he standard version of the story of the New Deal and the Court, though accurate in its way, displaces the emphasis... It concentrates on the difficulties; it almost forgets how the whole thing turned out. The upshot of the matter was [and this is what I like to emphasize] that after some twenty-four months of balking ... the Supreme Court, without a single change in the law of its composition, or, indeed, in its actual manning, placed the affirmative stamp of legitimacy on the New Deal, and on the whole new conception of government in America.²⁷

In this way, the Supreme Court was able to put the quietus on the large body of Americans who had had strong constitutional objections to the New Deal:

Of course, not everyone was satisfied. The Bonnie Prince Charlie of constitutionally commanded laissez-faire still stirs the hearts of a few zealots in the Highlands of choleric unreality. But there is no longer any significant or dangerous public doubt as to the constitutional power of Congress to deal as it does with the national economy...

We had no means, other than the Supreme Court, for imparting legitimacy to the New Deal.²⁸

As Black recognizes, one major political theorist who recognized—and largely in advance—the glaring loophole in a constitutional limit on government of placing the ultimate interpreting power in the Supreme Court was John C. Calhoun. Calhoun was not content with the “miracle,” but instead proceeded to a profound analysis of the constitutional problem. In his *Disquisition*, Calhoun demonstrated the inherent tendency of the State to break through the limits of such a constitution:

A written constitution certainly has many and considerable advantages, but it is a great mistake to suppose that the mere insertion of provisions to restrict and limit the power of the government, without investing those for whose protection they are inserted with the means of enforcing their observance [my italics] will be sufficient to prevent the major and dominant party from abusing its powers. Being the party in possession of the government, they will, from the same constitution of man which makes government necessary to protect society, be in favor of the powers granted by the constitution and opposed to the restrictions intended to limit them... The minor or weaker party, on the contrary, would take the opposite direction and regard them [the restrictions] as essential to their protection against the dominant party... But where there are no means by which they could compel the major party to observe the restrictions, the only resort left them would be a strict construction of the constitution... To this the major party would oppose a liberal construction... It would be construction against construction—the one to contract and the other to enlarge the powers of the government to the utmost. But of what possible avail could the strict construction of the minor party be, against the liberal construction of the major, when the one would have all the power of the government to carry its construction into effect and the other be deprived of all means of enforcing its construction? In a contest so unequal, the result would not be doubtful. The party in favor of the restrictions would be overpowered... The end of the contest would be the subversion of the constitution ... the restrictions would ultimately be annulled and the government be converted into one of unlimited powers.²☒

One of the few political scientists who appreciated Calhoun’s analysis of the Constitution was Professor J. Allen Smith. Smith noted that the Constitution was designed with checks and balances to limit any one governmental power and yet had then developed a Supreme Court with the monopoly of ultimate interpreting power. If the Federal Government was created to check invasions of individual liberty by the separate states, who was to check the Federal power? Smith maintained that implicit in the check-and-balance idea of the Constitution was the concomitant view that no one branch of government may be conceded the ultimate power of interpretation: “It was assumed by the people that the new government could not be permitted to determine the limits of its own authority, since this would make it, and not the Constitution, supreme.”³☒

The solution advanced by Calhoun (and seconded, in this century, by such writers as Smith) was, of course, the famous doctrine of the “concurrent majority.” If any substantial minority interest in the country, specifically a state government, believed that the Federal Government was exceeding its powers and encroaching on that minority, the minority would have the right to veto this exercise of power as unconstitutional. Applied to state governments, this theory implied the right of “nullification” of a Federal law or ruling within a state’s jurisdiction.

In theory, the ensuing constitutional system would assure that the Federal Government check any state invasion of individual rights, while the states would check excessive Federal power over the individual. And yet, while limitations would undoubtedly be more effective than at present, there are many difficulties and problems in the Calhoun solution. If, indeed, a subordinate interest should rightfully have a veto over matters concerning it, then why stop with the states? Why not place veto power in counties, cities, wards? Furthermore, interests are not only sectional, they are also occupational, social, etc. What of bakers or taxi drivers or any other occupation? Should they not be permitted a veto power over their own lives? This brings us to the important point that the nullification theory confines

its checks to agencies of government itself. Let us not forget that federal and state governments, and their respective branches, are still states, are still guided by their own state interests rather than by the interests of the private citizens. What is to prevent the Calhoun system from working in reverse, with states tyrannizing over their citizens and only vetoing the federal government when it tries to intervene to stop that state tyranny? Or for states to acquiesce in federal tyranny? What is to prevent federal and state governments from forming mutually profitable alliances for the joint exploitation of the citizenry? And even if the private occupational groupings were to be given some form of “functional” representation in government, what is to prevent them from using the State to gain subsidies and other special privileges for themselves or from imposing compulsory cartels on their own members?

In short, Calhoun does not push his pathbreaking theory on concurrence far enough: he does not push it down to the individual himself. If the individual, after all, is the one whose rights are to be protected, then a consistent theory of concurrence would imply veto power by every individual; that is, some form of “unanimity principle.” When Calhoun wrote that it should be “impossible to put or to keep it [the government] in action without the concurrent consent of all,” he was, perhaps unwittingly, implying just such a conclusion.³¹ But such speculation begins to take us away from our subject, for down this path lie political systems which could hardly be called “States” at all.³² For one thing, just as the right of nullification for a state logically implies its right of secession, so a right of individual nullification would imply the right of any individual to “secede” from the State under which he lives.³³

Thus, the State has invariably shown a striking talent for the expansion of its powers beyond any limits that might be imposed upon it. Since the State necessarily lives by the compulsory confiscation of private capital, and since its expansion necessarily involves ever-greater incursions on private individuals and private enterprise, we must assert that the State is profoundly and inherently anticapitalist. In a sense, our position is the reverse of the Marxist dictum that the State is the “executive committee” of the ruling class in the present day, supposedly the capitalists. Instead, the State—the organization of the political means—constitutes, and is the source of, the “ruling class” (rather, ruling caste), and is in permanent opposition to genuinely private capital. We may, therefore, say with de Jouvenel:

Only those who know nothing of any time but their own, who are completely in the dark as to the manner of Power’s behaving through thousands of years, would regard these proceedings [nationalization, the income tax, etc.] as the fruit of a particular set of doctrines. They are in fact the normal manifestations of Power, and differ not at all in their nature from Henry VIII’s confiscation of the monasteries. The same principle is at work; the hunger for authority, the thirst for resources; and in all of these operations the same characteristics are present, including the rapid elevation of the dividers of the spoils. Whether it is Socialist or whether it is not, Power must always be at war with the capitalist authorities and despoil the capitalists of their accumulated wealth; in doing so it obeys the law of its nature.³⁴ ☒

What the State Fears

What the State fears above all, of course, is any fundamental threat to its own power and its own existence. The death of a State can come about in two major ways: (a) through conquest by another State, or (b) through revolutionary overthrow by its own subjects—in short, by war or revolution. War and revolution, as the two basic threats, invariably arouse in the State rulers their maximum efforts and maximum propaganda among the people. As stated above, any way must always be used to mobilize the people to come to the State's defense in the belief that they are defending themselves. The fallacy of the idea becomes evident when conscription is wielded against those who refuse to “defend” themselves and are, therefore, forced into joining the State's military band: needless to add, no “defense” is permitted them against this act of “their own” State.

In war, State power is pushed to its ultimate, and, under the slogans of “defense” and “emergency,” it can impose a tyranny upon the public such as might be openly resisted in time of peace. War thus provides many benefits to a State, and indeed every modern war has brought to the warring peoples a permanent legacy of increased State burdens upon society. War, moreover, provides to a State tempting opportunities for conquest of land areas over which it may exercise its monopoly of force. Randolph Bourne was certainly correct when he wrote that “war is the health of the State,” but to any particular State a war may spell either health or grave injury.³☒

We may test the hypothesis that the State is largely interested in protecting *itself* rather than its subjects by asking: which category of crimes does the State pursue and punish most intensely—those against private citizens or those against *itself*? The gravest crimes in the State's lexicon are almost invariably not invasions of private person or property, but dangers to its own contentment, for example, treason, desertion of a soldier to the enemy, failure to register for the draft, subversion and subversive conspiracy, assassination of rulers and such economic crimes against the State as counterfeiting its money or evasion of its income tax. Or compare the degree of zeal devoted to pursuing the man who assaults a policeman, with the attention that the State pays to the assault of an ordinary citizen. Yet, curiously, the State's openly assigned priority to its *own* defense against the public strikes few people as inconsistent with its presumed *raison d'être*.³☒

How States Relate to One Another

Since the territorial area of the earth is divided among different States, inter-State relations must occupy much of a State's time and energy. The natural tendency of a State is to expand its power, and externally such expansion takes place by conquest of a territorial area. Unless a territory is stateless or uninhabited, any such expansion involves an inherent conflict of interest between one set of State rulers and another. Only one set of rulers can obtain a monopoly of coercion over any given territorial area at any one time: complete power over a territory by State X can only be obtained by the expulsion of State Y. War, while risky, will be an ever-present tendency of States, punctuated by periods of peace and by shifting alliances and coalitions between States.

We have seen that the "internal" or "domestic" attempt to limit the State, in the seventeenth through nineteenth centuries, reached its most notable form in constitutionalism. Its "external," or "foreign affairs," counterpart was the development of "international law," especially such forms as the "laws of war" and "neutrals' rights."³ Parts of international law were originally purely private, growing out of the need of merchants and traders everywhere to protect their property and adjudicate disputes. Examples are admiralty law and the law merchant. But even the governmental rules emerged voluntarily and were not imposed by any international super-State. The object of the "laws of war" was to limit inter-State destruction to the State apparatus itself, thereby preserving the innocent "civilian" public from the slaughter and devastation of war. The object of the development of neutrals' rights was to preserve private civilian international commerce, even with "enemy" countries, from seizure by one of the warring parties. The overriding aim, then, was to limit the extent of any war, and, particularly to limit its destructive impact on the private citizens of the neutral and even the warring countries.

The jurist F.J.P. Veale charmingly describes such "civilized warfare" as it briefly flourished in fifteenth-century Italy:

the rich burghers and merchants of medieval Italy were too busy making money and enjoying life to undertake the hardships and dangers of soldiering themselves. So they adopted the practice of hiring mercenaries to do their fighting for them, and, being thrifty, businesslike folk, they dismissed their mercenaries immediately after their services could be dispensed with. Wars were, therefore, fought by armies hired for each campaign... For the first time, soldiering became a reasonable and comparatively harmless profession. The generals of that period maneuvered against each other, often with consummate skill, but when one had won the advantage, his opponent generally either retreated or surrendered. It was a recognized rule that a town could only be sacked if it offered resistance: immunity could always be purchased by paying a ransom... As one natural consequence, no town ever resisted, it being obvious that a government too weak to defend its citizens had forfeited their allegiance. Civilians had little to fear from the dangers of war which were the concern only of professional soldiers.³

The well-nigh absolute separation of the private civilian from the State's wars in eighteenth-century Europe is highlighted by Nef:

Even postal communications were not successfully restricted for long in wartime. Letters circulated without censorship, with a freedom that astonishes the twentieth-century mind... The subjects of two warring nations talked to each other if they met, and when they could not

meet, corresponded, not as enemies but as friends. The modern notion hardly existed that ... subjects of any enemy country are partly accountable for the belligerent acts of their rulers. Nor had the warring rulers any firm disposition to stop communications with subjects of the enemy. The old inquisitorial practices of espionage in connection with religious worship and belief were disappearing, and no comparable inquisition in connection with political or economic communications was even contemplated. Passports were originally created to provide safe conduct in time of war. During most of the eighteenth century it seldom occurred to Europeans to abandon their travels in a foreign country which their own was fighting.³☒

And trade being increasingly recognized as beneficial to both parties; eighteenth-century warfare also counterbalances a considerable amount of “trading with the enemy.”☒☒

How far States have transcended rules of civilized warfare in this century needs no elaboration here. In the modern era of total war, combined with the technology of total destruction, the very idea of keeping war limited to the State *apparati* seems even more quaint and obsolete than the original Constitution of the United States.

When States are not at war, agreements are often necessary to keep frictions at a minimum. One doctrine that has gained curiously wide acceptance is the alleged “sanctity of treaties.” This concept is treated as the counterpart of the “sanctity of contract.” But a treaty and a genuine contract have nothing in common. A contract transfers, in a precise manner, titles to private property. Since a government does not, in any proper sense, “own” its territorial area, any agreements that it concludes do not confer titles to property. If, for example, Mr. Jones sells or gives his land to Mr. Smith, Jones’s heir cannot legitimately descend upon Smith’s heir and claim the land as rightfully his. The property title has already been transferred. Old Jones’s contract is automatically binding upon young Jones, because the former had already transferred the property; young Jones, therefore, has no property claim. Young Jones can only claim that which he has inherited from old Jones, and old Jones can only bequeath property which he still owns. But if, at a certain date, the government of, say, Ruritania is coerced or even bribed by the government of Waldavia into giving up some of its territory, it is absurd to claim that the governments or inhabitants of the two countries are forever barred from a claim to reunification of Ruritania on the grounds of the sanctity of a treaty. Neither the people nor the land of northwest Ruritania are owned by either of the two governments. As a corollary, one government can certainly not bind, by the dead hand of the past, a later government through treaty. A revolutionary government which overthrew the king of Ruritania could, similarly, hardly be called to account for the king’s actions or debts, for a government is not, as is a child, a true “heir” to its predecessor’s property.

History as a Race Between State Power and Social Power

Just as the two basic and mutually exclusive interrelations between men are peaceful cooperation or coercive exploitation, production or predation, so the history of mankind, particularly its economic history, may be considered as a contest between these two principles. On the one hand, there is creative productivity, peaceful exchange and cooperation; on the other, coercive dictation and predation over those social relations. Albert Jay Nock happily termed these contesting forces: “social power” and “State power.”¹ Social power is man’s power over nature, his cooperative transformation of nature’s resources and insight into nature’s laws, for the benefit of all participating individuals. Social power is the power over nature, the living standards achieved by men in mutual exchange. State power, as we have seen, is the coercive and parasitic seizure of this production—a draining of the fruits of society for the benefit of nonproductive (actually antiproducer) rulers. While social power is over nature, State power is power over man. Through history, man’s productive and creative forces have, time and again, carved out new ways of transforming nature for man’s benefit. These have been the times when social power has spurred ahead of State power, and when the degree of State encroachment over society has considerably lessened. But always, after a greater or smaller time lag, the State has moved into these new areas, to cripple and confiscate social power once more.² If the seventeenth through the nineteenth centuries were, in many countries of the West, times of accelerating social power, and a corollary increase in freedom, peace, and material welfare, the twentieth century has been primarily an age in which State power has been catching up—with a consequent reversion to slavery, war, and destruction.³

In this century, the human race faces, once again, the virulent reign of the State—of the State now armed with the fruits of man’s creative powers, confiscated and perverted to its own aims. The last few centuries were times when men tried to place constitutional and other limits on the State, only to find that such limits, as with all other attempts, have failed. Of all the numerous forms that governments have taken over the centuries, of all the concepts and institutions that have been tried, none has succeeded in keeping the State in check. The problem of the State is evidently as far from solution as ever. Perhaps new paths of inquiry must be explored, if the successful, final solution of the State question is ever to be attained.⁴

1. We cannot, in this chapter, develop the many problems and fallacies of “democracy.” Suffice it to say here that an individual’s true agent or “representative” is always subject to that individual’s orders, can be dismissed at any time and cannot act contrary to the interests or wishes of his principal. Clearly, the “representative” in a democracy can never fulfill such agency functions, the only ones consonant with a libertarian society.
2. Social democrats often retort that democracy—majority choice of rulers—logically implies that the majority must leave certain freedoms to the minority, for the minority might one day become the majority. Apart from other flaws, this argument obviously does not hold where the minority cannot become the majority, for example, when the minority is of a different racial or ethnic group from the majority.
3. Joseph A. Schumpeter, *Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy* (New York: Harper and Bros., 1942), p. 198. The friction or antagonism between the private and the public sphere was intensified from the first by the fact that ... the State has been living on a revenue which was being produced in the

private sphere for private purposes and had to be deflected from these purposes by political force. The theory which construes taxes on the analogy of club dues or of the purchase of the service of, say, a doctor only proves how far removed this part of the social sciences is from scientific habits of mind. Also see Murray N. Rothbard, "The Fallacy of the 'Public Sector,'" *New Individualist Review* (Summer, 1961): 3ff.

4. Franz Oppenheimer, *The State* (New York: Vanguard Press, 1926) pp. 24–27: There are two fundamentally opposed means whereby man, requiring sustenance, is impelled to obtain the necessary means for satisfying his desires. These are work and robbery, one's own labor and the forcible appropriation of the labor of others... I propose in the following discussion to call one's own labor and the equivalent exchange of one's own labor for the labor of others, the "economic means" for the satisfaction of need while the unrequited appropriation of the labor of others will be called the "political means"... The State is an organization of the political means. No State, therefore, can come into being until the economic means has created a definite number of objects for the satisfaction of needs, which objects may be taken away or appropriated by warlike robbery.
5. Albert Jay Nock wrote vividly that the State claims and exercises the monopoly of crime... It forbids private murder, but itself organizes murder on a colossal scale. It punishes private theft, but itself lays unscrupulous hands on anything it wants, whether the property of citizen or of alien. Nock, *On Doing the Right Thing, and Other Essays* (New York: Harper and Bros., 1929), p. 143; quoted in Jack Schwartzman, "Albert Jay Nock—A Superfluous Man," *Faith and Freedom* (December, 1953): 11.
6. Oppenheimer, *The State*, p. 15: What, then, is the State as a sociological concept? The State, completely in its genesis... is a social institution, forced by a victorious group of men on a defeated group, with the sole purpose of regulating the dominion of the victorious group of men on a defeated group, and securing itself against revolt from within and attacks from abroad. Teleologically, this dominion had no other purpose than the economic exploitation of the vanquished by the victors. And de Jouvenel has written: "the State is in essence the result of the successes achieved by a band of brigands who superimpose themselves on small, distinct societies." Bertrand de Jouvenel, *On Power* (New York: Viking Press, 1949), pp. 100–01.
7. On the crucial distinction between "caste," a group with privileges or burdens coercively granted or imposed by the State and the Marxian concept of "class" in society, see Ludwig von Mises, *Theory and History* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1957), pp. 112ff.
8. Such acceptance does not, of course, imply that the State rule has become "voluntary"; for even if the majority support be active and eager, this support is not unanimous by every individual.
9. That every government, no matter how "dictatorial" over individuals, must secure such support has been demonstrated by such acute political theorists as Étienne de la Boétie, David Hume, and Ludwig von Mises. Thus, cf. David Hume, "Of the First Principles of Government," in *Essays, Literary, Moral and Political* (London: Ward, Locke, and Taylor, n.d.), p. 23; Etienne de la Boétie, *Anti-Dictator* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1942), pp. 8–9; Ludwig von Mises, *Human Action* (Auburn, Ala.: Mises Institute, 1998), pp. 188ff. For more on the contribution to the analysis of the State by la Boétie, see Oscar Jaszi and John D. Lewis, *Against the Tyrant* (Glencoe, Ill.: The Free Press, 1957), pp. 55–57.
10. La Boétie, *Anti-Dictator*, pp. 43–44. Whenever a ruler makes himself dictator ... all those who are corrupted by burning ambition or extraordinary avarice, these gather around him and support him in order to have a share in the booty and to constitute themselves petty chiefs under the big tyrant.

11. This by no means implies that all intellectuals ally themselves with the State. On aspects of the alliance of intellectuals and the State, cf. Bertrand de Jouvenel, "The Attitude of the Intellectuals to the Market Society," *The Owl* (January, 1951): 19–27; idem, "The Treatment of Capitalism by Continental Intellectuals," in F.A. Hayek, ed., *Capitalism and the Historians* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1954), pp. 93–123; reprinted in George B. de Huszar, *The Intellectuals* (Glencoe, Ill.: The Free Press, 1960), pp. 385–99; and Schumpeter, *Imperialism and Social Classes* (New York: Meridian Books, 1975), pp. 143–55.
12. Joseph Needham, "Review of Karl A. Wittfogel, *Oriental Despotism*," *Science and Society* (1958): 65. Needham also writes that "the successive [Chinese] emperors were served in all ages by a great company of profoundly humane and disinterested scholars," p. 61. Wittfogel notes the Confucian doctrine that the glory of the ruling class rested on its gentleman scholar-bureaucrat officials, destined to be professional rulers dictating to the mass of the populace. Karl A. Wittfogel, *Oriental Despotism* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1957), pp. 320–21 and *passim*. For an attitude contrasting to Needham's, cf. John Lukacs, "Intellectual Class or Intellectual Profession?" in de Huszar, *The Intellectuals*, pp. 521–22.
13. Jeanne Ribs, "The War Plotters," *Liberation* (August, 1961): 13. "[s]trategists insist that their occupation deserves the 'dignity of the academic counterpart of the military profession.'" Also see Marcus Raskin, "The Megadeath Intellectuals," *New York Review of Books* (November 14, 1963): 6–7.
14. Thus the historian Conyers Read, in his presidential address, advocated the suppression of historical fact in the service of "democratic" and national values. Read proclaimed that "total war, whether it is hot or cold, enlists everyone and calls upon everyone to play his part. The historian is not freer from this obligation than the physicist." Read, "The Social Responsibilities of the Historian," *American Historical Review* (1951): 283ff. For a critique of Read and other aspects of court history, see Howard K. Beale, "The Professional Historian: His Theory and Practice," *The Pacific Historical Review* (August, 1953): 227–55. Also cf. Herbert Butterfield, "Official History: Its Pitfalls and Criteria," *History and Human Relations* (New York: Macmillan, 1952), pp. 182–224; and Harry Elmer Barnes, *The Court Historians Versus Revisionism* (n.d.), pp. 2ff.
15. Cf. Wittfogel, *Oriental Despotism*, pp. 87–100. On the contrasting roles of religion vis-à-vis the State in ancient China and Japan, see Norman Jacobs, *The Origin of Modern Capitalism and Eastern Asia* (Hong Kong: Hong Kong University Press, 1958), pp. 161–94.
16. De Jouvenel, *On Power*, p. 22: The essential reason for obedience is that it has become a habit of the species... Power is for us a fact of nature. From the earliest days of recorded history it has always presided over human destinies... the authorities which ruled [societies] in former times did not disappear without bequeathing to their successors their privilege nor without leaving in men's minds imprints which are cumulative in their effect. The succession of governments which, in the course of centuries, rule the same society may be looked on as one underlying government which takes on continuous accretions.
17. On such uses of the religion of China, see Norman Jacobs, *passim*.
18. H.L. Mencken, *A Mencken Chrestomathy* (New York: Knopf, 1949), p. 145: All [government] can see in an original idea is potential change, and hence an invasion of its prerogatives. The most dangerous man, to any government, is the man who is able to think things out for himself, without regard to the prevailing superstitions and taboos. Almost inevitably he comes to the conclusion that the government he lives under is dishonest, insane and intolerable, and so, if he is romantic, he tries to change it. And even if he is not romantic personally he is very apt to spread discontent among those who are.

19. *Ibid.*, pp. 146–47.
20. De Jouvenel, *On Power*, pp. 27ff.
21. Charles L. Black, Jr., *The People and the Court* (New York: Macmillan, 1960), pp. 35ff.
22. *Ibid.*, pp. 42–43.
23. *Ibid.*, p. 52: The prime and most necessary function of the [Supreme] Court has been that of validation, not that of invalidation. What a government of limited powers needs, at the beginning and forever, is some means of satisfying the people that it has taken all steps humanly possible to stay within its powers. This is the condition of its legitimacy, and its legitimacy, in the long run, is the condition of its life. And the Court, through its history, has acted as the legitimation of the government.
24. To Black, this “solution,” while paradoxical, is blithely self-evident: the final power of the State... must stop where the law stops it. And who shall set the limit, and who shall enforce the stopping, against the mightiest power? Why, the State itself, of course, through its judges and its laws. Who controls the temperate? Who teaches the wise? (*Ibid.*, pp. 32–33) And: Where the questions concern governmental power in a sovereign nation, it is not possible to select an umpire who is outside government. Every national government, so long as it is a government, must have the final say on its own power. (*Ibid.*, pp. 48–49)
25. *Ibid.*, p. 49.
26. This ascription of the miraculous to government is reminiscent of James Burnham’s justification of government by mysticism and irrationality: In ancient times, before the illusions of science had corrupted traditional wisdom, the founders of cities were known to be gods or demigods... Neither the source nor the justification of government can be put in wholly rational terms... why should I accept the hereditary or democratic or any other principle of legitimacy? Why should a principle justify the rule of that man over me?... I accept the principle, well... because I do, because that is the way it is and has been. James Burnham, *Congress and the American Tradition* (Chicago: Regnery, 1959), pp. 3–8. But what if one does not accept the principle? What will “the way” be then?
27. Black, *The People and the Court*, p. 64.
28. *Ibid.*, p. 65.
29. John C. Calhoun, *A Disquisition on Government* (New York: Liberal Arts Press, 1953), pp. 25–27. Also cf. Murray N. Rothbard, “Conservatism and Freedom: A Libertarian Comment,” *Modern Age* (Spring, 1961): 219.
30. J. Allen Smith, *The Growth and Decadence of Constitutional Government* (New York: Henry Holt, 1930), p. 88. Smith added: it was obvious that where a provision of the Constitution was designed to limit the powers of a governmental organ, it could be effectively nullified if its interpretation and enforcement are left to the authorities as it designed to restrain. Clearly, common sense required that no organ of the government should be able to determine its own powers. Clearly, common sense and “miracles” dictate very different views of government (p. 87).
31. Calhoun, *A Disquisition on Government*, pp. 20–21.
32. In recent years, the unanimity principle has experienced a highly diluted revival, particularly in the writings of Professor James Buchanan. Injecting unanimity into the present situation, however,

and applying it only to changes in the status quo and not to existing laws, can only result in another transformation of a limiting concept into a rubber stamp for the State. If the unanimity principle is to be applied only to changes in laws and edicts, the nature of the initial “point of origin” then makes all the difference. Cf. James Buchanan and Gordon Tullock, *The Calculus of Consent* (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1962), *passim*.

33. Cf. Herbert Spencer, “The Right to Ignore the State,” in *Social Statics* (New York: D. Appleton, 1890), pp. 229–39.
34. De Jouvenel, *On Power*, p. 171.
35. We have seen that essential to the State is support by the intellectuals, and this includes support against their two acute threats. Thus, on the role of American intellectuals in America’s entry into World War I, see Randolph Bourne, “The War and the Intellectuals,” in *The History of a Literary Radical and Other Papers* (New York: S.A. Russell, 1956), pp. 205–22. As Bourne states, a common device of intellectuals in winning support for State actions, is to channel any discussion within the limits of basic State policy and to discourage any fundamental or total critique of this basic framework.
36. As Mencken puts it in his inimitable fashion: This gang (“the exploiters constituting the government”) is well nigh immune to punishment. Its worst extortions, even when they are baldly for private profit, carry no certain penalties under our laws. Since the first days of the Republic, less than a few dozen of its members have been impeached, and only a few obscure understrappers have ever been put into prison. The number of men sitting at Atlanta and Leavenworth for revolting against the extortions of the government is always ten times as great as the number of government officials condemned for oppressing the taxpayers to their own gain. (Mencken, *A Mencken Chrestomathy*, pp. 147–48) For a vivid and entertaining description of the lack of protection for the individual against incursion of his liberty by his “protectors,” see H.L. Mencken, “The Nature of Liberty,” in *Prejudices: A Selection* (New York: Vintage Books, 1958), pp. 138–43.
37. This is to be distinguished from modern international law, with its stress on maximizing the extent of war through such concepts as “collective security.”
38. F.J.P. Veale, *Advance to Barbarism* (Appleton, Wis.: C.C. Nelson, 1953), p. 63. Similarly, Professor Nef writes of the War of Don Carlos waged in Italy between France, Spain, and Sardinia against Austria, in the eighteenth century: at the siege of Milan by the allies and several weeks later at Parma ... the rival armies met in a fierce battle outside the town. In neither place were the sympathies of the inhabitants seriously moved by one side or the other. Their only fear as that the troops of either army should get within the gates and pillage. The fear proved groundless. At Parma the citizens ran to the town walls to watch the battle in the open country beyond. (John U. Nef, *War and Human Progress* [Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1950], p. 158. Also cf. Hoffman Nickerson, *Can We Limit War?* [New York: Frederick A. Stoke, 1934])
39. Nef, *War and Human Progress*, p. 162.
40. *Ibid.*, p. 161. On advocacy of trading with the enemy by leaders of the American Revolution, see Joseph Dorfman, *The Economic Mind in American Civilization* (New York: Viking Press, 1946), vol. 1, pp. 210–11.
41. On the concepts of State power and social power, see Albert J. Nock, *Our Enemy the State* (Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers, 1946). Also see Nock, *Memoirs of a Superfluous Man* (New York: Harpers, 1943), and Frank Chodorov, *The Rise and Fall of Society* (New York: Devin-Adair, 1959).

42. Amidst the flux of expansion or contraction, the State always makes sure that it seizes and retains certain crucial “command posts” of the economy and society. Among these command posts are a monopoly of violence, monopoly of the ultimate judicial power, the channels of communication and transportation (post office, roads, rivers, air routes), irrigated water in Oriental despotisms, and education—to mold the opinions of its future citizens. In the modern economy, money is the critical command post.
43. This parasitic process of “catching up” has been almost openly proclaimed by Karl Marx, who conceded that socialism must be established through seizure of capital previously accumulated under capitalism.
44. Certainly, one indispensable ingredient of such a solution must be the sundering of the alliance of intellectual and State, through the creation of centers of intellectual inquiry and education, which will be independent of State power. Christopher Dawson notes that the great intellectual movements of the Renaissance and the Enlightenment were achieved by working outside of, and sometimes against, the entrenched universities. These academia of the new ideas were established by independent patrons. See Christopher Dawson, *The Crisis of Western Education* (New York: Sheed and Ward, 1961).

33. Letter: Individualism and Rights

Subtitle: Letter to Minus One and reply from Sidney E. Parker

Author: Murray Rothbard & Sidney E. Parker

Topics: Benjamin Tucker, egoism, force, individualism, letter, Minus One Journal, moralism, morality, natural rights, rights

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Deleted reason: Sorry bro, Rothbard is something we don't touch. We can't platform ancaps.

Rothbard

It is unfortunately all too true that letters are more often provoked by disagreement than inspired by agreement, so before launching my polemic I want to say how much I enjoy MINUS ONE and how much I admire your lone dissent and battle against the legions of collectivist anarchism in England. In the ultimate sense, I do not believe that the collectivists are really anarchists at all, since they have to turn over what amounts to State power to their communes and collectives, and woe betide he who dissents from the collective plan or decision.

My own dissent is inspired by your article “Slings and Arrows” in your Jan/Feb issue. While I have substantial disagreements with the positions of Robert LeFevre and especially with Herbert C. Roseman, I met stand with them in upholding the importance of systematic thought. If we go back to the classical individualist anarchists: Warren, Spooner, Tucker, etc. we find a total emphasis, and a sparkling emphasis at that, on systematic thought. One of great problems of twentieth-century anarchist thought, whether individualist or collectivist, has been a mindless emphasis on feeling and whim as a replacement for systematic analysis. Why is it that all the supposed followers of Tucker in the present day have forgotten his brilliant method of “plumb-line” rigour?

Let us take, for example, your thesis that true individualism cannot be compatible with any sort of social system, even Tucker's. You say that only the individual's ego and his on-going counts. Alright, now suppose that Mr. A's ongoing expansion of ego, according to him, involves the invasion and suppression of the ego of Mr. B. What then? If you grant Mr. A the right of oppressing Mr. B then you grant him the right of subjugating the ego of B; what then becomes of B's individuality? If on the other hand, you say that A has no right to interfere with B's ego, then you are out of Stirner and into a social “system”; in short then, you are admitting that each man has the right of equal liberty, has the right to have his person and property unmolested or invaded by anyone else. From these premisses can flow an entire “social system”; even though a system, however, it would, in contrast to other systems, allow full freedom to each individual. Within the framework of not suppressing anyone else's individuality and freedom, each person then has full freedom to do anything he wishes, a freedom which is of course, compatible with all sorts of social arrangements, including pure capitalism, mutual banking, voluntary communes, or whatever. It is not compatible with the existence of a State, because the very essence of a State is living by coercive exploitation and invasion of the person and property of its subjects.

You are also being grossly unfair to Mr. LeFevre. LeFevre is not interested in imposing the horizontal authority of “Society”, he is only interested in arriving at a world where no individual would wish to aggress against the person or property of another. It is unfair, also, to use this “moral authority” as some sort of dividing line between “individualism of the right” and individualist anarchism”. You must know full well that Benjamin Tucker was all in favour of private police and private courts combatting

and punishing theft and invasion; in fact Tucker went beyond us all in believing that each child is the absolute property of his parents! What price “moral authoritarianism” now?

When all the flimflam of feeling and paeans to the individual has been peeled away, you and all other Stirnerites must take a position on the question: where do you stand on the individual who wishes to aggress another’s individuality? Benjamin Tucker, facing the issue squarely and rationally, took *his* stand with liberty, with the right of every man to be defended against the invasion of his rights. Which side are *you* on? Or better yet, when are you going to face the issue?

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Parker

(The “Stirnerite” stand on “aggression and invasion” is described by Enzo Martucci in his essay currently spawn this review.¹ All I want to say about it, therefore, is that I neither grant nor deny Mr. A the “right” to subjugate Mr. B. What Mr. A does to Mr. B and vice versa only concerns me if my interests are threatened and then I act in self-defense, not from any standpoint of “right”. As Tucker once wrote: “It is agreed, then that, in Anarchism’s view, an individual has a right to stand aside and see a man murdered. And pray, why not?”

Robert LeFevre may sincerely desire the kind of world Murray Rothbard says he does. The fact nonetheless remains that he wants this world to be governed by “moral training”. In other words, the authority of the State and/or God will be replaced by the authority of conscience — the external punishment of prison or hell will be changed into the internal punishment of guilt. This is the “horizontal authority” of a “moral society”.

Much as I have learned from and enjoyed Tucker’s writings, I am not a follower of his, so it is of no use using him as a stick to beat me with. Tucker’s efforts to reconcile the utopianism and moralism of Proudhon with the individualism and moralism of Stirner resulted in neither fish nor fowl, but only in confusion. Tucker never established why any conscious egoist should accept the “social expediency” of his concept of “equal liberty”.

“L’individualisme du droit” means liberal “individualism” based upon the idea of “natural right”. It does not necessarily mean “right-wing individualism”. It certainly describes LeFevre’s views, but hardly those of Ayn Rand.

S.E.P.)

¹ R. Swamy, “THE BHILWARA PRINCIPLES An Accountability Framework in Action,” *COMMON CAUSE*, pp. 36–42, April-June 2019.

**34. The Bhilwara Principles:
Strengthening Democracy through
Social Accountability**

Subtitle: The Bhilwara Principles: Strengthening Democracy through Social Accountability

Author: Pranav Jeevan P

Topics: accountability, community accountability, community, democracy, democratic assemblies, neighborhood assemblies, civil rights, human rights, information, India, caste

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“People shouldn’t be afraid of their government. Governments should be afraid of their people”

The people, especially the most vulnerable and marginalized, suffers the greatest from a lack of accountability on the part of government and its officials, when they are denied their fundamental rights and access to services they are entitled to. They are routinely harassed, discriminated, ridiculed, and deliberately excluded from social security measures designed for their welfare. Therefore, these people, who have been facing systematic exclusion from government, understands the need for an accountability law and what should such a law entail more than anyone. They understand more than anyone the loopholes the government officials use to keep denying them their rights.

After carefully analyzing the ground realities of the ways in which the state tries to disempower them, a group of dalit students in Bhilwara (Rajasthan) presented a framework in a public meeting on Ambedkar Jayanti in 2011, which enables them to invert the power dynamics and can be used to hold the state officials accountable to them². The five core ideas in the Bhilwara principles which were conceptualized by the people are:

1. **Jaankari:** Right to Access Information

Even after the implementation of RTI Act, there is huge reluctance by the government officials to share information in the public domain. Even after most government documents are digitized, they find multiple excuses to not share the relevant information which would make them lose their arbitrary exercise of power. Without this information, people are not aware of their entitlements, time frames, grievance mechanisms, budget allocations etc. and cannot hold these officials accountable to their actions. Therefore, the first component of a social accountability framework is to have access to relevant, actionable and meaningful information in order to scrutinize decision-making and evaluate performance. It demands voluntary disclosure of all data in a catalogued and ordered way in public domain and seeks the state to publish and broadcast the information so people can easily avail it.

1. **Sunwai:** Right to be Heard

Even if citizens have the information they seek about their entitlements and recognize their violation, it is difficult for them push for change or rectification due to lack of a platform to be heard. The power hierarchies of caste, class and gender which are designed to silence and exclude large sections of society from accessing their rights plays a big role in limiting the ability of people to raise their issues. Citizens are forced to complain to same offices and officials who are, most of the time, the cause of the complaint. Registering the complaint itself becomes a tedious process in which people suffer harassment or demanded bribes, further discouraging public from proceeding ahead with the issue. The

² G. V. Bhatnagar, “ Maharashtra, Gujarat Top in Attacks, Killing of RTI Users,” The Wire, 19 October 2016. [Online]. Available: <https://thewire.in/politics/74320>.

marginalized communities are limited by location, language, literacy, cultural norms etc. from accessing these spaces. Therefore, the second component of this framework is the setting up of an independent inclusive mechanism to support complainants in articulation of their grievances in their own language and formulation through multiple modes.

1. **Karyawahi:** Right to Time Bound Grievance Redressal

Even if complaints are registered, there is currently no guarantee that it will be resolved within an assured time frame. The state machinery is excellent in sitting over files and ignoring it for years. Also, different department offers different time frames for grievance redressal from days to years. Some grievances like deliberate exclusion while selecting beneficiaries, or discrimination while allocating resources are not even recognized as grievances that can be redressed within a stipulated time frame. Therefore, a need for fast and uniform redressal of complaints is demanded in this framework by setting up an independent commission which works without interference of other departments and guarantees the citizens that their complaints will be redressed within a fixed time frame. The complainants should also be provided in writing with a “speaking order” detailing the nature of the corrective action taken.

1. **Suraksha:** Right to Protection

The first person to be harassed or intimidated for complaining and disturbing the established status quo is the complainant themselves. The established caste, class and gender hierarchies skew the balance of power between common people and the officials in the latter’s favor. These powerful intimidates and suppresses those who reveal the nexus of power perpetuating injustice. Protection of citizens, particularly whistle-blowers, who enable the unearthing of social, political and financial corruption is therefore of immense significance. Media reports of more than 300 instances of attacks or harassment of citizens and at least 84 murders and 5 suicides can be linked to information sought under The Right to Information Act³⁴. Therefore, the fourth component is protection of citizens from any adverse consequences, arising out of asking questions, registering grievances and pursuing them to their logical conclusion, in order to expose acts of injustice.

1. **Bhaagidari:** Right to Democratic Participation

A citizen cannot effectively participate in a democracy without platforms that enable such participation. Participation of citizens in framing the policies, allocation of budget, providing services, monitoring their development and implementation, and registering of grievances will enable them to be more active in their governance and in understanding their rights as citizens. It helps enable the voice of communities reach the state, claim proper allocation of resources, identify instances of misappropriation and demand retribution. It decentralizes the power of the government and restores power back to the people. This comes from the understanding that people know more about their ground realities and what is needed and better for their lives than some bureaucrat who makes policy for them sitting in an office miles away, who is completely oblivious of their lived realities. However, participation needs to be institutionalized to reach its desired objectives. Otherwise only the dominant castes in the community will

³ M. Dabas, “84 Activists Killed, Many More Are Missing Or Threatened; Now The RTI Itself Is Under Threat,” IndiaTimes, 2019. [Online]. Available: <https://www.indiatimes.com/news/india/84-activists-killed-many-more-are-missing-or-threatened-now-the-rti-itself-is-under-threat-372277.html>.

⁴ Before you read the first “proper” endnote, we think we should let you know that dealing with this aspect of Marx’s thought well without ending up with a video that’s several hours long is very difficult – at least if one wants, as we do, to show you some of the quotes and evidence that support our various claims. That’s why the endnotes to this are longer than the main text of the script. The way we tried to make this work was by having a main text that focuses on explaining what the ideas at work are, leaving much of the textual evidence and asides in these notes, in the hopes that people who are new to or just generally find these ideas difficult can watch the video and get the basics explained, while those who want more detail, or think they disagree with our interpretations, can find more to work with by turning to these notes. Anyway, we’ll see how this works.

be consulted, and their feedback will be regarded as the view of the entire community. Participation of elderly, children, DBA communities, migrants, functionaries, farmers, agricultural laborers, women and all minorities should be ensured. For ensuring accountability, all the suggestions from public should be recorded and treated with equal attention. Government should also give proper justification in case any of those suggestions are not accepted.

After the Bhilwara principles were formulated, a collective of civil society organizations suggested adding another principle.

1. **Janta ka Manch:** Right to Public Collective Platforms

Due the huge imbalance of power between the citizens and the state, it was observed that the narrative of the state often dominates the citizens lived reality and truth. This lets the government get away with lies and denying any misconduct on their part. A single citizen is weak in demanding justice from the government, but as a community, they are strong. The imbalance of power between a citizen and state can only be corrected if citizens are able to engage with the state collectively and publicly. Public collective platforms can be used by citizens who are facing the same kind of issues from the state machinery, for e.g., everyone who are struck out of ration list arbitrarily or who are denied pensions, can join together and hold the government officials who are responsible accountable for their actions. Through public collective platforms, the spirit of democracy is cultivated through enquiry and scrutiny of power. It works as mutual aid platform where citizens can come together, support and inform each other and develop a critical awareness about their rights and social realities. In the course of participating in such platforms, individuals and communities get empowered and politicized in a way that they experience the power and potential of participatory democracy. Once people take power into their own hands, democracy moves beyond the regular tales of elections and voting. It goes into the complex sphere of power decentralization, consensus, and participatory decision making which is how a true democracy should function. Therefore, the final component of this framework is citizens having a right to participate in public collective platforms which will be attended by representatives of the state, where citizens can learn, ask questions, and pursue grievances and the latter have the responsibility to answer and take actions.

The Bhilwara principles were used as the foundation for the drafting of the current Transparency and Social Accountability bill of Rajasthan. Despite repeated deliberations and dialogues, the unwillingness of the political class to pass and implement this law is shows how much the state machinery is afraid of losing the power it holds over the citizens and being under their democratic control. This has led to the popular mass movement *Jawaabdehi Andholan* currently happening in Rajasthan. The need of such an accountability law is clear and we should be demanding it to be passed not just in Rajasthan, but across India.

We cannot expect to find a manual for creation of a democratic society from academic intellectuals, or political leaders who are out of touch with the lived realities of people. People who are systematically denied their democratic rights know very well what they want and they are demanding it. They understand the way power is functioning and how injustice is perpetuated on them more than anyone else. We just have to listen to them and hear what they are asking. A society that functions on principles of democratic decentralization, participatory decision-making, inclusion and proper representation of minorities is what people demand and they have conceptualized how to create it in ways which are beyond the imagination of the “educated elites”. Babasaheb would have been proud to see these principles emanating from the communities for whom he spent a lifetime struggling for their democratic rights and to whom he gave the message:

Educate, Agitate, Organize

This article draws heavily from the excerpts of a discussion paper titled *Explorations in the Concept of Social Accountability: From theory to practice, and from practice to theory.*

35. Maurice Barrès and the Youth of France

Author: Randolph Bourne

Topics: France, anti-nationalism

Date: 1914

Source: Retrieved on 2020-03-08 from en.wikisource.org

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I

Perhaps the most significant experience that comes to one who lives for a time in France is the vivid personal realization that above all the concrete manifestations of industry and religion, politics and letters, there is France, and that her thought and action, politics and poetry, national endeavor and daily life, are woven together into an intimate cultural fabric of a richness and tenacity of which we have little knowledge at home in our heterogeneous America.

In this wondrous city of Paris, where art is the occasion for continual intellectual warfare, and ideas cause *debacles*, one cannot read the journals or see the play, or even walk the streets, yellow with their flood of books, without seeming to touch everywhere the soul of France. Everything has its style, everything has its spirit characteristically French, and the nation, as a whole, is proudly conscious of it. And, more significant still to the American who watches his language go to pieces under the strain put upon it by the exigencies of the pulsating American life, there is a language here which conserves all these attitudes and nuances of feeling, and may still, unlike our modern English, express both simplicity and ardor with perfect freedom from banality.

But, best of all, one finds in France a true *jeunesse*, a younger generation, into whose hands the precious fabric of the national culture is given for conservation and use. In France, unlike our Anglo-Saxondom, youth, like woman and democracy, seems to be taken seriously; it is the thinking youth who measure for the nation the direction and force of the spiritual currents of the day, and stamp upon the age its characteristic impress. And the older generation, having played its role of youth, is not averse to devoting itself to discovering what the new *jeunes gens* are thinking and dreaming. By means of *enquetes*, or a sort of social introspection, the literary journals keep the public informed as to the intellectual tendencies of youth, even, in these latter days, of the feminine youth as well, and thus seek to make on every side youth articulate. The French education seems to set for its goal, above all things, the achievement of clarity of thought and expression. And the first result seems to be that in French youth introspection is robbed of the morbid terrors which so affright the Anglo-Saxon, destitute as he is of the faculty of expression and thus forced to watch his own thoughts. Because of our less developed social sense, our introspections are forcibly kept individual, while to the Frenchman it is always not what I find in my soul, but what we find in our soul that matters. No writing is so personal as the French; even the philosopher and sociologist will often take the reader along the personal progress of his thought, colored as it may be with emotional reactions. Where the English writer would prefer the oracularly impersonal truth, the Frenchman is not ashamed to exhibit his 'caring' for the truth and effectiveness of his idea.

This faculty of social introspection and self-consciousness of the French genius has luminous results for those minds, both at home and abroad, who would feel the French soul of the moment. For it means that the influential writers of the age, having worked through their own adjustment of youth, their conflict with the issues of the day, leave behind them the record of their progress for the eager youth of the generation pressing on their heels. They portray with incomparable art their emotions and ideas, their weakness as well as their strength, not in egoism, but that these other minds may find themselves in them. And then in turn the writers reflect that reflection in the rising literary youth, thus sensitively

reacting to the change of spiritual current, and keeping their own thought ever progressively fresh and young.

II

Such has been the course of the thought of Maurice Barres, acknowledged in all circles as the most influential writer of the day in France. In the progress of his romances, which are half essays, and his essays which are half romances, is reflected the trend of the French spirit of the last twenty-five years. The nationalism which is the theme of his delicate works has become, after many twistings and turnings, the gospel of the modern French youth. And his books present the most perfect picture we have of that evolution.

The youth of Barres himself was spent in the years of disenchantment which followed the great war, the war that was a spiritual as well as a physical defeat. The almost mystical confidence in the power of the French genius to triumph over brute force had disappeared before the mailed fist of the Prussian. Even the Utopian flame, the revolutionary enthusiasm which might have rejuvenated the spirit of the people, was utterly stamped out in the ferocity of the suppression of the Commune. The apathy and torpor of the younger generation in this atmosphere of defeat are faithfully pictured in *Les Deracines*, based on Barres's own days at the Lycee. Here he found an education, built upon the philosophy of Kant and his German followers, as if France were making a pathetic attempt, in the same way in which the Orientals are acting to-day with regard to the Western world, to absorb the ideas which had made the strength of her victor. But in these ideas, 'les plus hautes et les plus desolees,' the youth of Barres's day found no fortification of soul. The atmosphere of detached rationalism, the divorce of pure reason and pure sensibility, so uncongenial to the personal and artistic French spirit, could only tear up the youth from their French soil, without transplanting them into the rich German ground. Such philosophy could only make those who absorbed it candidates for nihilism. Abjuring this, the thought of Barres set itself, almost unconsciously, the task of re-acclimatizing the French spirit, of restoring its faith in itself.

But the difficulty of this task was aggravated by the scientific skepticism which was raging at the time. Taine had been hammering home, in a detached Anglo-Saxon way, the truths of scientific determinism, while Renan had been questioning, with destructive irony, the spiritual values upon which the established order had founded its codes and impressed them upon the soul of youth. These two masters with their disciples held the field between them, and what idealism did show itself among the literary youth, desolated by national defeat and materialistic skepticism, found a forced refuge in an unreal world of symbolistic poetry, an artificial and dilettante world of sensuality which was as foreign to the French spirit of clarity and grace as was the philosophy of Kant.

But Barres's own thought took a different road. Instead of turning to a world of mystical sensation, like Verlaine, Baudelaire, and Mallarme, he turns, like Descartes before him, to find what he has in his own soul that has escaped the wreck of things. In dilettante fashion indeed, and in somewhat insincere imitation of the introspective methods of the old Church fathers, he submits his reactions to minute analysis, and works out a quaint sort of sensuous stoicism, a wistful, half-mocking cult of the individual, the 'moi,' the power of being 'un homme libre,' a free man.

But such individualism in a soul which was searching for the French genius, always incorrigibly social, could only be unstable and ephemeral, and it is because Barres's thought felt the wider appeal of the nation's soul that he is the most eagerly read French writer to-day, while the symbolist contemporaries of his youth have passed like their own fleeting sensations. Already in *Le Culte du Moi*, with its pictures of his native Lorraine countryside into which he withdraws with his friend to meditate, one feels the suggestion of the larger collective life to which he must soon be sensitive. In a phrase which only a French mind, perhaps, can understand, he says, 'Be skeptical — and ardent!' That cause which is to excite his ardor is to be the life of Lorraine with its quiet beauty, its recovered peace, its procession of passing generations; and through Lorraine, the national collectivity of France. With that precise and beautiful

social intuition of the French genius, this 'moi' of Barres, unsatisfied with itself, reaches out and finds itself not an individual in a fortuitous collection, but a link in a great chain, a focus of innumerable rays of culture, tradition, and race. He recognizes that he 'represents a moment in the development of a race, an instant in a long culture, a gesture among a thousand gestures, of a force which preceded him and will survive him.' And with Lorraine as the text, a theme which at once calls to his own mind a rich treasury of tradition and stirs in the mind of the French reader the feelings of assertion and revenge, Barres proceeds, after the insufficiency of the 'cult of himself has been established in *Le Jardin de Berenice*, and *Sur l'CEil des Barbares*, to a reconstruction of French nationalism. In *Au Service de l'Allemagne*, *Les Amities Francaises*, *La Colline Inspiree*, the virtues of his Lorraine — the pathos of its immemorial labor, the fidelity of its soldiers and priests, the design and balance of its city, Nancy, the sober order of its old society — all give a text for the exposition under a thousand forms of the French genius in its purity and vigor.

III

In his later articles and speeches, this exposition develops into a genuine philosophy of nationalism, — a nationalism which shall mean the defense and conservation of French art and ideas and manners as well as her military reorganization and defense; a patriotism which shall define a Frenchman as 'one who has come to a consciousness of his own formation,' 'who has put himself at the single point of view of the French life,' and feels within himself all the thousand strands of the past and present which make him what he is. He preaches a return of art to the old principles of clarity, balance, and design, the art of 'la continuity francaise,' and a new Catholicism, recognizing the social meaning of the 'communion of saints,' — the ideal collective life where the hunger of the 'moi individuel' is satisfied by the 'moi social.' And finally, a cult of France, symbolized in 'la terre et les morts,' — the land and its dead, — with its worshipers bound together in interwoven links of *amities*, a consciousness of a common background of living truth.

This is the nationalism which has called the youth of the rising generation back to a defense of 'l'esprit francais,' and surely traditionalism has never been preached in such seductive terms! A traditionalism from which all the blind, compressing forces of the social groups have been withdrawn, so that one feels only the nourishing influences of a rich common culture in which our individual souls are steeped, and which each generation carries on freely, consciously, gladly, because of its immortal power to express the traits of the race's genius, — this is a gospel to which one could give one's self with wistfulness and love!

And to such an appeal, touching with a subtle and delicate style all the chords of the French soul, Barres would have found the youth of France responding *en masse* during those early years of the nineties when his doctrines of nationalism were first taking shape, if the astounding drama of French thought had not provided an intermediate scene, which, bursting like a bombshell upon the nation in the Dreyfus affair, showed in its ugliest forms the actual obscurantism of these national institutions of church and army and race which Barres was beginning to present in his lovely colors of idealization. The *affaire*, which seemed to the outside world simply a matter of the triumph of individual justice, was for France a colossal combat of ideas, and as a result the national storehouses of tradition were revealed as lodging-places for the basest of prejudices and blind injustices, rather than for the rich common culture of France. While the reconstruction of the national genius had been going on in minds like that of Barres, an international socialism had been growing up by its side. The exiled Communards had been filtering back; industrial development had made the working-classes restless; Paris was reasserting her position as the cosmopolitan capital of Europe; and the blind fury with which the military and ecclesiastical circles pursued the unfortunate Jew threw all these new elements of internationalism and humanitarianism into one solid block.

The victory of the humanitarian party was so overwhelming that Church and Army were almost as effectually erased from the spirit of France as had been the revolutionary socialism after the sanguinary reprisals of the Commune. And in the *debacle* of traditional institutions, this new spirit of nationalism, which Barres had been so carefully constructing, went down. France entered upon a decade of secular democracy, a golden age of internationalist and socialist feeling. The middle-class political parties leaned toward socialist action, the syndicalist organization of the workers made rapid progress, the peace movement became popular, the Church was denationalized, the age of *l'Humanite* seemed to have come. The new nationalism had developed at a bound into internationalism.

The great prophets who emerged from the devastating conflict were Anatole France and Emile Zola. France, with his metaphysical skepticism and humanitarian socialism, seemed to combine that disillusionment and ardor which Barres had preached in his 'cult of himself.' Zola, on the other hand, satisfied the hunger for realism which represented the reaction against the dreamy symbolism of the poets who went down too in the wreck of traditionalism, while in his dogged battle for justice he struck a new and profounder sincerity into the hearts of the French youth. Together, these two writers seem to have held the field between them for more than a decade, expressing the wider aspirations of the time, and yet, in the case at least of Anatole France, not losing the delicate touch of irony and grace which is perhaps the finest and most subtle quality of the French genius.

IV

To the visitor to-day in France who asks what the younger generation is thinking and dreaming, it seems that that golden age has passed. The reaction has occurred, the nationalism of Barres, checked by the *affaire*, has at last asserted itself, and the youth of France find their spirit called home to defend the national spirit against the enemies within and without. For suddenly the golden age was struck by the electrifying menaces of Germany at Agadir, and in a flash the whole situation seemed to be revealed. 'While you have been indulging,' reaction said, 'in these dreams of social Utopias at home and perpetual peace abroad, you have left the nation undefended, you have weakened her so that her hereditary enemy does not fear to flout her in the face of Europe.'

The old feelings began to be renewed, the burden of Lorraine began again to reverberate through the French soul. On top of Agadir came the great railway strike with its threat of syndicalist revolution. To the frightened bourgeoisie, alarmed at the power they had been giving to the workers, the golden age suddenly revealed itself as the criminal idleness of fantastic reverie. To-day, after four years, one finds the reaction in full swing. Military service, which had seemed a bitter and barely tolerable evil, is actually increased by one-half, and is hailed as the sacrifice which the youth of France must be prepared to make for the nation. The pacifist internationalism now assumes the guise of a chimerical dream, and the old national antagonisms loom again. The Church, whose fall was viewed almost with indifference, now begins to seem lovely in her desolation; her political and social power shattered, the thoughtful youth begin to respond to her aesthetic appeal. Even royalism, under the leadership of some of the most able intellects of the day, begins to raise its head, and to preach a cult of the crown as the symbol of the social order and spiritual cohesion, without which a true nationalism is impossible.

In the numerous symposiums of the journals, the 'social introspections' of the day, one sees the trend of these tendencies and the influence of Barres, whose position, one is told, is almost without a parallel since Chateaubriand. Physically and spiritually the youth of France seem to be setting themselves to the defense of 'l'esprit Francais.' The hard and decivilizing life of the *caserne* is accepted for its long three years as a necessary sacrifice against the threats of the foe to the east. Politically, a restlessness seems to be evident, a discontent with the feebleness and colorlessness of the republican state, and a curious drawing together of the extreme Left and the extreme Right, in an equal hatred, though from opposite horizons, of the smug capitalism of the day, — a *rapprochement* for the founding of the Great

State, which shall bind the nation together in a sort of imperial democracy, ministering to the needs of all the people and raising them to its ideals of splendor, honor, and national defense.

Spiritually one finds a renaissance of religious faith, — mystical and social, however, rather than dogmatic; for a new prophet, Bergson, has arisen to justify the intuitional approach to the reality of the life-force, unmediated by the cold concepts of science. Yet, while he shelters mystical appreciation, he seems to glorify the life of action, at whose service he puts the intelligence. So that the youth of the day, following him, are both more mystical than the realistic followers of Zola and the rationalistic followers of Anatole France, and at the same time more resolute and active, more eager for the combat with life, than were the humanitarians of the preceding decade. This taste for action finds expression in the new popularity of sports, and the expressed admiration which one finds for the individualism of the Anglo-Saxon. All these tendencies seem to mark the reappearance of a fusion of thought and action, of intelligence and feeling, which is the characteristic charm of the French genius. In the midst of what seems like reaction, this new spirit is searching for a national self-consciousness which shall clearly see, strongly feel, and sanely act. In the search for the *nationalisme integrale* of Barres, the youth of to-day, one feels, are seeking the nourishing qualities of the traditional trait, the richness of a common culture which, has a right to make traditionalism seem seductive and beautiful.

For this new cult of nationalism is a very different thing from what it would have been if it had succeeded when first preached by Barres, unpurified by the humanitarian socialism of the golden age. The new national consciousness is not a mere chauvinism, but sounds deeper notes of genuine social reform at home. Social work, of the sort that is testifying to a generally awakened social consciousness in America, is attracting great numbers of the youth of both sexes in France to-day. The sociological philosophy has made great advances in the last decade in France, and is influencing an important younger school of writers, who call themselves *unanimistes*. Much of the more youthful writing of the day bears witness to the enthusiastic discovery of William James, and of our divine poet of democracy, Walt Whitman.

So, if the French youth of the present day, inspired by the traditionalist Barres, are coming to know their own national genius anew, they are coming to a knowledge of it immensely enriched and fertilized by the liberation of those years of socialism and a broadly ranging humanism. A traditionalism, rich and appealing like that of Barres, but colored by this new social and pragmatic feeling, seems the best of guaranties that the younger generation in France, no matter what the dread exigencies of national circumstance, will not go very permanently or very far along the path of obscurantism and reaction.

36. Marx 101: Introduction to Dialectical Materialism

Author: Red Plateaus

Topics: Marx, marxism, dialectics, dialectical materialism, materialism, Breadtube

Date: September 12, 2020

Source: Retrieved on September 13, 2020 from <https://docs.google.com/document/d/1GjSdZwUaQx1lVew98TPmuRydc7f-h41tVgmcc4U/mobilebasic>

Date Published on T@L: 2020-09-13T05:39:01

Note: [Thanks for helping with script: Anarchopac, Rad Shiba, Rosa Zampella, and Mouthyinfidel, and Paul Giladi]

View video at: <https://youtu.be/r6TYyqeB0Lk>

Support at: patreon.com/redplateaus

Deleted reason: Yes it is Marxist, but it isn't explicitly libertarian Marxist, so it does not have a place in the library.

<https://youtu.be/r6TYyqeB0Lk>

If you read Marxist theory, you've certainly come across the word dialectics. You've probably heard that the dialectic is important to Marx's method, that it's what gives Marxists their power, and that it's key to understanding Marxist theory. But what is it exactly? Let's take a look.

The word dialectics comes from the ancient Greeks, for whom it refers to a method of dialogue between two or more characters with opposed points-of-view, typically aiming to arrive at truth – as in Plato's philosophical fan fiction of Socrates destroying his opponents with some facts but mostly logic. A version of dialectics as a method of arriving at truth through argumentation, often through identifying and removing contradictions, was taken up by medieval thinkers, and went on to be transformed in the classical German philosophy of Kant, Fichte, and especially Hegel. Hegel's dialectic makes sense of things in terms of their development through the resolution of contradictions and was applied just to dialogues, real or imagined, but to the natural world and human history as well.

If we zoom out, we can see that thinking in terms of processes, interactions, relations, transformation, and the importance of examining things from different perspectives is remarkably common in human history, permeating, among others, Aztec philosophy; international anarchists from Bakunin to He-Yin Zhen; and famously Chinese thought, going all the way back to the founding texts of Confucianism and Daoism and indeed to the Book of Changes itself.

Marx never wrote a dedicated text on dialectics and later Marxists developed a variety of theories and interpretations of their own⁵. Even when they agree on ideas – which they often don't – they often use the same words in different ways and focus on different things. So if you're confused, that's probably because this really is confusing.

We're here to help, starting with how Marx thinks in terms of processes and relations and uses these ideas in thinking about human beings, capitalism, history, and communism. We want to be transparent

⁵ In fact, Marx doesn't use the term "dialectical materialism", but both people he agreed with and later Marxist thinkers do. For example, the tanner and philosopher Joseph Dietzgen, of whom Marx once said "Here is our philosopher" (Ollman, *Alienation: Marx's Conception of Man in Capitalist Society*, 1976, p. 36) (Marx also mentions him approvingly in *Capital*, see (Marx, *Capital: Critique of Political Economy*, vol. 1, 1990, p. 98)), uses the term, and both this and his ideas' connection to Marx's thought has rightly been emphasised both by Engels (Marx & Engels, *Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, Collected Works*, vol. 26, 2010, p. 384) and by later thinkers, like the astronomer and theorist Anton Pannekoek (Pannekoek, 1975). In general, we would like to point out that, though our presentation differs in certain mostly minor respects, this video owes a great debt to Bertell Ollman's excellent book on dialectics (Ollman, *Dance of the Dialectics: Steps in Marx's Method*, 2003), which we cannot recommend enough on this subject.

⁶ The word Marx typically uses here is *Wesen*, which is remarkably rich in German, and can alternately be translated as "being", "essence", "nature", with all the variation and complexity of each of those terms in English. In order to cover this richness, we generally speak of "nature" here, since it comes closer to Marx's German original, and because the term "essence" in English can often be understood in a static and ahistorical sense that we think is foreign to many of Marx's uses of the term *Wesen*, as when he speaks of what it is that distinguishes human beings from other animals.

that we find the details of this really tricky, and we're not sure we fully understand everything, so in order to show you what we're working from we have a bunch of textual evidence and comments in notes, the numbers of which will appear on screen. On your first watch, though, we recommend that you ignore them and just focus on enjoying the video.

Marx views things in the world in terms of active, interactive, and constantly developing and changing processes, with things being shaped and becoming what they are through their patterns of interaction or their relations⁷⁸. Accordingly, Marx defines communism not as a static point to reach, but as "the real movement which abolishes the present state of things" (Marx & Engels, Marx-Engels Collected Works, Volume 5, 2010, p. 49).

It's the sort of view that Octavia Butler expressed in *Parable of the Sower*, where she writes that:

All that you touch
You Change.
All that you Change
Changes you.
The only lasting truth
Is change.

Atoms interact with each other to form molecules; cells interact with each other to form plants and animals; and human beings interact with each other to form societies.

The interactions between components generate totalities with new powers, where "power" refers to something like potential or capacity, capacity to affect and be affected by things in the world. Hydrogen and oxygen atoms interacting the right way form a water molecule with polarity, which is why water is such a good solvent. Individual cells can't fiercely stalk prey or seek out cuddles, but the cute kitty they make up can. Your individual cells can't understand this language, fall in love, or make friends, but the you they make up can. In this way, things interact to generate totalities with new powers that emerge out of this interaction, thus generating wholes that are greater than the sum of their parts.

These totalities in turn affect or determine, enable and constrain, the components that are part of them. So in order to understand the nature of a thing's components, we need to understand how those components are shaped by the totality they are part of. Two hydrogen atoms in a hydrogen molecule will share their electrons equally and the electron bond between them will be non-polar, but if instead they join an oxygen atom to form a water molecule, the negatively charged electrons in the bond will shift more towards the oxygen, forming a polar bond. The cute cat's paw is able to pet and bat and naughtily scratch only so long as it's part of a broader kitty totality. And we ourselves – whether we learn to hunt bison on the prairies or discount games on the internet, whether we listen to Beethoven or Opeth, or whether we learn to live together as free comrades or ruler and ruled – are, as we know, shaped by and through our continuous interaction with our natural, social, and historical context⁹.

Does this mean that things are *nothing but* the totalities they're part of, that, say, human beings are simply some blank slate upon which society, or social structure, inscribes its commands? Of course not.

⁷ In accordance with this view, for the remainder of this video and the rest of this series, we use the word 'thing' in the broadest possible sense, which includes processes and relations of all kinds. This should not be confused with a narrower meaning sometimes attached to the word 'thing', where it instead refers to a discrete physical object, as when Marx insists that what capital is is not a 'thing' in this latter sense, but rather a social relation. When we use the word 'thing' here, we use it broadly to include such social relations.

⁸ As Marx put it, "A being which does not have its nature outside itself is not a natural being, and plays no part in the system of nature" (Marx, Karl Marx: Early Writings, 1992, p. 390).

⁹ The more complete quote is as follows: "We do not mean it to be understood from this that, for example, the rentier, the capitalist, etc., cease to be persons; but their personality is conditioned and determined by quite definite class relations, and the cleavage appears only in their opposition to another class and, for themselves, only when they go bankrupt." (Marx & Engels,

Firstly, totalities don't, on their own, determine everything about their components. For example, Marx and Engels explicitly point out that being, say, the member of a class, doesn't mean that people "cease to be persons", only that "their personality is conditioned and determined by quite definite class relations" (Marx & Engels, Marx-Engels Collected Works, Volume 5, 2010, p. 78)¹⁰. People can take part in a wide variety of different particular relations and institutions – capitalist corporations, states, workplaces, families, households, unions, political parties, community organisations, and so on – and each of these affect them and are affected by them in turn. Naturally, these different components of our societies differ in their degrees of influence or power, which we'll discuss in later episodes.

Secondly, things also have certain natures, or aspects of their natures, that persist across different totalities they can be part of. Marx distinguishes between "human nature in general" and "human nature as historically modified in each epoch" (Marx, *Capital: Critique of Political Economy*, vol. 1, 1990, pp. 759, footnote 51)¹² – and something can't be historically modified if it doesn't exist. Unlike a lot of

Marx-Engels Collected Works, Volume 5, 2010, p. 78). A similar point is made elsewhere in the same work, where they write that: "In the development of productive forces there comes a stage when productive forces and means of intercourse are brought into being which, under the existing relations, only cause mischief, and are no longer productive but destructive forces (machinery and money); and connected with this a class is called forth which has to bear all the burdens of society without enjoying its advantages, which is ousted from society and forced into the sharpest contradiction to all other classes; a class which forms the majority of all members of society, and from which emanates the consciousness of the necessity of a fundamental revolution, the communist consciousness, which may, of course, arise among the other classes too through the contemplation of the situation of this class" (Marx & Engels, Marx-Engels Collected Works, Volume 5, 2010, p. 52). Note that communist consciousness here is said to emanate from the proletarian class, but can still arise among the members of other classes, not by virtue of any special or particular economic factors they are in as opposed to other members of their class, but through "contemplation" of the proletariat's situation.

¹⁰ One way of expressing this point is to say that Marx's totalities are not necessarily totalising: the parts mutually interact with each other to generate totalities that act back upon them, but these totalities don't determine everything about their parts. On this view, totalities are never completely totalising, but they can be more or less totalising insofar as they exercise greater or lesser control over their components. It's in this sense, as matter of degree, that capitalism is often described as relatively "totalising" insofar as e.g. its tendencies towards centralisation and concentration tend to drive it to expand into more and more fields of human life in continuous search for profits. For more on this, see (Mészáros, *Social Structure and Forms of Consciousness*, Volume 2: *The Dialectic of Structure and History*, 2011).

¹¹ It's worth noting that he makes this point in one of his more deliciously scathing footnotes, this one on Jeremy Bentham, who proposed evaluating all actions etc. according to utility, to the extent to which they maximise happiness, without regard for how what in fact has utility for real existing humans varies across different contexts. The full quote is as follows: "The principle of utility was no discovery made by Bentham. He simply reproduced in his dull way what Helvétius and other Frenchmen had said with wit and ingenuity in the eighteenth century. To know what is useful for a dog, one must investigate the nature of dogs. This nature is not itself deducible from the principle of utility. Applying this to man, he that would judge all human acts, movements, relations, etc. according to the principle of utility would first have to deal with human nature in general, and then with human nature as historically modified in each epoch. Bentham does not trouble himself with this. With the dryest naïveté he assumes that the modern petty bourgeois, especially the English petty bourgeois, is the normal man. Whatever is useful to this peculiar kind of normal man, and to his world, is useful in and for itself. He applies this yardstick to the past, the present and the future. The Christian religion, for example, is 'useful', 'because it forbids in the name of religion the same faults that the penal code condemns in the name of the law'. Art criticism is 'harmful' because it disturbs worthy people in their enjoyment of Martin Tupper, etc." (Marx, *Capital: Critique of Political Economy*, vol. 1, 1990, pp. 758–9, footnote 51). See also Marx's point in *The Poverty of Philosophy*, where he writes that "All history is nothing but a continuous transformation of human nature" (Marx & Engels, Marx-Engels Collected Works, Volume 6, 2010, p. 192). Note that Marx is very clearly not denying that there is something which might be called human nature, in the sense of something that human beings have in common and distinguishes them from other animals, because this would imply that there's nothing that really can be modified in, or differ across, different historical epochs. See also the next note.

¹² We see this e.g. in *Capital*, Volume I, where Marx writes that: "We presuppose labour in a form in which it is an exclusively human characteristic. A spider conducts operations which resemble those of the weaver, and a bee would put many a human architect to shame by the construction of its honeycomb cells. But what distinguishes the worst architect from the best of bees is that the architect builds the cell in his mind before he constructs it in the wax. At the end of every labour process, a result emerges which had already been conceived by the worker at the beginning, hence already existed ideally. Man not only effects a change of form in the materials of nature; he also realizes [verwirklicht] his own purposes in those materials. And this is a purpose he is conscious of, it determines the mode of his activity with the rigidity of a law, and he must subordinate his will to it. This subordination is no mere momentary act. Apart from the exertion of the working organs, a purposeful will is required for the entire duration of the work. This means close attention. The less he is attracted by the nature of the work and the way in which it has to be accomplished, and the less, therefore, he enjoys it as the free play of his own physical and mental powers, the closer his attention is forced to be." (Marx, *Capital: Critique of Political Economy*, vol. 1, 1990, p. 284). Later on in the same work, he writes that labour in this sense is "the universal condition for the metabolic interaction [Stoffwechsel] between man and nature,

liberal thinkers, Marx distinguishes things not according to any fixed, static, or unchanging essences that we can take as given; but according to their powers, thus distinguishing human beings by our powers of consciousness¹³. This explains why humans can, but racoons can't, teach university courses in physics or competently oppress the working class if we vote them into office – unless, that is, we change their natures. Naturally, human powers of consciousness will always develop in interaction with – shaping and being shaped by – our human and non-human environment, and as a result vary across different historical natural, social, and historical contexts. It thus makes sense to speak of human beings *across* different totalities that we can become part of, but *not in isolation from or outside of* the various totalities that we're one interconnected part of¹⁴.

The powers that distinguish different things emerge through the interactions of their processual and relational parts, their moments. All such natures are thus a kind of interactive process and exist only for as long as these processes persist¹⁵. On this view, an individual person isn't simply the sum of cells that are constantly being born and dying, but the evolving relation, structure, or assemblage that they reproduce through time. Relatedly, capital is understood not as a static thing, but as “a social relation of production.” (Marx & Engels, Karl Marx and Frederick Engels: Selected Works in Three Volumes, Volume 1, 1976, p. 160)¹⁶ that's reproduced through time. The historical task of communism is thus

the everlasting nature-imposed condition of human existence, and it is therefore independent of every form of that existence, or rather it is common to all forms of society in which human beings live” (Marx, Capital: Critique of Political Economy, vol. 1, 1990, p. 290). While you're here, we should point out that this expresses the same idea as Marx does in the Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts of 1844, where he writes that: “Man makes his life activity itself an object of his will and consciousness. He has conscious life activity. (...) Conscious life activity directly distinguishes man from animal life activity. Only because of that is he a species-being. Or rather, he is a conscious being, i.e. his own life is an object for him, only because he is a species-being. Only because of that is his activity free activity” (Marx, Karl Marx: Early Writings, 1992, p. 328). In Marx, this is famously tied to an explanation of human beings' greater plasticity and historical variation compared to other species, and to his ideas of freedom. On this see: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PbEd_s67F6U&list=PLfqdvDnX3lbCtADtZDCg0HQB3Nime4rVS&index=2

¹³ See note iv. We also see this emphasised in Marx's talk of the metabolism between humanity and nature, which see (Saito, 2017).

¹⁴ This view allows us to avoid the Platonist mistake of thinking that every time you have totalities that determine their components, you need some kind of independent higher-level principle to explain it. When faced with complex interactions that generate totalities with new powers – wholes which are greater than the sums of their parts – some people are tempted to posit some mystical higher principle – things like immaterial forms to explain natural regularities, spirits to explain activity, souls to explain thought and consciousness, world spirits to explain historical trends and patterns, and so on. In Western philosophy, this seems to have gained much traction with Plato (who in turn drew on Parmenides) and to partly be driven by thinking of the material world in static and passive ways and thus needing something to explain where movement and change comes from, and assuming that the only way of bringing order and organisation to something – whether everchanging matter or human beings – is by having something else standing outside of, above, and in some sense governing it. It's easy to see how this view tends towards mysticism and conservatism.

¹⁵ Similar points are repeated through various works, including different volumes of Capital. For example, in the Poverty of Philosophy he writes that “Money is not a thing, it is a social relation”^{Invalid source specified.} and in the Results of the Immediate Process of Production that “Capital is not a thing, any more than money is a thing. In capital, as in money, certain specific social relations of production between people appear as relations of things to people, or else certain social relations appear as the natural properties of things in society. Without a class dependent on wages, the moment individuals confront each other as free persons, there can be no production of surplus value; without the production of surplus-value there can be no capitalist production, and hence no capital and no capitalist! Capital and wage-labour (it is thus we designate the labour of the worker who sells his own labour-power) only express two aspects of the self-same relationship.” (Marx, Capital: Critique of Political Economy, vol. 1, 1990, pp. 1005–6). Correspondingly, he writes that “The concept of a productive worker therefore implies not merely a relation between the activity of work and its useful effect, between the worker and the product of his work, but also a specifically social relation of production, a relation with a historical origin which stamps the worker as capital's direct means of valorization.” (Marx, Capital: Critique of Political Economy, vol. 1, 1990, p. 644). In Wage Labor and Capital he writes that “A cotton-spinning jenny is a machine for spinning cotton. It becomes capital only in certain relations. Torn from these relationships it is no more capital than gold in itself is money or sugar the price of sugar... Capital, also, is a social relation of production. It is a bourgeois production relation, a production relation of bourgeois society” (Marx & Engels, Karl Marx and Frederick Engels: Selected Works in Three Volumes, Volume 1, 1976, pp. 159–60), much like he in Volume III of Capital writes that “capital is not a thing, it is a definite social relation of production pertaining to a particular historical social formation, which simply takes the form of a thing and gives this thing a specific social character” (Marx, Capital: A Critique of Political Economy, vol. 3, 1991, p. 953).

¹⁶ Here's just one example of how Marx gets misread as an economic determinist. In Volume III of Capital, he writes that “It is in each case the direct relationship of the owners of the conditions of production to the immediate producers – a relationship whose particular form naturally corresponds always to a certain level of development of the type and manner of labour, and hence

changing the ways we interact, changing the social relations within and through which we interact with each other and with nature in the production and reproduction of human life (Saito 2017) (Mészáros, *Beyond Capital: Towards a Theory of Transition*, 1995) (Mészáros, *Social Structure and Forms of Consciousness*, Volume 2: *The Dialectic of Structure and History*, 2011).

How we understand ourselves and our societies shapes our orientation, tactics, and actions. We're taught to think in deeply undialectical ways that hold back our ability to make sense of and change the world. Often accusations that something is "undialectical" just means that they dislike what's said, but can't think of a real argument. But when it does mean something, it usually means that someone is failing to account for the processual and interactive nature of what they're talking about. One example would be thinking that class, colonialism, gender, imperialism, race, and so on can be understood in isolation from each other and maybe added together at the end, without understanding how they've interacted through history and continue to do so, each shaping the others and being shaped by them in turn. This is why class reductionism is deeply antithetical to Marx's thought¹⁷. Another example would be theories of history that abstractly treat the factors of historical explanation as entirely separate and independent entities, with changes in one thing mechanically causing changes in the other. As we'll see in later videos in this series, Marx roundly rejects theories of history that replace concrete accounts of real human beings' acting and interacting with some abstract, mechanical set of steps for the world to walk¹⁸.

When Marx and later Marxists write about human society and history, they often use a variety of technical concepts like Interpenetration of Opposites, Contradiction, and Negation of the Negation, that can be hard to properly pin down. This episode has looked at the relational process ontology that underlies these concepts. Our next episode will explain what they mean and how Marx uses them to understand what capitalism is and how to overcome it.

We're Red Plateaus. We now also exist as a podcast, are on twitter, and have a discord – for info see the description. We'd like to thank our friends who helped with the script and our patrons – we love you all comrades! If you like our work and think it's important, please send us some money on Patreon. If you have any questions about the video, things you'd like us to talk about in future, or anything else, please let us know in the comments. Long live the revolution.

to its social productive power – in which we find the innermost secret, the hidden basis of the entire social edifice, and hence also the political form of the relationship of sovereignty and dependence, in short, the specific form of state in each case." (Marx, *Capital: A Critique of Political Economy*, vol. 3, 1991, p. 927). It's understandable why one might read this in a reductionist way, i.e. as implying (even if it doesn't actually say this) that every specific aspect of the state reflects and is merely the result of some factor or change in the material economic base. This isn't of course what Marx is saying here. All he's saying is that productive relations form the material base for state structures, that they shape state structures and are necessary for them to operate. However, this does not at all mean that every aspect or component of the state is mechanically caused by some component or change in the economic base. Marx himself points this out in the very next sentence, writing that "This does not prevent the same economic basis – the same in its major conditions – from displaying endless variations and gradations in its appearance, as the result of innumerable different empirical circumstances, natural conditions, racial relations, historical influences acting from outside, etc., and these can only be understood by analysing these empirically given conditions" (Marx, *Capital: A Critique of Political Economy*, vol. 3 1991, 927–8)

¹⁷ This why Marx and Engels in *The Holy Family*, complain that for Hegel (and Bauer) history "history, like truth, becomes a person apart, a metaphysical subject of which the real human individuals are merely the bearers" (Marx & Engels, *Marx-Engels Collected Works*, Volume 4, 2010, p. 79). I suspect you were expecting us to bring up Hegel here. Don't worry, we'll get to Hegel – in our third dialectics video on dialectical laws and logic.

¹⁸ Theodore W. Allen, *Class Struggle and the Origin of Racial Slavery: The Invention of the White Race* (Hoboken: Hoboken Education Project, 1975), pp. 5, 19 n 63; George M. Frederickson, "America's Caste System: Will it Change?" *New York Review of Books* (23 October 1997), 68–75, quote p. 68. For more on Allen's thesis see Theodore W. Allen, *The Invention of the White Race*, Vol. I: *Racial Oppression and Social Control* (New York: Verso, 1994) and Vol. II: *The Origin of Racial Oppression in Anglo-America* (New York: Verso, 1997); Theodore W. Allen, "Summary of the Argument of *The Invention of the White Race*: Part 1," *Cultural Logic*, Vol. 1, no. 2 (Spring 1998) # 8 at <<http://eserver.org/clogic/1-2/allen.html>>; and Theodore W. Allen, "Summary of the Argument of *The Invention of the White Race*: Part 2," *Cultural Logic*, Vol. 1, no. 2 (Spring 1998) # 113 at <<http://eserver.org/clogic/1-2/allen2.html>>.

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37. Yorkshire Slavery

Subtitle: To the Editors of the Leeds Mercury

Author: Richard Oastler

Topics: child rights, wage slavery

Date: 1830

Source: Cecil Driver, Tory Radical The Life Of Richard Oastler (Oxford University Press, 1946), pp. 42–44. Retrieved on April 2, 2021 from <archive.org/details/toryradicaltheli009087mbp>

Date Published on T@L: 2021-04-02T16:45:37

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‘It is the pride of Britain that a slave cannot exist on her soil; and if I read the genius of her constitution aright, I find that slavery is most abhorrent to it—that the air which Britons breathe is free—the ground on which they tread is sacred to liberty.’ *Rev. R. W. Hamilton’s Speech at the Meeting held in the Cloth-hall Yard, September 22d, 1830.*

Gentlemen,—No heart responded with truer accents to the sounds of liberty which were heard in the Leeds Cloth-hall Yard, on the 22d instant, than did mine, and from none could more sincere and earnest prayers arise to the throne of Heaven, that hereafter slavery might only be known to Britain in the pages of her history. One shade alone obscured my pleasure, arising not from any difference in principle, but from the want of application of the general principle, *to the whole empire*. The pious and able champions of *negro* liberty and *colonial* rights should, if I mistake not, have gone farther than they did; or perhaps, to speak more correctly, before they had travelled so far as the West Indies, should, at least for a few moments, have sojourned in our own immediate neighborhood, and have directed the attention of the meeting to scenes of misery, acts of oppression, and victims of slavery, even on the threshold of our homes.

Let truth speak out, appalling as the statement may appear. The fact is true. Thousands of our fellow-creatures and fellow-subjects, both male and female, the miserable inhabitants of a *Yorkshire town*, (Yorkshire now represented in Parliament by the giant of anti-slavery principles) are this very moment existing in a state of slavery, *more horrid* than are the victims of that hellish system ‘*colonial slavery*.’ These innocent creatures drawl out, unpitied, their short but miserable existence, in a place famed for its profession of religious zeal, whose inhabitants are ever foremost in *professing* ‘temperance’ and ‘reformation,’ and are striving to outrun their neighbors in missionary exertions, and would fain send the Bible to the farthest corner of the globe—aye, in the very place where the anti-slavery fever rages most furiously, her *apparent charity* is not more admired on earth, than her *real cruelty* is abhorred in Heaven. The very streets which receive the droppings of an ‘Anti-Slavery Society’ are every morning wet by the tears of innocent victims at the accursed shrine of avarice, who are compelled (not by the cart-whip of the negro slave-driver) but by the dread of the equally appalling thong or strap of the over-looker, to hasten, half-dressed, *but not half-fed*, to those magazines of British infantile slavery—the *worsted mills in the town and neighborhood of Bradford!!!*

Would that I had Brougham’s eloquence, that I might rouse the hearts of the nation, and make every Briton swear, ‘These innocents shall be free!’

Thousands of little children, both male and female, *but principally female*, from seven to fourteen years of age, are daily *compelled to labour* from six o’clock in the morning to seven in the evening, with only—Britons, blush while you read it!—*with only thirty minutes allowed for eating and recreation*. Poor infants! ye are indeed sacrificed at the shrine of avarice, *without even the solace of the negro slave*; ye are no more than he is, *free agents*; ye are compelled to work as long as the *necessity* of your needy parents may require, or the cold-blooded avarice of your worse than barbarian masters *may demand!* Ye live in the boasted land of freedom, and *feel* and mourn that *ye are slaves*, and slaves without the only comfort which the negro has. He knows it is his sordid, mercenary master’s interest that he should *live, be strong and healthy*. Not so with you. Ye are doomed to labour from morning to night for one

who cares not how soon your weak and tender frames are stretched to breaking! You are not mercifully valued at so much per head; this would assure you at least (even with the worst and most cruel masters) of the mercy shown to their own labouring beasts. No, no! your soft and delicate limbs are tired and fagged, and jaded, at only *so much per week*, and when your joints can act no longer, your emaciated frames are cast aside, the boards on which you lately toiled and wasted life away, are instantly supplied with other victims, who in this boasted land o liberty are HIRED—not sold—as slaves and daily forced to hear that they are free.

Oh! Duncombe!* Thou hatest slavery—I know thou dost resolve that ‘Yorkshire children shall no more be slaves!’ And Morpeth! who justly gloriest in the Christian faith—Oh, Morpeth! listen to the cries and count the tears of these poor babes, and let St. Stephen’s hear thee swear ‘they shall no longer groan in slavery!’ And Bethell, too! who swears eternal hatred to the name of slave, whene’er thy manly voice is heard in Britain’s senate, assert the rights and liberty of Yorkshire youths. And Brougham! thou who art the chosen champion of liberty in every clime! oh bend thy giant’s mind, and listen to the sorrowing accents of these poor Yorkshire little ones, and note their tears; then let thy voice rehearse their woes, and touch the chord thou only holdest—the chord that sounds above the silvery notes in praise of heavenly liberty, and down descending at thy will, groans in the horrid caverns of the deep in muttering sounds of misery accursed to hellish bondage; and as thou sound’st these notes, let Yorkshire hear thee swear, ‘Her *children* shall be free!’ Yes, all ye four protectors of our rights, chosen by freemen to destroy oppression’s rod,

‘Vow one by one, vow altogether, vow
With heart and voice, eternal enmity
Against oppression by your brethren’s hands;
Till man nor woman under Britain’s laws,
Nor son nor daughter born within her empire,
Shall buy, or sell, or HIRE, or BE A SLAVE!’⁽²⁾

The nation is now most resolutely determined that negroes shall be free. Let them, however, not forget that Britons have common rights with Afric’s sons.

The blacks may be fairly compared to beasts of burden, *kept for their master’s use*; the whites, to those *which others keep and let for hire*. If I have succeeded in calling the attention of your readers to the horrid and abominable system on which the worsted mills in and near Bradford is conducted, I have done some good. Why should not children working in them be protected by legislative enactments, as well as those who work in cotton mills? Christians should feel and act for those whom Christ so eminently loved, and declared that ‘of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.’—I remain, yours, etc.,
A Briton Fixby Hall, near Huddersfield, Sept. 29, 1830.

⁽²⁾ Duncombe, Morpeth, Bethell, and Brougham were the Yorkshire County Members of Parliament

38. 40 Ways to Fight Fascists

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Introduction

In January 2017, Alt Right leader Richard Spencer was punched in the face during a demonstration, and the video of the incident went viral. It led to a heated public discussion over whether it was okay to “Punch A Nazi.” This debate has raged off and on since, prompted by events such as the murder of antiracist protestor Heather Heyer in Charlottesville, Virginia by a neo-Nazi in August 2017, and the punching of Far Right provocateur Andy Ngo at a June 2019 event in Portland, Oregon. Later that year, Republican Senator Ted Cruz co-sponsored a bill which sought to label punching Nazis as “domestic terrorism.” In response to the May and June 2020 George Floyd protests, President Trump claimed that those who confronted White Nationalists were, themselves, domestic terrorists.

In reality, the vast majority of the work involved in countering the Far Right is perfectly legal. However, these condemnations have worked to dissuade people from using the many legal, community-based actions available to fight White Nationalists. Regardless of which side of the Nazi punching debate you fall on, this guide will walk you through forty legal, practical grassroots actions that you can take to act against fascism and the Far Right.

These actions—the majority of which are available to people of all backgrounds, identities, and skill levels—will help to contain Far Right organizing, and prevent or mediate the damage it inflicts on our communities. They present a diversity of tactics intended to raise the cost of participation in Far Right politics.

A note of warning, however: Far Right organizers are very aggressive, and you will have to play hardball against them. Do not hesitate to use all the options at your disposal, while also safeguarding yourself and your community. Remember that they are not shy about using violence to achieve their goals.

Terms used in this guide

The first edition of this guide was published in August 2018 as *40 Ways to Fight Nazis: Forty Community-Based Actions You Can Take to Resist White Nationalist Organizing*. It noted that the tactics presented were specifically designed to be used against White Nationalists—the most openly bigoted end of the Far Right.

But there are also many other Far Right groups with politics that are similar to, or aligned with, White Nationalists. These other groups stop short of embracing an explicitly racist worldview, instead using coded language to express their bigotry. Many of them allow people of color, Jews, and gay men to join—but usually espouse virulent Islamophobic, anti-immigrant, transphobic, and misogynistic views. Typically, this is wrapped in ultra-nationalist patriotism and draped over a foundation of authoritarianism.

These other Far Right factions include Patriot movement groups and militias like the Oath Keepers and Three Percenters; Alt Right groups like the Proud Boys and the American Guard; Patriot Prayer, which has a foot in both of these two camps; and the patriarchal Men’s Rights Activists. Members

of these groups in turn associate with overtly White Nationalist, Christian theocratic, homophobic, transphobic, and antisemitic groups.

When this guide refers to the “Far Right,” it uses it as an umbrella term to refer to both White Nationalists and those other groups, including the Proud Boys and the American Guard. They may not have perfectly aligned ideologies, but they all embrace a worldview that regards human inequality as natural and desirable. And they all rely on demonizing “others”—with a resulting hierarchy that might be based on race, ethnicity, gender, religion, or political affiliation. Last, these other Far Right groups often embrace tactics associated with fascist movements, including intimidation and violence.

PopMob (Popular Mobilization) distributed the first edition of this guide in Portland, Oregon and found that many of its tactics were also applicable to these other Far Right groups. They have helped update this guide based on their experiences. However, readers should note that some tactics are more effective against certain groups than others. Part of getting to know your opponent includes selecting the tactics that will be most effective for each situation.

Finally, there is the question of danger. Many of these suggestions are completely safe, although others present some level of risk. The most dangerous position is to be an activist who is publicly outspoken about their opposition to the Far Right, and easily identifiable. If this is you, be sure to lock down your digital and real-life security, ensure that family members are not in vulnerable positions, and discuss safety plans with those close to you.

I. Get Started

1. Learn about Far Right movements

Get started by learning about the Far Right. Like all political movements, it is composed of individuals and groups who organize around specific issues, spread talking points, form organizations and political networks, fundraise, recruit new members, and try to influence the larger society.

From the outside, the Far Right may seem like a single movement without internal divisions, but its members often disagree with each other and have trouble finding common ground. While they are all part of one large movement, knowing how they differ is important in deciding how to organize against them.

Information on Far Right politics is readily available, and the end of this guide includes further readings. Be sure to look at the propaganda they produce, including articles, books, videos, and social media. This will help you get a feel for how they talk, look, and think.

Because they know their ideas are seen as hateful, the Far Right often uses symbols, phrases, and slang to express bigoted ideas without saying what they really mean— a tactic known as using “code-words” or “dog-whistles.” Learn their language.

2. Find collaborators

While there are national organizations that look at Far Right organizing, they can’t track everything that’s going on in each community. That’s where you come in!

This kind of activism is a lot of work, and it’s best done with like-minded people. Forming affinity groups, organizations, and coalitions will help you get more done. And since there is more than enough work to go around, you will need to coordinate and specialize.

3. Keep an eye on the local Far Right

Once you’ve identified your local Far Right groups, you’ll want to keep track of what they’re up to. Gathering evidence is crucial: document their organizations, projects, social media, websites, print publications, meetings, and events. Be sure to take good notes and screenshot everything, because you never know what will end up being useful later on. The Far Right tends to organize under the radar, so this will require a good bit of sleuthing.

Start with publicly available information, like online forums, websites, and social media accounts. Next, create fake social media accounts, known as “sock puppets,” for infiltration. Your sock puppet may need to interact with fascists to gain admission to closed groups. But don’t say or do anything that could be used to identify you or cause you to lose access.

Collect information like names, pictures, home addresses, jobs, social media accounts, criminal records, organizational affiliations, and political events they have attended. Monitor their presence at rallies and, when possible, identify those who show up. (See #29 for more on this.)

But, in your day-to-day life, keep a low profile and don’t make it known that you are doing this work—even if you eventually plan to go public. (This is true even if you are already publicly known

as a progressive activist; don't reveal your new line of work unless necessary.) Anonymity will enhance your ability to collect information and help protect your safety.

II. Take Action

4. Release your research

Although White Nationalists are significantly more mainstream than they were just a few years ago—Trump famously declared them “very fine people”—outing fascists still has a direct impact on their lives.

There are a few different ways you can do this. Sometimes it only takes a few strategically placed flyers or a brief phone campaign to cost a fascist their job. Some groups that track the Far Right maintain blogs where they release information, either as it’s collected or after events. Other groups release annual reports of Far Right activity in their area.

Alternately, you can keep your work quiet and release the information directly to local journalists. This keeps your own presence under the radar, and articles in mainstream publications usually have greater impact than information released directly by activists.

5. Remove and replace Far Right propaganda

Don’t let the Far Right have any ground! They often put up flyers and stickers on or near college campuses, residential neighborhoods, religious congregations, and music venues. Always be on the lookout for Far Right propaganda, and immediately remove it—ideally replacing it with your own messaging. This lets the Far Right know the community won’t look the other way, while communicating to targeted groups that allies have their back.

Even in areas where the Far Right has a lot of support, make sure you keep a presence there; remember that no community is politically monolithic. Whenever possible, aid efforts to push back against fascism that originate from inside those communities.

For example, before a fascist rally, flyer those who live and work nearby about the upcoming event. You can also use this as an opportunity to go door-to-door to talk with people. Be as kind, courteous, and genuine as possible.

6. Push public groups to oppose fascism

Identify the institutions, community groups, and professional organizations that the Far Right is targeting for recruitment. Push these groups to speak out against fascism generally, and local groups specifically.

Example: In 2018 the Sioux Falls AFL-CIO union amended their constitution to explicitly exclude fascists. It read: “No individual shall be eligible to serve as an Officer, member of The Executive Board or Committee, or other governing body, or any committee of, or as a delegate from, or as a representative, agent, or employee of this body who is a member of any Fascist or White Supremacist organization. Or who consistently pursues policies and/or activities directed toward the purposes of any Fascist or otherwise White Supremacist Ideology.”

7. Make it difficult for Far Right groups to meet

The First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution guarantees that the government cannot interfere with protected speech. But private citizens have no legal obligation to let fascists use their property. And you also have a First Amendment right to call on conference spaces, concert and lecture halls, galleries, and restaurants and ask them to refuse rentals to bigoted groups.

Sometimes these venues will refuse to nix a booking out of greed. In this case, organize a call-in campaign to push for a cancellation. If necessary, threaten a boycott; be sure to follow through if the space allows the event to be held. After one local venue experiences the fall-out from a large boycott, in the future other venues will be easier to convince.

Offer support to businesses that choose to do the right thing. Public praise is a good place to start, but you can help them in other ways too. If Far Right groups make threats after the event is canceled, offer escorts to cars and at bus stops for the employees who close up. If someone smashes windows or vandalizes the space after the event is canceled, create a fundraiser to help cover cleanup costs. This helps build a community that is resistant to fascism.

Example: In New York City, two venues were closed permanently after they hosted fascist concerts. After this, it became much easier to convince venue owners that it was not in their financial interests to allow these kinds of shows.

8. Refute their lies

Fascists are skilled at introducing slogans and talking points into political debate. These include myths and false information about “white genocide,” black-on-black crime, and Jewish control of the media. Debating them publicly can make their lies look worthy of consideration. But circulating a list of common fascist talking points along with rebuttals gives community members the tools to win personal arguments. So when the people with bigoted views are in a space of doubt and self-questioning, the facts will be ready for them to discover.

9. Use the court system

Both lawyers and governments can hamper fascism. If this is in line with your political views, consider using legal avenues. Legal actions can have outsized impact on fascists, as they have very few sympathetic lawyers who are willing to do free legal work for them. And even if they win in the end, lawsuits can drag on for years and drain financial resources.

Examples: For a period of time, Richard Spencer’s National Policy Institute lost its nonprofit status after it failed to file the required paperwork. The Southern Poverty Law Center has successfully sued and bankrupted several major White Nationalist groups, including winning a \$14 million lawsuit against neo-Nazi propagandist Andrew Anglin in 2019. And as of June 2020 *Sines v Kessler*, a major lawsuit against the organizers of the 2017 “Unite the Right” rally in Charlottesville, was still awaiting trial. But it has already caused the resignation of Jeff Schoep from the National Socialist Movement, which he had led for a quarter of a century; and the lawsuit has pushed others, including Richard Spencer, into relative silence and ongoing financial difficulty.

10. Expose fascists at home and work

After identifying key Far Right activists—especially organizers and members with violent histories—find out where they work and live. Call their boss and pressure them to fire the fascist in their midst. Notify their neighbors with flyers, letters, and door-knocking campaigns. Ask local businesses to refuse

to serve them. You can also hold “home demonstrations”—a tactic that was used against Nazi war criminals living in the United States.

Example: One of Richard Spencer’s collaborators, Jeff Dietz, was outed in November 2019. Activists flyered the block he worked on in Brooklyn and spread the information online; within days his office closed and he was even booted out of his band.

11. Deplatform fascism online

Political movements need financial platforms—such as Stripe, Venmo, and Paypal—to take donations, as well as social media platforms to keep a fanbase. Depriving them of these significantly hinders their ability to spread their message and recruit. Just as with physical spaces, online platforms have no obligation to accept the Far Right as clients, and they can be pressured to do the right thing.

Example: After Twitter, Instagram, Facebook, Venmo, Paypal—plus the entire country of Australia—banned Far Right poster child Milo Yiannopoulos, he admitted he could no longer make money off talks, and as of late 2019 was \$4 million in debt. The revelation that he had directly coordinated with fascists on his famous *Breitbart* article popularizing the Alt Right ended up blowing back on billionaire Robert Mercer, who had funded Yiannopoulos. Amid the ensuing scandal, Mercer resigned as co-CEO of his hedge fund.

12. Prevent the Far Right from crashing progressive events

The Far Right will show up at progressive events to disrupt them or spy on attendees. In recent years, anti-oppression trainings, protest planning meetings, women’s marches, and May Day events have been disrupted by the Far Right.

A favorite tactic of theirs is to start fights while filming people, in order to get them arrested, or identify and harass them later. Take this opportunity from them by having a safety team at actions which they might crash. Make sure your team is familiar with known local fascists and are ready to de-escalate tense situations. And when Far Right instigators are filming progressive activists, whimsical barriers, such as hula hoops in bubble-wrap, can ruin their footage.

Make sure that once a Far Right group starts to disrupt local events, the wider community knows. This behavior is a warning sign for future violence.

13. Drive wedges between individuals and groups

When you see the Far Right trying to work with mainstream conservative groups, reach out to them with your concerns. If you offer them concrete evidence, most normal conservatives will disavow those on the Far Right who express clearly bigoted views or engage in violence. And if they don’t, use social media and the press to draw attention to their collaboration.

14. Find new collaborators

If the Far Right is organizing in your community, take this opportunity to make connections outside your usual circles. Because fascists target and threaten so many different kinds of people, you’ll find many potential collaborators. These might include groups representing historically oppressed communities (including communities of color and LGBTQ+ folks), immigrant and refugee rights organizations, religious groups (especially Muslims and Jews), feminists and reproductive rights advocates, labor unions, and

organizations that memorialize historical crimes (such as slavery, lynchings, the Holocaust, and Native American genocide).

Don't be afraid to ask for help! Reach out to those who you think would be good collaborators. Be upfront about who you are, what you need, and what you hope to achieve—as well as what you have to offer in return. Spend time getting to understand their concerns and ask what kind of support they need. Trust is built slowly through shared work, but someone has to reach out first.

Example: The Proud Boys, in cahoots with various militia and Patriot movement groups, claimed they would mobilize a thousand Far Right activists from around the country to descend on Portland, Oregon for a “Defeat Antifa Terrorism” rally in August 2019.

Despite threats of violence, plus a fearmongering press conference by city officials, nine different organizations came together to hold a huge counter-protest. Religious leaders, the NAACP, Rose City Antifa, Democratic Socialists of America, and the kiki ballroom House of Flora kicked off the event.

In the end, three hundred Proud Boys marched for thirty minutes under heavy police escort, returned to their cars, and left town. They said they would be back every month—but haven't returned since.

15. Organize anti-racist bar crawls

If fascists are drinking in public, host an anti-racist bar crawl which goes to their hangouts. Not only do social events help build relationships, a bar crawl puts fascists on notice that their spots are known—and makes it clear to the bars that they have a problem. Similarly, sometimes people will declare an area a “Nazi Free Zone” and patrol it to make sure it stays that way.

16. Help fascists become formers

The people who make up the Far Right are part of our society. While it is possible to socially isolate them, the only way to actually make them go away completely is to convince them out of their political movement. “Exit programs” help facilitate this.

Organizations like Life After Hate and the Free Radicals Project are run by former members of Far Right groups—known simply as “formers”—to help current members leave the movement. Promote exit programs, and whenever possible encourage and help fascists transition into being formers.

III. Be Proactive

Progressives often lurch from crisis to crisis, with limited planning or infrastructure. When countering fascism it's important to be proactive. This is both complex work and potentially dangerous—but good planning can help alleviate both challenges.

17. Get your message out first

Make your community's opposition to racist and bigoted ideas visible through flyers, stickers, posters, and window and yard signs. Far Right organizers are less likely to recruit in a community that has already made their opinion on the matter clear.

Examples: Online, this can take the form of profile frames, catchy hashtags, and gifs. Use hashtags like #EverydayAntifascist and #AUnitedFront, spread memes with your message, and incorporate symbols like the Iron Front into images with the logos of sports teams you support.

18. Build educational programs

Organize public talks, reading groups, and classes. You can discuss what fascism is, what the Far Right looks like at present, and how to resist it. Many experts are willing to give talks, but consider video calls if it's too difficult to bring speakers to your town in person.

19. Hold memorial events

Almost all communities have histories of fascist, racist, and other bigoted violence. Hold events memorializing the victims and talking about how past events contribute to the present. Examples can include holding processions to the graves of those killed by White Nationalists and memorials at murder sites. You can also organize events to remember racist violence such as lynchings, church bombings, and racial expulsions.

20. Make a spectacle

Artists can help make political action irresistible! Ask for their help in donating art for fundraisers and making beautiful fliers. Recruit musicians and dancers to come to protests. Counter fascist messaging by being more vibrant, more entertaining, and more approachable than them. Make your actions into the party everyone wants to be at—and if you don't know how to do that, then find a party promoter who can!

21. Organize trainings and resource fairs

You can draw attention to Far Right organizing and offer your community useful resources by organizing trainings and skill shares. This might include first aid, self-defense, weapon skills, personal and

digital security, and bystander interventions. These trainings can also function as outreach opportunities and places to find people who are serious about doing concrete work.

22. Form an emergency response team

Violence is central to fascism, so if fascists are organizing in your area—there will be emergencies. You will also get last-minute calls when they hold unannounced events, which became the norm after Charlottesville. Prepare emergency response teams with members who can jump into action at a moment's notice.

Ideally, they should have skills such as medic training and self-defense. (But remember that emergency response doesn't necessarily mean direct confrontation.) In addition to in-person security, teams can also organize rides for marginalized people when fascists are having an event in your area.

23. Recruit early and often

There is no one way to oppose fascism. The broader and more skilled the groups and coalitions you can build, the better. Make sure you recruit folks with certain skills ahead of time, rather than scrambling to find them when it's urgent. There's always a need for graphic designers, therapists, lawyers, journalists, translators, techies, and licensed security guards.

Many people aren't able to be on the frontlines but they might give a doxed activist a dramatic haircut or professionally paint a car. (Doxing is making a person's information public, in an attempt to call attention to them for political or other reasons. This might include their picture, home and work info, social media accounts, organizational affiliations, and other details.) These examples of activism can feel like small contributions, but they can provide critical layers of safety when fascists are looking for them.

24. Fundraise before you need it

All political movements need money. This could be for transportation, art supplies, advertising, lawyers, or bail. And since it's always better to have the money already in hand when the need arises, be sure to fundraise before it's required.

Example: Fascist rallies can be turned into pledge drives! Donors can pledge per attendee or per mile walked, thereby turning a bad day into a good one. In coalition with nine other groups, PopMop was able to raise more than \$36,000 for Causa Oregon, an immigrants rights organization, during an August 2019 Proud Boys march in Portland, Oregon.

IV. Counter-Demonstrate

Direct action gets the goods. While our tactics should evolve and adapt to the situation at hand, one of the most effective avenues for change has always been gathering in the streets.

Large, public events that are explicit about being White Nationalist or fascist are extremely rare. For example in 2017, their most successful year in decades, only three White Nationalist events drew over one hundred attendees. (The largest of these, the Charlottesville rally, even claimed that it was not White Nationalist!)

Counter-demonstrating, in sight and sound distance of their event, can potentially deny them a high-profile public platform, attract support for your cause, and even overshadow the Far Right.

25. Win public opinion

Social media and press outlets have the power to sway large numbers of people, but you have to know how to use them. Use language appropriate to the audience you want to reach. Memes, comics, videos, and short articles in everyday language can give people accessible and fun ways of engaging with the fight against the Far Right.

26. Push local officials to do the right thing

In areas where permits are required, pressure local governments to refuse or revoke permits for Far Right rallies.

Example: After Charlottesville, authorities denied a permit to the Far Right “No to Marxism in America” rally in Berkeley. It was only after pressure was applied did authorities even bother to learn that the application was incomplete and should never have been granted.

27. Organize counter-demonstrations

If fascists are holding a public demonstration, you should be in the streets too. But when organizing a counter demonstration, remember that the Far Right will likely try to dox the organizers, attendees, and supporters, so take precautions. For example, the guest list for Facebook event pages should be set so attendees aren’t visible.

Large demonstrations are a lot of work, and they require many things that don’t involve going into the street. This can include finding a planning space, getting permits and equipment, drumming up excitement, fundraising (which can be done both before and after), arranging transportation and housing for out-of-towners, setting up legal and communications support, and recruiting street medics.

28. Pressure local business and rental spaces

If there is going to be a Far Right event, encourage local businesses to refuse service to those who are attending. Circulate pictures of known members, as well as symbols they might be sporting. Warn local hotels, restaurants, and bars. Be sure to offer support to businesses that choose to refuse their money! (See #7 for more on this.)

29. Document their rallies

High-quality video and photography of those who attend Far Right events allows people to research individuals later and to document any criminal acts they engage in. But be warned that getting clear images of faces is actually a lot harder than it seems. Years after Charlottesville, those who attended are still being identified, sometimes from grainy or obscured images.

30. Don't be outgunned

If it is legal in your area and consistent with your beliefs, consider coming to the demonstration with firearms. If the Far Right will be armed, there is an important psychological dimension to your side also bringing weapons.

This should be done in a group. Make sure that all members scrupulously observe the law. It's a skill to carry firearms in public, so train beforehand. Coming armed can be a contentious tactic, so be sure to communicate your intentions to other counter-demonstration organizers ahead of time so you can work out potential problems.

31. Call out fascists and call in colleagues

In the big picture, everyone who opposes fascism is on the same side. While it's normal and healthy to debate and disagree, publicly dragging each other helps the Far Right.

Remember that #14—"Drive wedges between individuals and groups"—goes both ways. The Far Right will often publish dirt on each other during personal or tactical disagreements. This behavior shows us their weak spots and makes Far Right unity harder for them to achieve. So don't let them take advantage of this dynamic when it seeks to play itself out on our side.

Instead of airing conflicts in public, discuss your issues directly. Get to know other activists, form coalitions, and build relationships based on mutual respect and a shared desire for a world free of fascism. But if you can't, at least try to live and let live. Disagreements are inevitable—drama is not.

V. BE SUPPORTIVE

32. Support people being threatened

Fascists love to threaten people. Real world support for those targeted might include escorting them or their family in public, running errands for them, and guarding their homes in case of an attack. Digitally, this may include helping someone wipe their online presence, adding security tools to accounts, or investigating who is threatening them.

33. Establish a safe house

A safe house can be as simple as someone who is not known to the Far Right and is able to offer a place where folks can stay in an emergency. This person needs to make sure they are available to be contacted at all times.

34. Help the families of victims

Between 2008 to 2019, the U.S. Far Right committed over 360 murders, meaning that thousands of people lost family members. Reach out and offer support to the loved ones of those killed. This may include raising money for funeral expenses, dealing with threats, and helping get their lives back together.

35. Aid the injured

In addition to those killed, thousands have been injured by the Far Right. Reach out to victims and ask how you can be supportive. They may need help with money, legal issues, errands, or just need a shoulder to cry on. If the victim wishes to go to the authorities, and this is consistent with your beliefs, offer to accompany them through the process. If they want to report a hate crime, but don't want to go through law enforcement, consider organizations like PUAH (Portland United Against Hate) that track hate crimes without reporting to authorities.

36. Support those targeted by the law

It is not uncommon for law enforcement to see the Far Right more favorably than their opponents. Therefore, those working against fascism often become entangled in the legal system. Facing charges, receiving a grand jury subpoena, and going to trial are all stressful—and often expensive—events. As a part of building a strong community, make sure you provide legal support for fellow activists.

37. Support imprisoned activists

Activists who refuse to testify before grand juries or are convicted of criminal offenses may end up in jail or prison, and this is expensive. Prisoners can easily spend thousands of dollars a year on commissary

expenses, phone calls, and reading materials—and this does not include legal expenses. Families might require day-to-day help or financial assistance to make prison visits. Make sure prisoners have contact with the outside world through letters, email, phone calls, and visits. In addition to fundraisers, hold letter-writing events for prisoners.

38. Warn people who are threatened

Fascists are exceptionally violent, both in word and action. As you monitor them, you will inevitably discover threats against local groups and individuals. Be sure to warn those targeted about the threats, while, if necessary, making sure your sources remain confidential.

39. Publicize threats and attacks

Mere threats of violence can silence progressive political activists by driving them off social media and limiting their public appearances. And members of historically oppressed groups—including people of color, Jews, Muslims, women, and LGBTQ+ folks—will always get unwanted attention from the Far Right. Make sure you help provide support, as doing so expands your potential coalition and weakens the efforts of the Far Right.

Publicizing threats helps neutralize them. This exposes the violence of the Far Right, creates sympathy for those targeted, and helps drive wedges between the Far Right and those who are sympathetic to their worldview—but recoil at violence.

40. Support communities pushing back against fascist recruitment

The Far Right often tries to enter into existing social groups and either influence them, recruit from inside them, or take them over—a tactic called “entryism.” In recent years, fascists have recruited from soccer supporters clubs; online gamers; music subcultures such as skinheads, neofolk, black metal, and punk; and religious communities, especially Heathens, Satanists, and Greek and Russian Orthodox Christians. In all of these cases, anti-racist members of the targeted communities have pushed back against fascist recruitment. Since this kind of opposition is best done by existing members of these communities, ask them how you can best organize support for their struggle.

Fascists will also target progressive groups. In the recent past, they have engaged in entryism around Palestine solidarity work, opposition to Middle East wars, criticism of Wall Street and international trade agreements, radical environmentalism, and animal rights. Expose them and push them out.

Example: In the Pacific Northwest, eco-fascists have used radical environmentalism to recruit. One group, Operation Werewolf, disguises itself as a workout club for men with radical environmentalist views—but is White Nationalist and anti-feminist. Don’t tolerate the intolerant.

Bonus Round!

Show your larger political vision

Countering fascism is a necessary, but not sufficient, part of the larger fight against inequality. It is comparable to leftist lawyers who defend progressive activists. While this is a necessary action with real concrete effects, it will not destroy the pillars of the systemic oppressions that our social and political system is based on.

Your work is part of a larger struggle—not just against white supremacy—but against all forms of oppression. In addition to structural racism in policing, work, and housing, this includes: attacks on immigrants and refugees; Islamophobia and antisemitism; homophobia and transphobia; and misogyny. Collaborate with activists fighting these forms of oppression whenever possible. Make it clear that you are not just “against fascism,” but that your actions are a part of a larger struggle against hierarchy and oppression—and in support of equality and freedom—for everyone in our society.

Resource List

Organizations and Websites Which Track and Analyze the Far Right

Centre for Analysis of the Radical Right, www.radicalrightanalysis.com
Hope Not Hate, hopenothate.com
Institute for Research and Education on Human Rights, www.irehr.org
Institute for Research on Male Supremacism, www.malesupremacism.org
It's Going Down, itsgoingdown.org
Idavox (One People's Project), idavox.com
Montana Human Rights Network, mhrn.org
Political Research Associates, www.politicalresearch.org
Rose City Antifa, www.rosecityantifa.org
Southern Poverty Law Center, www.splcenter.org
Western States Center, www.westernstatescenter.org

Books about U.S. Fascism and the Far Right

Chip Berlet and Matthew Lyons, *Right Wing Populism in America* (2000)
Kathleen Blewett, *Understanding Racist Activism* (2017)
Shane Burley, *Fascism Today* (2017)
Matthew Lyons, *Ctrl-Alt-Delete* (2017) and *Insurgent Supremacists* (2018)
David Neiwert, *Alt-America: The Rise of the Radical Right in the Age of Trump* (2017)
Leonard Zeskind, *Blood and Politics: The History of the White Nationalist Movement from the Margins to the Mainstream* (2009)
Alexandra Minna Stern, *Proud Boys and the White Ethnostate: How the Alt-Right Is Warping the American Imagination* (2019)
Patrik Hermansson, David Lawrence, Joe Mulhall and Simon Murdoch, *The International Alt-Right: Fascism for the 21st Century?* (2020)

Other resources:

How to organize against militias and Patriot movement groups in rural areas
Rural Organizing Project, "Organizing for an Oregon Where Everyone Counts"
Section III of the report *Up in Arms: A Guide to Oregon's Patriot Movement*, rop.org
Identifying and dealing with fascists:
Kit O'Connell, "Beyond the Concrete Milkshake: Tactics for Defeating Media Trolls & Grifters"

kitoconnell.com

Mike Isaacson, "You Can't Punch Every Nazi" www.tinyurl.com/ButYouCanTry

Deplatforming project: Sleeping Giants www.twitter.com/slpng_giants www.facebook.com/slpnggiants

About the Authors

Spencer Sunshine

Spencer Sunshine, PhD, has researched and counter-organized against the U.S. Far Right for the over fifteen years. He is the lead author of the 2016 report, *Up in Arms: A Guide to Oregon's Patriot Movement*, published by the Rural Organizing Project. Currently, Sunshine is working on several manuscripts about U.S. fascist movements. See www.spencersunshine.com for links to his writings, and follow him on Twitter @transform6789. *40 Ways to Fight Fascists* was produced with the generous support of Spencer's patrons at patreon.com/spencersunshine.

PopMob (Popular Mobilization)

Short for Popular Mobilization, PopMob is a group of concerned Portlanders united around a single, common goal: Inspire people to show up and resist the alt-right with whimsy and creativity. We're activists and organizers from many groups, including labor rights, arts, education, healthcare, and more. We believe that the people of Oregon don't want what the alt-right is selling and we know we can push back against hate as one strong community.

You can follow us on twitter, instagram and facebook: @popmobpdx

39. Class Struggle and the Origin of Racial Slavery

Subtitle: The Invention of the White Race

Author: Theodore W. Allen

Topics: class struggle, slavery, racism, white supremacy, history

Date: 1975

Source: <https://web.archive.org/web/20180724062755/https://clogic.eserver.org/2006/allen>

Date Published on T@L: 2020-06-17T20:49:00

Deleted reason: While an important text, the author seems a communist party man rather than anarchist

Introduction

Theodore W. Allen's pioneering historical work *Class Struggle and the Origin of Racial Slavery: The Invention of the White Race* was first published as a Hoboken Education Project pamphlet in 1975. Its bold and innovative main thesis — that the “white race” was invented as a ruling class social control formation in response to labor unrest manifested in the latter (civil war) stages of Bacon's Rebellion (1676–77) — opened the floodgates for an outpouring of subsequent studies on the “white race.” The groundswell was such that by 1997 the Stanford University professor George M. Frederickson would assert “the proposition that race is ‘a social and cultural construction,’ has become an academic cliché.”¹

Allen, however, was not an academic; he was a class conscious, anti-white-supremacist, working class intellectual and activist, who had researched and written on the historical development of the “white race” for twenty-five years, and he was not comfortable with the proposition that Frederickson described.² As he explained in his internet-published “Summary of the Argument of *The Invention of the White Race*” — viewing “race as a social and cultural construction” has value in “objectifying ‘whiteness,’ as a historical rather than a biological category,” but it is “an insufficient basis for refutation of white-supremacist apologetics.” The apologetics, or arguments, that Allen had in mind were from those who would argue that such social constructs are somehow natural or genetically determined. He stressed that “the logic of ‘race as a social construct’ must be tightened and the focus sharpened” and “the ‘white race’ must be understood, not simply as a social construct (rather than a genetic phenomenon), but as a *ruling class social control formation*.”³

This position is consistent with Allen's repeated efforts to challenge what he considered to be the two main arguments that undermine and disarm the struggle against white supremacy in the working class:

1. the argument that racism is innate, and
2. the argument that European-American workers benefit from racism.

The first argument is associated with the “unthinking decision” explanation for the development of racial slavery offered by historian Winthrop Jordan in his influential, National Book Award-winning, *White Over Black: American Attitudes Toward the Negro, 1550–1812*. The second argument is associated with historian Edmund S. Morgan's similarly influential, triple-award-winning, *American Slavery*,

¹ “An Interview with Theodore Allen” by Greg Meyerson and Jon Scott, *Cultural Logic*, Vol. I, no. 2 (Spring, 1998) at <<http://eserver.org/clogic/1-2/allen%20interview.html>>.

² Allen, “Summary ... Part 1,” #'s 6, 7 and 8.

³ Allen, “Summary ... Part 1,” #'s 7–8 and “Summary ... Part 2,” # 129 and n. 197; Theodore W. Allen, “Slavery, Racism, and Democracy,” *Monthly Review*, Vol. 29, no. 10 (March 1978), pp. 57–63; Winthrop D. Jordan, *White Over Black: American Attitudes Towards the Negro, 1550–1812* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1968), Chapter 2, “Unthinking Decision:

American Freedom, which maintains that, as racial slavery developed, “there were too few free poor [European-Americans] on hand to matter.”⁴

Morgan, a past president of the Organization of American Historians and recipient of the 2000 National Humanities Medal for “extraordinary contributions to American cultural life and thought,” went even further in *American Slavery, American Freedom* and in his 1972 article “Slavery and Freedom: The American Paradox.” In these writings he offered a master narrative, which Allen described as “an assessment of white supremacy in relation to the foundation of the United States as a republic in a positive light.” Its essence, to Allen, was “the thesis ... that democracy and equality as represented in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of 1789, were, ... made possible by racial oppression”; or, as Morgan stated it, “the slavery of Afro-Americans made possible, indeed was essential for, the emergence of the notion of equality as the fundamental constitutional principle of the United States.” Allen considered Morgan’s thesis to be both inaccurate and a hindrance to the struggle against white supremacy.⁵

Allen was convinced, however, that it was not enough to simply counter Morgan’s thesis and the arguments that racism is innate and that workers benefit from racism. What was needed, he concluded, was “a self-standing completely opposite theory.”⁶ That is the task that *Class Struggle and the Origin of Racial Slavery: The Invention of the White Race* begins. Allen’s new theory is built, as he explains, on “three essential bearing-points” that challenge both Jordan and Morgan and “from which it cannot be toppled”:

First, racial slavery and white supremacy in this country was a ruling-class response to a problem of labor solidarity. Second, a system of racial privileges for white workers was deliberately instituted in order to define and establish the “white race” as a social control formation. Third, the consequence was not only ruinous to the interests of the Afro-American workers but was also “disastrous” ... for the white worker.⁷

* * *

Theodore W. “Ted” Allen (1919–2005) was born in Indiana and “proletarianized by the Great Depression” in Huntington, West Virginia. He joined the American Federation of Musicians Local 362 at 17, and quickly became a delegate to the Huntington Central Labor Union, AFL. He subsequently worked as a coal miner in West Virginia as a member of the United Mine Workers locals 5426 (Prenter), 6206 (Gary) where he was an organizer and Local President, and 4346 (Barrackville). He also co-organized a trade union organizing program for the Marion County West Virginia Industrial Union Council, CIO, did industrial economic research at the Labor Research Association, taught economics at the Communist Party’s Jefferson School (in the 1940s and 50s), and taught math at the Crown Heights Yeshiva in Brooklyn and the Grace Church School in New York.

Enslavement of Negroes in America to 1700,” pp. 44–98, esp. p. 80; Edmund S. Morgan, *American Slavery, American Freedom: The Ordeal of Colonial Virginia* (New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1975), pp. 380, 386; Theodore W. Allen, to Louis M. Rabinowitz Foundation, February 15, 1976, p. 3, in possession of author. Morgan’s book won awards from the Society of American Historians, the Southern Historical Association, and the American Historical Association.

⁴ See Allen, to Louis M. Rabinowitz Foundation, p. 3; Allen, “Slavery, Racism, and Democracy,” p. 58; Allen, *Class Struggle*, p. 5; Morgan, *American Slavery, American Freedom*, 386, 387; Edmund S. Morgan, “Slavery and Freedom: The American Paradox,” *Journal of American History*, Vol. 59, no. 1 (Jan., 1972), pp. 5–29, esp. p. 5; Allen “Summary ... : Part 2,” # 132; “Past Officers: Organization of American Historians,” at <<http://www.oah.org/about/pastofcrs.html>>; and “Edmund S. Morgan: Sterling Professor Emeritus,” <<https://www.yale.edu/history/faculty/morgan.html>>.

⁵ Theodore W. Allen, “On Roediger’s *Wages of Whiteness*,” *Cultural Logic*, Vol. 4, no. 2 (Spring 2001) at <<http://clog.ic.eserver.org/4-2/allen.html>> # 6.

⁶ Allen, *Class Struggle*, p. 19 n 63. Special thanks to Sean Ahern, an original Hoboken Education Project member, for reviewing this introduction and edition and emphasizing the importance of this point.

⁷ Allen, to Rabinowitz Foundation, p. 9; Theodore W. Allen, Application for Admission to Goddard College Graduate Program,” 20 October 1974, pp. 1–5, in possession of author; Theodore W. Allen, Statement of Theodore William Allen in Support of His Request ... to ... Goddard College, 21 December 1974, in possession of author.

Over his last forty years, while living at the edge of poverty in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn, he worked as a factory worker (in a bottling factory, box factory, and a light metal working shop), retail clerk, mechanical design draftsman, postal mail handler (and member of Local 300 of the National Postal Mail Handlers Union), librarian (at the Brooklyn Public Library), and independent scholar. While researching and writing *Class Struggle and the Origin of Racial Slavery: The Invention of the White Race* he also taught as an adjunct history instructor for one semester at Essex County Community College in Newark. Throughout his entire adult life he worked for the emancipation of the working class and for socialism.⁸

In 1966, during what he described as “the changed ambience of the African American Civil Rights struggle ... [and] the peace movement,” Allen began his historical research. He was inspired by insights from W. E. B. Du Bois in *Black Reconstruction* that the South after the Civil War “presented the greatest opportunity for a real national labor movement which the nation ever saw” and that the organized labor movement failed to recognize “in black slavery and Reconstruction” could be found “the kernel and meaning of the labor movement in the United States.” Allen’s work focused on a historical study of three crises in United States history in which there were general confrontations between the forces of capital and those from below. The crises were those of the Civil War and Reconstruction, the Populist Revolt of the 1890s, and the Great Depression of the 1930s. Drawing again on Du Bois and his notion of the blindspot of America, which Allen paraphrased as “the white blindspot,” he described the role of the theory and practice of white supremacy in shaping the outcomes of those struggles.⁹

In his historical writing Allen argued against what he referred to as the “old consensus” on U.S. labor history. That consensus attributed the low level of class consciousness among American workers to such factors as the early development of civil liberties, the heterogeneity of the work force, the “safety valve” of homesteading opportunities in the West, the ease of social mobility, the relative shortage of labor, and the early development of “pure and simple trade unionism.” He challenged this “old consensus” as being “seriously flawed ... by erroneous assumptions, one-sidedness, exaggeration, and above all, by white-blindness.” He also countered with his own theory — that white supremacy, reinforced among European-Americans by “white skin privilege,” was the main retardant of working class consciousness in the United States and that efforts at radical social change should direct principal efforts at challenging the system of white supremacy and “white skin privilege.”¹⁰

Allen developed the analysis in his three crises research into a still unpublished book-length manuscript entitled “The Kernel and the Meaning: A Contribution to a Proletarian Critique of United States History” (1972), which argued that “white supremacism was the Achilles heel of the labor, democratic, and socialist movements in this country.” It was in the course of this work, and after publication of Jordan’s influential *White Over Black*, that he became convinced that the problems related to white supremacy couldn’t be resolved without a history of the plantation colonies of the 17th and 18th centuries. His reasoning was clear — white supremacy still ruled in the United States more than a century after the abolition of slavery and the reasons for that had to be explained. The racism-is-natural argument associated with Jordan would not do. Allen proceeded to search for a structural principle that was essential to the social order based on enslaved labor in the continental

⁸ W. E. B. Du Bois, *Black Reconstruction in America: An Essay Toward a History of the Part Which Black Folk Played in the Attempt to Reconstruct Democracy in America, 1860–1880* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, and Co., 1935), pp. 353, 377; Theodore W. Allen, “The Kernel and the Meaning: A Contribution to a Proletarian Critique of United States History” (1972 [first draft version 1967]), in possession of author; J. H. Kagin [pseudonym for Theodore W. Allen and Noel Ignatin (Ignatiev)], *White Blindspot* (Oswatomie Associates, 1967); Ted [Theodore W.] Allen, “Can White Workers Radicals be Radicalized?” in Noel Ignatin [Ignatiev] and Ted [Theodore W.] Allen, *White Blindspot & Can White Workers Radicals Be Radicalized?* (Detroit: Radical Education Project and New York: NYC Revolutionary Youth Movement, 1969), pp. 12–18. J. H. Kagi (1835–1859) was a largely self-educated abolitionist who was killed in the John Brown-led raid on Harper’s Ferry, West Virginia, October 17, 1859. He was listed as Secretary of War and second in command to Brown in the provisional government.

⁹ Allen, “The Kernel and the Meaning,” p. 41 and Allen, “Can White Workers Radicals Be Radicalized?” pp. 12–14.

¹⁰ Theodore W. Allen, “History of My Book,” 3 July 2001, in possession of author and Theodore W. Allen, “Development of the Labor Movement — 1 (Part 1 — 1607–1750),” Outline of the Course (Fall 1974), p. 1, in possession of author.

plantation colonies and was still essential to late twentieth-century America's social order based on wage-labor.¹¹

Over the next twenty-five years he did extensive primary research in the colonial records of pattern-setting Virginia and generated important (though still unpublished) book-length manuscripts including "The Genesis of the Chattel-Labor System in Continental Anglo-America" and "The Peculiar Seed: The Plantation of Bondage," both of which dealt with the reduction of laborers and tenants to chattel-bond-servitude (a status under which workers could be bought and sold as chattel). This reduction was done primarily, at first, among European-American workers in 17th century Virginia.¹²

In *Class Struggle and the Origin of Racial Slavery* Allen lays the basis for a class-conscious, anti-white-supremacist, counter narrative of American history. It would be, as he explained, a narrative that offered "a new and consistent interpretation of colonial history and the origin of racial slavery" with significant implications "for interpreting all subsequent periods" of United States history.¹³

Important components of Allen's interpretation that are found in *Class Struggle and the Origin of Racial Slavery* and developed more fully in *The Invention of the White Race* include the following concepts (with locations in the *Class Struggle* text noted in parentheses):

Throughout much of the seventeenth century conditions in Virginia were quite similar for Afro-American and Euro-American laboring people and the "white race" did not exist. (n. 63)

There were many significant instances of labor unrest and solidarity in Virginia, especially during the 1660s and 1670s, and it is of transcendent importance that "four hundred English and Negroes in Arms" fought together demanding freedom from bondage in the latter stages of Bacon's Rebellion. (sections 1 and 2)

The "white race" was invented as a ruling class social control formation in response to the labor unrest in the latter (civil war) stages of Bacon's Rebellion of 1676–77. (sections 4 and 8 and n. 63)

The "white race" was developed and maintained through the systematic extension of "a privileged status" by the ruling class to European-American laboring people (sections 4 and 8 and n. 63) who were not promoted out of the working class, but came to participate in this new multi-class "white" formation.

The non-enslavement of European-American laborers was the necessary pre-condition for the development of racial slavery [the particular form of racial oppression that developed in the continental plantation colonies]. (section 4)

The "white race" social control formation, racial slavery, the system of white supremacy, and white racial privileges were ruinous to the class interests of working people and workers' "own position, vis-à-vis the rich and powerful ... was not improved, but weakened, by the white-skin-privilege system." (sections 9 and 10 and n. 63)

¹¹ Theodore W. Allen, "The Genesis of the Chattel-Labor System in Continental Anglo-America," (n. p., 1976), in possession of author and Theodore W. Allen, "The Peculiar Seed: The Plantation of Bondage," (n. p., 1974, 1976) in possession of author.

¹² Allen, to Rabinowitz Foundation, p. 3.

¹³ Allen, to Rabinowitz Foundation, p. 2 and Allen, "Was It Capitalism?" 8 June 1996, in possession of author, p. 1, explain that in the plantation colonies the means of production were monopolized by one class, non-owners were reduced to absolute dependence upon the owners and could only live by the alienation of their labor, the products of the plantations took the form of commodities, and the aim of production was the accumulation and expansion of capital. On the deleterious effects of white supremacy for the working class see also Allen, "Slavery, Racism, and Democracy," p. 60; Allen, *The Invention of the White Race*, II: 246–55; Allen, "Summary of the Argument of *The Invention of the White Race*," Part 2, #s 119–123; Theodore W. Allen, "Discussion Materials: Session V-What Price 'whiteness'?" (n.p., 1974), pp. 22–28, in possession of author; Allen, "Can White Workers Radicals be Radicalized?" pp. 15–18; and Ted [Theodore W.] Allen, "The Most Vulnerable Point" (Harpers Ferry Organization, New York: 1972), pp. 2–4.

Slavery in the continental colonies was capitalism (n. 13), the slaveholders were capitalists, and the chattel bond servants (including those enslaved), were proletarians. (section 2)¹⁴

All of these concepts, as well as discussions on comparative slavery, the development of a sociogenic approach to race, the nature of racial oppression, and the role of the social control buffer are developed more fully in Allen's two-volume *The Invention of the White Race* (1994, 1997) and in his easily accessible "Summary of the Argument of *The Invention of the White Race*."¹⁵

In his last years Allen was near completion of his final major work, a book length manuscript entitled "Toward a Revolution in Labor History," which was to be a reinterpretation of United States labor history shaped by his understanding of racial oppression and its centrality to American history. In that work Allen challenges what he calls the prevalent assumptions of American labor historiography — that only free labor can be "proletarian," that the African American workers' two centuries of struggle against slavery isn't "labor" history, and that "American labor history" is essentially the story of European-American workers with African Americans playing a marginalized, auxiliary role in "the class struggle." "Toward a Revolution in Labor History" again argues that the main barrier to class consciousness in the U.S. is "the incubus of 'white' identity of the European-American workers."¹⁶

Shortly before his death, Allen, as both an intellectual and an activist, posed four basic challenges for the work ahead:

1. To show that white supremacy is not an inherited attribute of the European-American personality.
2. To demonstrate that white-supremacism has not served the interests of the laboring-class European-Americans.
3. To account for the prevalence of white-supremacism within the ranks of laboring-class European-Americans.
4. By the light of history, to consider ways whereby European-American laboring people may cast off the stifling incubus of "white" identity.¹⁷

The importance of these tasks and of Allen's work over his last forty years make clear that *Class Struggle and the Origin of Racial Slavery: The Invention of the White Race* should be viewed not only as a pioneering work in the study of the "white race," but also as a seminal contribution toward a class conscious, anti-white supremacist, interpretation of United States history.

Jeffrey B. Perry
27 April 2006
New York, New York

A Note from the Author

"Now, after twenty more years of research and study, except for the correction of an inconsequential error in the last paragraph, but two [typographical changes] of the text, and the corresponding amendment to note 97, no change has been made in this pamphlet. If I were to re-write it ...; no I *am* rewriting it — in expanded form — as the second of two volumes on *The Invention of the White Race*...

¹⁴ Allen, *The Invention of the White Race*, Vols. I and II; Allen, "Summary of the Argument of *The Invention of the White Race*," Part 1 at <<http://eserver.org/clogic/1-2/allen.html>> and Part 2 at <<http://eserver.org/clogic/1-2/allen2.html>>.

¹⁵ Theodore W. Allen, "Toward a Revolution in Labor History: Outline of a book to be written by Theodore W. Allen," 5 January 2004, in possession of author.

¹⁶ Allen, "On Roediger's *Wages of Whiteness*," at <<http://clogic.eserver.org/4-2/allen.html>> # 67.

Theodore William Allen
August 6, 1994

A Note From The Editor

This second edition of Theodore W. Allen's *Class Struggle and the Origin of Racial Slavery: The Invention of the White Race* is based on the 1975 Hoboken Education Project pamphlet of that title. The only changes from the original publication and a 1976 reprint are those suggested by the author above, typographical and style-consistency corrections made by the editor, and one parenthetical insert of an Allen review.

Allen's pioneering historical work on the invention of the "white" race paved the way for subsequent "white race" study and laid the basis for his influential two-volume *The Invention of the White Race* (Vol. I: *Racial Oppression and Social Control* [Verso: 1994] and Vol. II: *The Origin of Racial Oppression in Anglo-America* [Verso: 1997]). It also serves as a cornerstone for the class conscious, anti-white supremacist interpretation of United States history that he sought to help develop.

I

In the period before the Civil War, one of the standard arguments made for racial slavery was that it made possible a practically air-tight system of social control. The strife-torn and ism-riddled plight of wage-labor societies in Europe was contrasted with the long tradition of social peace in the South, where, despite intramural grudges, the great majority of the poor whites would side with the slave-holders in any confrontation between black labor and the plantation bourgeoisie.¹⁷

The high courts of South Carolina well understood that "the peace of society ... required that slaves should be subjected to the authority and control of all freemen when not under the immediate authority of their masters"; that where "a slave can invoke neither Magna Charta nor common law," social peace depended upon "the subordination of the servile class to every free white person."¹⁸

If the black bond-laborer sought to flee, any white person had the legal right, indeed duty, to seize the fugitive, and stood to be rewarded for the deed. "Poor white men," writes one historian, "habitually kept their eyes open for strange Negroes without passes, for the apprehension of a fugitive was a financial windfall."¹⁹

Chancellor William Harper of South Carolina confidently reassured those who were apprehensive of another Santo Domingo in the American slave states. "It is almost impossible," he wrote, "that there should be any extensive [insurrectionary] combination among the slaves." The reason was simple: "Of the class of freemen, there would be no individual so poor or so degraded (with the exception of here and there a reckless outlaw or felon) who would not ... be vigilant and active to detect and suppress it."²⁰

¹⁷ Examples: George Fitzhugh, *Cannibals All! Or Slaves Without Masters*, in Harvey Wish, ed., *Ante-Bellum Writings of George Fitzhugh And Hinton Rowan Helper* (Boston, 1960), p. 55. J. H. Hammond, "Letters on Slavery-No. 4," *De Bow's Review*, vol. 8 (old series) March, 1850, p. 256.

¹⁸ H. M. Henry, *Police Control of the Slave in South Carolina* (Emory, 1914), p. 11, citing Nott and McCord (Law): Witsell vs. Parker; and 2 Strobbart (Law), 43: Ex parte Boylston.

¹⁹ Kenneth M. Stampp, *The Peculiar Institution* (New York, 1956), p. 153.

²⁰ E. N. Elliott, ed., *Cotton Is King and Pro-Slavery Arguments* (Augusta Georgia, 1860; rpt. New York: Negro Universities Press, 1969), p. 608.

“We do not govern them [the free states] by our black slaves but by their own white slaves. We know what we are doing—we have conquered you once and we can again...”

John Randolph of Virginia, opposing the Missouri Compromise of 1820²¹

The pioneer slaveholding sociologist George Fitzhugh described in terms even more explicit the role of the poor whites in the social order established by and for the plantation bourgeoisie. “The poor [whites],” he said, “constitute our militia and our police. They protect men in the possession of property, as in other countries; and they do much more, they secure men in the possession of a kind of property which they could not hold a day but for the supervision and protection of the poor.”²² Here Fitzhugh has perfected our definition of racial slavery. It is not simply that some whites own blacks slaves, but that no whites are so owned; not simply that whites are by definition non-slaves, but that the poor and laboring non-slave-holding whites are by racial definition enslavers of black labor.

Contrast the serene sense of power expressed by Fitzhugh and Harper in the nineteenth century with the troubled mind of the seventeenth-century planter elite at the time of Bacon’s Rebellion. “How miserable that man is,” wrote Sir William Berkeley to his friend Thomas Ludwell, “that Governes a People where six parts of seaven at least are Poore, Endebted, Discontented and Armed.”²³ Since 1642, whenever kings had reigned in England, Berkeley had served as Royal Governor over Virginia, which then had two-thirds of the total population of the South. Now in the last year of his time, he was to be driven from his home, his capital city was to be burned, and most of his territory was to be taken over by armed rebels.

“While the workingmen, the true political power of the North, allowed slavery to defile their own republic, while before the Negro, mastered and sold without his concurrence, they boasted it the highest prerogative of the white-skinned laborer to sell himself and choose his own master, they were unable to attain the true freedom of labor...”

Karl Marx, letter to Abraham Lincoln, 1865²⁴

Colonel Francis Moryson, who had served many years in the government of Virginia, and who for that reason was chosen as one of the King’s Commissioners to inquire into the state of affairs of the colony in the aftermath of Bacon’s Rebellion, expressed wonderment that in Virginia, “amongst so many thousand reputed honest men there should not be found a thousand to fight five hundred inconsiderable fellows.”²⁵ He could only conclude that “the major part of the country is distempered.”

To understand how the anxiety of the Berkeleys and the Morysons was transformed into the self-assurance of the Harpers and Fitzhughs, is to understand the origins of racial slavery in this country.²⁶

²¹ Cited in: Charles Buxton Going, *David Wilmot, Free Soiler* (1924; New York, 1966), p. 170.

²² George Fitzhugh, *Sociology of The South* (Richmond, 1854) p. 143. This is what is meant by racial slavery. It is not simply that some whites own black slaves, but that no whites are so owned; not simply that whites are by definition non-slaves, but that the poor and laboring non-slaveholding whites are by racial definition enslavers of black labor.

²³ Berkeley to Ludwell, July 1, 1676, *Bath Manuscripts*, vol. LXXVII, folio 145. (Henry Coventry papers at Longleat) American Council of Learned Societies British Mss. Project, Reel 63 (Washington: Library of Congress). (Hereinafter noted as *Bath Mss.*)

²⁴ Karl Marx, letter to Abraham Lincoln, “Address of the International Workingmen’s Association to Abraham Lincoln,” published January 7, 1865, in Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Letters To Americans 1848–1895* (1953; International Publishers, NY, 1969), p. 66.

²⁵ Francis Moryson to William Jones, Attorney-General, October, 1676. Great Britain Public Record Office, *Calendar of State Papers, Colonial* (hereinafter abbreviated, *C. S. P.*), vol. 9 (1675–76) pp. 480–81.

²⁶ Edmund S. Morgan and T. H. Breen have recently made notable contributions to an integral theory of early colonial history by suggesting a connection between the social turbulence in Virginia between 1660 and 1682, including Bacon’s Rebellion, and the establishment of racial slavery. (See Edmund S. Morgan, “Slavery and Freedom: The American Paradox,” *Journal of American History*, vol. 59, no. 1 (June, 1972), pp. 5–29; and T. H. Breen, “A Changing Labor Force and Race Relations in Virginia,

II

In the latter half of the seventeenth century, Virginia and Maryland, the tobacco colonies, experienced a severe and protracted economic crisis.²⁷ It was a period of intense class struggle, including armed struggle, of the people against the bourgeoisie. It was in Virginia that these events reached their fullest development. There, the proletariat — one-fourth to one-half of the population²⁸ — was the most consistent combatant of all the poor and oppressed masses struggling to throw off capitalist domination.²⁹ These proletarians were politically more advanced, as indeed were the other rebelling colonists, than even the Leveller left wing of the Revolution in the Mother country, England.³⁰ But the most significant fact of all, from the present point of view, is that the Afro-American and European-American proletarians made common cause in this struggle to an extent never duplicated in the three hundred years since.

From the time of the 1663 Servants' Plot for an insurrectionary march to freedom, to the tobacco riots of 1682, there were no fewer than ten popular and servile revolts and revolt plots in Virginia.³¹ The decisive encounter of the people against the bourgeoisie occurred during Bacon's Rebellion, which began in April 1676 as a difference between the elite and the sub-elite planters over "Indian policy," but which in September became a civil war against the Anglo-American ruling class.³²

1660–1710," *Journal of Social History*, 7 (Fall, 1973), pp. 3–25. It seems to me, however, that their efforts fail fundamentally to establish that connection, and their well-begun arguments trail off into unhelpful, indeed misleading, speculations. This essay is an attempt, by a re-sifting of familiar materials in a different light, to discover that crucial link. [For Allen's review of Edmund S. Morgan, *American Slavery, American Freedom: The Ordeal of Colonial Virginia* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1975) see Theodore W. Allen, "Slavery, Racism, and Democracy," *Monthly Review*, vol. 29, no. 10 (March, 1978), pp. 57–63 — J.P.]

²⁷ Lewis C. Gray, assisted by Esther Katherine Thompson, *History of Southern Agriculture To 1860*, (Washington, 1932), pp. 262–269. Thomas J. Wertenbaker, *The Planters of Colonial Virginia* (New York, 1959), pp. 89–91. Warren M. Billings, "'Virginia's Deplored Condition,' 1660–1676, The Coming of Bacon's Rebellion" (unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, University of Northern Illinois, June, 1968), p. 155.

²⁸ In 1671, out of a total population of 40,000 Virginia had 8,000 bond-servants (6,000 Europeans and 2,000 Africans). In the early 1680's the population reached around 50,000, including 15,000 bond-servants (12,000 Europeans and 3,000 Africans). See *Historical Statistics of The United States: Colonial Times to 1957*, (Washington, 1960), Table z-19. James C. Ballagh, *A History of Slavery in Virginia* (Baltimore, 1902), p. 10. Wertenbaker, *op. cit.*, p. 98). All authorities discount Thomas Culpeper's estimate (*C. S. P.*, vol. 11, p. 157) of "seventy or eighty thousand" as the total population of Virginia at the end of 1681. But all concur that there was a very large increase in the proportion of bond-servants between the two dates. (Wertenbaker, *op. cit.*, pp. 98–99. Ballagh, *loc. cit.*; Phillip Alexander Bruce, *Economic History of Virginia in The Seventeenth Century*, 2 vols. [New York, 1896], vol. 2, p. 79). A. E. Smith, *White Servitude and Convict Labor in America, 1607–1776* (Chapel Hill, 1947), pp. 330, 336) is a possible exception since he finds the statistics for the end of this period unreliable. Besides the bond-servants, the proletariat included the propertyless freemen. Morgan (*op. cit.*, p. 20) cites a letter from Thomas Ludwell and Robert Smith to the king, June 18, 1676, estimating that one-fourth of the freemen in Virginia owned no land.

²⁹ The "slavery-as-capitalism" school of American historians includes W. E. B. Du Bois, Ulrich Bonnell Phillips, Lewis C. Gray, Roger W. Shugg, Carl N. Degler, and Winthrop D. Jordan. Eric Williams and C. L. R. James view Caribbean slavery in the same light. Karl Marx invariably referred to the American plantation economy as capitalist enterprise. If one accepts this view, there is no reason for denying that the slaveholders were capitalists—a plantation bourgeoisie—and the slaves were proletarians. Of course, that form of labor was a contradiction of the basic requisites of general capitalist development — a contradiction that was purged away in the American Civil War. The fact remains that for a time that form of labor was not a barrier to rapid capitalist accumulation, but its main engine. Finally — academic considerations aside — the question of who is or who is not a proletarian has absolutely no significance except in relation to the class struggle conducted by propertyless laborers against their capitalist exploiters. Such laborers constituted the majority of the rebels in the civil war phase of Bacon's Rebellion, and of the entire population of the plantation colonies.

³⁰ The levellers were small property owners. Their program, as expressed in their 1648 "Agreement of the People," explicitly called for the exclusion of wage-workers — a majority of the English population — from the franchise. One of the Acts of the "Bacon" Assembly of June 1676 was to restore the right to vote to propertyless freeman, a right that had been specifically withdrawn by the Assembly of 1670. (W. W. Hening, *Statutes-at-Large of Virginia*, 11 vols. [Richmond, 1799–1814], vol. 2, pp. 280, 346. Hereinafter this work will be noted as follows: [vol. no.] Hening [page no.]

³¹ Richard B. Morris, *Government and Labor in Early America* (New York, 1947), pp. 172–177. Richard Morton, *Colonial Virginia* (Chapel Hill, 1960), pp. 224–225.

³² Wilcomb E. Washburn, *The Governor and the Rebel*, (Chapel Hill, 1957), pp. 70–71. Morton, *op. cit.*, p. 260.

When Bacon's forces besieged, captured, and burned the colonial capital city of Jamestown and sent Governor Berkeley scurrying into exile across the Chesapeake Bay, the rebel army was composed mainly of European and African bond-servants and freedmen recently "out of their time."³³

After Bacon's death, late in October, the rebel cause declined due to faltering leadership. The eleven hundred British troops that were sent in eleven ships to aid the Governor's cause did not leave England until around December first, and they did not arrive in Virginia until the shooting was over.³⁴ But armed English merchantmen were employed with effect on the rivers to harry the rebels. The captain of one of these ships was Thomas Grantham, whose policy of unabashed deception and lying, combined with exploitation of class differences among the rebels, played a decisive role in bringing about a final defeat of the rebels in January, 1677.³⁵ Despicable as his role was, Grantham's account of his exploits is a historical record of the most profound significance.³⁶

Grantham procured the treachery of the new rebel general, Laurence Ingram (whom Grantham had known before), and Ingram's Lieutenant, Gregory Walklett,³⁷ to help him in securing the surrender of the West Point garrison of three hundred men in arms, freemen and African and English bond-servants. A contemporary account says, however, that

... the name of Authority had but little power to ring the sword out of these Mad fellows' hands ... [and therefore Grantham] resolved to accost them with never to be performed promises" [of pardon for the freemen and freedom for the bond-servants, African and English].³⁸

Then Grantham tackled the main stronghold of the rebel forces, three miles further up the country, and, in Grantham's own words:

"I there met about foure hundred English and Negroes in Arms who were much dissatisfied at the Surrender of the Point, saying I had betrayed them, and thereupon some were for shooting me, and others for cutting me in peeces: I told them I would willingly surrender myselfe to them, till they were satisfied from his Ma[jes] tie, and did engage to the Negroes and Servants, that they were all pardoned and freed from their Slavery: And with faire promises and Rundletts of Brandy, I pacified them, giving them several) Noates under my hand ... Most of them I persuaded to goe to their Homes, which accordingly they did, except about eighty Negroes and twenty English which would not deliver their Armes..."³⁹

Grantham tricked these one hundred men on board a sloop with the promise of taking them to a rebel fort a few miles down the York River. Instead, towing them behind his own sloop, he brought them under the guns of another ship and forced their surrender, although "they yielded with a great deal of discontent, saying had they known my resolution, they would have destroyed me."⁴⁰ Grantham then proceeded to disarm these last of the rebels and to deliver them to their respective owners.

The transcendent importance of this record is that there, in colonial Virginia, one hundred and twenty-nine years before William Lloyd Garrison was born, the armed working class, black and white, fought side by side for the abolition of slavery.

³³ George M. Chalmers Collection, Letters Relating to Virginia, I, folio 49, New York Public Library, letter from Virginia, dated September 19, 1676. In addition to this Chalmers item, Washburn (*op. cit.*, p. 209) cites a letter in the Huntington Library, San Marino, California, dated November 14, 1676, from Andrew Marvell to Sir Henry Thompson, attesting to the presence of "Servants and Negroes" in the attack on Jamestown.

³⁴ Charles M. Andrews, ed., *Narratives of the Insurrections, 1675-1690* (New York, 1915), pp. 102-103.

³⁵ For this service, the Privy Council awarded Grantham 200 pounds sterling. Three other captains were given lesser sums. (*Acts of the Privy Council of England, Colonial Series*, 11 June and 19 March, 1679, vol. I [1908], pp. 838 and 814-815.)

³⁶ Captain Grantham's "Account," *Bath Mss.*, vol. cited, folios 301-302.

³⁷ Andrews, *op. cit.*, pp. 92-94, 140. *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, vol. 19 (1677-78) p. 115.

³⁸ Andrews, *op. cit.*, p. 93.

³⁹ Grantham's "Account."

⁴⁰ *Ibid.*

III

The bourgeoisie had succeeded in crushing the revolt, as they were again able to do, but only with great difficulty, in the tobacco riots six years later.⁴¹ All this, however, was merely a defensive action; their basic problem remained and was more pressing than ever: The securing of an increasing supply of plantation labor and the establishment of a stable system of social control for its maximum exploitation.

The supply of labor could be increased in two ways: by increasing the number of bond-servants, and by lengthening their time of service. From the standpoint of maximum 'profit the ultimate step would seem to have been to combine these two approaches to the fullest extent, to tap all possible European and African sources and to extend the period of servitude to life. This, of course would have required the resort to forced transport of European as well as African bond-servants.

On the basis of perpetual servitude the 250,000 African laborers brought to the southern colonies up to 1790 had developed into a bond-servant population of 650,000.⁴² On the same basis, the importation of thirty-eight thousand European life-long bond-servants would have been sufficient to develop more than the maximum number, never more than 100,000, that were actually used in the southern colonies.⁴³ Perpetual servitude, furthermore, afforded the plantation capitalist important incidental benefits aside from the extension of the period of service. The children of these bond-servants would belong to the master, as lifelong bond-servants; the women would work in the fields along with the men; deprived of all civil rights, they would be more completely exploitable; and the benefits of improved labor skills, where they developed, would accrue exclusively to the master, not at all to the servant.⁴⁴

The sale price of life-time bond-servants was almost twice the price of limited-term bond-servants.⁴⁵ But even at a doubled price, 38,000 European bond-servants sold into perpetual bondage like that of the Africans, would have cost only one-half to two-thirds as much as what the plantation bourgeoisie actually paid for the 125,000 to 150,000 European bond-servants they did import.⁴⁶

How are we to account for this deviant behavior of the class whom Shakespeare mocked in Timon's satiric eponium to glittering gold, and who practiced so religiously the folk wisdom about a penny saved, a penny got? This brings us to the hard part of the question, "Why racial slavery?" The hard part is, not "Why were African bond-servants reduced to perpetual servitude?" but "Why were European bond-servants not reduced to perpetual servitude?"⁴⁷

⁴¹ *C. S. P.*, vol. 11 (1681–85) pp. 130, 134, 228–229, 277. Gray, *op. cit.*, p. 304.

⁴² Henry C. Carey, *The Slave Trade, Domestic and Foreign* (Philadelphia, 1853), estimated the number of African bond-laborers imported up to 1790 to be 264,000. Gray, (*op. cit.*, p. 354) seems to favor this count and Richard B. Morris, *Encyclopaedia Of American History* (New York), p. 513, appears to accept Carey's figures. Philip D. Curtin, *The Atlantic Slave Trade-A Census* (Madison, 1969] p. 72, on the basis of "recent authorities," suggests a figure of 275,000. Ninety-three per cent of the African bond-servants were in the South in 1790. Assuming that 93% of them were originally brought to the South, the Carey and Curtis figures indicate that the number brought to the South was between 244,000 and 259,000.

⁴³ Of all the plantation colonies, Maryland had the greatest proportion of European bond-servants. There they constituted about ten per cent of the population. (Eugene I. McCormac, *White Servitude in Maryland, 1634–1820* [Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, series xxii, Nos. 3–4 (March–April, 1904)], pp. 29, 32–33, 111; A. E. Smith, *op. cit.*, p. 336.) On the basis of a total European-American population of 1,166,000 in the southern colonies in 1790 (Morris, *op. cit.*, p. 513), therefore, we can assume that not more than 100,000 were bond-servants, and that the number had never been greater. While the number of European bond-servants may have peaked before 1790, for the purposes of this speculation, that fact is offset by the fact that they were present in relatively large numbers before the African bond-servants were.

⁴⁴ See Gray, *op. cit.*, p. 371.

⁴⁵ Gray, *op. cit.*, pp. 370–371. Wertenbaker, *op. cit.*, p. 127.

⁴⁶ Based on the assumption that at least a half, and probably a larger proportion of the European bond-servants went to the southern colonies. (See A. E. Smith, *op. cit.*, "Appendix," especially, "Conclusion," pp. 335–337.)

⁴⁷ Winthrop D. Jordan, *White Over Black* (Chapel Hill, 1968), pp. 48, 91, suggests this same question and makes the unsupported assumption that the plantation owners could have enslaved non-English Europeans if the owners had been able to conceive of such a monstrous transgression against white Christian fellowship. Since I am here occupied in presenting positive theses, I leave polemics aside. Just one note: "White-over-white" perpetual slavery was instituted in Britain, for Scots coal miners and salt-pan workers, in 1606, a year before Jamestown was founded, and it was not completely ended until 1799. Only objective

IV

Domestic political and economic considerations would have made it impossible to impose such a policy as a general thing in England. But, a policy of forced transportation to perpetual servitude, restricted to convicts only, in England, and to Irish and Scottish rebels, “vagrants,” and “rogues,” and the extension to life of the terms of all such categories of servants already in the colonies, would not have imperiled the fundamental ruling power of the bourgeoisie in England. If this course was not followed, it was not for reasons of social order in England, but of the establishment of a system of social control in the unique conditions of the plantation colonies. The Anglo-American bourgeoisie did not make slaves of black and white together because it was not in its power to do so in the historical context. To have attempted to do so would have put in mortal jeopardy what power it did have, considerable as that power was. The non-slavery of white labor was the indispensable condition for the slavery of black labor. This is no mere conjecture; it is a fact that the events of Bacon’s Rebellion, and of the whole turbulent quarter-century following 1660, made unmistakably clear.

The defeat of the popular forces in this struggle cleared the way for the distinctive southern plantation system. In that economy the disparity of wealth and social power between the few grandees and the great mass of the dependent poor was much more developed than in the rest of the country; and the middle-class presence was correspondingly weak and insignificant. Under these circumstances, the plantation bourgeoisie established a system of social control by the institutionalization of the “white” race whereby the mass of poor whites was alienated from the black proletariat and enlisted as enforcers of bourgeois power.

V

The most common form of resistance to bond-servitude was to run away.⁴⁸ English and Africans working side by side in the field or in the tobacco shed plotted their escape, met at their rendezvous, and fled to freedom together.⁴⁹ The Assemblies of all the plantation colonies enacted cruel and vicious penalties for such “stealth of oneself.” The form of corporal punishment most commonly used was flogging and branding, but mutilation and even death were legal retribution against the captured fugitive. The most common form of penalty, because it was most profitable to the owners, was to extend the period of service; for each day away, added service of two days in Virginia, seven in South Carolina, and ten in Maryland.⁵⁰ But by the law of 1661, if, in Virginia, any English bond-servant ran away in company with any African life-time bond-servant, the English bond-servant would have to serve the penalty time twice, once for his own absence and once for the African’s.⁵¹

Another, most elementary and human, form of servant solidarity was marrying without the consent of the master. Not only did the marriage impose some barrier to extremes of exploitation, but it led

difficulties, not moral or racial principles, prevented a wider practice of the system and eventually were decisive in bringing about its discontinuance. See “Slavery in Modern Scotland,” *Edinburgh Review*, vol. 189 (1899), pp. 119–148. John Ulrich Nef calls that essay “the most important treatment of the subject.” (John Ulrich Nef, *The Rise of the British Coal Industry* [London, 1932], p. 157.)

⁴⁸ A. E. Smith, *op. cit.*, p. 261. James C. Ballagh, *White Servitude in the Colony of Virginia* (Baltimore, 1895), pp. 52–53. McCormac, *op. cit.*, p. 48. Warren B. Smith, *White Servitude in Colonial South Carolina*, (Columbia, 1961) p. 74.

⁴⁹ *York County Records, 1674–76*, pp. 206, 221, Virginia State Library, Richmond. Bruce, *op. cit.*, vol. 2, p. 104. A. E. Smith, *op. cit.*, pp. 265, 269.

⁵⁰ A. E. Smith, *op. cit.*, p. 267. The quaint phrase, “stealth of oneself,” is cited in McCormac (*op. cit.*, p. 62) from a seventeenth-century Maryland law on runaways.

⁵¹ 2 Hening 26. Thomas Cooper, ed., *Statutes at Large of South Carolina* (Charleston, 1839) vol. 3, p. 17. Warren B. Smith, *op. cit.*, pp. 75–76. The details of the law varied from colony to colony and, from time to time, in each colony. For this essay, Virginia, the first and pattern-setting southern colony, furnishes most of the examples, the dates of the various acts being given. “The discovery of the great resource of profit in raising tobacco,” wrote Ulrich B. Phillips [“Plantation and Frontier,” in Eugene D. Genovese, ed., *The Slave Economy of the Old South* (Baton Rouge, 1968), p. 3], “gave the spur to Virginia’s large-scale industry and her territorial expansion ... (and) brought about the methods of life which controlled the history of Virginia through the following centuries and of the many colonies and states which borrowed her plantation system.” In another article republished

to “lost” time when a wife became pregnant. For this “offense” there were severe legal penalties. The usual penalty was a year’s extension of time for marrying and a year for a pregnancy. The children of bond-servants were themselves bond-servants until they were over twenty years of age. But the heaviest penalties were those for white women who bore children where the father was African. For those women the penalty was as much as seven years of extended service and a severe whipping at the public whipping post, with the child to be a bond-servant until thirty-one years of age.⁵²

This policy was generalized on the largest scale in connection with Bacon’s Rebellion itself. Governor Berkeley condemned Bacon and his followers as rebels and traitors when the rebellion was primarily a quarrel among white planters over “Indian policy.” Berkeley captured Bacon, then pardoned him and gave his blessing to an anti-Indian campaign. But when, in the second phase, the rebellion became directed primarily against the elite and, as it necessarily had to do, united black and white bond-servants and free poor, Berkeley, in victory, treated the captured rebel leaders with such vengeful severity as was said to have evoked from King Charles II, his sovereign, the remark that “that old fool has hang’d more men in that naked country than I did for the Murther of my Father.”⁵³ T. H. Breen notes the same pattern: “Had Bacon somehow confined his dispute to the upper class, he might have been forgiven for his erratic behavior, but once the servants, slaves and poor free-men became involved, he had to be crushed.”⁵⁴

However, special repressive measures for specific acts of solidarity by whites with blacks were not sufficient. The social turbulence of the time showed that the unifying effect of the common lot of bond-servants was stronger than the divisive effect of the penalties for specific illegal acts. Edmund S. Morgan makes a perceptive comment in this connection: “It is questionable (he writes) how far Virginia could safely have continued ... meeting discontent with repression and manning her plantations with annual importations of servants who would later add to the unruly ranks of the free ... There was another solution which allowed Virginia’s magnates to keep their lands, yet arrested the discontent and repression of other Englishmen...”⁵⁵

VI

The shift to African labor was precipitate after 1685, the newly rechartered Royal African Company, with the unsolicited aid of the interlopers, now making England the world leader in the traffic in human beings. Stressing the importance of “a trade so beneficial to the Kingdom,” the Lords of Trade and Plantations adjured the governors of all the American colonies to see to “the well supplying of the Plantations and Colonies with negroes at reasonable prices.”⁵⁶ The result was that the number of African lifetime bond-servants in 1708–09 in the three main southern colonies exceeded the number of European bond-servants by 12,000 (tithables) to none in Virginia, 4,657 to 3,003 in Maryland, and 4,100 to 120 in South Carolina.⁵⁷

in the same volume, Phillips states that “... the legislation of Virginia was copied with more or less modification by all the governments from Delaware to Mississippi.” (“Racial Problems, Adjustments and Disturbances,” pp. 26–27).

The most important secondary sources on European bond-servants in Colonial America are A. E. Smith, *Colonists in Bondage: White Servitude and Convict Labor in America, 1607–1776* (Chapel Hill, 1947); Richard B. Morris, *Government and Labor In Early America* (New York, 1947); and Marcus W. Jernegan, *Laboring and Dependent Classes in Colonial America, 1607–1783* (Chicago, 1931). Other useful specialized studies for this essay have been E. I. McCormac, *White Servitude in Maryland, 1634–1820* (Baltimore, 1895); and Warren B. Smith, *White Servitude in Colonial South Carolina* (Columbia, 1961).

⁵² A. E. Smith, *op. cit.*, p. 272.

⁵³ Andrews, *op. cit.*, p. 40. Historians generally regard this quotation as apocryphal. Nevertheless it is a true statement; Berkeley hanged 23 rebel captives while Charles II hanged a total of 13 (not counting Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw, whose dead bodies were exhumed for hanging) for the regicide of his father. (Morris, *Encyclopaedia of American History*, p. 23. *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, “Regicide.”)

⁵⁴ Breen, *op. cit.*, p. 10.

⁵⁵ Morgan, *op. cit.*, p. 24.

⁵⁶ *C. S. P.*, vol. 23, p. 718 (15 April 1708).

⁵⁷ *Ibid.*, vol. 24, pp. 156–158, 739; vol. 23, p. 759.

Now a new note is heard; the terms “deficiency laws,” “quota,” and “the need for white servants,” appear with increasing frequency in the records. “White servants rarely come of late,” said one of William Penn’s trustees, “and consequently the country is in danger of becoming a country of negroes.”⁵⁸ The Council of Trade and Plantations urged the King to direct the colonial governors to enforce strictly “the acts for increasing the number of white men in their colonies...”⁵⁹ The King, William of Orange, complied just seven days later.⁶⁰ On October 8, 1698, South Carolina enacted its first “deficiency law” providing penalties for plantation owners who failed to maintain a ratio of at least one white bond-servant for every six male Negroes above sixteen years of age on each plantation.⁶¹ Governor Francis Nicholson reported in 1698 his concern that in Maryland and Virginia the ratio of African bond-servants to English bond-servants had risen as high as six or seven to one.⁶² The Council of Trade and Plantations voiced similar fears that in Jamaica, in 1709, the plantation owners were not maintaining their required “quota” of white men to African bond-servants, in spite of the fact that each plantation owner was liable to a fine of five pounds sterling for every three months and for every white bond-servant of his “deficiency.”⁶³ The editor of the *Calendar of State Papers for 1716–1717* makes the general comment that “Everywhere the problem of increasing the white population by means of the import of indentured labor was coming to the fore.”⁶⁴

Turn, and turn again. First prefer white labor, then black labor, now white labor again. Why? Of course these European bond-servants were to be exploited, and heavily exploited, on the plantations. That point was made repeatedly. To cite one example, in 1682, “Sundry merchants possessing estates in America” were anxious lest the enforcement of the anti-kidnapping laws in England inhibit the flow of bond-servants to the colonies. They urged consideration of the fact that “every white man’s work at tobacco for a year is worth £7 (seven pounds sterling) to the king.”⁶⁵ That was just the part of the profit that went to the king, and did not include the profits of the planters, shipmasters and merchants. When we note that European bond-servants were selling at less than three pounds per year of unexpired term and that their maintenance came to practically nothing, we can see how remunerative their exploitation was for the owners.⁶⁶

But labor is labor, smoke the pipe or sniff the snuff; taste the sugar or rice. You cannot tell whether African, English or Irish labor made it for you. The renewal of interest in white men for bond-servants was, therefore, not due to any special qualities of their labor power, in which they were the same as the Africans.

VII

The reason was simple. The special demand for white servants was now primarily to “people the country,” to serve in the militia, to serve as a basic means of social control based on the perpetual and hereditary bond-servitude of Africans and Afro-Americans. There are literally scores of documents in the records of the time which attest to this fact. I mention a few.

The same letter from merchants possessing estates in Virginia and Maryland made the point that they “have no white men to superintend our negroes, or repress an insurrection of Negroes...” The Council of Trade and Plantations reported to the King on September 8, 1721 that in South Carolina “black slaves have lately attempted and were very near succeeding in a new revolution ... and therefore, it may be

⁵⁸ *Ibid.*, vol. 29, p. 272 (18 March 1717).

⁵⁹ *Ibid.*, vol. 16, p. 101 (10 February 1698).

⁶⁰ *Ibid.*

⁶¹ Cooper, vol. 11, p. 153.

⁶² *C. S. P.*, vol. 16, pp. 390–391.

⁶³ *Ibid.*, vol. 24, p. 454.

⁶⁴ *Ibid.*, vol. 29, p. vii.

⁶⁵ *Ibid.*, vol. 11, pp. 317–318.

⁶⁶ Gray, *op. cit.*, p. 366. Bruce, *op. cit.*, vol. 2, p. 51.

necessary ... to propose some new law for encouraging the entertainment of more white servants in the future. The militia of this province does not consist of above 2,000 men.”⁶⁷ In his preface to volume sixteen of the Calendar of State Papers, Fortescue writes that by 1697–98, “The system of defense by white servants had broken down.” “The defense of the West Indies,” he tells us, “depended, apart from the fleet, entirely on the militia, which was composed of white servants.”⁶⁸ But the island plantation colonies were finding it impossible to hold European servants once their time was out because of the strict limits of land available for occupation by freedmen. The record is replete with dire pronouncements on the consequences of the relatively small and diminishing number of white men in those islands. In 1688, the Governor of Barbados complained of the Quaker planters’ failure to maintain their fair share of the number of white bond-servants “required to suppress the danger of an insurrection by negroes.”⁶⁹ The Governor of Jamaica wrote to the Prince of Wales on 24 September 1716 that his island was “... almost defenceless, as well from the want of white people to prevent any insurrection of the Negroes, as ships-of war to secure the coasts, trade and navigation...”⁷⁰ The House of Commons, on November 3, 1691, received “a petition of divers merchants, masters of ships, planters and others, trading to foreign plantations ... setting forth, that the plantations cannot be maintained without a considerable number of white servants, as well to keep the blacks in subjection, as to bear arms in case of an invasion.”⁷¹

Parliament, in 1717, responded to these cries of alarm by making transportation to bond-servitude in the plantation colonies a legal punishment for crime. Persons convicted of felonies, for which the death penalty could be imposed, could instead be sentenced to fourteen years’ transportation to the American plantations. Persons convicted of lesser offenses were liable to seven years’ servitude. A study cited by A. E. Smith, for the years 1729–1770, indicated that at least seventy per cent of those convicted in the Old Bailey court in London were sent to Maryland and Virginia. Thenceforth “His Majesty’s passengers” constituted a large proportion of the white bond-servant population in the southern plantation colonies, being a majority of those arriving from England. Nevertheless, the majority of the total number of European bond-servants coming to the southern colonies (including those who originally disembarked at Philadelphia or other non-South ports) were, for the greater part of the eighteenth century, Irish, Germans, and Scots.⁷² Aside from convicts, the number of European bond-servants in Maryland more than doubled between 1707 and 1755.⁷³ Whereas the number of white servants in Virginia in 1708 was negligible, Governor Gooch reported to the home government that great numbers of bond-servants, white as well as black, had been imported into that colony since 1720.⁷⁴ Separate bond-servant statistics are lacking for South Carolina, except for 1708, when out of a population of nearly ten thousand, there were only 120 European bond-servants.⁷⁵ However, it is generally agreed that a majority of the Europeans coming to the colonies were bond-servants; therefore, as the white population of South Carolina increased from 4,000 to 25,000 between 1708 and 1755, the white-servant immigration must have amounted to several thousand.⁷⁶

⁶⁷ *C. S. P.*, vol. 32, p. 425.

⁶⁸ *Ibid.*, vol. 16, p. vii.

⁶⁹ *Ibid.*, vol. 12, p. 517.

⁷⁰ *Ibid.*, vol. 29, p. 181.

⁷¹ Leo Francis Stock, ed., *Proceedings and Debates of the British Parliament Respecting North America*, 5 vols. (Washington, 1924), vol. 2, p. 46.

⁷² A. E. Smith, *op. cit.*, pp. 111–113, 117, 325–329, 335–337.

⁷³ *Ibid.*, p. 324.

⁷⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 330.

⁷⁵ *C. S. P.*, vol. 24, p. 739.

⁷⁶ Gray, *op. cit.*, p. 348. Wertenbaker, *op. cit.*, pp. 81–82. McCormac, *op. cit.*, pp. 28–29. A. E. Smith, *op. cit.*, pp. 325, 331–332, 336.

VIII

The bourgeoisie could get European bond-servants to come to the southern colonies,⁷⁷ but how was it to avoid another Bacon's Rebellion or Servants' Plot in which African and European bond-servants would join in challenging the ruling elite? How was the bourgeoisie to turn that old situation around, break up the solidarity of black and white, and then enlist the poor whites in the social control apparatus of the ruling class? Professor Morgan, at one point in the article previously cited, comments as follows: "I do not mean to argue that Virginia deliberately turned to African slavery as a means of preserving and extending the rights of Englishmen."⁷⁸ Quite right; but reverse the order of the clauses and you have a profoundly correct statement: The plantation bourgeoisie deliberately extended a privileged status to the white poor of all categories as a means of turning to African slavery as the basis of its system of production.

The seventeenth-century Anglo-American plantation bourgeoisie drew the color line between freedom and slavery, a line that had not previously existed under English custom or law.⁷⁹ James C. Ballagh, in his well-known old essay, *A History of Slavery in Virginia*, first published in 1902, detailed how the Virginia Assembly, "in a long series of ... statutes ... first drew and applied the color line as a limit upon

⁷⁷ In the continental colonies, even in good times, no more than a third of the European bond-servants were able to complete their terms of service and establish themselves as independent farmers. (Wertenbaker, *op. cit.*, p. 80); by the end of the century, the proportion was only five or six per cent. (*ibid.*, p. 98). But the situation of the freedmen in the insular colonies, Jamaica, Barbados, and others, was even worse. Bond servants completing their terms there left the islands by the thousands on that account. (*C. S. P.*, vol. 7, p. 141, 14 December 1670) Those who did not succeed in getting away began to constitute a destitute proletarian "white" sub-class. The special measures enacted, or at least considered, by the Anglo-Caribbean ruling class to provide some safety margin of racial privileges in this circumstance, anticipated similar measures in the continental plantation country. Among these were the exclusion of non-whites from work as skilled tradesmen, and the extension of the franchise in order that these destitute whites might then be able to sell their votes to the bourgeois candidates at election time. (*C. S. P.*, vol. 7, p. 141, 14 December 1670; vol. 14, pp. 446-447, 16 July 1695).

⁷⁸ Morgan, *op. cit.*, p. 24.

⁷⁹ Which came first, racism or slavery? In the post-World War II era of national liberation upsurge, a related controversy has occupied much attention of American historians. One side, the "psycho-cultural" side, holds that white supremacy is "natural", the result of an "unthinking decision"; that it derives from human attributes not subject to effective eliminative social action. The other side, the "social" side, believes that racism arises from socio-economic, rather than natural, conditions; that (at least by implication) it is susceptible of elimination by social action.

Evidence of early instances of enslavement of Afro-Americans is stressed by the "psycho-cultural" school as proof of the "natural antipathy" of white and black. On the other hand, as Jordan (foremost of the "psycho-culturalists") puts it, "Late and gradual enslavement undercuts the possibility of natural and deep-seated antipathy towards Negroes ... if whites and Negroes could share the same status of half freedom for forty years in the seventeenth century, why could they not share full freedom in the twentieth." (Winthrop D. Jordan, "Modern Tensions and the Origins of American Slavery," *Journal of Southern History*, vol. 28 [1962], pp. 19-30, loc. cit., p. 20.

Of all the historians of the "social" school whose work I have read, only the black historian Lerone Bennett, Jr., in his article, "The Road Not Taken," *Ebony*, vol. 25 (1970), no. 10 (August), pp. 70-77, and in Chap. III of his new book *The Shaping of Black America* (Chicago, 1975), succeeds in placing the argument on the three essential bearing-points from which it cannot be toppled. First, racial slavery and white supremacy in this country was a ruling-class response to a problem of labor solidarity. Second, a system of racial privileges for white workers was deliberately instituted in order to define and establish the "white race" as a social control formation. Third, the consequence was not only ruinous to the interests of the Afro-American workers but was also "disastrous" (Bennett's word) for the white worker. Others (such as the Handlins, Morgan and Breen) state the first two points to some degree, but only Bennett combines all three.

Although I learned of Bennett's essay only in April 1975, the same three essentials have informed my own approach in a book I have for several years been engaged in writing (and of which this present article is a spin-off), on the origin of racial slavery, white supremacy and the system of racial privileges of white labor in this country.

The comparative study of the systems of social control in the various slave-labor plantation colonies in the Americas, combined with a study of Bacon's Rebellion, its origin and aftermath, can contribute much to the resolution of the question, in favor of "deliberate choice" and against "unthinking decision." In the continental plantation colonies (Virginia was the pattern-setter) the Anglo-American ruling class drew the color line between freedom and slavery on race lines; any trace of African ancestry carried the presumption of slavery. The same Anglo-American ruling class drew the freedom-slavery line differently in Jamaica and Barbados (as did other European ruling classes elsewhere in the Americas). The poor white became not only economically, but politically and socially, marginal in the British West Indies generally. In the southern continental colonies the bourgeoisie came to base their system of social control upon the white proletarian and semi-proletarian and subsistence agricultural classes. In the southern plantation colonies the free person of any degree of African ancestry was forced into an illegal or semi-legal status,

various social and political rights, and finally narrowed its application definitely to the negro race with respect to liberty and customary or legal privileges and rights.”⁸⁰ This drawing of the color line was accomplished by defining who was to be a slave; then, of course, everybody else would be by definition a non-slave. The process took place over a period of nearly half a century.

In 1662 the Virginia Assembly decreed that all persons born in Virginia were to follow the condition of the mother. This was a direct result, according to Ballagh, of “fornication” of Englishmen with Negro women; but it was also intended as a “deterrent to the female” English.⁸¹ For, as the historian Philip Bruce put it, “It is no ground for surprise that in the seventeenth century there were instances of criminal intimacy between white women and negroes. Many of the former had only recently arrived from England, and were therefore comparatively free from ... race prejudice ...”⁸² It was in this connection that the very first legislative enactment of white-skin privilege for white labor was passed when, by excluding white women bond-servants from the list of taxable persons, the Assembly provided for the general exemption of white women bond-servants from field work. In 1662 interracial fornication by “Christian” men was made punishable by a fine double the amount otherwise imposed for that offense.⁸³ In 1705 a white servant woman became liable to five years added servitude for this offense, and the son or daughter born in result of the “crime” was to be a bond-servant until he or she became thirty-one years of age.⁸⁴

After 1670, baptism in Christ in Virginia was to have no emancipative effect in this world. But this left still free those Negroes who came from Spanish, Portuguese or English territory already baptized. In 1680, therefore, the Virginia Assembly decreed that imported servants were slaves unless they had been born of Christian parents in a Christian land and first purchased by a Christian.⁸⁵ That seemed to cover all contingencies, except for the limited-term black bond-servants, free Negroes and Indian slaves. In 1705, the last step was taken: All servants who were *brought into* the country, by sea or land, were to be slaves, unless they came as three-star Christians as specified in the 1680 law. Only blacks were slaves, not Indians, in Virginia.⁸⁶

There remained the question of the free persons of color. But their position was clearly defined as one of a lower status than any white person. In 1705, for instance, the law forbade any Negro to own any white servant.⁸⁷ In 1723, free Negroes, who had until then been voters on the same basis as whites, were deprived of this right.⁸⁸ Some years later, Lieutenant Governor William Gooch justified

as a general rule. The same Anglo-American ruling bourgeoisie deliberately created and nurtured this group as a petit-bourgeois buffer-control stratum in the Caribbean island societies. These are all decisive differences which cannot be explained on the basis of “psychology” or “English cultural heritage.”

Finally, and more important, while the Anglo-American bourgeoisie had, by their prior experience in Providence Island and Barbados, learned the profitability of equating, or seeking to equate, “Negro” and “slave,” the masses of European (at that stage almost all English) bond-servants in Virginia had not accepted that point of view. Instead, they intermarried, conspired, ran away, and finally revolted in arms together with African bond-servants. Racial slavery could not have existed, and did not exist, under those circumstances. Under such circumstances, to attempt to solve the “labor problem” by increasing the number of African bond-servants, reducing them to hereditary lifetime servitude, and making them the main productive labor base of the society would have been like trying to put out the Jamestown fire with kerosene.

⁸⁰ Ballagh, *A History of Slavery in Virginia*, p. 56.

⁸¹ *Ibid.*, p. 57.

⁸² Bruce, *op. cit.*, vol. 2., p. 111.

⁸³ Gray, *op. cit.*, pp. 362–363. 2 Hening 170, 296.

⁸⁴ 3 Hening 453.

⁸⁵ 2 Hening 260. Ballagh, *A History of Slavery in Virginia*, p. 47.

⁸⁶ Ballagh, *A History of Slavery In Virginia*, p. 47. In South Carolina, in the earliest years of the colony, Indians were enslaved more extensively than was ever the case in other colonies. But this practice was, on the whole, counter-productive for a number of reasons. The Proprietors were anxious lest the practice cost the colony the services of those Indians who were serving as returners of runaway Africans. (*C. S. P.*, vol. 13, pp. 331–332, 18 October 1690) The European indentured servants were enticed with promises of land (only exceptionally realized); but no such illusions were possible for the Indians, who could only lose what land they had under the European plan. The English were, furthermore, concerned not to increase the danger of Indian collaboration with the Spanish and French. I do not share the occasionally expressed opinion that relatively few continental Indians were enslaved because of a lack of adaptability to agriculture.

⁸⁷ 3 Hening 449–450.

⁸⁸ 4 Hening 133–134.

this and other special deprivation of rights to free Afro-Americans: The purpose, he explained, was “to fix a brand on free negroes and mulattoes ... (because) a distinction ought to be made between their offspring and the descendants of an Englishman.” He deplored the “pride of a manumitted slave, who looks upon himself immediately on his acquiring his freedom, to be as good a man as the best of his neighbors.” Gooch was determined to break that simple pride, and “to preserve ... a distinction between them (free Negroes) and their betters.” The Council of Trade and Plantations in England, who had asked the question, indicated its satisfaction with the answer.⁸⁹

The white-skin privileges of the poor free whites were simply reflexes of the disabilities imposed on the Negro slave: to move about freely without a pass; to marry without any upper-class consent; to change employment; to vote in elections in accordance with the laws on qualifications; to acquire property; and last, but not least, in this partial list, the right of self-defense.

Not only the free whites, but the white bond-servants were given privileges in relation to the African. In 1680 the Virginia Assembly repealed all penalties that had been imposed on white servants for plundering during Bacon’s Rebellion. The language of the act implicitly excluded from this benefit any Afro-American freedmen or limited-term bond-servants who had taken part in the Rebellion.⁹⁰ Negro children were made tithable, hence workable, at twelve years of age, while white bond-servants were exempt until they were fourteen.⁹¹

In 1680, Negroes were forbidden to carry arms, defensive or offensive.⁹² In 1705, the specified freedom dues for a white bond-servant included a musket.⁹³ In 1680, the law provided that any Negro who raised his or her hand against any Christian white would be liable to receive thirty lashes, well laid on.⁹⁴ Under the law of 1705, a white servant raising a hand against the master, mistress or overseer was liable to an extension of a year of his or her servitude.⁹⁵ Under the same law, the killing of an Afro-American life-time bond-servant was legal if the bond-servant resisted “correction” by the master or his agent.⁹⁶ Here is a classic clear distinction between race and class oppression.

In 1680, it was made legal to kill a fugitive Negro bond-servant if he or she resisted recapture.⁹⁷ In 1705, the law specified that a white servant might not be whipped naked except by order of a Justice of the Peace. The same law gave the white bond-servant the right to seek legal redress against the master for severity of treatment or for inadequacy of provisions.⁹⁸

In 1705, white bond-servants, upon completion of their terms of servitude, were to receive under the law the following freedom dues: men, 10 bushels of corn, 30 shillings in money, and a musket worth 20 shillings; women, 15 bushels of corn and 40 shillings in money.⁹⁹ The Afro-American laborers were not to receive freedom dues, since they were not to have freedom.¹⁰⁰

⁸⁹ *C. S. P.*, vol. 42, pp. 140, 207–208, 304.

⁹⁰ 2 Hening 462.

⁹¹ 2 Hening 479–480.

⁹² 2 Hening 481–483.

⁹³ 3 Hening 451.

⁹⁴ 2 Hening 481–482.

⁹⁵ 3 Hening 451.

⁹⁶ 3 Hening 459.

⁹⁷ 2 Hening 481–482.

⁹⁸ 3 Hening 442.

⁹⁹ 3 Hening 451.

¹⁰⁰ To contrast the status accorded European and African bond-servants, is not to suggest that the life of the white bond-servant was anything other than hard and oppressive. A. E. Smith believes that “the vast majority of them worked out their time without suffering excessive (!) cruelty or want, (and) received their freedom dues without suing for them.” Presumably he means the “majority” of those who survived their period of service. For, he conceded that “The system of white servitude was cruel” on account of the hard labor it imposed on persons “generally unfitted for such a life,” and so much so that in the early colonial period “fifty or seventy-five out of every hundred white servants died without ever having a decent chance at survival.” (A. E. Smith, *op. cit.*, pp. 278, 303–04.)

Morris says that the shift to main reliance upon African laborers did not bring with it an improvement in the conditions of the European bond-servants. They continued to be “subject to the severest disciplinary measures.” He cites with approval Eddis’ well-known comment that “Generally speaking they (the European bond-servants) groan under a yoke worse than (Biblical)

IX

In 1692, representatives of Virginia in England made the point that Virginia and Maryland, being on the continent, could not keep the bond-servants under control so simply as the authorities could do on the island colonies of the West Indies with the help of the fleet.¹⁰¹ From Virginia reports of insurrectionary plots by Negroes became frequent.¹⁰² The editor of the *Calendar of State Papers* describes Virginia in 1728–29 as “a community filled with anxiety and in constant dread” on this account.¹⁰³

The experience of Bacon’s Rebellion had shown that the continental colonies were too far from England to be controlled by troops based in the Mother Country.¹⁰⁴ The Crown was unwilling to maintain at its own expense a permanent army in the colonies for this purpose. Although the plantation owners on some occasions appealed for British troops for the maintenance of order against the rebellious population, they were unwilling to pay the cost.¹⁰⁵ Increasingly, therefore, the colonial governments concerned themselves with the development of the white militia.¹⁰⁶

From almost the beginning, members of the colonial ruling elite and their key agents, auxiliaries, and employees were generally exempted from militia duty. The Act of 1705 thus excused “Any present or past member of the colony council, speaker of the house of burgesses, attorney-general, justice of the peace, or any person who has borne commission of captain or higher in the colony, ministers, clerks, schoolmasters, overseer of 4 or more slaves, constable, miller...”¹⁰⁷ Under that law bond-servants were also excluded from the militia. In 1723, however, when exemptions were in each instance required to find and furnish “one able white man” for a substitute, no specific exclusion of bonded servants was provided in regard to those who might serve as substitutes. In fact, it was provided that “nothing in this Act contained, shall hinder or deter any captain from admitting any able-bodied white person, who shall be above the age of sixteen years, to serve in his troop or company in the place of any person required by this act to be enlisted.”¹⁰⁸

By 1727, the special form of militia known as the slave patrol was established in Virginia to deal with the “great dangers that may ... happen by the insurrections of Negroes...”¹⁰⁹ The patrols were to be appointed by the chief militia officer in each county, and employed for the purpose of “dispersing all unusual concourse of negroes ... and for preventing any dangerous combinations which may be made amongst them at such meetings.”¹¹⁰ The poor white men who constituted the rank and file of the militia were to be rewarded for this service by such things as exemption from attendance at regular militia musters, and for payment of taxes and parish levies.¹¹¹ An article in the Act of 1727 that especially catches the attention is the one that specifies the militia pay-scale in pounds of tobacco according to

Egyptian bondage.” (William Eddis, *Letters From America*, Cambridge, 1969, p. 38). Morris relates in some detail the record of more than a score of cases of brutal treatment, including murder by violent blows and deliberate starvation, rape, torture, and inducement of suicide, in which the masters with rare exception, were only lightly punished, if at all. Morris decided not to add more examples because to do so “would be to give the screw many a turn and in the long run immunize the reader by harsh repetition.” (Morris, *Government and Labor*, pp. 486–497.)

¹⁰¹ *C. S. P.*, vol. 15, p. 451; vol. 11, p. 130.

¹⁰² Herbert Aptheker, *American Negro Slave Revolts*, (second edition, New York, 1969) pp. 163ff, 169ff, 176f.

¹⁰³ *C. S. P.*, vol. 36, p. xxiv.

¹⁰⁴ The dread memory of Bacon’s Rebellion was still a reference point for the plantation bourgeoisie forty years after the event. Governor Alexander Spotswood reminded the Council of Trade and Plantations of the great cost of suppressing the Rebellion, in a letter dated July 19, 1715. (*C. S. P.*, vol. 28, p. 301).

¹⁰⁵ *C. S. P.*, vol. 11, pp. xxvi, 130, 134, 277.

¹⁰⁶ From the time of the message of the Council of Trade and Plantations to the king, 10 January 1698, the establishment and maintenance of an adequate white militia is a recurring theme of official documents. (*C. S. P.*, vol. 16, p. 101; vol. 22, p. 489; vol. 24, p. 450; vol. 2, p. xviii, 70; vol. 36, p. 118, are some examples.)

¹⁰⁷ 3 Hening 336.

¹⁰⁸ 4 Hening 125.

¹⁰⁹ 4 Hening 197.

¹¹⁰ 4 Hening 202–203.

¹¹¹ 5 Hening 19.

rank.¹¹² The poor whites when on patrol duty were to receive pay according to that scale. And paid for what? — to crush plots and rebellions such as their own grandfathers may have taken part in along with black bond-servants fifty years before.

X

But their own position, vis-a-vis the rich and powerful—the matter that lay at the root of that old civil strife—was not improved, but weakened, by the white-skin privilege system. That system, after all, was conceived and instituted as an alternative method to that of Grantham and Berkeley, but with precisely the same aims and same effect. On that we have the most unimpeachable testimony.

In 1831, less than a hundred miles from the spot where the “four hundred English and Negroes in Armes” had wanted to shoot Berkeley’s mendacious Captain, or cut him in pieces, there occurred that brief proletarian uprising known as Nat Turner’s Rebellion. That event sent a premonitory shudder through the frame of the United States ruling plantation bourgeoisie. It brought to the surface thoughts and dreads not ordinarily spoken. All that winter and spring of 1831–32 the Virginia Legislature and the press debated the meaning and possible consequences of this battle cry of labor enslaved. They were looking to their defenses, and they talked much of the poor whites.

T. J. Randolph, nephew and namesake of the author of the Declaration of Independence, put the rhetorical question to his fellow legislators: “... upon whom is to fall the burden of this defense (against slave-proletarian revolts): not upon the lordly masters of their hundred slaves, who will never turn out except to retire with their families when danger threatens. No sir, it is to fall ... chiefly upon the non-slaveholders ... patrolling under a compulsory process, for a pittance of seventy-five cents per twelve hours...”

George W. Summers of Kanawha County made many in the House of Delegates wince. “In the character of Patroles,” he said, the poor white “... is thus made to fold to his bosom, the adder that stings him.” Summers, of course, was as opposed as all the rest of the members to freeing the poor white of “the adder” by establishing equality of black and white labor in Virginia.

“Civis,” an Eastern Virginia slaveholder, pointed out that in his part of the state more than half the white minority had “little but their complexion to console them for being born into a higher caste.” The editor of the *Richmond Enquirer* spoke more wisely than he intended of the status of the white workers: “... forced to wander vagabonds around the confines of society, finding no class which they can enter, because for the one they should have entered, there is substituted an ARTIFICIAL SYSTEM of labor to which they cannot attach themselves.”¹¹³

Profoundly true! The artificial, i.e., unequal, system of labor preventing them from “entering” their own class by “attaching themselves” to the proletarian class struggle.

In these Virginia debates we hear published to the world the social degradation that a century and a half of white supremacy had brought to the poor whites, who had forgotten those blood-vows sworn by the triumphant light of the Jamestown fire, and in the gloaming waiting for Grantham.

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¹¹² 4 Hening 202–203.

¹¹³ Randolph’s speech to the Virginia House of Delegates, January 21, 1832, was published as an abolitionist pamphlet, and is

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available at the NYPL. Summers' speech to the House of Delegates was given four days earlier, and was printed in the *Richmond Enquirer* on February 2, 1832. "Civis's" comments appeared in the newspaper on May 4, and the reply to "Appomattox" on March 3.

40. The Chaplain's Dilemma

Subtitle: Can pastors in the military serve God and government?

Author: Tom Cornell

Topics: christianity, military, United States Army, pacifism

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Note: *In response to readers' queries about the publication of advertisements in **America** for military chaplaincies, the editors invited articles about pastoral ministry to U.S. troops from John J. McLain, S.J., and Tom Cornell.*

Deleted reason: Tom Cornell might be anarchist, but this essay certainly isn't. "An army as a valid police force is not what we object to" etc. wtf

Full-page color advertisements for the military chaplaincy in Catholic publications have aroused ire in some—an emotion that pacifists shun, of course. I too was taken aback when I first saw in **America** magazine just such an ad. It was largely out of envy, another capital sin, because the Catholic Peace Fellowship cannot afford to advertise its full-time professional counseling. The C.P.F. receives 6 percent of all the calls made to the national GI Rights Hotline and takes calls at its own office in South Bend, Ind. Many of the calls come from members of the military and their families who are seeking counseling that, in better times and circumstances, they might expect from chaplains.

Since its beginning in 1964, the Catholic Peace Fellowship has specialized in counseling. Jim Forest and I had to train ourselves in counseling techniques, in the law and in Selective Service rules and regulations, which we did with help from colleagues at the National Interreligious Service Board for Conscientious Objectors (now called the Center on Conscience & War) in Washington, D.C. At first we counseled Catholic conscientious objectors, then anyone who came to us from any background with any problem related to the draft, participation in war or military service. We had a very high success rate; clients received the Selective Service classification or discharge they sought. In 1980 we started training other counselors.

For decades, I have been thinking about the military chaplaincy. Surely men and women in the military deserve and have a right to the ministry of the church in word and sacrament. In this respect Catholics in the military and their dependents currently are underserved. The Archdiocese for the Military Services reports that Catholics make up 40 percent of the Navy, Marines and Coast Guard and are served by 140 priest chaplains; 28 percent of the Air Force, served by 90 chaplains; and 25 percent of the Army, served by 105 chaplains. If dependents and family members of service personnel are counted, the figure approximates two million persons served by 335 priests.

Need for Care

Members of the military are especially in need of pastoral care, young as most are and often married, with severe pressures on them in the best of times. These are among the worst of times, with multiple deployments to combat zones. We need more priest chaplains in military hospitals and in reserve and active units.

Consider the rate of divorce and of suicide in the military (double that of only a few years ago) or among veterans of the Iraq-Afghanistan war. In its *Annual Homeless Assessment Report* to Congress in 2007, the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development estimated that 15 percent of the 671,888 sheltered and unsheltered homeless people in the United States are veterans. And the National Alliance to End Homelessness estimates that up to 467,877 veterans are "at risk of homelessness," because their means lie below the poverty level and they pay more than 50 percent of their household income on rent

alone. The physical, mental and moral damage done to our sons and daughters calls for everything the Christian community can offer in the way of prevention and relief.

I remember hashing all this over more than once with the late Gordon Zahn, who proposed having the chaplaincy disestablished. He would have had priests minister to the troops, but as civilians, their formation and support coming from the church, not the state. That has been the case in the past in this country and elsewhere.

Disestablishment would solve some problems, but it would give rise to others. It is hard to imagine that the church could afford to make the prospect of chaplaincy to the military as attractive as the federal government can. Moreover, priests must have the permission of their diocesan bishops or religious superiors to volunteer for the military chaplaincy and to leave their parish or other assignments. Many bishops and superiors think they cannot spare priests for even a single period of enlistment.

Military Service as Morally Problematic

Military service for some men and women becomes morally problematic when after recruitment they become aware of church teaching and of the realities in which they are immersed. They need moral guidance especially at this point in their lives.

Catholics hear the definitive teaching of the Second Vatican Council: “Those who are pledged to the service of their country as members of its armed forces should regard themselves as agents of security and freedom on behalf of their people. As long as they fulfill their role properly, they are making a genuine contribution to the establishment of peace” (“The Church in the Modern World,” No. 79). They also hear the absolute condemnations of the use of weapons of mass destruction (No. 80) and the ratification, even the praise of the right to conscientious objection (Nos. 78 and 79). In view of that condemnation of the use of weapons of mass destruction and of *The Challenge of Peace*, the 1983 pastoral letter by the U.S. Catholic bishops, the Pentagon considered banning observant Catholics from postings to missile silos where nuclear-armed intercontinental ballistic missiles are kept ready for launch. Church authorities allayed their fears, however. American Catholics are “good citizens.” Contrary to international law and to Vatican II (No. 79), good Catholics can be relied upon to pass moral responsibility up the chain of command, or so they were advised.

I am not making an argument here for absolute pacifism as national policy. Justice demands the protection of the innocent, even by lethal force if necessary. But it is difficult, as Pope Benedict XVI has stated, to imagine that a war might be just in these times, even though justice may require police action, as in Rwanda or Sudan, as a last resort. An army as a valid police force is not what we object to. But what of those recruits who are convinced that the war in Iraq is illegal, unjust and immoral?

Early in the war, Archbishop Edwin F. O’Brien, then head of the Archdiocese for the Military Services, sent a pastoral letter to Catholic chaplains, advising them that they may calm the doubts of soldiers by telling them that their government leaders are privy to more information than is available to the public and that they may trust their leaders’ claims to justice for the cause. His letter did not endorse the war and did not question it either. It was very temperate. But any defender of the cause of any war at any time could utilize its reasoning. Not so with Bishop John Michael Botean of the Romanian Catholic Diocese in Canton, Ohio, who forbade his faithful to participate in the Iraq war under pain of mortal sin. Had other bishops or the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops itself followed suit, we might well have had a crisis of church-state relations on our hands. Might it not be time for that?

The Web site of the military archdiocese offers a supportive commentary on the war in Iraq by Archbishop O’Brien from the time when he was the bishop in charge. But he would have come across different evidence and reached a different conclusion had his guides in Iraq not been U.S. military and political functionaries, but the unembedded journalists Ned Rosen, Dahr Jamail or Kathy Kelly, or had the archbishop visited the Christian Peacemaker Team in Kurdistan.

Instilling Blood Lust

What of those in basic training who come to a sudden realization that there is something fundamentally wrong with efforts to instill blood lust in them? That is the training method since the discovery after World War II and the Korean war that only a small minority of soldiers who had an opportunity to shoot at a fellow human being wearing an enemy uniform would in fact do so. This was because of the normal instinct of our species not to kill those of our own kind. Since then, the psychological science of “killogy” has revolutionized basic training to override that instinct. (Pardon the grotesque neologism; it is not mine, but Col. Dave Grossman’s, former professor of psychology at West Point and author of studies on how to desensitize people to the point of loss of scruple against homicide.) Troops in training are led to chant, “Kill! Kill!” Here is a cadence commonly used now: “What makes the grass grow? Blood makes the grass grow! Who makes the blood flow? We do! We do! Blood! Blood! Blood!” These are not theoretical considerations. I know personally a young woman of humble origin and a director of Catholic Charities in a major archdiocese who both concluded that there is something morally wrong with this kind of basic training.

Chris Hedges, for 20 years a war correspondent for the *The New York Times* in El Salvador, the Middle East and the Balkans, noted in his book *War Is a Force That Gives Us Meaning*, that there is an erotic charge to all this. This is not your grandfather’s army! It is impossible to imagine Dwight D. Eisenhower saying in public, as General James Mattis did, “It’s a hoot...it’s fun to shoot some people.”

What of the young man or woman who knows instinctively that this attitude is wrong? What of the U.S. Army interrogator at Abu Ghraib in Iraq, Joshua Casteel, who had an awakening when a Muslim prisoner challenged his Christian faith? What is the chaplain’s proper role then? Are chaplains prepared to deal with men and women in a crisis of conscience that puts them outside the pale of the military? As pastors, I mean, not as military officers. Joshua’s chaplain was supportive, but many chaplains are not.

Priests enlist in the military as chaplains with the best of intentions: to serve pastoral needs. But this is not why they are commissioned as officers or what they are paid for. According to their employers, the chaplaincy’s purpose is to contribute to the military success of the unit to which the chaplain is attached. This purpose may cause cognitive dissonance for some chaplains. It is not unreasonable to assume that many, however, will resolve their distress in favor of the presuppositions of the officer corps of which they are a part and into which they have been socialized.

In 1968 then-bishop John J. O’Connor, who was chief of chaplains for the U.S. military, wrote a book called *A Chaplain Looks at Vietnam*, in which he defended the U.S. war policy there. He sent me, among others, an autographed copy and asked what I thought of it. Later he withdrew the book and apologized for it, calling it “a very poor book that I would like to re-write today, or hide.” He wrote it obviously influenced by the officers with whom he served in Vietnam, most of them before 1968, who were sanguine about the enterprise and its outcome. In this way O’Connor started a relationship with me and I dare say even a friendship. After some correspondence he assured me that all chaplains under his command were trained to know and understand the law and rules and regulations that apply to discharge from military service on grounds of conscience, and that Catholic chaplains were told to counsel conscientious objector claimants with the presumption of good will.

I am sure Cardinal O’Connor meant what he said, but I am not sure he had the means to see whether the policy was actually in place. In fact, not long ago a highly regarded cadet at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point had to face his chaplain as an adversary during a hearing to judge his conscientious objector claim. At that hearing, when Bishop Thomas Gumbleton appeared for the claimant, the chaplain remained silent. The cadet was released without prejudice. He deserved his chaplain’s support but did not get it.

Cardinal O’Connor had the right idea, or at least the right intention. The training of chaplains to support conscientious objectors never really took place, but if it had, much of the peace movement’s criticism of the military chaplaincy would be muted. We do not expect chaplains to trouble the consciences

of their charges with the judgment of popes and episcopal conferences as to the justice of this or that war or of war in general. But we expect, even demand, that chaplains know the law and the rules and regulations pertaining to separation from military service by reason of conscience, and more critically, that they be instructed to counsel those who claim conscientious objection with a presumption of good intention.

Anecdotal evidence has it that the opposite is often the case. Conscientious objector claimants are sometimes challenged, accused of bad faith and dismissed out of hand as cowards and malingerers. That amounts to a dereliction of duty on the part of priest counselors. Citizens, even soldiers, have the right to appeal to the law. And counselors have an obligation to assume good faith in the absence of factual contrary evidence. Good conscience and right conscience are two different things, but the distinction may be assumed; questions of fact and logic may be raised, but not the validity of a moral judgment made honestly.

We in the peace movement will never be satisfied until the military chaplaincy is disestablished and priests and deacon chaplains are unambiguously servants of Christ and his church. Priests should not be forced to serve two masters.

41. The virtue of idleness

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Author: Tom Hodgkinson

Topics: anti-work, history, work,

Source: <http://libcom.org/library/virtue-idleness-tom-hodgkinson>

Date: 7 August, 2004

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Deleted reason: discussion pending

I wonder if that hard-working American rationalist and agent of industry Benjamin Franklin knew how much misery he would cause in the world when, back in 1757, high on puritanical zeal, he popularised and promoted the trite and patently untrue aphorism “early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise”?

It is a sad fact that from early childhood we are tyrannised by the moral myth that it is right, proper and good to leap out of bed the moment we wake in order to set about some useful work as quickly and cheerfully as possible. Parents begin the brainwashing process and then school works yet harder to indoctrinate its charges with the necessity of early rising. My own personal guilt about feeling physically incapable of rising early in the morning continued well into my 20s.

As a student, I developed complex alarm systems. I bought a timer plug and set it to turn on my coffee maker and also the record player, on which I had placed my loudest record, It’s Alive by the Ramones. 7.50am was the allotted time. Being a live recording, the first track was prefaced by crowd noise. The cheering and whooping would wake me, and I’d know I had only a few seconds to leap out of bed and turn down the volume before Dee Dee Ramone would grunt “One — two — three — four” and my housemates and I would be assaulted by the opening chords of Rockaway Beach, turned up to 11. The idea was that I would then drink the coffee and jolt my body into wakefulness. It half worked. When I heard the crowd noise, I would leap out of bed and totter for a moment. But what happened then, of course, was that I would turn the volume right down, ignore the coffee and climb back to the snugly, warm embrace of my duvet. Then I’d slowly come to my senses at around 10.30am, doze until noon, and finally stagger to my feet in a fit of self-loathing.

For all modern society’s promises of leisure, liberty and doing what you want, most of us are still slaves to a schedule we did not choose. Why have things come to such a pass? Well, the forces of the anti-idle have been at work since the fall of man. The propaganda against oversleeping goes back a very long way, more than 2,000 years, to the Bible. Here is Proverbs, chapter 6, on the subject:

Quote:

Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: Which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, Provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.

(I would question the sanity of a religion that holds up the ant as an example of how to live. The ant system is an exploitative aristocracy based on the unthinking toil of millions of workers and the complete inactivity of a single queen and a handful of drones.)

Christianity has promoted bed-guilt ever since. This passage from the Bible is used as a bludgeon by moralists, capitalists and bureaucrats in order to impose upon the people the notion that God hates it when you get up late. It suits the lust for order that characterises the non-idler.

In mid-18th-century London, Dr Johnson, who had nothing to be ashamed of as far as literary output goes, is to be found lacerating himself for his sluggardly habits. “O Lord, enable me ... in redeeming the time I have spent in Sloth,” he wrote in his journals at the age of 29. Twenty years later, things haven’t improved, and he resolves “to rise early. Not later than six if I can.” The following year, having failed to rise at six, he adapts his resolution: “I purpose to rise at eight because though I shall not yet rise early it will be much earlier than I now rise, for I often lye till two.”

The Methodist John Wesley, who himself rose every morning at 4am, wrote a sermon called *The Duty And Advantage of Early Rising* (1786), in which he claimed that lying in bed was physically unhealthy, and used comically quasi-scientific terms to drive home his argument: “By soaking so long between warm sheets, the flesh is as it were parboiled, and becomes soft and flabby. The nerves, in the meantime, are quite unstrung.”

The bestselling Victorian author Samuel Smiles’s books were titled *Self-Help* (1859), *Thrift* (1875) and *Duty* (1880), and were packed with homilies. If we think we are free of this sort of thing today, then look at our magazines and the “sort your life out” features that proliferate. Patronising self-help books regale us with various bullet-pointed strategies to becoming more productive, less drunk and more hard-working. Many involve spending a lot of money.

I would argue not only that early rising is totally unnatural but also that lying in bed half awake — sleep researchers call this state “hypnagogic” — is positively beneficial to health and happiness. A good morning doze of half an hour or more can, for example, help you to prepare mentally for the problems and tasks ahead.

As to how on earth going early to bed could automatically guarantee riches and happiness, I suppose nothing can be proved, but I’m with Dr Johnson who confidently asserted: “Whoever thinks of going to bed before 12 o’clock is a scoundrel.”

Greatness and late rising are natural bedfellows. Late rising is for the independent of mind, the individual who refuses to become a slave to work, money, ambition. In his youth, the great poet of loafing, Walt Whitman, would arrive at the offices of the newspaper where he worked at around 11.30am, and leave at 12.30 for a two-hour lunch break. Another hour’s work after lunch and then it was time to hit the town.

The English historian EP Thompson, in his classic book *The Making Of The English Working Class* (1963), argues that the creation of the job is a relatively recent phenomenon, born out of the Industrial Revolution. Before the advent of steam-powered machines and factories in the mid-18th century, work was a much more haphazard affair. People worked, yes, they did “jobs”, but the idea of being yoked to one particular employer to the exclusion of all other money-making activity was unknown.

Take the weavers. Before the invention in 1764 of the spinning jenny by the weaver and carpenter James Hargreaves, and of the steam engine in the same year by James Watt, weavers were generally self-employed and worked as and when they chose. The young Friedrich Engels noted that they had control over their own time: “So it was that the weaver was usually in a position to lay by something, and rent a little piece of land, that he cultivated in his leisure hours, of which he had as many as he chose to take, since he could weave whenever and as long as he pleased,” he wrote in his 1845 study *The Condition Of The Working Class In England*. “They did not need to overwork; they did no more than they chose to do, and yet earned what they needed.”

Thompson writes: “The work pattern was one of alternate bouts of intense labour and of idleness.” A weaver, for example, might weave eight or nine yards on a rainy day. On other days, a contemporary diary tells us, he might weave just two yards before he did “sundry jobs about the lathe and in the yard & wrote a letter in the evening”. Or he might go cherry-picking, work on a community dam, calve the cow, cut down trees or go to watch a public hanging. Thompson adds as an aside: “The pattern persists among some self-employed — artists, writers, small farmers, and perhaps also with students [idlers, all] — today, and provokes the question of whether it is not a ‘natural’ human work-rhythm.”

England, then, before the invention of the dark satanic mills, was a nation of idlers. But in time the new Protestant work ethic was successful. The Industrial Revolution, above all, was a battle between hard work and laziness, and hard work won.

The thundering polemicist Thomas Carlyle did much damage in the 19th century by promoting the notion of the dignity or even the romance of hard graft. “Man was created to work, not to speculate, or feel, or dream,” he wrote, adding, “Every idle moment is treason.” It is your patriotic duty to work hard — another myth, particularly convenient to the rich who, as Bertrand Russell said, “preach the dignity of labour, while taking care themselves to remain undignified in this respect”. Or as the late,

great British writer Jeffrey Bernard put it: “As if there was something romantic and glamorous about hard work ... if there was something romantic about it, the Duke of Westminster would be digging his own fucking garden, wouldn’t he?”

If you want religious justification for your refractory habits, then remember there are parts of the Bible — unlike those so often quoted by pro-work propagandists — that argue against toil. Work is a curse, caused not by God but by the serpent in the Garden of Eden. He led Adam and Eve to fall from the work-free state of paradise by awakening material desire in them, thereby condemning them to toil and pain. If you want nothing, you don’t need to work.

God himself set a good example, argues Paul Lafargue, the socialist campaigner and son-in-law of Karl Marx, in *The Right To Be Lazy*: after working for six days, he rests for all eternity.

The lie-in — by which I mean lying in bed awake — is not a selfish indulgence but an essential tool for any student of the art of living. As Sherlock Holmes knew. Lolling around in his smoking jacket, puffing his pipe, Holmes would sit and ponder for hours on a tricky case. In one superb story, the opium-drenched *The Man With The Twisted Lip*, Holmes solves yet another case with ease. An incredulous Mr Plod character muses: “I wish I knew how you reach your results,” to which Holmes replies: “I reached this one by sitting upon five pillows and consuming an ounce of shag.”

René Descartes, in the 17th century, was similarly addicted to inactivity. Indeed, it was absolutely at the centre of his philosophy. When young and studying with the Jesuits, he was unable to get up in the morning. They would throw buckets of cold water over him and he would turn over and go back to sleep. Then, because of his obvious genius, he was granted the special privilege of getting up late. This was his modus operandi because, of course, when he was lying in bed he was thinking. It is easy to see how someone so inactive should conclude that the body and the mind are separate entities. Laziness produced Cartesian duality. For him, lying in bed and thinking was the very essence of being human: *Cogito, ergo sum*, or, in other words, I lie in bed thinking, therefore I am.

Idleness as a waste of time is a damaging notion put about by its spiritually vacant enemies. Introspection could lead to that terrible thing: a vision of the truth, a clear image of the horror of our fractured, dissonant world. The writer Will Self, arguing that long periods of motorway driving can be a method of recapturing lost idling time, puts it like this: “This cultural taboo against thinking ... exists in England because of the Protestant work ethic which demands that people shouldn’t be idle — ergo they shouldn’t think.”

This prejudice is well established in the western world. Governments do not like the idle. The idle worry them. They do not manufacture useless objects nor consume the useless products of labour. They cannot be monitored. They are out of control.

That being ill can be a delightful way to recapture lost idling time is a fact well known to all young children. On schooldays, the independent child soon learns that if he is ill, then he can lie in bed all day, avoid work and be looked after. What a different world from the everyday one of punishments, recriminations and duties. Suddenly everyone is very nice to you.

Being ill — nothing life-threatening, of course — should be welcomed as a pleasure in adult life, too, as a holiday from responsibility and burden. Indeed, it may be one of the few legitimate ways left to be idle. When ill, you can avoid those irksome tasks that make living such hard work. Dressing, for instance. You can pad around the house in your dressing gown like Sherlock Holmes, Noël Coward or our friend, that hero of laziness, Oblomov. When ill, you are the master. You do what you like. You can play your old Clash albums. Stare out of the window. Laugh inwardly at the sufferings of your co-workers. Looking a little deeper at the benefits of being ill, we may argue that the physical pain can lead to positive character development, that bodily suffering can improve the mind. “That which does not kill me makes me stronger,” said Nietzsche.

The intellectual benefits of being ill are demonstrated and reflected upon at length by Marcel Proust. Famously chronically ill and frequently bed-bound, he had plenty of time to theorise on being ill: “Infirmity alone makes us notice and learn, and enables us to analyse processes which we would otherwise know nothing about. A man who falls straight into bed every night, and ceases to live until the moment

when he wakes and rises, will surely never dream of making, not necessarily great discoveries, but even minor observations about sleep.”

Proust was accused by contemporaries of being a hypochondriac, which may have been true. But how else would he have found the time to write the hundreds of thousands of words that make up *la Recherche du temps perdu*? And how else would we find the time to read it, were we not sometimes ill? If Proust had been a healthy, upstanding member of society, then he might have suffered a successful career in the upper reaches of the civil service, and the world of letters would have been a good deal poorer.

In the far-off days before painkillers and tranquillisers, illness and trauma were not to be swept under the carpet and ignored. They were to be respected, listened to and given time to work themselves out. When Samuel Pepys had an immensely painful operation to remove a kidney stone, he did not rush back into the office 36 hours later. No. He had the right to a full 40 days’ recovery period during which time he was not allowed to do anything.

“Convalescing” is a word one doesn’t hear much these days. It’s as if we have banished the notion that time is a healer. What happened, I wonder, to the doctors of the turn of the century, who used to recommend long periods of inactivity on the South Coast for minor ailments? When the sickly velvet-coated dandy Robert Louis Stevenson fell ill in 1873, aged 23, the diagnosis was “nervous exhaustion with a threatening of phthisis” and the prescription was a winter on the Riviera, “in complete freedom from anxiety or worry”. Once upon a time, we knew how to be ill. Now we have lost the art. Everyone, everywhere, disapproves of being ill.

To demonstrate how our attitudes to illness have grown dramatically less idler-friendly in recent years, we need only look at the recent history of Lemsip’s marketing. When I was a child, a mug of Lemsip mixed with honey was one of the pleasures of lying in bed with a heavy cold. It went with being wrapped in a dressing gown and watching Crown Court. It was all part of the fun. Your mother might bring you a steaming cup of the soothing nectar in bed. You would sip it, cough weakly and luxuriate in its fumes. It had some positive effect on the physical symptoms of the illness, to be sure, but it was also a pleasure in itself. Lemsip was part of the delicious and much-needed slow-down that illness can bring into our life.

Not any more. Lemsip has reinvented itself as a “hard-working medicine”. It has changed from a friend of the idler to his worst enemy. The implication now is that rather than enjoying your illness and waiting a few days till it has gone away, you should manfully repress the symptoms and carry on as normal, competing, working, consuming. Most appalling of all was their recent ad line, “Stop Snivelling and Get Back to Work”.

“Staying in is the new going out” was a joke I made at a meeting once. Though daft and glib, there remains some truth in it. Going out all the time can be oppressive. It’s hard work. Trying to keep up with the latest bar, club, movie, gallery, show or band is a full-time occupation, and one always feels as if there is something better going on somewhere else. On a simple level, of course, staying in is the idler’s dream, because of the low physical effort involved. It avoids the tedious and costly business of getting ready, leaving the house, travelling somewhere else, attending the function and then enduring the still more tedious and costly business of getting home at the end of it all. In any case, planned schemes of merriment, as Dr Johnson rightly pointed out, rarely turn into the best evenings.

The greatest piece of staying-in literature ever composed is *Rebours* by JK Huysmans, published in 1884. Huysmans was a decadent fin de siècle writer with a bourgeois day job — he was a clerk at the Ministry of Interior for 30 years. But at night he allowed his literary imagination to roam free and created some of the most fascinating works of the period. *Rebours*, which translates as *Against Nature*, is a study of a wealthy dandy called Des Esseintes. Having exhausted the pleasures of town and failed to find the meaning of life in weird sex and late nights, he decides to retreat to a hillside mansion and create his own artificial reality, a peculiar paradise of colour, smell and beauty, controlled by ingenious mechanical devices. He is motivated by an idleness of the body and a snobbishness of the mind. He doesn’t want to exert himself; he doesn’t want to consort with his fellow human beings, whom he regards

as irredeemably vulgar. Bothering itself, to Des Esseintes, is vulgar. With inner resources and books, there is no need to move about, to travel.

So, Husymans sets about creating his indoor wonderland. Helped by a couple of bemused servants, he uses his considerable wealth and imagination to build an absurdly extravagant reality. His first act is to sleep during the day and come alive at night. Perhaps the best known of Des Esseintes's innovations is the golden tortoise. He has a fancy that it would be amusing to have in his sitting room an ornament that moved around, so orders a tortoise to be plated with gold and encrusted with jewels. Another caprice is an invention he calls the "mouth organ", a complex machine that delivers drops of various different liqueurs from an array of stops, the idea being to mix them up on the palate and create a symphony of flavour. He also orders the most fragile, delicate and overbred hothouse flowers to festoon his house. There is a nice vein of dark humour that undercuts the earnest descriptions of Des Esseintes's experiments: the tortoise, he notices one evening, has died, and after a lengthy description of the mouth organ, Des Esseintes finds that he can't be bothered to go through the whole palaver and simply helps himself to a shot of whisky before sitting down. Needless to say, the flowers all die, too.

Eventually, Des Esseintes is defeated by the botherers. His style of living makes him ill, and he is told by various doctors that he must move back to Paris and get out there, have fun and talk to people. Otherwise, "insanity quickly followed by tuberculosis" will be his fate. Des Esseintes gives in to their advice with bad grace. His project may have been a failure, but that doesn't mean we shouldn't take inspiration from his heroic attempt to elevate his soul via interior furnishings.

I have been inspired to create a pub in my own home. For me, the pleasures of staying in revolve around drinking and talking. So I took the unprepossessing scullery in our rented Devon farmhouse and installed a dartboard and two old dining-room chairs, which cost £7 each in a local bric-a-brac place. I've also added a print of dogs playing pool, fairy lights, a piece of driftwood, a shove-ha'penny board, beer mats, Hogarth prints, an old scythe which I found on a rubbish tip and postcards of Cornish men eating giant pasties. All these items were either found lying around or were donated by friends. The pub is called The Green Man and my friend Pete Loveday has painted the sign. Through the battered casement windows you can see the sun set over the sea, and without stirring abroad I can know the whole world.

I have moved my old Dansette record player into my home-pub and we play Noël Coward and The Ink Spots on sunny afternoons. I find that sort of music accompanies ale and cigarettes rather well.

According to the actor David Garrick, when Dr Johnson was asked what were the greatest pleasures in life, he "answered fucking and the second was drinking. And therefore he wondered why there were not more drunkards, for all could drink tho' all could not fuck."

From Burns to Byron and from Bohemians to hippies, the history of riotous, easy living and the quest for liberty has been bound up with the pursuit of sexual freedoms. And the pleasures of sex have long been attacked by the prudes and bureaucrats who tend to run countries and large institutions. Solo pleasuring has been a particular victim. In common with other forms of non-reproductive sex such as homosexuality or bestiality, the 19th century saw a widespread and concerted attack on masturbation from priests, schoolteachers, doctors and scientists.

You can imagine the burden everyone must have been carrying around with them as a result. Here is an extract from the guilt-torn diary of a certain Victorian do-gooder, written in 1850:

Quote:

March 15: God has delivered me from the greatest offence and the constant murder of all my thoughts.

March 21: Undisturbed by my great enemy.

June 7: But this long moral death, this failure of all attempts to cure. I think I have never been so bad as this last week.

June 17: After a sleepless night physically and morally ill and broken down, a slave — glad to leave Athens. I have no wish on earth but sleep.

June 18: I had no wish, no enemy, I longed but for sleep. My enemy is too strong for me, everything has been tried. All, all is vain.

June 21: My enemy let me go and I was free.

June 24: Here too I was free.

June 29: Four long days of absolute slavery.

June 30: I cannot write a letter, can do nothing.

July 1: I lay in bed and called on God to save me.

(You may be surprised to learn the owner of this towering libido was none other than Florence Nightingale.)

In the modern west we like to congratulate ourselves on having a more open-minded attitude to sex. But sex, like so many other pleasures, has been caught up in the striving ethic. It has become hard work; something we have to “perform” at; a competitive sport. The journalist Suzanne Moore made this point in *The Idler* in 1995. She recalled her schoolfriend Janice, who taught the young Suzanne various sexual tricks: “What Janice tried to impress on me was that sex was an activity that you had to work at, practise, evolve techniques for: one vast exercise in self-improvement. I had never liked sports of any description. I was lazy. I couldn’t be bothered ...” This vast effort is all wrong. Sex becomes something we have to learn. The magazines give us homework. And if we get it wrong, if we get low marks, then we feel guilty and useless. Fitness-freak pop stars such as Geri Halliwell contribute to this sort of suffering, as does Madonna, who, as Moore says, “is of course living proof that you can try too hard. She has made sex as sexy as aerobics and, like step classes, something that has to be slotted into an already tight schedule.”

It seems to me the situation is critical in the US, where sex has been elevated into a cross between a religion and a sport. And spare us, please, the humourless tantric-sex workouts of Sting. But the question remains: what is idle sex? With what shall we substitute the modern ideal of athletic power-shagging? Well, Suzanne has one answer: “To be frank, I have never understood what was so wrong with lying back and thinking of England ... when sex becomes such major toil, a labour of love, let me tell you that it is your revolutionary duty to phone in sick.”

Oh, to lie back and be used and abused! This is surely the secret wish of the sexual slacker. Sex for idlers should be messy, drunken, bawdy, lazy. It should be wicked, wanton and lewd, dirty to the point where it is embarrassing to look at one another in the morning. And idle sex should be languid. Men are characterised as wanting to get straight to the point when it comes to intercourse, and women complain that all men want to do is thrust it in. But in my own case, I find I have a slight sense of disappointment when the messing around comes to an end and the final act begins. It means the mechanical element has taken over, the useful bit, the part that actually makes babies. A part of me would like simply to toy with my mistress for days on end under the lotus tree or on an enormous pile of velvet cushions, while smoking, drinking and laughing.

People criticise drunken sex but in my experience it tends to be better than sober sex. Drink and drugs improve sex by removing all the performance anxiety and guilt and concern about having a crap body, as well as certain, ahem, inhibitions.

Dreams and idleness go together and are dismissed as “the children of an idle brain”, as the sensible and grounded Mercutio says to the starry-eyed Romeo in *Romeo And Juliet*. Dreamers are “away with the fairies”. They are told to start living in the “the real world”. The trick, indeed the duty, of every serious idler is to harmonise dreamworld and dayworld.

Dreams make the world go round. Our dreams at night fill our subconscious with strange reflections of the day. In our dreams, our spirit roams free; we can fly, we can sing, we are good at things (I have dreams where I am brilliant at skateboarding, for example), we have erotic encounters with celebrities.

For surrealist filmmaker Luis Buñuel, dreams were the highlight of his life: “If someone were to tell me I had 20 years left, and ask me how I’d like to spend them, I’d reply: ‘Give me two hours a day of activity, and I’ll take the other 22 in dreams ... provided I can remember them.’ I love dreams, even when they’re nightmares, which is usually the case.”

The two hours a day, presumably, were when Buñuel would fashion some sort of art from his visions.

There are many examples of the creative power of dreams: Kubla Khan came to Coleridge in a dream, as did the tune for Yesterday to Paul McCartney. The idea for Frankenstein revealed itself to the young Mary Shelley in a waking dream; Einstein said that a breakthrough in his theory of relativity had come to him in a dream; Descartes had a dream that set him on the path towards his whole philosophical system (he said it was “the most important affair” of his life). JK Rowling was staring out of the window on a train when the idea, plot and characters for Harry Potter came to her.

The art of living is the art of bringing dreams and reality together. I have a dream. It is called love, anarchy, freedom. It is called being idle.

42. The City of the Sun

Subtitle: A Poetical Dialogue between a Grandmaster of the Knights Hospitallers and a Genoese Sea-Captain, his guest.

Author: Tommaso Campanelli

Topics: fiction, utopian socialism, dialogue

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G.M. Prithee, now, tell me what happened to you during that voyage?

Capt. I have already told you how I wandered over the whole earth. In the course of my journeying I came to Taprobane, and was compelled to go ashore at a place, where through fear of the inhabitants I remained in a wood. When I stepped out of this I found myself on a large plain immediately under the equator.

G.M. And what befell you here?

Capt. I came upon a large crowd of men and armed women, many of whom did not understand our language, and they conducted me forthwith to the City of the Sun.

G.M. Tell me after what plan this city is built and how it is governed.

Capt. The greater part of the city is built upon a high hill, which rises from an extensive plain, but several of its circles extend for some distance beyond the base of the hill, which is of such a size that the diameter of the city is upward of two miles, so that its circumference becomes about seven. On account of the humped shape of the mountain, however, the diameter of the city is really more than if it were built on a plain.

It is divided into seven rings or huge circles named from the seven planets, and the way from one to the other of these is by four streets and through four gates, that look toward the four points of the compass. Furthermore, it is so built that if the first circle were stormed, it would of necessity entail a double amount of energy to storm the second; still more to storm the third; and in each succeeding case the strength and energy would have to be doubled; so that he who wishes to capture that city must, as it were, storm it seven times. For my own part, however, I think that not even the first wall could be occupied, so thick are the earthworks and so well fortified is it with breastworks, towers, guns, and ditches.

When I had been taken through the northern gate (which is shut with an iron door so wrought that it can be raised and let down, and locked in easily and strongly, its projections running into the grooves of the thick posts by a marvellous device), I saw a level space seventy paces¹¹⁴ wide between the first and second walls. From hence can be seen large palaces, all joined to the wall of the second circuit in such a manner as to appear all one palace. Arches run on a level with the middle height of the palaces, and are continued round the whole ring. There are galleries for promenading upon these arches, which are supported from beneath by thick and well-shaped columns, enclosing arcades like peristyles, or cloisters of an abbey.

But the palaces have no entrances from below, except on the inner or concave partition, from which one enters directly to the lower parts of the building. The higher parts, however, are reached by flights of marble steps, which lead to galleries for promenading on the inside similar to those on the outside. From these one enters the higher rooms, which are very beautiful, and have windows on the concave and convex partitions. These rooms are divided from one another by richly decorated walls. The convex or outer wall of the ring is about eight spans thick; the concave, three; the intermediate walls are one, or perhaps one and a half. Leaving this circle one gets to the second plain, which is nearly three paces

¹¹⁴ A pace was 1-9/25 yard, 1,000 paces making a mile

narrower than the first. Then the first wall of the second ring is seen adorned above and below with similar galleries for walking, and there is on the inside of it another interior wall enclosing palaces. It has also similar peristyles supported by columns in the lower part, but above are excellent pictures, round the ways into the upper houses. And so on afterward through similar spaces and double walls, enclosing palaces, and adorned with galleries for walking, extending along their outer side, and supported by columns, till the last circuit is reached, the way being still over a level plain.

But when the two gates, that is to say, those of the outmost and the inmost walls, have been passed, one mounts by means of steps so formed that an ascent is scarcely discernible, since it proceeds in a slanting direction, and the steps succeed one another at almost imperceptible heights. On the top of the hill is a rather spacious plain, and in the midst of this there rises a temple built with wondrous art.

G.M. Tell on, I pray you! Tell on! I am dying to hear more.

Capt. The temple is built in the form of a circle; it is not girt with walls, but stands upon thick columns, beautifully grouped. A very large dome, built with great care in the centre or pole, contains another small vault as it were rising out of it, and in this is a spiracle, which is right over the altar. There is but one altar in the middle of the temple, and this is hedged round by columns. The temple itself is on a space of more than 350 paces. Without it, arches measuring about eight paces extend from the heads of the columns outward, whence other columns rise about three paces from the thick, strong, and erect wall. Between these and the former columns there are galleries for walking, with beautiful pavements, and in the recess of the wall, which is adorned with numerous large doors, there are immovable seats, placed as it were between the inside columns, supporting the temple. Portable chairs are not wanting, many and well adorned. Nothing is seen over the altar but a large globe, upon which the heavenly bodies are painted, and another globe upon which there is a representation of the earth. Furthermore, in the vault of the dome there can be discerned representations of all the stars of heaven from the first to the sixth magnitude, with their proper names and power to influence terrestrial things marked in three little verses for each. There are the poles and greater and lesser circles according to the right latitude of the place, but these are not perfect because there is no wall below. They seem, too, to be made in their relation to the globes on the altar. The pavement of the temple is bright with precious stones. Its seven golden lamps hang always burning, and these bear the names of the seven planets.

At the top of the building several small and beautiful cells surround the small dome, and behind the level space above the bands or arches of the exterior and interior columns there are many cells, both small and large, where the priests and religious officers dwell to the number of forty-nine.

A revolving flag projects from the smaller dome, and this shows in what quarter the wind is. The flag is marked with figures up to thirty-six, and the priests know what sort of year the different kinds of winds bring and what will be the changes of weather on land and sea. Furthermore, under the flag a book is always kept written with letters of gold.

G.M. I pray you, worthy hero, explain to me their whole system of government; for I am anxious to hear it.

Capt. The great ruler among them is a priest whom they call by the name Hoh, though we should call him Metaphysic. He is head over all, in temporal and spiritual matters, and all business and lawsuits are settled by him, as the supreme authority. Three princes of equal power—viz., Pon, Sin, and Mor—assist him, and these in our tongue we should call Power, Wisdom, and Love. To Power belongs the care of all matters relating to war and peace. He attends to the military arts, and, next to Hoh, he is ruler in every affair of a warlike nature. He governs the military magistrates and the soldiers, and has the management of the munitions, the fortifications, the storming of places, the implements of war, the armories, the smiths and workmen connected with matters of this sort.

But Wisdom is the ruler of the liberal arts, of mechanics, of all sciences with their magistrates and doctors, and of the discipline of the schools. As many doctors as there are, are under his control. There is one doctor who is called Astrologus; a second, Cosmographus; a third, Arithmeticus; a fourth, Geometra; a fifth, Historiographus; a sixth, Poeta; a seventh, Logicus; an eighth, Rhetor; a ninth, Grammaticus; a tenth, Medicus; an eleventh, Physiologus; a twelfth, Politicus; a thirteenth, Moralis. They have but one

book, which they call Wisdom, and in it all the sciences are written with conciseness and marvellous fluency of expression. This they read to the people after the custom of the Pythagoreans. It is Wisdom who causes the exterior and interior, the higher and lower walls of the city to be adorned with the finest pictures, and to have all the sciences painted upon them in an admirable manner. On the walls of the temple and on the dome, which is let down when the priest gives an address, lest the sounds of his voice, being scattered, should fly away from his audience, there are pictures of stars in their different magnitudes, with the powers and motions of each, expressed separately in three little verses.

On the interior wall of the first circuit all the mathematical figures are conspicuously painted—figures more in number than Archimedes or Euclid discovered, marked symmetrically, and with the explanation of them neatly written and contained each in a little verse. There are definitions and propositions, etc. On the exterior convex wall is first an immense drawing of the whole earth, given at one view. Following upon this, there are tablets setting forth for every separate country the customs both public and private, the laws, the origins and the power of the inhabitants; and the alphabets the different people use can be seen above that of the City of the Sun.

On the inside of the second circuit, that is to say of the second ring of buildings, paintings of all kinds of precious and common stones, of minerals and metals, are seen; and a little piece of the metal itself is also there with an apposite explanation in two small verses for each metal or stone. On the outside are marked all the seas, rivers, lakes, and streams which are on the face of the earth; as are also the wines and the oils and the different liquids, with the sources from which the last are extracted, their qualities and strength. There are also vessels built into the wall above the arches, and these are full of liquids from one to 300 years old, which cure all diseases. Hail and snow, storms and thunder, and whatever else takes place in the air, are represented with suitable figures and little verses. The inhabitants even have the art of representing in stone all the phenomena of the air, such as the wind, rain, thunder, the rainbow, etc.

On the interior of the third circuit all the different families of trees and herbs are depicted, and there is a live specimen of each plant in earthenware vessels placed upon the outer partition of the arches. With the specimens there are explanations as to where they were first found, what are their powers and natures, and resemblances to celestial things and to metals, to parts of the human body and to things in the sea, and also as to their uses in medicine, etc. On the exterior wall are all the races of fish found in rivers, lakes, and seas, and their habits and values, and ways of breeding, training, and living, the purposes for which they exist in the world, and their uses to man. Further, their resemblances to celestial and terrestrial things, produced both by nature and art, are so given that I was astonished when I saw a fish which was like a bishop, one like a chain, another like a garment, a fourth like a nail, a fifth like a star, and others like images of those things existing among us, the relation in each case being completely manifest. There are sea-urchins to be seen, and the purple shell-fish and mussels; and whatever the watery world possesses worthy of being known is there fully shown in marvellous characters of painting and drawing.

On the fourth interior wall all the different kinds of birds are painted, with their natures, sizes, customs, colors, manner of living, etc.; and the only real phoenix is possessed by the inhabitants of this city. On the exterior are shown all the races of creeping animals, serpents, dragons, and worms; the insects, the flies, gnats, beetles, etc., in their different states, strength, venoms, and uses, and a great deal more than you or I can think of.

On the fifth interior they have all the larger animals of the earth, as many in number as would astonish you. We indeed know not the thousandth part of them, for on the exterior wall also a great many of immense size are also portrayed. To be sure, of horses alone, how great a number of breeds there is and how beautiful are the forms there cleverly displayed!

On the sixth interior are painted all the mechanical arts, with the several instruments for each and their manner of use among different nations. Alongside, the dignity of such is placed, and their several inventors are named. But on the exterior all the inventors in science, in warfare, and in law are represented. There I saw Moses, Osiris, Jupiter, Mercury, Lycurgus, Pompilius, Pythagoras, Zamolxis,

Solon, Charondas, Phoroneus, with very many others. They even have Mahomet, whom nevertheless they hate as a false and sordid legislator. In the most dignified position I saw a representation of Jesus Christ and of the twelve Apostles, whom they consider very worthy and hold to be great. Of the representations of men, I perceived Caesar, Alexander, Pyrrhus, and Hannibal in the highest place; and other very renowned heroes in peace and war, especially Roman heroes, were painted in lower positions, under the galleries. And when I asked with astonishment whence they had obtained our history, they told me that among them there was a knowledge of all languages, and that by perseverance they continually send explorers and ambassadors over the whole earth, who learn thoroughly the customs, forces, rule and histories of the nations, bad and good alike. These they apply all to their own republic, and with this they are well pleased. I learned that cannon and typography were invented by the Chinese before we knew of them. There are magistrates who announce the meaning of the pictures, and boys are accustomed to learn all the sciences, without toil and as if for pleasure; but in the way of history only until they are ten years old.

Love is foremost in attending to the charge of the race. He sees that men and women are so joined together, that they bring forth the best offspring. Indeed, they laugh at us who exhibit a studious care for our breed of horses and dogs, but neglect the breeding of human beings. Thus the education of the children is under his rule. So also is the medicine that is sold, the sowing and collecting of fruits of the earth and of trees, agriculture, pasturage, the preparations for the months, the cooking arrangements, and whatever has any reference to food, clothing, and the intercourse of the sexes. Love himself is ruler, but there are many male and female magistrates dedicated to these arts.

Metaphysic, then, with these three rulers, manages all the above-named matters, and even by himself alone nothing is done; all business is discharged by the four together, but in whatever Metaphysic inclines to the rest are sure to agree.

G.M. Tell me, please, of the magistrates, their services and duties, of the education and mode of living, whether the government is a monarchy, a republic, or an aristocracy.

Capt. This race of men came there from India, flying from the sword of the Magi, a race of plunderers and tyrants who laid waste their country, and they determined to lead a philosophic life in fellowship with one another. Although the community of wives is not instituted among the other inhabitants of their province, among them it is in use after this manner: All things are common with them, and their dispensation is by the authority of the magistrates. Arts and honors and pleasures are common, and are held in such a manner that no one can appropriate anything to himself.

They say that all private property is acquired and improved for the reason that each one of us by himself has his own home and wife and children. From this, self-love springs. For when we raise a son to riches and dignities, and leave an heir to much wealth, we become either ready to grasp at the property of the State, if in any case fear should be removed from the power which belongs to riches and rank; or avaricious, crafty, and hypocritical, if anyone is of slender purse, little strength, and mean ancestry. But when we have taken away self-love, there remains only love for the State.

G.M. Under such circumstances no one will be willing to labor, while he expects others to work, on the fruit of whose labors he can live, as Aristotle argues against Plato.

Capt. I do not know how to deal with that argument, but I declare to you that they burn with so great a love for their fatherland, as I could scarcely have believed possible; and indeed with much more than the histories tell us belonged to the Romans, who fell willingly for their country, inasmuch as they have to a greater extent surrendered their private property. I think truly that the friars and monks and clergy of our country, if they were not weakened by love for their kindred and friends or by the ambition to rise to higher dignities, would be less fond of property, and more imbued with a spirit of charity toward all, as it was in the time of the apostles, and is now in a great many cases.

G.M. St. Augustine may say that, but I say that among this race of men, friendship is worth nothing, since they have not the chance of conferring mutual benefits on one another.

Capt. Nay, indeed. For it is worth the trouble to see that no one can receive gifts from another. Whatever is necessary they have, they receive it from the community, and the magistrate takes care

that no one receives more than he deserves. Yet nothing necessary is denied to anyone. Friendship is recognized among them in war, in infirmity, in the art contests, by which means they aid one another mutually by teaching. Sometimes they improve themselves mutually with praises, with conversation, with actions, and out of the things they need. All those of the same age call one another brothers. They call all over twenty-two years of age, fathers; those that are less than twenty-two are named sons. Moreover, the magistrates govern well, so that no one in the fraternity can do injury to another.

G.M. And how?

Capt. As many names of virtues as there are among us, so many magistrates there are among them. There is a magistrate who is named Magnanimity, another Fortitude, a third Chastity, a fourth Liberality, a fifth Criminal and Civil Justice, a sixth Comfort, a seventh Truth, an eighth Kindness, a tenth Gratitude, an eleventh Cheerfulness, a twelfth Exercise, a thirteenth Sobriety, etc. They are elected to duties of that kind, each one to that duty for excellence in which he is known from boyhood to be most suitable. Wherefore among them neither robbery nor clever murders, nor lewdness, incest, adultery, or other crimes of which we accuse one another, can be found. They accuse themselves of ingratitude and malignity when anyone denies a lawful satisfaction to another of indolence, of sadness, of anger, of scurrility, of slander, and of lying, which curseful thing they thoroughly hate. Accused persons undergoing punishment are deprived of the common table, and other honors, until the judge thinks that they agree with their correction.

G.M. Tell me the manner in which the magistrates are chosen.

Capt. You would not rightly understand this, unless you first learned their manner of living. That you may know, then, men and women wear the same kind of garment, suited for war. The women wear the toga below the knee, but the men above; and both sexes are instructed in all the arts together. When this has been done as a start, and before their third year, the boys learn the language and the alphabet on the walls by walking round them. They have four leaders, and four elders, the first to direct them, the second to teach them, and these are men approved beyond all others. After some time they exercise themselves with gymnastics, running, quoits, and other games, by means of which all their muscles are strengthened alike. Their feet are always bare, and so are their heads as far as the seventh ring. Afterward they lead them to the offices of the trades, such as shoemaking, cooking, metal-working, carpentry, painting, etc. In order to find out the bent of the genius of each one, after their seventh year, when they have already gone through the mathematics on the walls, they take them to the readings of all the sciences; there are four lectures at each reading, and in the course of four hours the four in their order explain everything.

For some take physical exercise or busy themselves with public services or functions, others apply themselves to reading. Leaving these studies all are devoted to the more abstruse subjects, to mathematics, to medicine, and to other sciences. There are continual debate and studied argument among them, and after a time they become magistrates of those sciences or mechanical arts in which they are the most proficient; for everyone follows the opinion of his leader and judge, and goes out to the plains to the works of the field, and for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the pasturage of the dumb animals. And they consider him the more noble and renowned who has dedicated himself to the study of the most arts and knows how to practise them wisely. Wherefore they laugh at us in that we consider our workmen ignoble, and hold those to be noble who have mastered no pursuit, but live in ease and are so many slaves given over to their own pleasure and lasciviousness; and thus, as it were, from a school of vices so many idle and wicked fellows go forth for the ruin of the State.

The rest of the officials, however, are chosen by the four chiefs, Hoh, Pon, Sin and Mor, and by the teachers of that art over which they are fit to preside. And these teachers know well who is most suited for rule. Certain men are proposed by the magistrates in council, they themselves not seeking to become candidates, and he opposes who knows anything against those brought forward for election, or, if not, speaks in favor of them. But no one attains to the dignity of Hoh except him who knows the histories of the nations, and their customs and sacrifices and laws, and their form of government, whether a republic or a monarchy. He must also know the names of the lawgivers and the inventors in

science, and the laws and the history of the earth and the heavenly bodies. They think it also necessary that he should understand all the mechanical arts, the physical sciences, astrology and mathematics. Nearly every two days they teach our mechanical art. They are not allowed to overwork themselves, but frequent practice and the paintings render learning easy to them. Not too much care is given to the cultivation of languages, as they have a goodly number of interpreters who are grammarians in the State. But beyond everything else it is necessary that Hoh should understand metaphysics and theology; that he should know thoroughly the derivations, foundations, and demonstrations of all the arts and sciences; the likeness and difference of things; necessity, fate, and the harmonies of the universe; power, wisdom, and the love of things and of God; the stages of life and its symbols; everything relating to the heavens, the earth, and the sea; and the ideas of God, as much as mortal man can know of him. He must also be well read in the prophets and in astrology. And thus they know long beforehand who will be Hoh. He is not chosen to so great a dignity unless he has attained his thirty-fifth year. And this office is perpetual, because it is not known who may be too wise for it or who too skilled in ruling.

G.M. Who indeed can be so wise? If even anyone has a knowledge of the sciences it seems that he must be unskilled in ruling.

Capt. This very question I asked them and they replied thus: "We, indeed, are more certain that such a very learned man has the knowledge of governing, than you who place ignorant persons in authority, and consider them suitable merely because they have sprung from rulers or have been chosen by a powerful faction. But our Hoh, a man really the most capable to rule, is for all that never cruel nor wicked, nor a tyrant, inasmuch as he possesses so much wisdom. This, moreover, is not unknown to you, that the same argument cannot apply among you, when you consider that man the most learned who knows most of grammar, or logic, or of Aristotle or any other author. For such knowledge as this of yours much servile labor and memory work are required, so that a man is rendered unskilful, since he has contemplated nothing but the words of books and has given his mind with useless result to the consideration of the dead signs of things. Hence he knows not in what way God rules the universe, nor the ways and customs of nature and the nations. Wherefore he is not equal to our Hoh. For that one cannot know so many arts and sciences thoroughly, who is not esteemed for skilled ingenuity, very apt at all things, and therefore at ruling especially. This also is plain to us that he who knows only one science, does not really know either that or the others, and he who is suited for only one science and has gathered his knowledge from books, is unlearned and unskilled. But this is not the case with intellects prompt and expert in every branch of knowledge and suitable for the consideration of natural objects, as it is necessary that our Hoh should be. Besides in our State the sciences are taught with a facility (as you have seen) by which more scholars are turned out by us in one year than by you in ten, or even fifteen. Make trial, I pray you, of these boys."

In this matter I was struck with astonishment at their truthful discourse and at the trial of their boys, who did not understand my language well. Indeed it is necessary that three of them should be skilled in our tongue, three in Arabic, three in Polish, and three in each of the other languages, and no recreation is allowed them unless they become more learned. For that they go out to the plain for the sake of running about and hurling arrows and lances, and of firing harquebuses, and for the sake of hunting the wild animals and getting a knowledge of plants and stones, and agriculture and pasturage; sometimes the band of boys does one thing, sometimes another.

They do not consider it necessary that the three rulers assisting Hoh should know other than the arts having reference to their rule, and so they have only a historical knowledge of the arts which are common to all. But their own they know well, to which certainly one is dedicated more than another. Thus Power is the most learned in the equestrian art, in marshalling the army, in the marking out of camps, in the manufacture of every kind of weapon and of warlike machines, in planning stratagems, and in every affair of a military nature. And for these reasons, they consider it necessary that these chiefs should have been philosophers, historians, politicians, and physicists. Concerning the other two triumvirs, understand remarks similar to those I have made about Power.

G.M. I really wish that you would recount all their public duties, and would distinguish between them, and also that you would tell clearly how they are all taught in common.

Capt. They have dwellings in common and dormitories, and couches and other necessaries. But at the end of every six months they are separated by the masters. Some shall sleep in this ring, some in another; some in the first apartment, and some in the second; and these apartments are marked by means of the alphabet on the lintel. There are occupations, mechanical and theoretical, common to both men and women, with this difference, that the occupations which require more hard work, and walking a long distance, are practised by men, such as ploughing, sowing, gathering the fruits, working at the threshing-floor, and perchance at the vintage. But it is customary to choose women for milking the cows and for making cheese. In like manner, they go to the gardens near to the outskirts of the city both for collecting the plants and for cultivating them. In fact, all sedentary and stationary pursuits are practised by the women, such as weaving, spinning, sewing, cutting the hair, shaving, dispensing medicines, and making all kinds of garments. They are, however, excluded from working in wood and the manufacture of arms. If a woman is fit to paint, she is not prevented from doing so; nevertheless, music is given over to the women alone, because they please the more, and of a truth to boys also. But the women have not the practise of the drum and the horn.

And they prepare their feasts and arrange the tables in the following manner. It is the peculiar work of the boys and girls under twenty to wait at the tables. In every ring there are suitable kitchens, barns, and stores of utensils for eating and drinking, and over every department an old man and an old woman preside. These two have at once the command of those who serve, and the power of chastising, or causing to be chastised, those who are negligent or disobedient; and they also examine and mark each one, both male and female, who excels in his or her duties.

All the young people wait upon the older ones who have passed the age of forty, and in the evening when they go to sleep the master and mistress command that those should be sent to work in the morning, upon whom in succession the duty falls, one or two to separate apartments. The young people, however, wait upon one another, and that alas! with some unwillingness. They have first and second tables, and on both sides there are seats. On one side sit the women, on the other the men; and as in the refectories of the monks, there is no noise. While they are eating a young man reads a book from a platform, intoning distinctly and sonorously, and often the magistrates question them upon the more important parts of the reading. And truly it is pleasant to observe in what manner these young people, so beautiful and clothed in garments so suitable, attend to them, and to see at the same time so many friends, brothers, sons, fathers, and mothers all in their turn living together with so much honesty, propriety, and love. So each one is given a napkin, a plate, fish, and a dish of food. It is the duty of the medical officers to tell the cooks what repasts shall be prepared on each day, and what food for the old, what for the young, and what for the sick. The magistrates receive the full-grown and fatter portion, and they from their share always distribute something to the boys at the table who have shown themselves more studious in the morning at the lectures and debates concerning wisdom and arms. And this is held to be one of the most distinguished honors. For six days they ordain to sing with music at table. Only a few, however, sing; or there is one voice accompanying the lute and one for each other instrument. And when all alike in service join their hands, nothing is found to be wanting. The old men placed at the head of the cooking business and of the refectories of the servants praise the cleanliness of the streets, the houses, the vessels, the garments, the workshops, and the warehouses.

They wear white under-garments to which adheres a covering, which is at once coat and legging, without wrinkles. The borders of the fastenings are furnished with globular buttons, extended round and caught up here and there by chains. The coverings of the legs descend to the shoes and are continued even to the heels. Then they cover the feet with large socks, or, as it were, half-buskins fastened by buckles, over which they wear a half-boot, and besides, as I have already said, they are clothed with a toga. And so aptly fitting are the garments, that when the toga is destroyed, the different parts of the whole body are straightway discerned, no part being concealed. They change their clothes for different ones four times in the year, that is when the sun enters respectively the constellations Aries, Cancer,

Libra, and Capricorn, and according to the circumstances and necessity as decided by the officer of health. The keepers of clothes for the different rings are wont to distribute them, and it is marvellous that they have at the same time as many garments as there is need for, some heavy and some slight, according to the weather. They all use white clothing, and this is washed in each month with lye or soap, as are also the workshops of the lower trades, the kitchens, the pantries the barns, the store-houses, the armories, the refectories, and the baths.

Moreover, the clothes are washed at the pillars of the peristyles, and the water is brought down by means of canals which are continued as sewers. In every street of the different rings there are suitable fountains, which send forth their water by means of canals, the water being drawn up from nearly the bottom of the mountain by the sole movement of a cleverly contrived handle. There is water in fountains and in cisterns, whither the rain-water collected from the roofs of the houses is brought through pipes full of sand. They wash their bodies often, according as the doctor and master command. All the mechanical arts are practised under the peristyles, but the speculative are carried on above in the walking galleries and ramparts where are the more splendid paintings, but the more sacred ones are taught in the temple. In the halls and wings of the rings there are solar time-pieces and bells, and hands by which the hours and seasons are marked off.

G.M. Tell me about their children.

Capt. When their women have brought forth children, they suckle and rear them in temples set apart for all. They give milk for two years or more as the physician orders. After that time the weaned child is given into the charge of the mistresses, if it is a female, and to the masters, if it is a male. And then with other young children they are pleasantly instructed in the alphabet, and in the knowledge of the pictures, and in running, walking, and wrestling; also in the historical drawings, and in languages; and they are adorned with a suitable garment of different colors. After their sixth year they are taught natural science, and then the mechanical sciences. The men who are weak in intellect are sent to farms, and when they have become more proficient some of them are received into the State. And those of the same age and born under the same constellation are especially like one another in strength and in appearance, and hence arises much lasting concord in the State, these men honoring one another with mutual love and help. Names are given to them by Metaphysicus, and that not by chance, but designedly, and according to each one's peculiarity, as was the custom among the ancient Romans. Wherefore one is called Beautiful (Pulcher), another the Big-nosed (Naso), another the Fat-legged (Cranipes), another Crooked (Torvus), another Lean (Macer), and so on. But when they have become very skilled in their professions and done any great deed in war or in time of peace, a cognomen from art is given to them, such as Beautiful the Great Painter (Pulcher, Pictor Magnus), the Golden One (Aureus), the Excellent One (Excellens), or the Strong (Strenuus); or from their deeds, such as Naso the Brave (Nason Fortis), or the Cunning, or the Great, or Very Great Conqueror; or from the enemy anyone has overcome, Africanus, Asiaticus, Etruscus; or if anyone has overcome Manfred or Tortelius, he is called Macer Manfred or Tortelius, and so on. All these cognomens are added by the higher magistrates, and very often with a crown suitable to the deed or art, and with the flourish of music. For gold and silver are reckoned of little value among them except as material for their vessels and ornaments, which are common to all.

G.M. Tell me, I pray you, is there no jealousy among them or disappointment to that one who has not been elected to a magistracy, or to any other dignity to which he aspires?

Capt. Certainly not. For no one wants either necessities or luxuries. Moreover, the race is managed for the good of the commonwealth, and not of private individuals, and the magistrates must be obeyed. They deny what we hold—viz., that it is natural to man to recognize his offspring and to educate them, and to use his wife and house and children as his own. For they say that children are bred for the preservation of the species and not for individual pleasure, as St. Thomas also asserts. Therefore the breeding of children has reference to the commonwealth, and not to individuals, except in so far as they are constituents of the commonwealth. And since individuals for the most part bring forth children wrongly and educate them wrongly, they consider that they remove destruction from the State, and

therefore for this reason, with most sacred fear, they commit the education of the children, who, as it were, are the element of the republic, to the care of magistrates; for the safety of the community is not that of a few. And thus they distribute male and female breeders of the best natures according to philosophical rules. Plato thinks that this distribution ought to be made by lot, lest some men seeing that they are kept away from the beautiful women, should rise up with anger and hatred against the magistrates; and he thinks further that those who do not deserve cohabitation with the more beautiful women, should be deceived while the lots are being led out of the city by the magistrates, so that at all times the women who are suitable should fall to their lot, not those whom they desire. This shrewdness, however, is not necessary among the inhabitants of the City of the Sun. For with them deformity is unknown. When the women are exercised they get a clear complexion, and become strong of limb, tall and agile, and with them beauty consists in tallness and strength. Therefore, if any woman dyes her face, so that it may become beautiful, or uses high-heeled boots so that she may appear tall, or garments with trains to cover her wooden shoes, she is condemned to capital punishment. But if the women should even desire them they have no facility for doing these things. For who indeed would give them this facility? Further, they assert that among us abuses of this kind arise from the leisure and sloth of women. By these means they lose their color and have pale complexions, and become feeble and small. For this reason they are without proper complexions, use high sandals, and become beautiful not from strength, but from slothful tenderness. And thus they ruin their own tempers and natures, and consequently those of their offspring. Furthermore, if at any time a man is taken captive with ardent love for a certain woman, the two are allowed to converse and joke together and to give one another garlands of flowers or leaves, and to make verses. But if the race is endangered, by no means is further union between them permitted. Moreover, the love born of eager desire is not known among them; only that born of friendship.

Domestic affairs and partnerships are of little account, because, excepting the sign of honor, each one receives what he is in need of. To the heroes and heroines of the republic, it is customary to give the pleasing gifts of honor, beautiful wreaths, sweet food, or splendid clothes, while they are feasting. In the daytime all use white garments within the city, but at night or outside the city they use red garments either of wool or silk. They hate black as they do dung, and therefore they dislike the Japanese, who are fond of black. Pride they consider the most execrable vice, and one who acts proudly is chastised with the most ruthless correction. Wherefore no one thinks it lowering to wait at table or to work in the kitchen or fields. All work they call discipline, and thus they say that it is honorable to go on foot, to do any act of nature, to see with the eye, and to speak with the tongue; and when there is need, they distinguish philosophically between tears and spittle.

Every man who, when he is told off to work, does his duty, is considered very honorable. It is not the custom to keep slaves. For they are enough, and more than enough, for themselves. But with us, alas! it is not so. In Naples there exist 70,000 souls, and out of these scarcely 10,000 or 15,000 do any work, and they are always lean from overwork and are getting weaker every day. The rest become a prey to idleness, avarice, ill-health, lasciviousness, usury, and other vices, and contaminate and corrupt very many families by holding them in servitude for their own use, by keeping them in poverty and slavishness, and by imparting to them their own vices. Therefore public slavery ruins them; useful works, in the field, in military service, and in arts, except those which are debasing, are not cultivated, the few who do practise them doing so with much aversion.

But in the City of the Sun, while duty and work are distributed among all, it only falls to each one to work for about four hours every day. The remaining hours are spent in learning joyously, in debating, in reading, in reciting, in writing, in walking, in exercising the mind and body, and with play. They allow no game which is played while sitting, neither the single die nor dice, nor chess, nor others like these. But they play with the ball, with the sack, with the hoop, with wrestling, with hurling at the stake. They say, moreover, that grinding poverty renders men worthless, cunning, sulky, thievish, insidious, vagabonds, liars, false witnesses, etc.; and that wealth makes them insolent, proud, ignorant, traitors, assumers of what they know not, deceivers, boasters, wanting in affection, slanderers, etc. But

with them all the rich and poor together make up the community. They are rich because they want nothing, poor because they possess nothing; and consequently they are not slaves to circumstances, but circumstances serve them. And on this point they strongly recommend the religion of the Christians, and especially the life of the apostles.

G.M. This seems excellent and sacred, but the community of women is a thing too difficult to attain. The holy Roman Clement says that wives ought to be common in accordance with the apostolic institution, and praises Plato and Socrates, who thus teach, but the Glossary interprets this community with regard to obedience. And Tertullian agrees with the Glossary, that the first Christians had everything in common except wives.

Capt. These things I know little of. But this I saw among the inhabitants of the City of the Sun, that they did not make this exception. And they defend themselves by the opinion of Socrates, of Cato, of Plato, and of St. Clement; but, as you say, they misunderstand the opinions of these thinkers. And the inhabitants of the solar city ascribe this to their want of education, since they are by no means learned in philosophy. Nevertheless, they send abroad to discover the customs of nations, and the best of these they always adopt. Practice makes the women suitable for war and other duties. Thus they agree with Plato, in whom I have read these same things. The reasoning of our Cajetan does not convince me, and least of all that of Aristotle. This thing, however, existing among them is excellent and worthy of imitation—viz., that no physical defect renders a man incapable of being serviceable except the decrepitude of old age, since even the deformed are useful for consultation. The lame serve as guards, watching with the eyes which they possess. The blind card wool with their hands, separating the down from the hairs, with which latter they stuff the couches and sofas; those who are without the use of eyes and hands give the use of their ears or their voice for the convenience of the State, and if one has only one sense he uses it in the farms. And these cripples are well treated, and some become spies, telling the officers of the State what they have heard.

G.M. Tell me now, I pray you, of their military affairs. Then you may explain their arts, ways of life and sciences, and lastly their religion.

Capt. The triumvir, Power, has under him all the magistrates of arms, of artillery, of cavalry, of foot-soldiers, of architects, and of strategists; and the masters and many of the most excellent workmen obey the magistrates, the men of each art paying allegiance to their respective chiefs. Moreover, Power is at the head of all the professors of gymnastics, who teach military exercise, and who are prudent generals, advanced in age. By these the boys are trained after their twelfth year. Before this age, however, they have been accustomed to wrestling, running, throwing the weight, and other minor exercises, under inferior masters. But at twelve they are taught how to strike at the enemy, at horses and elephants, to handle the spear, the sword, the arrow, and the sling; to manage the horse, to advance and to retreat, to remain in order of battle, to help a comrade in arms, to anticipate the enemy by cunning, and to conquer.

The women also are taught these arts under their own magistrates and mistresses, so that they may be able if need be to render assistance to the males in battles near the city. They are taught to watch the fortifications lest at some time a hasty attack should suddenly be made. In this respect they praise the Spartans and Amazons. The women know well also how to let fly fiery balls, and how to make them from lead; how to throw stones from pinnacles and to go in the way of an attack. They are accustomed also to give up wine unmixed altogether, and that one is punished most severely who shows any fear.

The inhabitants of the City of the Sun do not fear death, because they all believe that the soul is immortal, and that when it has left the body it is associated with other spirits, wicked or good, according to the merits of this present life. Although they are partly followers of Brahma and Pythagoras, they do not believe in the transmigration of souls, except in some cases by a distinct decree of God. They do not abstain from injuring an enemy of the republic and of religion, who is unworthy of pity. During the second month the army is reviewed, and every day there is practice of arms, either in the cavalry plain or within the walls. Nor are they ever without lectures on the science of war. They take care that the accounts of Moses, of Joshua, of David, of Judas Maccabaeus, of Caesar, of Alexander, of Scipio,

of Hannibal, and other great soldiers should be read. And then each one gives his own opinion as to whether these generals acted well or ill, usefully or honorably, and then the teacher answers and says who are right.

G.M. With whom do they wage war, and for what reasons, since they are so prosperous?

Capt. Wars might never occur, nevertheless they are exercised in military tactics and in hunting, lest perchance they should become effeminate and unprepared for any emergency. Besides, there are four kingdoms in the island, which are very envious of their prosperity, for this reason that the people desire to live after the manner of the inhabitants of the City of the Sun, and to be under their rule rather than that of their own kings. Wherefore the State often makes war upon these because, being neighbors, they are usurpers and live impiously, since they have not an object of worship and do not observe the religion of other nations or of the Brahmins. And other nations of India, to which formerly they were subject, rise up as it were in rebellion, as also do the Taprobanese, whom they wanted to join them at first. The warriors of the City of the Sun, however, are always the victors. As soon as they suffered from insult or disgrace or plunder, or when their allies have been harassed, or a people have been oppressed by a tyrant of the State (for they are always the advocates of liberty), they go immediately to the Council for deliberation. After they have knelt in the presence of God, that he might inspire their consultation, they proceed to examine the merits of the business, and thus war is decided on. Immediately after, a priest, whom they call Forensic, is sent away. He demands from the enemy the restitution of the plunder, asks that the allies should be freed from oppression, or that the tyrant should be deposed. If they deny these things war is declared by invoking the vengeance of God—the God of Sabaoth—for destruction of those who maintain an unjust cause. But if the enemy refuse to reply, the priest gives him the space of one hour for his answer, if he is a king, but three if it is a republic, so that they cannot escape giving a response. And in this manner is war undertaken against the insolent enemies of natural rights and of religion. When war has been declared, the deputy of Power performs everything, but Power, like the Roman dictator, plans and wills everything, so that hurtful tardiness may be avoided. And when anything of great moment arises he consults Hoh and Wisdom and Love.

Before this, however, the occasion of war and the justice of making an expedition are declared by a herald in the great Council. All from twenty years and upward are admitted to this Council, and thus the necessities are agreed upon. All kinds of weapons stand in the armories, and these they use often in sham fights. The exterior walls of each ring are full of guns prepared by their labors, and they have other engines for hurling which are called cannons, and which they take into battle upon mules and asses and carriages. When they have arrived in an open plain they enclose in the middle the provisions, engines of war, chariots, ladders, and machines, and all fight courageously. Then each one returns to the standards, and the enemy thinking that they are giving and preparing to flee, are deceived and relax their order: then the warriors of the City of the Sun, wheeling into wings and columns on each side, regain their breath and strength, and ordering the artillery to discharge their bullets they resume the fight against a disorganized host. And they observe many ruses of this kind. They overcome all mortals with their stratagems and engines. Their camp is fortified after the manner of the Romans. They pitch their tents and fortify with wall and ditch with wonderful quickness. The masters of works, of engines and hurling machines, stand ready, and the soldiers understand the use of the spade and the axe.

Five, eight, or ten leaders learned in the order of battle and in strategy consult together concerning the business of war, and command their bands after consultation. It is their wont to take out with them a body of boys, armed and on horses, so that they may learn to fight, just as the whelps of lions and wolves are accustomed to blood. And these in time of danger betake themselves to a place of safety, along with many armed women. After the battle the women and boys soothe and relieve the pain of the warriors, and wait upon them and encourage them with embraces and pleasant words. How wonderful a help is this! For the soldiers, in order that they may acquit themselves as sturdy men in the eyes of their wives and offspring, endure hardships, and so love makes them conquerors. He who in the fight first scales the enemy's walls receives after the battle of a crown of grass, as a token of honor, and at the presentation the women and boys applaud loudly; that one who affords aid to an ally gets a civic

crown of oak-leaves; he who kills a tyrant dedicates his arms in the temple and receives from Hoh the cognomen of his deed, and other warriors obtain other kinds of crowns.

Every horse-soldier carries a spear and two strongly tempered pistols, narrow at the mouth, hanging from his saddle. And to get the barrels of their pistols narrow they pierce the metal which they intend to convert into arms. Further, every cavalry soldier has a sword and a dagger. But the rest, who form the light-armed troops, carry a metal cudgel. For if the foe cannot pierce their metal for pistols and cannot make swords, they attack him with clubs, shatter and overthrow him. Two chains of six spans length hang from the club, and at the end of these are iron balls, and when these are aimed at the enemy they surround his neck and drag him to the ground; and in order that they may be able to use the club more easily, they do not hold the reins with their hands, but use them by means of the feet. If perchance the reins are interchanged above the trappings of the saddle, the ends are fastened to the stirrups with buckles, and not to the feet. And the stirrups have an arrangement for swift movement of the bridle, so that they draw in or let out the rein with marvellous celerity. With the right foot they turn the horse to the left, and with the left to the right. This secret, moreover, is not known to the Tartars. For, although they govern the reins with their feet, they are ignorant nevertheless of turning them and drawing them in and letting them out by means of the block of the stirrups. The light-armed cavalry with them are the first to engage in battle, then the men forming the phalanx with their spears, then the archers for whose services a great price is paid, and who are accustomed to fight in lines crossing one another as the threads of cloth, some rushing forward in their turn and others receding. They have a band of lancers strengthening the line of battle, but they make trial of the swords only at the end.

After the battle they celebrate the military triumphs after the manner of the Romans, and even in a more magnificent way. Prayers by the way of thank-offerings are made to God, and then the general presents himself in the temple, and the deeds, good and bad, are related by the poet or historian, who according to custom was with the expedition. And the greatest chief, Hoh, crowns the general with laurel and distributes little gifts and honors to all the valorous soldiers, who are for some days free from public duties. But this exemption from work is by no means pleasing to them, since they know not what it is to be at leisure, and so they help their companions. On the other hand, they who have been conquered through their own fault, or have lost the victory, are blamed; and they who were the first to take to flight are in no way worthy to escape death, unless when the whole army asks their lives, and each one takes upon himself a part of their punishment. But this indulgence is rarely granted, except when there are good reasons favoring it. But he who did not bear help to an ally or friend is beaten with rods. That one who did not obey orders is given to the beasts, in an enclosure, to be devoured, and a staff is put in his hand, and if he should conquer the lions and the bears that are there, which is almost impossible, he is received into favor again. The conquered States or those willingly delivered up to them, forthwith have all things in common, and receive a garrison and magistrates from the City of the Sun, and by degrees they are accustomed to the ways of the city, the mistress of all, to which they even send their sons to be taught without contributing anything for expense.

It would be too great trouble to tell you about the spies and their master, and about the guards and laws and ceremonies, both within and without the State, which you can of yourself imagine. Since from childhood they are chosen according to their inclination and the star under which they were born, therefore each one working according to his natural propensity does his duty well and pleasantly, because naturally. The same things I may say concerning strategy and the other functions.

There are guards in the city by day and by night, and they are placed at the four gates, and outside the walls of the seventh ring, above the breastworks and towers and inside mounds. These places are guarded in the day by women, in the night by men. And lest the guard should become weary of watching, and in case of a surprise, they change them every three hours, as is the custom with our soldiers. At sunset, when the drum and symphonia sound, the armed guards are distributed. Cavalry and infantry make use of hunting as the symbol of war and practise games and hold festivities in the plains. Then the music strikes up, and freely they pardon the offences and faults of the enemy, and after the victories they are kind to them, if it has been decreed that they should destroy the walls of the enemy's city

and take their lives. All these things are done on the same day as the victory, and afterward they never cease to load the conquered with favors, for they say that there ought to be no fighting, except when the conquerors give up the conquered, not when they kill them. If there is a dispute among them concerning injury or any other matter (for they themselves scarcely ever contend except in matters of honor), the chief and his magistrates chastise the accused one secretly, if he has done harm in deeds after he has been first angry. If they wait until the time of the battle for the verbal decision, they must give vent to their anger against the enemy, and he who in battle shows the most daring deeds is considered to have defended the better and truer cause in the struggle, and the other yields, and they are punished justly. Nevertheless, they are not allowed to come to single combat, since right is maintained by the tribunal, and because the unjust cause is often apparent when the more just succumbs, and he who professes to be the better man shows this in public fight.

G.M. This is worth while, so that factions should not be cherished for the harm of the fatherland, and so that civil wars might not occur, for by means of these a tyrant often arises, as the examples of Rome and Athens show. Now, I pray you, tell me of their works and matter connected therewith.

Capt. I believe that you have already heard about their military affairs and about their agricultural and pastoral life, and in what way these are common to them, and how they honor with the first grade of nobility whoever is considered to have knowledge of these. They who are skilful in more arts than these they consider still nobler, and they set that one apart for teaching the art in which he is most skilful. The occupations which require the most labor, such as working in metals and building, are the most praiseworthy among them. No one declines to go to these occupations, for the reason that from the beginning their propensities are well known, and among them, on account of the distribution of labor, no one does work harmful to him, but only that which is necessary for him. The occupations entailing less labor belong to the women. All of them are expected to know how to swim, and for this reason ponds are dug outside the walls of the city and within them near to the fountains.

Commerce is of little use to them, but they know the value of money, and they count for the use of their ambassadors and explorers, so that with it they may have the means of living. They receive merchants into their States from the different countries of the world, and these buy the superfluous goods of the city. The people of the City of the Sun refuse to take money, but in importing they accept in exchange those things of which they are in need, and sometimes they buy with money; and the young people in the City of the Sun are much amused when they see that for a small price they receive so many things in exchange. The old men, however, do not laugh. They are unwilling that the State should be corrupted by the vicious customs of slaves and foreigners. Therefore they do business at the gates, and sell those whom they have taken in war or keep them for digging ditches and other hard work without the city, and for this reason they always send four bands of soldiers to take care of the fields, and with them there are the laborers. They go out of the four gates from which roads with walls on both sides of them lead to the sea, so that goods might easily be carried over them and foreigners might not meet with difficulty on their way.

To strangers they are kind and polite; they keep them for three days at the public expense; after they have first washed their feet, they show them their city and its customs, and they honor them with a seat at the Council and public table, and there are men whose duty it is to take care of and guard the guests. But if strangers should wish to become citizens of their State, they try them first for a month on a farm, and for another month in the city, then they decide concerning them, and admit them with certain ceremonies and oaths.

Agriculture is much followed among them; there is not a span of earth without cultivation, and they observe the winds and propitious stars. With the exception of a few left in the city all go out armed, and with flags and drums and trumpets sounding, to the fields, for the purposes of ploughing, sowing, digging, hoeing, reaping, gathering fruit and grapes; and they set in order everything, and do their work in a very few hours and with much care. They use wagons fitted with sails which are borne along by the wind even when it is contrary, by the marvellous contrivance of wheels within wheels.

And when there is no wind a beast draws along a huge cart, which is a grand sight.

The guardians of the land move about in the meantime, armed and always in their proper turn. They do not use dung and filth for manuring the fields, thinking that the fruit contracts something of their rottenness, and when eaten gives a short and poor subsistence, as women who are beautiful with rouge and from want of exercise bring forth feeble offspring. Wherefore they do not as it were paint the earth, but dig it up well and use secret remedies, so that fruit is borne quickly and multiplies, and is not destroyed. They have a book for this work, which they call the *Georgics*. As much of the land as is necessary is cultivated, and the rest is used for the pasturage of cattle.

The excellent occupation of breeding and rearing horses, oxen, sheep, dogs, and all kinds of domestic and tame animals is in the highest esteem among them as it was in the time of Abraham. And the animals are led so to pair that they may be able to breed well.

Fine pictures of oxen, horses, sheep, and other animals are placed before them. They do not turn out horses with mares to feed, but at the proper time they bring them together in an enclosure of the stables in their fields. And this is done when they observe that the constellation Archer is in favorable conjunction with Mars and Jupiter. For the oxen they observe the Bull, for the sheep the Ram, and so on in accordance with art. Under the Pleiades they keep a drove of hens and ducks and geese, which are driven out by the women to feed near the city. The women only do this when it is a pleasure to them. There are also places enclosed, where they make cheese, butter, and milk-food. They also keep capons, fruit, and other things, and for all these matters there is a book which they call the *Bucolics*. They have an abundance of all things, since everyone likes to be industrious, their labors being slight and profitable. They are docile, and that one among them who is head of the rest in duties of this kind they call king. For they say that this is the proper name of the leaders, and it does not belong to ignorant persons. It is wonderful to see how men and women march together collectively, and always in obedience to the voice of the king. Nor do they regard him with loathing as we do, for they know that although he is greater than themselves, he is for all that their father and brother. They keep groves and woods for wild animals, and they often hunt.

The science of navigation is considered very dignified by them, and they possess rafts and triremes, which go over the waters without rowers or the force of the wind, but by a marvellous contrivance. And other vessels they have which are moved by the winds. They have a correct knowledge of the stars, and of the ebb and flow of the tide. They navigate for the sake of becoming acquainted with nations and different countries and things. They injure nobody, and they do not put up with injury, and they never go to battle unless when provoked. They assert that the whole earth will in time come to live in accordance with their customs, and consequently they always find out whether there be a nation whose manner of living is better and more approved than the rest. They admire the Christian institutions and look for a realization of the apostolic life in vogue among themselves and in us. There are treaties between them and the Chinese and many other nations, both insular and continental, such as Siam and Calicut, which they are only just able to explore. Furthermore, they have artificial fires, battles on sea and land, and many strategic secrets. Therefore they are nearly always victorious.

G.M. Now it would be very pleasant to learn with what foods and drinks they are nourished, and in what way and for how long they live.

Capt. Their food consists of flesh, butter, honey, cheese, garden herbs, and vegetables of various kinds. They were unwilling at first to slay animals, because it seemed cruel; but thinking afterward that it was also cruel to destroy herbs which have a share of sensitive feeling, they saw that they would perish from hunger unless they did an unjustifiable action for the sake of justifiable ones, and so now they all eat meat. Nevertheless, they do not kill willingly useful animals, such as oxen and horses. They observe the difference between useful and harmful foods, and for this they employ the science of medicine. They always change their food. First they eat flesh, then fish, then afterward they go back to flesh, and nature is never incommoded or weakened. The old people use the more digestible kind of food, and take three meals a day, eating only a little. But the general community eat twice, and the boys four times, that they may satisfy nature. The length of their lives is generally 100 years, but often they reach 200.

As regards drinking, they are extremely moderate. Wine is never given to young people until they are ten years old, unless the state of their health demands it. After their tenth year they take it diluted with water, and so do the women, but the old men of fifty and upward use little or no water. They eat the most healthy things, according to the time of the year.

They think nothing harmful which is brought forth by God, except when there has been abuse by taking too much. And therefore in the summer they feed on fruits, because they are moist and juicy and cool, and counteract the heat and dryness. In the winter they feed on dry articles, and in the autumn they eat grapes, since they are given by God to remove melancholy and sadness; and they also make use of scents to a great degree. In the morning, when they have all risen they comb their hair and wash their faces and hands with cold water. Then they chew thyme or rock-parsley or fennel, or rub their hands with these plants. The old men make incense, and with their faces to the east repeat the short prayer which Jesus Christ taught us. After this they go to wait upon the old men, some go to the dance, and others to the duties of the State. Later on they meet at the early lectures, then in the temple, then for bodily exercise. Then for a little while they sit down to rest, and at length they go to dinner.

Among them there is never gout in the hands or feet, nor catarrh, nor sciatica, nor grievous colics, nor flatulency, nor hard breathing. For these diseases are caused by indigestion and flatulency, and by frugality and exercise they remove every humor and spasm. Therefore it is unseemly in the extreme to be seen vomiting or spitting, since they say that this is a sign either of little exercise, or of ignoble sloth, or of drunkenness, or gluttony. They suffer rather from swellings or from the dry spasm, which they relieve with plenty of good and juicy food. They heal fevers with pleasant baths and with milk-food, and with a pleasant habitation in the country and by gradual exercise. Unclean diseases cannot be prevalent with them because they often clean their bodies by bathing in wine, and soothe them with aromatic oil, and by the sweat of exercise they diffuse the poisonous vapor which corrupts the blood and the marrow. They do suffer a little from consumption, because they cannot perspire at the breast, but they never have asthma, for the humid nature of which a heavy man is required. They cure hot fevers with cold potations of water, but slight ones with sweet smells, with cheese-bread or sleep, with music or dancing. Tertiary fevers are cured by bleeding, by rhubarb or by a similar drawing remedy, or by water soaked in the roots of plants, with purgative and sharp-tasting qualities. But it is rarely that they take purgative medicines. Fevers occurring every fourth day are cured easily by suddenly startling the unprepared patients, and by means of herbs producing effects opposite to the humors of this fever. All these secrets they told me in opposition to their own wishes. They take more diligent pains to cure the lasting fevers, which they fear more, and they strive to counteract these by the observation of stars and of plants, and by prayers to God. Fevers recurring every fifth, sixth, eighth or more days, you never find whenever heavy humors are wanting.

They use baths, and moreover they have warm ones according to the Roman custom, and they make use also of olive oil. They have found out, too, a great many secret cures for the preservation of cleanliness and health. And in other ways they labor to cure the epilepsy, with which they are often troubled.

G.M. A sign this disease is of wonderful cleverness, for from it Hercules, Scotus, Socrates, Callimachus, and Mahomet have suffered.

Capt. They cure by means of prayers to heaven, by strengthening the head, by acids, by planned gymnastics, and with fat cheese-bread sprinkled with the flour of wheaten corn. They are very skilled in making dishes, and in them they put spice, honey, butter, and many highly strengthening spices, and they temper their richness with acids, so that they never vomit. They do not drink ice-cold drinks nor artificial hot drinks, as the Chinese do; for they are not without aid against the humors of the body, on account of the help they get from the natural heat of the water; but they strengthen it with crushed garlic, with vinegar, with wild thyme, with mint, and with basil, in the summer or in time of special heaviness. They know also a secret for renovating life after about the seventieth year, and for ridding it of affliction, and this they do by a pleasing and indeed wonderful art.

G.M. Thus far you have said nothing concerning their sciences and magistrates.

Capt. Undoubtedly I have. But since you are so curious I will add more. Both when it is new moon and full moon they call a council after a sacrifice. To this all from twenty years upward are admitted, and each one is asked separately to say what is wanting in the State, and which of the magistrates have discharged their duties rightly and which wrongly. Then after eight days all the magistrates assemble, to wit, Hoh first, and with him Power, Wisdom, and Love. Each one of the three last has three magistrates under him, making in all thirteen, and they consider the affairs of the arts pertaining to each one of them: Power, of war; Wisdom, of the sciences; Love, of food, clothing, education, and breeding. The masters of all the bands, who are captains of tens, of fifties, of hundreds, also assemble, the women first and then the men. They argue about those things which are for the welfare of the State, and they choose the magistrates from among those who have already been named in the great Council. In this manner they assemble daily, Hoh and his three princes, and they correct, confirm, and execute the matters passing to them, as decisions in the elections; other necessary questions they provide of themselves. They do not use lots unless when they are altogether doubtful how to decide. The eight magistrates under Hoh, Power, Wisdom, and Love are changed according to the wish of the people, but the first four are never changed, unless they, taking counsel with themselves, give up the dignity of one to another, whom among them they know to be wiser, more renowned, and more nearly perfect. And then they are obedient and honorable, since they yield willingly to the wiser man and are taught by him. This, however, rarely happens. The principals of the sciences, except Metaphysic, who is Hoh himself, and is, as it were, the architect of all science, having rule over all, are attached to Wisdom. Hoh is ashamed to be ignorant of any possible thing. Under Wisdom therefore are Grammar, Logic, Physics, Medicine, Astrology, Astronomy, Geometry, Cosmography, Music, Perspective, Arithmetic, Poetry, Rhetoric, Painting, Sculpture. Under the triumvir Love are Breeding, Agriculture, Education, Medicine, Clothing, Pasturage, Coining.

G.M. What about their judges?

Capt. This is the point I was just thinking of explaining. Everyone is judged by the first master of his trade, and thus all the head artificers are judges. They punish with exile, with flogging, with blame, with deprivation of the common table, with exclusion from the church and from the company of women. When there is a case in which great injury has been done, it is punished with death, and they repay an eye with an eye, a nose for a nose, a tooth for a tooth, and so on, according to the law of retaliation. If the offence is wilful the Council decides. When there is strife and it takes place undesignedly, the sentence is mitigated; nevertheless, not by the judge but by the triumvirate, from whom even it may be referred to Hoh, not on account of justice but of mercy, for Hoh is able to pardon. They have no prisons, except one tower for shutting up rebellious enemies, and there is no written statement of a case, which we commonly call a lawsuit. But the accusation and witnesses are produced in the presence of the judge and Power; the accused person makes his defence, and he is immediately acquitted or condemned by the judge; and if he appeals to the triumvirate, on the following day he is acquitted or condemned. On the third day he is dismissed through the mercy and clemency of Hoh, or receives the inviolable rigor of his sentence. An accused person is reconciled to his accuser and to his witnesses, as it were, with the medicine of his complaint, that is, with embracing and kissing.

No one is killed or stoned unless by the hands of the people, the accuser and the witnesses beginning first. For they have no executioners and lictors, lest the State should sink into ruin. The choice of death is given to the rest of the people, who enclose the lifeless remains in little bags and burn them by the application of fire, while exhorters are present for the purpose of advising concerning a good death. Nevertheless, the whole nation laments and beseeches God that his anger may be appeased, being in grief that it should, as it were, have to cut off a rotten member of the State. Certain officers talk to and convince the accused man by means of arguments until he himself acquiesces in the sentence of death passed upon him, or else he does not die. But if a crime has been committed against the liberty of the republic, or against God, or against the supreme magistrates, there is immediate censure without pity. These only are punished with death. He who is about to die is compelled to state in the presence of the people and with religious scrupulousness the reasons for which he does not deserve death, and

also the sins of the others who ought to die instead of him, and further the mistakes of the magistrates. If, moreover, it should seem right to the person thus asserting, he must say why the accused ones are deserving of less punishment than he. And if by his arguments he gains the victory he is sent into exile, and appeases the State by means of prayers and sacrifices and good life ensuing. They do not torture those named by the accused person, but they warn them. Sins of frailty and ignorance are punished only with blaming, and with compulsory continuation as learners under the law and discipline of those sciences or arts against which they have sinned. And all these things they have mutually among themselves, since they seem to be in very truth members of the same body, and one of another.

This further I would have you know, that if a transgressor, without waiting to be accused, goes of his own accord before a magistrate, accusing himself and seeking to make amends, that one is liberated from the punishment of a secret crime, and since he has not been accused of such a crime, his punishment is changed into another. They take special care that no one should invent slander, and if this should happen they meet the offence with the punishment of retaliation. Since they always walk about and work in crowds, five witnesses are required for the conviction of a transgressor. If the case is otherwise, after having threatened him, he is released after he has sworn an oath as the warrant of good conduct. Or if he is accused a second or third time, his increased punishment rests on the testimony of three or two witnesses. They have but few laws, and these short and plain, and written upon a flat table and hanging to the doors of the temple, that is between the columns. And on single columns can be seen the essences of things described in the very terse style of *Metaphysic*—viz., the essences of God, of the angels, of the world, of the stars, of man, of fate, of virtue, all done with great wisdom. The definitions of all the virtues are also delineated here, and here is the tribunal, where the judges of all the virtues have their seat. The definition of a certain virtue is written under that column where the judges for the aforesaid virtue sit, and when a judge gives judgment he sits and speaks thus: O son, thou hast sinned against this sacred definition of beneficence, or of magnanimity, or of another virtue, as the case may be. And after discussion the judge legally condemns him to the punishment for the crime of which he is accused—viz., for injury, for despondency, for pride, for ingratitude, for sloth, etc. But the sentences are certain and true correctives, savoring more of clemency than of actual punishment.

G.M. Now you ought to tell me about their priests, their sacrifices, their religion, and their belief.

Capt. The chief priest is Hoh, and it is the duty of all the superior magistrates to pardon sins. Therefore the whole State by secret confession, which we also use, tell their sins to the magistrates, who at once purge their souls and teach those that are inimical to the people. Then the sacred magistrates themselves confess their own sinfulness to the three supreme chiefs, and together they confess the faults of one another, though no special one is named, and they confess especially the heavier faults and those harmful to the State. At length the triumvirs confess their sinfulness to Hoh himself, who forthwith recognizes the kinds of sins that are harmful to the State, and succors with timely remedies. Then he offers sacrifices and prayers to God. And before this he confesses the sins of the whole people, in the presence of God, and publicly in the temple, above the altar, as often as it had been necessary that the fault should be corrected. Nevertheless, no transgressor is spoken of by his name. In this manner he absolves the people by advising them that they should beware of sins of the aforesaid kind. Afterward he offers sacrifice to God, that he should pardon the State and absolve it of its sins, and to teach and defend it. Once in every year the chief priests of each separate subordinate State confess their sins in the presence of Hoh. Thus he is not ignorant of the wrongdoings of the provinces, and forthwith he removes them with all human and heavenly remedies.

Sacrifice is conducted after the following manner: Hoh asks the people which one among them wishes to give himself as a sacrifice to God for the sake of his fellows. He is then placed upon the fourth table, with ceremonies and the offering up of prayers: the table is hung up in a wonderful manner by means of four ropes passing through four cords attached to firm pulley-blocks in the small dome of the temple. This done they cry to the God of mercy, that he may accept the offering, not of a beast as among the heathen, but of a human being. Then Hoh orders the ropes to be drawn and the sacrifice is pulled up above to the centre of the small dome, and there it dedicates itself with the most fervent supplications.

Food is given to it through a window by the priests, who live around the dome, but it is allowed a very little to eat, until it has atoned for the sins of the State. There with prayer and fasting he cries to the God of heaven that he might accept its willing offering. And after twenty or thirty days, the anger of God being appeased, the sacrifice becomes a priest, or sometimes, though rarely, returns below by means of the outer way for the priests. Ever after, this man is treated with great benevolence and much honor, for the reason that he offered himself unto death for the sake of his country. But God does not require death.

The priests above twenty-four years of age offer praises from their places in the top of the temple. This they do in the middle of the night, at noon, in the morning and in the evening, to wit, four times a day they sing their chants in the presence of God. It is also their work to observe the stars and to note with the astrolabe their motions and influences upon human things, and to find out their powers. Thus they know in what part of the earth any change has been or will be, and at what time it has taken place, and they send to find whether the matter be as they have it. They make a note of predictions, true and false, so that they may be able from experience to predict most correctly. The priests, moreover, determine the hours for breeding and the days for sowing, reaping, and gathering the vintage, and are, as it were, the ambassadors and intercessors and connection between God and man. And it is from among them mostly that Hoh is elected. They write very learned treatises and search into the sciences. Below they never descend, unless for their dinner and supper, so that the essence of their heads do not descend to the stomachs and liver. Only very seldom, and that as a cure for the ills of solitude, do they have converse with women. On certain days Hoh goes up to them and deliberates with them concerning the matters which he has lately investigated for the benefit of the State and all the nations of the world.

In the temple beneath, one priest always stands near the altar praying for the people, and at the end of every hour another succeeds him, just as we are accustomed in solemn prayer to change every fourth hour. And this method of supplication they call perpetual prayer. After a meal they return thanks to God. Then they sing the deeds of the Christian, Jewish, and Gentile heroes, and of those of all other nations, and this is very delightful to them. Forsooth, no one is envious of another. They sing a hymn to Love, one to Wisdom, and one each to all the other virtues, and this they do under the direction of the ruler of each virtue. Each one takes the woman he loves most, and they dance for exercise with propriety and stateliness under the peristyles. The women wear their long hair all twisted together and collected into one knot on the crown of the head, but in rolling it they leave one curl. The men, however, have one curl only and the rest of their hair around the head is shaven off. Further, they wear a slight covering, and above this a round hat a little larger than the size of their head. In the fields they use caps, but at home each one wears a biretta, white, red, or another color according to his trade or occupation. Moreover, the magistrates use grander and more imposing-looking coverings for the head.

They hold great festivities when the sun enters the four cardinal points of the heavens, that is, when he enters Cancer, Libra, Capricorn, and Aries. On these occasions they have very learned, splendid, and, as it were, comic performances. They celebrate also every full and every new moon with a festival, as also they do the anniversaries of the founding of the city, and of the days when they have won victories or done any other great achievement. The celebrations take place with the music of female voices, with the noise of trumpets and drums, and the firing of salutations. The poets sing the praises of the most renowned leaders and the victories. Nevertheless, if any of them should deceive even by disparaging a foreign hero, he is punished. No one can exercise the function of a poet who invents that which is not true, and a license like this they think to be a pest of our world, for the reason that it puts a premium upon virtue and often assigns it to unworthy persons, either from fear of flattery, or ambition, or avarice.

For the praise of no one is a statue erected until after his death; but while he is alive, who has found out new arts and very useful secrets, or who has rendered great service to the State either at home or on the battle-field, his name is written in the book of heroes. They do not bury dead bodies, but burn them, so that a plague may not arise from them, and so that they may be converted into fire, a very noble and powerful thing, which has its coming from the sun and returns to it. And for the above reasons no chance is given for idolatry. The statues and pictures of the heroes, however, are there, and

the splendid women set apart to become mothers often look at them. Prayers are made from the State to the four horizontal corners of the world—in the morning to the rising sun, then to the setting sun, then to the south, and lastly to the north; and in the contrary order in the evening, first to the setting sun, to the rising sun, to the north, and at length to the south. They repeat but one prayer, which asks for health of body and of mind, and happiness for themselves and all people, and they conclude it with the petition “As it seems best to God.” The public prayer for all is long, and it is poured forth to heaven. For this reason the altar is round and is divided crosswise by ways at right angles to one another. By these ways Hoh enters after he has repeated the four prayers, and he prays looking up to heaven. And then a great mystery is seen by them. The priestly vestments are of a beauty and meaning like to those of Aaron. They resemble nature and they surpass Art.

They divide the seasons according to the revolution of the sun, and not of the stars, and they observe yearly by how much time the one precedes the other. They hold that the sun approaches nearer and nearer, and therefore by ever-lessening circles reaches the tropics and the equator every year a little sooner. They measure months by the course of the moon, years by that of the sun. They praise Ptolemy, admire Copernicus, but place Aristarchus and Philolaus before him. They take great pains in endeavoring to understand the construction of the world, and whether or not it will perish, and at what time. They believe that the true oracle of Jesus Christ is by the signs in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars, which signs do not thus appear to many of us foolish ones. Therefore they wait for the renewing of the age, and perchance for its end.

They say that it is very doubtful whether the world was made from nothing, or from the ruins of other worlds, or from chaos, but they certainly think that it was made, and did not exist from eternity. Therefore they disbelieve in Aristotle, whom they consider a logician and not a philosopher. From analogies, they can draw many arguments against the eternity of the world. The sun and the stars they, so to speak, regard as the living representatives and signs of God, as the temples and holy living altars, and they honor but do not worship them. Beyond all other things they venerate the sun, but they consider no created thing worthy the adoration of worship. This they give to God alone, and thus they serve Him, that they may not come into the power of a tyrant and fall into misery by undergoing punishment by creatures of revenge. They contemplate and know God under the image of the Sun, and they call it the sign of God, His face and living image, by means of which light, heat, life, and the making of all things good and bad proceed. Therefore they have built an altar like to the sun in shape, and the priests praise God in the sun and in the stars, as it were His altars, and in the heavens, His temple as it were; and they pray to good angels, who are, so to speak, the intercessors living in the stars, their strong abodes. For God long since set signs of their beauty in heaven, and of His glory in the sun. They say there is but one heaven, and that the planets move and rise of themselves when they approach the sun or are in conjunction with it.

They assert two principles of the physics of things below, namely, that the sun is the father, and the earth the mother; the air is an impure part of the heavens; all fire is derived from the sun. The sea is the sweat of earth, or the fluid of earth combusted, and fused within its bowels, but is the bond of union between air and earth, as the blood is of the spirit and flesh of animals. The world is a great animal, and we live within it as worms live within us. Therefore we do not belong to the system of stars, sun, and earth, but to God only; for in respect to them which seek only to amplify themselves, we are born and live by chance; but in respect to God, whose instruments we are, we are formed by prescience and design, and for a high end. Therefore we are bound to no father but God, and receive all things from Him. They hold as beyond question the immortality of souls, and that these associate with good angels after death, or with bad angels, according as they have likened themselves in this life to either. For all things seek their like. They differ little from us as to places of reward and punishment. They are in doubt whether there are other worlds beyond ours, and account it madness to say there is nothing. Nonentity is incompatible with the infinite entity of God. They lay down two principles of metaphysics, entity which is the highest God, and nothingness which is the defect of entity. Evil and sin come of the propensity to nothingness; the sin having its cause not efficient, but in deficiency. Deficiency is, they

say, of power, wisdom, or will. Sin they place in the last of these three, because he who knows and has the power to do good is bound also to have the will, for will arises out of them. They worship God in trinity, saying God is the Supreme Power, whence proceeds the highest Wisdom, which is the same with God, and from these comes Love, which is both power and wisdom; but they do not distinguish persons by name, as in our Christian law, which has not been revealed to them. This religion, when its abuses have been removed, will be the future mistress of the world, as great theologians teach and hope. Therefore Spain found the New World (though its first discoverer, Columbus, greatest of heroes, was a Genoese), that all nations should be gathered under one law. We know not what we do, but God knows, whose instruments we are. They sought new regions for lust of gold and riches, but God works to a higher end. The sun strives to burn up the earth, not to produce plants and men, but God guides the battle to great issues. His the praise, to Him the glory!

G.M. Oh, if you knew what our astrologers say of the coming age, and of our age, that has in it more history within 100 years than all the world had in 4,000 years before! of the wonderful inventions of printing and guns, and the use of the magnet, and how it all comes of Mercury, Mars, the Moon, and the Scorpion!

Capt. Ah, well! God gives all in His good time. They astrologize too much.

43. Division, Government, Freedom

Author: U. G. Krishnamurti

Topics: anarchy, anti-war, poverty, Western Civilization, Third World, neurology, psychology, USA, technology, immigration, legal structure, law, nuclear weapons, anti-civ, anti-colonialism, human nature, anti-religion, anti-culture, government, society

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Deleted reason: not anarchist

Q: When man is the same everywhere, why is there so much difference among men? I find a contradiction between the problems that man is facing in America and Europe and those he is facing in underdeveloped countries. For example, drugs, sex, crime, and pleasure are the issues in America and West European countries, but poverty, lack of education, and death due to malnutrition are the issues in the underdeveloped countries.

A: The difference is artificially created by the Western nations. They had the advantage of the technical know-how which was born out of the industrial revolution. When the revolution went to America, with the help of that technical know-how they exploited the resources of God's plenty there. You know there was a time when anybody could go to the United States without a passport. But in 1911 they introduced the necessity to have a passport to enter the United States. In 1923 they introduced the immigration laws. Once you are there in a particular place and establish yourself and your rights, it is finished. (I am giving this as an example, but this applies to every country.) If anybody lands and colonizes any place on any planet, they will establish their rights there and prevent all other nations from landing there. The Americans established these same rights. It was God's plenty that helped the nations to develop and hold on to what they have. But they continue to exploit the resources of the rest of the world as well as their own resources. Even today they are doing that. They don't want to give up.

Basically, human nature is exactly the same whether in India or in Russia or in America or in Africa. Human problems are exactly the same. All the problems are artificially created by the various structures created by human thinking. As I said, there is some sort of (I can't make a definitive statement) neurological problem in the human body. Human thinking is born out of this neurological defect in the human species. Anything that is born out of human thinking is destructive. Thought is destructive. Thought is a protective mechanism. It draws frontiers around itself, and it wants to protect itself. It is for the same reason that we also draw lines on this planet and extend them as far as we can. Do you think these frontiers are going to disappear? They are not. Those who have entrenched themselves, those who have had the monopoly of all the world's resources so far and for so long, if they are threatened to be dislodged, what they would do is anybody's guess. All the destructive weapons that we have today are here only to protect that monopoly.

But I am sure that the day has come for people to realize that all the weapons that we have built so far are redundant and that they cannot be used anymore. We have arrived at a point where you cannot destroy your adversary without destroying yourself. So it is that kind of terror, and not the love and brotherhood that have been preached for centuries, that will help us to live together. But this has to percolate to the level of human consciousness. (I don't want to use the words 'consciousness', or 'human consciousness', because there is no such thing as consciousness at all. I use that word only for purposes of communication.) Until this percolates to the level of human consciousness, in the sense that man sees that he cannot destroy his neighbor without destroying himself, I don't think it will help. I am sure that we have come to that point. Whenever and wherever you have an edge over your adversary or your

neighbor, you will still continue to exercise what you have been holding on to for centuries. So how are you going to solve the problem? All utopias have failed.

The whole mischief originated in the religious thinking of man. Now there is no use in blaming the religious thinking of man, because all the political ideologies, even your legal structures, are the warty outgrowth of the religious thinking of man. It is not so easy to flush out the whole series of experiences which have been accumulated through centuries, and which are based upon the religious thinking of man. There is a tendency to replace one belief with another belief, one illusion with another illusion. That is all we can do.

Q: The developed nations know fully well that if there is a war today they will face total annihilation. There will be no victor left anywhere. But still there are these skirmishes here and there, and there is so much violence everywhere. Why is it so? Is it because that human nature, as some people say, is basically violent?

A: Yes it is. Because thought is violent. Anything that is born out of thought is destructive. You may cover it up with all wonderful and romantic phrases: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Don't forget that in the name of "Love thy neighbor as thyself" millions and millions of people have died, more than in all the recent wars put together. But we now have come to a point where we can realize that violence is not the answer, that it is not the way to solve human problems. So, terror seems to be the only way. I am not talking of terrorists blowing up churches, temples, and all that kind of thing, but the terror that if you try to destroy your neighbor you will possibly destroy yourself. That realization has to come down to the level of the common man.

This is the way the human organism is functioning too. Every cell is interested in its own survival. It knows in some way that its survival depends upon the survival of the cell that is next to it. It is for this reason that there is a sort of cooperation between the cells. That is how the whole organism can survive. It is not interested in utopias. It is not interested in your wonderful religious ideas. It is not interested in peace, bliss, beatitude, or anything. Its only interest is to survive. That is all it is interested in. The survival of a cell depends upon the survival of the cell next to it. And your survival and my survival depend upon the survival of our neighbor.

Q: Whatever you say, I feel that the only way for humanity to survive is to bring about a change in the heart — and that is Love.

A: No, not at all, because love implies division, separation. As long as there is division, as long as there is a separation within you, so long do you maintain that separation around you. When everything fails, you use the last card, the trump in the pack of cards, and call it love. But it is not going to help us, and it has not helped us at all. Even religion has failed to free man from violence and from ten other different things that it is trying to free us from. You see, it is not a question of trying to find new concepts, new ideas, new thoughts, and new beliefs.

As I said before, what kind of a human being do you want on this globe? The human being modeled after the perfect being has totally failed. The model has not touched anything there. Your value system is the one that is responsible for the human malady, the human tragedy, forcing everybody to fit into that model. So, what do we do? You cannot do anything by destroying the value system, because you replace one value system with another. Even those who rebelled against religion, like those in the Communist countries, have themselves created another kind of value system. So, revolution does not mean the end of anything. It is only a reevaluation of our value system. So, that needs another revolution, and so on and so on. There is no way.

The basic question that we all have to ask for ourselves is, what kind of a human being do you want? The only answer to this human problem, if there is any answer, is not to be found through new ideas, new concepts, or new ideologies, but through bringing about a change in the chemistry of the human body. But there is a danger even there. When once we perfect genetic engineering and change the human being, there will be a tendency to hand this technology over to the state. It will then be a lot easier for them to push all the people into war and see that they can kill without a second thought. You don't have to brainwash them. You don't have to teach them love or patriotism. Brainwashing takes a

century, [as, for example,] brainwashing to believe in God took centuries. The Communists took decades to brainwash their people not to believe in God. But with genetic engineering, there is no need for that kind of brainwashing process. It is a lot easier to change human beings by giving just one injection.

Q: What is being said in the Western world is that people there are very happy and are perfectly satisfied with the changes taking place: there is the rule of law, respect for human rights, free market economy, freedom of expression and speech, etc.

A: Do you really think that there is freedom in the United States? What does that mean to a starving man — freedom of speech, freedom of worship, and freedom of the press? He does not know how to read the newspapers and is not interested in them. At least in the Communist systems they fed, clothed, and sheltered people, though that is now being denied to them in those nations. There is more unemployment than ever before in the Western countries. I don't think this is the model for the whole of mankind.

The whole system depends upon the exploitation of the resources of the world for the benefit of the Western nations. These laws that you are talking about are always backed by force. You know as a lawyer that the decision handed down by a judge is always backed by force. Ultimately, it is the force that counts. We all agree to submit ourselves to the decision of the judge. If you don't want to submit to them, the only recourse you have is to use violence. So, all the gangsters get together and create a legal structure which is favorable to them. That they enforce on others through the help of violence, through the help of force.

What right do you have to create this blockade, for example, today around Iraq? What is the international law which these people are talking about? I want to know. You as a lawyer know. What happened when America attacked and occupied Granada, a small nation? Nobody ever objected to it; nobody ever created a blockade there. I am not impressed by the international law and its legal structure. As long as it is advantageous to you, you talk of law. When the law fails you use force. Don't you?

Q: May I return to the question of certain other institutions of the human beings?

A: You are a lawyer and the law is there probably to maintain the status quo. Is it not? So you cannot talk against the status quo.

Q: May I tell you that there are different schools of thought in the legal field?

A: That is only a theological discussion. You know what all the theologians indulge in — God is this, God is that, the Ontological, the Teleological and the Cosmological arguments for the existence of God. All these different schools of law you are referring to are no different from the discussions of the theologians.

Q: What do you think of the institution of marriage and family?

A: The institution of marriage is not going to disappear. As long as we demand relationships, it will continue in some form or other. Basically, it is a question of possessiveness. There was a time when I believed that economic independence for women would solve many of the problems in India. But when I visited America I was shockingly surprised that even those women who are economically independent wanted to possess their drunkard husbands. The husband was beating her every day, and twice on Sundays. I know many cases. I am not generalizing, but possessiveness is the most important element. The basis of relationships is: "What do I get out of the relationship?" That is the basis of all human relationships. As long as I can get what I want the relationships last.

The marriage institution will somehow continue because it is not just the relationship between the two, but children and property are involved. So it is not going to disappear overnight at all. And we use property and children as a pretext to give continuity to the institution of marriage. The problem is so complex and so complicated. It is not so easy for anybody to come up with answers to the age-old institution of marriage.

I can tell you one thing. A lot of couples come to see me with their problems. Unmarried, unwed couples, if you listen to their stories, you cannot imagine their miseries. And yet they cannot part company.

Unmarried couples are more miserable than married couples. The answer is not so easy. As long as we want to establish a relationship, so long this institution will remain. Maybe it will be modified, changed to suit the changing condition.

A leader of the feminist movement (I am a crude and brutal man) came to see me. She asked me, "What do you think of the feminist movement?" I said, "I am on your side; by all means fight for your rights. But remember that as long as you depend on a man for your sexual needs, so long you are not free. The other way round is also true: if you can satisfy your sexual needs with the help of a vibrator — that is a different matter. But if you want a man to satisfy your sexual needs, you are not free."

Q: You say that the family is not a solution, unwed relations are not a solution. What other institutions do you have in mind?

A: It is these institutions which are responsible for the misery of mankind. There is no way you can change or modify these institutions. It is a lot easier for people in India now to go for a divorce than it was in earlier times. There was no question of me divorcing my wife or my wife divorcing me at that time. Now it is a lot easier. The changing conditions are responsible for a change in our idea. But that does not mean that the problem has an easy and simple solution.

Q: Will there not be anarchy if you do not support the male and female relationship and the family?

A: If they are ready to accept the misery (Laughs), it is well and good. But it is a miserable situation. They are not happy with that. Total anarchy is a state of being rather than a state of doing. There is no action in total anarchy; it is a state of being. So why are we frightened of anarchy? The anarchy which you are talking about is the destruction of the institutions which we have built with tremendous care, and of our belief that those institutions should continue forever. So it is that we are fighting for — to preserve them in their pristine purity.

Q: Are you not worried about the prospect of old age and the future of children when there is no family?

A: It is society that has to take care of that problem. Why are you all paying taxes to the government if they don't do what they are supposed to do? It is the responsibility of each individual that he should do what he has promised to do. The problem is that once you put these individuals in the seat of power, then there is less chance of their sharing their power with others. And you provide them with tremendous weapons of destruction. A man like me who expresses this view will become the enemy of the state. They will not hesitate to destroy me. I don't care if I am destroyed. If they say, "Don't talk," I will stop talking. I don't believe in freedom of speech at all. If they say "Don't talk, what you are saying is a threat to mankind and to its institutions," goodbye, I don't want to talk. I am not interested in changing the world. But they have promised to do certain things. You have elected them to the office; you have put them there in the seat of power and have unfortunately provided them with the most destructive of weapons. They will not hesitate to use them against you and me.

But in these days there is no way you can use your nuclear weapons. I often say that if Bhutan invades India, India has no way of protecting itself. Bhutan is not going to invade India, unless it has the backing of some powerful nations. So, we are the puppets of these people. We are spending so much money on defense. Defense against what? We talk of freedom of speech. If they say "Don't talk," I am not interested in talking. I am not interested in saving individuals, and I am not interested in saving mankind.

Q: You spoke about the state's collecting taxes and said that the state should do everything to give security to the people and their children.

A: I do not see any reason why anybody should starve on this planet. What are you doing to solve these problems? You may very well throw that same question at me. But I have not set myself up in the business of running this world. They have set themselves up in the business of ruling this or that country. What justification do you have for the fact that forty percent of the people are allowed to starve in India today? It is not spiritual; it is not human either. It is inhuman to let your fellow beings starve. Religion has invented that wonderful thing called charity. Not only that, you don't stop there,

but you give a Nobel prize to somebody because of the charitable work that particular individual is doing. That is the most vicious and vulgar thing that the religious man has come up with today.

Every one has a right to be fed. Nature has provided us with bounty. But we are individually responsible for the inequities of this world. Don't ask me "What are you doing about that?" "I am not here running a crusade against these people. You have set yourself up to solve these problems. If you don't solve them, something is wrong not with the leaders but with the people who have put them there in the seats of power. If they don't do what they are expected to do, change those rogues. I have no business to tell someone how to run these governments. I am not running these governments at all. What business do I have to tell them that this is the way you should run the government? It is the responsibility of everybody to contribute his might, his share. But the world remains exactly the way it has been forever. Nobody wants any change.

Q: But you said that the state should do a number of things for the people.

A: First thing, the state has to feed, clothe, and shelter everybody.

Q: Why is it that there is a maximum number of suicides and a maximum number of AIDS cases even in countries like Switzerland where there is so much prosperity and high national income?

A: That is a different problem. What do you mean by 'AIDS'? Not the disease AIDS?

Q: Yes, the disease AIDS.

A: That is the mistake we have made. One of the experiments went wrong. It is easy for us to blame the homosexuals, but the source of it is somewhere else. Did you read it in the paper? I think it is there in the paper, that the Nizam's wife died of AIDS in India: yes, it is there in that Society Magazine. He admitted finally that his wife died of AIDS. Who is responsible for that I do not know. Somebody says that it is a transfusion of blood which caused it. I don't know. I haven't read that article. I am very frivolous in expressing my opinions. It doesn't matter. I am as well-informed as anybody else in this world. I have seen the world.

Thank you very much.

We have expressed opinions on everything, from disease to divinity. That I can do. I have seen a lot of the world.

44. The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction

Author: Walter Benjamin

Topics: history, art, machinery, civilization, media, class

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“Our fine arts were developed, their types and uses were established, in times very different from the present, by men whose power of action upon things was insignificant in comparison with ours. But the amazing growth of our techniques, the adaptability and precision they have attained, the ideas and habits they are creating, make it a certainty that profound changes are impending in the ancient craft of the Beautiful. In all the arts there is a physical component which can no longer be considered or treated as it used to be, which cannot remain unaffected by our modern knowledge and power. For the last twenty years neither matter nor space nor time has been what it was from time immemorial. We must expect great innovations to transform the entire technique of the arts, thereby affecting artistic invention itself and perhaps even bringing about an amazing change in our very notion of art.”

Preface

When Marx undertook his critique of the capitalistic mode of production, this mode was in its infancy. Marx directed his efforts in such a way as to give them prognostic value. He went back to the basic conditions underlying capitalistic production and through his presentation showed what could be expected of capitalism in the future. The result was that one could expect it not only to exploit the proletariat with increasing intensity, but ultimately to create conditions which would make it possible to abolish capitalism itself. The transformation of the superstructure, which takes place far more slowly than that of the substructure, has taken more than half a century to manifest in all areas of culture the change in the conditions of production. Only today can it be indicated what form this has taken. Certain prognostic requirements should be met by these statements. However, theses about the art of the proletariat after its assumption of power or about the art of a classless society would have less bearing on these demands than theses about the developmental tendencies of art under present conditions of production. Their dialectic is no less noticeable in the superstructure than in the economy. It would therefore be wrong to underestimate the value of such theses as a weapon. They brush aside a number of outmoded concepts, such as creativity and genius, eternal value and mystery—concepts whose uncontrolled (and at present almost uncontrollable) application would lead to a processing of data in the Fascist sense. The concepts which are introduced into the theory of art in what follows differ from the more familiar terms in that they are completely useless for the purposes of Fascism. They are, on the other hand, useful for the formulation of revolutionary demands in the politics of art.

I

In principle a work of art has always been reproducible. Man-made artifacts could always be imitated by men. Replicas were made by pupils in practice of their craft, by masters for diffusing their works, and, finally, by third parties in the pursuit of gain. Mechanical reproduction of a work of art, however, represents something new. Historically, it advanced intermittently and in leaps at long intervals, but with accelerated intensity. The Greeks knew only two procedures of technically reproducing works of art: founding and stamping. Bronzes, terra cottas, and coins were the only art works which they could produce in quantity. All others were unique and could not be mechanically reproduced. With the woodcut graphic art became mechanically reproducible for the first time, long before script became reproducible by print. The enormous changes which printing, the mechanical reproduction of writing, has brought about in literature are a familiar story. However, within the phenomenon which we are here examining from the perspective of world history, print is merely a special, though particularly important, case. During the Middle Ages engraving and etching were added to the woodcut; at the beginning of the nineteenth century lithography made its appearance. With lithography the technique of reproduction reached an essentially new stage. This much more direct process was distinguished by the tracing of the design on a stone rather than its incision on a block of wood or its etching on a copperplate and permitted graphic art for the first time to put its products on the market, not only in large numbers as hitherto, but also in daily changing forms. Lithography enabled graphic art to illustrate everyday life, and it began to keep pace with printing. But only a few decades after its invention, lithography was surpassed by photography. For the first time in the process of pictorial reproduction, photography freed the hand of the most important artistic functions which henceforth devolved only upon the eye looking into a lens. Since the eye perceives more swiftly than the hand can draw, the process of pictorial reproduction was accelerated so enormously that it could keep pace with speech. A film operator shooting a scene in the studio captures the images at the speed of an actor's speech. Just as lithography virtually implied the illustrated newspaper, so did photography foreshadow the sound film. The technical reproduction of sound was tackled at the end of the last century. These convergent endeavors made predictable a situation which Paul Valéry pointed up in this sentence: "Just as water, gas, and electricity are brought into our houses from far off to satisfy our needs in response to a minimal effort, so we shall be supplied with visual or auditory images, which will appear and disappear at a simple movement of the hand, hardly more than a sign." (op. cit., p. 226) Around 1900 technical reproduction had reached a standard that not only permitted it to reproduce all transmitted works of art and thus to cause the most profound change in their impact upon the public; it also had captured a place of its own among the artistic processes. For the study of this standard nothing is more revealing than the nature of the repercussions that these two different manifestations—the reproduction of works of art and the art of the film—have had on art in its traditional form.

II

Even the most perfect reproduction of a work of art is lacking in one element: its presence in time and space, its unique existence at the place where it happens to be. This unique existence of the work of art determined the history to which it was subject throughout the time of its existence. This includes the changes which it may have suffered in physical condition over the years as well as the various changes in its ownership¹. The traces of the first can be revealed only by chemical or physical analyzes which it is impossible to perform on a reproduction; changes of ownership are subject to a tradition which must be traced from the situation of the original. The presence of the original is the prerequisite to the concept of authenticity. Chemical analysis of the patina of a bronze can help to establish this, as does the proof that a given manuscript of the Middle Ages stems from an archive of the fifteenth century. The whole sphere of authenticity is outside technical—and, of course, not only technical—reproducibility². Confronted with its manual reproduction, which was usually branded as a forgery, the original preserved all its authority; not so vis à vis technical reproduction. The reason is twofold. First, process reproduction is more independent of the original than manual reproduction. For example, in photography, process reproduction can bring out those aspects of the original that are unattainable to the naked eye yet accessible to the lens, which is adjustable and chooses its angle at will. And photographic reproduction, with the aid of certain processes, such as enlargement or slow motion, can capture images which escape natural vision. Secondly, technical reproduction can put the copy of the original into situations which would be out of reach for the original itself. Above all, it enables the original to meet the beholder halfway, be it in the form of a photograph or a phonograph record. The cathedral leaves its locale to be received in the studio of a lover of art; the choral production, performed in an auditorium or in the open air, resounds in the drawing room. The situations into which the product of mechanical reproduction can be brought may not touch the actual work of art, yet the quality of its presence is always depreciated. This holds not only for the art work but also, for instance, for a landscape which passes in review before the spectator in a movie. In the case of the art object, a most sensitive nucleus—namely, its authenticity—is interfered with whereas no natural object is vulnerable on that score. The authenticity of a thing is the essence of all that is transmissible from its beginning, ranging from its substantive duration to its testimony to the history which it has experienced. Since the historical testimony rests on the authenticity, the former, too, is jeopardized by reproduction when substantive duration ceases to matter. And what is really jeopardized when the historical testimony is affected is the authority of the object³. One might subsume the eliminated element in the term “aura” and go on to say: that which withers in the age of mechanical reproduction is the aura of the work of art. This is a symptomatic process whose significance points beyond the realm of art. One might generalize by saying: the technique of reproduction detaches the reproduced object from the domain of tradition. By making many reproductions it substitutes a plurality of copies

¹ Of course, the history of a work of art encompasses more than this. The history of the “Mona Lisa,” for instance, encompasses the kind and number of its copies made in the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries.

² Precisely because authenticity is not reproducible, the intensive penetration of certain (mechanical) processes of reproduction was instrumental in differentiating and grading authenticity. To develop such differentiations was an important function of the trade in works of art. The invention of the woodcut may be said to have struck at the root of the quality of authenticity even before its late flowering. To be sure, at the time of its origin a medieval picture of the Madonna could not yet be said to be “authentic.” It became “authentic” only during the succeeding centuries and perhaps most strikingly so during the last one.

³ The poorest provincial staging of Faust is superior to a Faust film in that, ideally, it competes with the first performance at Weimar. Before the screen it is unprofitable to remember traditional contents which might come to mind before the stage—for instance, that Goethe’s friend Johann Heinrich Merck is hidden in Mephisto, and the like.

for a unique existence. And in permitting the reproduction to meet the beholder or listener in his own particular situation, it reactivates the object reproduced. These two processes lead to a tremendous shattering of tradition which is the obverse of the contemporary crisis and renewal of mankind. Both processes are intimately connected with the contemporary mass movements. Their most powerful agent is the film. Its social significance, particularly in its most positive form, is inconceivable without its destructive, cathartic aspect, that is, the liquidation of the traditional value of the cultural heritage. This phenomenon is most palpable in the great historical films. It extends to ever new positions. In 1927 Abel Gance exclaimed enthusiastically: "Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Beethoven will make films ... all legends, all mythologies and all myths, all founders of religion, and the very religions ... await their exposed resurrection, and the heroes crowd each other at the gate." Presumably without intending it, he issued an invitation to a far-reaching liquidation.

III

During long periods of history, the mode of human sense perception changes with humanity's entire mode of existence. The manner in which human sense perception is organized, the medium in which it is accomplished, is determined not only by nature but by historical circumstances as well. The fifth century, with its great shifts of population, saw the birth of the late Roman art industry and the Vienna Genesis, and there developed not only an art different from that of antiquity but also a new kind of perception. The scholars of the Viennese school, Riegl and Wickhoff, who resisted the weight of classical tradition under which these later art forms had been buried, were the first to draw conclusions from them concerning the organization of perception at the time. However far reaching their insight, these scholars limited themselves to showing the significant, formal hallmark which characterized perception in late Roman times. They did not attempt—and, perhaps, saw no way—to show the social transformations expressed by these changes of perception. The conditions for an analogous insight are more favorable in the present. And if changes in the medium of contemporary perception can be comprehended as decay of the aura, it is possible to show its social causes. The concept of aura which was proposed above with reference to historical objects may usefully be illustrated with reference to the aura of natural ones. We define the aura of the latter as the unique phenomenon of a distance, however close it may be. If, while resting on a summer afternoon, you follow with your eyes a mountain range on the horizon or a branch which casts its shadow over you, you experience the aura of those mountains, of that branch. This image makes it easy to comprehend the social bases of the contemporary decay of the aura. It rests on two circumstances, both of which are related to the increasing significance of the masses in contemporary life. Namely, the desire of contemporary masses to bring things 'closer' spatially and humanly, which is just as ardent as their bent toward overcoming the uniqueness of every reality by accepting its reproduction.¹ Every day the urge grows stronger to get hold of an object at very close range by way of its likeness, its reproduction. Unmistakably, reproduction as offered by picture magazines and newsreels differs from the image seen by the unarmed eye. Uniqueness and permanence are as closely linked in the latter as are transitoriness and reproducibility in the former. To pry an object from its shell, to destroy its aura, is the mark of a perception whose 'sense of the universal equality of things' has increased to such a degree that it extracts it even from a unique object by means of reproduction. Thus is manifested in the field of perception what in the theoretical sphere is noticeable in the increasing importance of statistics. The adjustment of reality to the masses and of the masses to reality is a process of unlimited scope, as much for thinking as for perception.

¹ To satisfy the human interest of the masses may mean to have one's social function removed from the field of vision. Nothing guarantees that a portraitist of today, when painting a famous surgeon at the breakfast table in the midst of his family, depicts his social function more precisely than a painter of the 17th century who portrayed his medical doctors as representing this profession, like Rembrandt in his "Anatomy Lesson."

IV

The uniqueness of a work of art is inseparable from its being imbedded in the fabric of tradition. This tradition itself is thoroughly alive and extremely changeable. An ancient statue of Venus, for example, stood in a different traditional context with the Greeks, who made it an object of veneration, than with the clerics of the Middle Ages, who viewed it as an ominous idol. Both of them, however, were equally confronted with its uniqueness, that is, its aura. Originally the contextual integration of art in tradition found its expression in the cult. We know that the earliest artworks originated in the service of a ritual—first the magical, then the religious kind. It is significant that the existence of the work of art with reference to its aura is never entirely separated from its ritual function¹. In other words, the unique value of the “authentic” work of art has its basis in ritual, the location of its original use value. This ritualistic basis, however remote, is still recognizable as secularized ritual even in the most profane forms of the cult of beauty². The secular cult of beauty, developed during the Renaissance and prevailing for three centuries, clearly showed that ritualistic basis in its decline and the first deep crisis which befell it. With the advent of the first truly revolutionary means of reproduction, photography, simultaneously with the rise of socialism, art sensed the approaching crisis which has become evident a century later. At the time, art reacted with the doctrine of *l’art pour l’art*, that is, with a theology of art. This gave rise to what might be called a negative theology in the form of the idea of ‘pure’ art, which not only denied any social function of art but also any categorizing by subject matter. (In poetry, Mallarmé was the first to take this position.) An analysis of art in the age of mechanical reproduction must do justice to these relationships, for they lead us to an all-important insight: for the first time in world history, mechanical reproduction emancipates the work of art from its parasitical dependence on ritual. To an ever greater degree the work of art reproduced becomes the work of art designed for reproducibility³. From a photographic negative, for example, one can make any number of prints; to ask for the ‘authentic’ print makes no sense. But the instant the criterion of authenticity ceases to be

¹ The definition of the aura as a “unique phenomenon of a distance however close it may be” represents nothing but the formulation of the cult value of the work of art in categories of space and time perception. Distance is the opposite of closeness. The essentially distant object is the unapproachable one. Unapproachability is indeed a major quality of the cult image. True to its nature, it remains “distant, however close it may be.” The closeness which one may gain from its subject matter does not impair the distance which it retains in its appearance.

² To the extent to which the cult value of the painting is secularized the ideas of its fundamental uniqueness lose distinctness. In the imagination of the beholder the uniqueness of the phenomena which hold sway in the cult image is more and more displaced by the empirical uniqueness of the creator or of his creative achievement. To be sure, never completely so; the concept of authenticity always transcends mere genuineness. (This is particularly apparent in the collector who always retains some traces of the fetishist and who, by owning the work of art, shares in its ritual power.) Nevertheless, the function of the concept of authenticity remains determinate in the evaluation of art; with the secularization of art, authenticity displaces the cult value of the work.

³ In the case of films, mechanical reproduction is not, as with literature and painting, an external condition for mass distribution. Mechanical reproduction is inherent in the very technique of film production. This technique not only permits in the most direct way but virtually causes mass distribution. It enforces distribution because the production of a film is so expensive that an individual who, for instance, might afford to buy a painting no longer can afford to buy a film. In 1927 it was calculated that a major film, in order to pay its way, had to reach an audience of nine million. With the sound film, to be sure, a setback in its international distribution occurred at first: audiences became limited by language barriers. This coincided with the Fascist emphasis on national interests. It is more important to focus on this connection with Fascism than on this setback, which was soon minimized by synchronization. The simultaneity of both phenomena is attributable to the depression. The same disturbances which, on a larger scale, led to an attempt to maintain the existing property structure by sheer force led the endangered film capital to speed up the development of the sound film. The introduction of the sound film brought about a temporary relief, not only because it again brought the masses into the theaters but also because it merged new capital from the electrical industry with that of the film industry. Thus, viewed from the outside, the sound film promoted national interests, but seen from the inside it helped to internationalize film production even more than previously.

applicable to artistic production, the total function of art is reversed. Instead of being based on ritual, it begins to be based on another practice—politics.

V

Works of art are received and valued on different planes. Two polar types stand out; with one, the accent is on the cult value; with the other, on the exhibition value of the work¹. Artistic production begins with ceremonial objects destined to serve in a cult. One may assume that what mattered was their existence, not their being on view. The elk portrayed by the man of the Stone Age on the walls of his cave was an instrument of magic. He did expose it to his fellow men, but in the main it was meant for the spirits. Today the cult value would seem to demand that the work of art remain hidden. Certain statues of gods are accessible only to the priest in the cella; certain Madonnas remain covered nearly all year round; certain sculptures on medieval cathedrals are invisible to the spectator on ground level. With the emancipation of the various art practices from ritual go increasing opportunities for the exhibition of their products. It is easier to exhibit a portrait bust that can be sent here and there than to exhibit the statue of a divinity that has its fixed place in the interior of a temple. The same holds for the painting as against the mosaic or fresco that preceded it. And even though the public presentability of a mass originally may have been just as great as that of a symphony, the latter originated at the moment when its public presentability promised to surpass that of the mass. With the different methods of technical reproduction of a work of art, its fitness for exhibition increased to such an extent that the quantitative shift between its two poles turned into a qualitative transformation of its nature. This is comparable to the situation of the work of art in prehistoric times when, by the absolute emphasis on its cult value, it was, first and foremost, an instrument of magic. Only later did it come to be recognized as a work of art. In the same way today, by the absolute emphasis on its exhibition value the work of art becomes a creation with entirely new functions, among which the one we are conscious of, the artistic function, later may be recognized as incidental². This much is certain: today photography and the film are the most serviceable exemplifications of this new function.

¹ This polarity cannot come into its own in the aesthetics of Idealism. Its idea of beauty comprises these polar opposites without differentiating between them and consequently excludes their polarity. Yet in Hegel this polarity announces itself as clearly as possible within the limits of Idealism. We quote from his *Philosophy of History*: "Images were known of old. Piety at an early time required them for worship, but it could do without beautiful images. These might even be disturbing. In every beautiful painting there is also something nonspiritual, merely external, but its spirit speaks to man through its beauty. Worshipping, conversely, is concerned with the work as an object, for it is but a spiritless stupor of the soul... Fine art has arisen ... in the church ... , although it has already gone beyond its principle as art." Likewise, the following passage from *The Philosophy of Fine Art* indicates that Hegel sensed a problem here. "We are beyond the stage of reverence for works of art as divine and objects deserving our worship. The impression they produce is one of a more reflective kind, and the emotions they arouse require a higher test..." —G. W. F. Hegel, *The Philosophy of Fine Art*.

² The transition from the first kind of artistic reception to the second characterizes the history of artistic reception in general. Apart from that, a certain oscillation between these two polar modes of reception can be demonstrated for each work of art. Take the Sistine Madonna. Since Hubert Grimme's research it has been known that the Madonna originally was painted for the purpose of exhibition. Grimme's research was inspired by the question: What is the purpose of the molding in the foreground of the painting which the two cupids lean upon? How, Grimme asked further, did Raphael come to furnish the sky with two draperies? Research proved that the Madonna had been commissioned for the public lying-in-state of Pope Sixties. The Popes lay in state in a certain side chapel of St. Peter's. On that occasion Rappel's picture had been fastened in a niche like background of the chapel, supported by the coffin. In this picture Raphael portrays the Madonna approaching the papal coffin in clouds from the background of the niche, which was demarcated by green drapes. At the obsequies of Sixties a pre-eminent exhibition value of Raphael's picture was taken advantage of. Some time later it was placed on the high altar in the church of the Black Friars at Piacenza. The reason for this exile is to be found in the Roman rites which forbid the use of paintings exhibited at obsequies as cult objects on the high altar. This regulation devalued Raphael's picture to some degree. In order to obtain an adequate price nevertheless, the Papal See resolved to add to the bargain the tacit toleration of the picture above the high altar. To avoid attention the picture was given to the monks of the far-off provincial town.

VI

In photography, exhibition value begins to displace cult value all along the line. But cult value does not give way without resistance. It retires into an ultimate retrenchment: the human countenance. It is no accident that the portrait was the focal point of early photography. The cult of remembrance of loved ones, absent or dead, offers a last refuge for the cult value of the picture. For the last time the aura emanates from the early photographs in the fleeting expression of a human face. This is what constitutes their melancholy, incomparable beauty. But as man withdraws from the photographic image, the exhibition value for the first time shows its superiority to the ritual value. To have pinpointed this new stage constitutes the incomparable significance of Atget, who, around 1900, took photographs of deserted Paris streets. It has quite justly been said of him that he photographed them like scenes of crime. The scene of a crime, too, is deserted; it is photographed for the purpose of establishing evidence. With Atget, photographs become standard evidence for historical occurrences, and acquire a hidden political significance. They demand a specific kind of approach; free-floating contemplation is not appropriate to them. They stir the viewer; he feels challenged by them in a new way. At the same time picture magazines begin to put up signposts for him, right ones or wrong ones, no matter. For the first time, captions have become obligatory. And it is clear that they have an altogether different character than the title of a painting. The directives which the captions give to those looking at pictures in illustrated magazines soon become even more explicit and more imperative in the film where the meaning of each single picture appears to be prescribed by the sequence of all preceding ones.

VII

The nineteenth-century dispute as to the artistic value of painting versus photography today seems devious and confused. This does not diminish its importance, however; if anything, it underlines it. The dispute was in fact the symptom of a historical transformation the universal impact of which was not realized by either of the rivals. When the age of mechanical reproduction separated art from its basis in cult, the semblance of its autonomy disappeared forever. The resulting change in the function of art transcended the perspective of the century; for a long time it even escaped that of the twentieth century, which experienced the development of the film. Earlier much futile thought had been devoted to the question of whether photography is an art. The primary question—whether the very invention of photography had not transformed the entire nature of art—was not raised. Soon the film theoreticians asked the same ill-considered question with regard to the film. But the difficulties which photography caused traditional aesthetics were mere child's play as compared to those raised by the film. Whence the insensitive and forced character of early theories of the film. Abel Gance, for instance, compares the film with hieroglyphs: "Here, by a remarkable regression, we have come back to the level of expression of the Egyptians... Pictorial language has not yet matured because our eyes have not yet adjusted to it. There is as yet insufficient respect for, insufficient cult of, what it expresses."⁽³⁾ Or, in the words of Séverin-Mars: "What art has been granted a dream more poetical and more real at the same time! Approached in this fashion the film might represent an incomparable means of expression. Only the most high-minded persons, in the most perfect and mysterious moments of their lives, should be allowed to enter its ambience."⁽⁴⁾ Alexandre Arnoux concludes his fantasy about the silent film with the question: "Do not all the bold descriptions we have given amount to the definition of prayer?"⁽⁵⁾ It is instructive to note how their desire to class the film among the "arts" forces these theoreticians to read ritual elements into it—with a striking lack of discretion. Yet when these speculations were published, films like *L'Opinion Publique* and *The Gold Rush* had already appeared. This, however, did not keep Abel Gance from adducing hieroglyphs for purposes of comparison, nor Séverin-Mars from speaking of the film as one might speak of paintings by Fra Angelico. Characteristically, even today ultra-reactionary authors give the film a similar contextual significance—if not an outright sacred one, then at least a supernatural one. Commenting on Max Reinhardt's film version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Werfel states that undoubtedly it was the sterile copying of the exterior world with its streets, interiors, railroad stations, restaurants, motorcars, and beaches which until now had obstructed the elevation of the film to the realm of art. "The film has not yet realized its true meaning, its real possibilities ... these consist in its unique faculty to express by natural means and with incomparable persuasiveness all that is fairylike, marvelous, supernatural."⁽⁶⁾

⁽³⁾ Abel Gance, *op. cit.*, pp. 100–1.

⁽⁴⁾ Séverin-Mars, quoted by Abel Gance, *op. cit.*, p. 100.

⁽⁵⁾ Alexandre Arnoux, *Cinéma pris*, 1929, p.28.

⁽⁶⁾ Franz Werfel, "Ein Sommernachtstraum, Ein Film von Shakespeare und Reinhardt," *Neues Wiener Journal*, cited in Lu 15, November, 1935.

VIII

The artistic performance of a stage actor is definitely presented to the public by the actor in person; that of the screen actor, however, is presented by a camera, with a twofold consequence. The camera that presents the performance of the film actor to the public need not respect the performance as an integral whole. Guided by the cameraman, the camera continually changes its position with respect to the performance. The sequence of positional views which the editor composes from the material supplied him constitutes the completed film. It comprises certain factors of movement which are in reality those of the camera, not to mention special camera angles, close-ups, etc. Hence, the performance of the actor is subjected to a series of optical tests. This is the first consequence of the fact that the actor's performance is presented by means of a camera. Also, the film actor lacks the opportunity of the stage actor to adjust to the audience during his performance, since he does not present his performance to the audience in person. This permits the audience to take the position of a critic, without experiencing any personal contact with the actor. The audience's identification with the actor is really an identification with the camera. Consequently the audience takes the position of the camera; its approach is that of testing¹. This is not the approach to which cult values may be exposed.

¹ Bertolt Brecht, on a different level, engaged in analogous reflections: "If the concept of 'work of art' can no longer be applied to the thing that emerges once the work is transformed into a commodity, we have to eliminate this concept with cautious care but without fear, lest we liquidate the function of the very thing as well. For it has to go through this phase without mental reservation, and not as noncommittal deviation from the straight path; rather, what happens here with the work of art will change it fundamentally and erase its past to such an extent that should the old concept be taken up again—and it will, why not?—it will no longer stir any memory of the thing it once designated." "The film ... provides—or could provide—useful insight into the details of human actions... Character is never used as a source of motivation; the inner life of the persons never supplies the principal cause of the plot and seldom is its main result." (Bertolt Brecht, *Versuche*, "Der Dreigroschenprozess," p. 268.) The expansion of the field of the testable which mechanical equipment brings about for the actor corresponds to the extraordinary expansion of the field of the testable brought about for the individual through economic conditions. Thus, vocational aptitude tests become constantly more important. What matters in these tests are segmental performances of the individual. The film shot and the vocational aptitude test are taken before a committee of experts. The camera director in the studio occupies a place identical with that of the examiner during aptitude tests.

IX

For the film, what matters primarily is that the actor represents himself to the public before the camera, rather than representing someone else. One of the first to sense the actor's metamorphosis by this form of testing was Pirandello. Though his remarks on the subject in his novel *Si Gira* were limited to the negative aspects of the question and to the silent film only, this hardly impairs their validity. For in this respect, the sound film did not change anything essential. What matters is that the part is acted not for an audience but for a mechanical contrivance—in the case of the sound film, for two of them. "The film actor," wrote Pirandello, "feels as if in exile—exiled not only from the stage but also from himself. With a vague sense of discomfort he feels inexplicable emptiness: his body loses its corporeality, it evaporates, it is deprived of reality, life, voice, and the noises caused by his moving about, in order to be changed into a mute image, flickering an instant on the screen, then vanishing into silence ... The projector will play with his shadow before the public, and he himself must be content to play before the camera."⁽⁷⁾ This situation might also be characterized as follows: for the first time—and this is the effect of the film—man has to operate with his whole living person, yet forgoing its aura. For aura is tied to his presence; there can be no replica of it. The aura which, on the stage, emanates from Macbeth, cannot be separated for the spectators from that of the actor. However, the singularity of the shot in the studio is that the camera is substituted for the public. Consequently, the aura that envelops the actor vanishes, and with it the aura of the figure he portrays. It is not surprising that it should be a dramatist such as Pirandello who, in characterizing the film, inadvertently touches on the very crisis in which we see the theatre. Any thorough study proves that there is indeed no greater contrast than that of the stage play to a work of art that is completely subject to or, like the film, founded in, mechanical reproduction. Experts have long recognized that in the film "the greatest effects are almost always obtained by 'acting' as little as possible..." In 1932 Rudolf Arnheim saw "the latest trend... in treating the actor as a stage prop chosen for its characteristics and ... inserted at the proper place."¹ With this idea something else is closely connected. The stage actor identifies himself with the character of his role. The film actor very often is denied this opportunity. His creation is by no means all of a piece; it is composed of many separate performances. Besides certain fortuitous considerations, such as cost of studio, availability of fellow players, décor, etc., there are elementary necessities of equipment that split the actor's work into a series of mountable episodes. In particular, lighting and its installation require the presentation of an

¹ In this context certain seemingly unimportant details in which the film director deviates from stage practices gain in interest. Such is the attempt to let the actor play without make-up, as made among others by Dreyer in his *Jeanne d'Arc*. Dreyer spent months seeking the forty actors who constitute the Inquisitors' tribunal. The search for these actors resembled that for stage properties that are hard to come by. Dreyer made every effort to avoid resemblances of age, build, and physiognomy. If the actor thus becomes a stage property, this latter, on the other hand, frequently functions as actor. At least it is not unusual for the film to assign a role to the stage property. Instead of choosing at random from a great wealth of examples, let us concentrate on a particularly convincing one. A clock that is working will always be a disturbance on the stage. There it cannot be permitted its function of measuring time. Even in a naturalistic play, astronomical time would clash with theatrical time. Under these circumstances it is highly revealing that the film can, whenever appropriate, use time as measured by a clock. From this more than from many other touches it may clearly be recognized that under certain circumstances each and every prop in a film may assume important functions. From here it is but one step to Pudovkin's statement that "the playing of an actor which is connected with an object and is built around it ... is always one of the strongest methods of cinematic construction." (W. Pudovkin, *Filmregie und Filmmanuskript*, Berlin, 1928, p. 126.) The film is the first art form capable of demonstrating how matter plays tricks on man. Hence, films can be an excellent means of materialistic representation.

⁽⁷⁾ Luigi Pirandello, *Si Gira*, quoted by Léon Pierre-Quint, "Signification de cinéma," *L'Art cinématographique*, op. cit., pp. 14–15.

event that, on the screen, unfolds as a rapid and unified scene, in a sequence of separate shootings which may take hours at the studio; not to mention more obvious montage. Thus a jump from the window can be shot in the studio as a jump from a scaffold, and the ensuing flight, if need be, can be shot weeks later when outdoor scenes are taken. Far more paradoxical cases can easily be construed. Let us assume that an actor is supposed to be startled by a knock at the door. If his reaction is not satisfactory, the director can resort to an expedient: when the actor happens to be at the studio again he has a shot fired behind him without his being forewarned of it. The frightened reaction can be shot now and be cut into the screen version. Nothing more strikingly shows that art has left the realm of the “beautiful semblance” which, so far, had been taken to be the only sphere where art could thrive.

X

The feeling of strangeness that overcomes the actor before the camera, as Pirandello describes it, is basically of the same kind as the estrangement felt before one's own image in the mirror. But now the reflected image has become separable, transportable. And where is it transported? Before the public¹. Never for a moment does the screen actor cease to be conscious of this fact. While facing the camera he knows that ultimately he will face the public, the consumers who constitute the market. This market, where he offers not only his labor but also his whole self, his heart and soul, is beyond his reach. During the shooting he has as little contact with it as any article made in a factory. This may contribute to that oppression, that new anxiety which, according to Pirandello, grips the actor before the camera. The film responds to the shriveling of the aura with an artificial build-up of the "personality" outside the studio. The cult of the movie star, fostered by the money of the film industry, preserves not the unique aura of the person but the "spell of the personality," the phony spell of a commodity. So long as the movie-makers' capital sets the fashion, as a rule no other revolutionary merit can be accredited to today's film than the promotion of a revolutionary criticism of traditional concepts of art. We do not deny that in some cases today's films can also promote revolutionary criticism of social conditions, even of the distribution of property. However, our present study is no more specifically concerned with this than is the film production of Western Europe. It is inherent in the technique of the film as well as that of sports that everybody who witnesses its accomplishments is somewhat of an expert. This is obvious to anyone listening to a group of newspaper boys leaning on their bicycles and discussing the outcome of a bicycle race. It is not for nothing that newspaper publishers arrange races for their delivery boys. These arouse great interest among the participants, for the victor has an opportunity to rise from delivery boy to professional racer. Similarly, the newsreel offers everyone the opportunity to rise from passer-by to movie extra. In this way any man might even find himself part of a work of art, as witness Vertoff's *Three Songs About Lenin* or Iven's *Borinage*. Any man today can lay claim to being filmed. This claim can best be elucidated by a comparative look at the historical situation of contemporary literature. For centuries a small number of writers were confronted by many thousands of readers. This changed toward the end of the last century. With the increasing extension of the press, which kept placing new political, religious, scientific, professional, and local organs before the readers, an increasing number of readers become writers—at first, occasional ones. It began with the daily press opening to its readers space for "letters to the editor." And today there is hardly a gainfully employed European who could not, in principle, find an opportunity to publish somewhere or other comments on his work, grievances, documentary reports, or that sort of thing. Thus, the distinction between author and public is about to lose its basic character. The difference becomes merely functional; it may vary from case to case. At any moment the reader is ready to turn into a writer. As expert, which he had to become willy-nilly in an extremely specialized work process, even if only in some minor respect, the

¹ The change noted here in the method of exhibition caused by mechanical reproduction applies to politics as well. The present crisis of the bourgeois democracies comprises a crisis of the conditions which determine the public presentation of the rulers. Democracies exhibit a member of government directly and personally before the nation's representatives. Parliament is his public. Since the innovations of camera and recording equipment make it possible for the orator to become audible and visible to an unlimited number of persons, the presentation of the man of politics before camera and recording equipment becomes paramount. Parliaments, as much as theaters, are deserted. Radio and film not only affect the function of the professional actor but likewise the function of those who also exhibit themselves before this mechanical equipment, those who govern. Though their tasks may be different, the change affects equally the actor and the ruler. The trend is toward establishing controllable and transferable skills under certain social conditions. This results in a new selection, a selection before the equipment from which the star and the dictator emerge victorious.

reader gains access to authorship. In the Soviet Union work itself is given a voice. To present it verbally is part of a man's ability to perform the work. Literary license is now founded on polytechnic rather than specialized training and thus becomes common property². All this can easily be applied to the film, where transitions that in literature took centuries have come about in a decade. In cinematic practice, particularly in Russia, this change-over has partially become established reality. Some of the players whom we meet in Russian films are not actors in our sense but people who portray themselves—and primarily in their own work process. In Western Europe the capitalistic exploitation of the film denies consideration to modern man's legitimate claim to being reproduced. Under these circumstances the film industry is trying hard to spur the interest of the masses through illusion-promoting spectacles and dubious speculations.

² The privileged character of the respective techniques is lost. Aldous Huxley writes: "Advances in technology have led ... to vulgarity... Process reproduction and the rotary press have made possible the indefinite multiplication of writing and pictures. Universal education and relatively high wages have created an enormous public who know how to read and can afford to buy reading and pictorial matter. A great industry has been called into existence in order to supply these commodities. Now, artistic talent is a very rare phenomenon; whence it follows ... that, at every epoch and in all countries, most art has been bad. But the proportion of trash in the total artistic output is greater now than at any other period. That it must be so is a matter of simple arithmetic. The population of Western Europe has a little more than doubled during the last century. But the amount of reading—and seeing—matter has increased, I should imagine, at least twenty and possibly fifty or even a hundred times. If there were n men of talent in a population of x millions, there will presumably be $2n$ men of talent among $2X$ millions. The situation may be summed up thus. For every page of print and pictures published a century ago, twenty or perhaps even a hundred pages are published today. But for every man of talent then living, there are now only two men of talent. It may be of course that, thanks to universal education, many potential talents which in the past would have been stillborn are now enabled to realize themselves. Let us assume, then, that there are now three or even four men of talent to every one of earlier times. It still remains true to say that the consumption of reading—and seeing—matter has far outstripped the natural production of gifted writers and draughtsmen. It is the same with hearing-matter. Prosperity, the gramophone and the radio have created an audience of hearers who consume an amount of hearing-matter that has increased out of all proportion to the increase of population and the consequent natural increase of talented musicians. It follows from all this that in all the arts the output of trash is both absolutely and relatively greater than it was in the past; and that it must remain greater for just so long as the world continues to consume the present inordinate quantities of reading-matter, seeing-matter, and hearing-matter." —Aldous Huxley, *Beyond the Mexique Bay*, *A Traveller's Journal*. This mode of observation is obviously not progressive.

XI

The shooting of a film, especially of a sound film, affords a spectacle unimaginable anywhere at any time before this. It presents a process in which it is impossible to assign to a spectator a viewpoint which would exclude from the actual scene such extraneous accessories as camera equipment, lighting machinery, staff assistants, etc.—unless his eye were on a line parallel with the lens. This circumstance, more than any other, renders superficial and insignificant any possible similarity between a scene in the studio and one on the stage. In the theatre one is well aware of the place from which the play cannot immediately be detected as illusionary. There is no such place for the movie scene that is being shot. Its illusionary nature is that of the second degree, the result of cutting. That is to say, in the studio the mechanical equipment has penetrated so deeply into reality that its pure aspect freed from the foreign substance of equipment is the result of a special procedure, namely, the shooting by the specially adjusted camera and the mounting of the shot together with other similar ones. The equipment-free aspect of reality here has become the height of artifice; the sight of immediate reality has become an orchid in the land of technology. Even more revealing is the comparison of these circumstances, which differ so much from those of the theatre, with the situation in painting. Here the question is: How does the cameraman compare with the painter? To answer this we take recourse to an analogy with a surgical operation. The surgeon represents the polar opposite of the magician. The magician heals a sick person by the laying on of hands; the surgeon cuts into the patient's body. The magician maintains the natural distance between the patient and himself; though he reduces it very slightly by the laying on of hands, he greatly increases it by virtue of his authority. The surgeon does exactly the reverse; he greatly diminishes the distance between himself and the patient by penetrating into the patient's body, and increases it but little by the caution with which his hand moves among the organs. In short, in contrast to the magician—who is still hidden in the medical practitioner—the surgeon at the decisive moment abstains from facing the patient man to man; rather, it is through the operation that he penetrates into him. Magician and surgeon compare to painter and cameraman. The painter maintains in his work a natural distance from reality, the cameraman penetrates deeply into its web¹. There is a tremendous difference between the pictures they obtain. That of the painter is a total one, that of the cameraman consists of multiple fragments which are assembled under a new law. Thus, for contemporary man the representation of reality by the film is incomparably more significant than that of the painter, since it offers, precisely because of the thoroughgoing permeation of reality with mechanical equipment, an aspect of reality which is free of all equipment. And that is what one is entitled to ask from a work of art.

¹ The boldness of the cameraman is indeed comparable to that of the surgeon. Luc Durtain lists among specific technical sleights of hand those “which are required in surgery in the case of certain difficult operations. I choose as an example a case from oto-rhinolaryngology; ... the so-called endonasal perspective procedure; or I refer to the acrobatic tricks of larynx surgery which have to be performed following the reversed picture in the laryngoscope. I might also speak of ear surgery which suggests the precision work of watchmakers. What range of the most subtle muscular acrobatics is required from the man who wants to repair or save the human body! We have only to think of the couching of a cataract where there is virtually a debate of steel with nearly fluid tissue, or of the major abdominal operations (laparotomy).”—Luc Durtain, *op. cit.*

XII

Mechanical reproduction of art changes the reaction of the masses toward art. The reactionary attitude toward a Picasso painting changes into the progressive reaction toward a Chaplin movie. The progressive reaction is characterized by the direct, intimate fusion of visual and emotional enjoyment with the orientation of the expert. Such fusion is of great social significance. The greater the decrease in the social significance of an art form, the sharper the distinction between criticism and enjoyment by the public. The conventional is uncritically enjoyed, and the truly new is criticized with aversion. With regard to the screen, the critical and the receptive attitudes of the public coincide. The decisive reason for this is that individual reactions are predetermined by the mass audience response they are about to produce, and this is nowhere more pronounced than in the film. The moment these responses become manifest they control each other. Again, the comparison with painting is fruitful. A painting has always had an excellent chance to be viewed by one person or by a few. The simultaneous contemplation of paintings by a large public, such as developed in the nineteenth century, is an early symptom of the crisis of painting, a crisis which was by no means occasioned exclusively by photography but rather in a relatively independent manner by the appeal of art works to the masses. Painting simply is in no position to present an object for simultaneous collective experience, as it was possible for architecture at all times, for the epic poem in the past, and for the movie today. Although this circumstance in itself should not lead one to conclusions about the social role of painting, it does constitute a serious threat as soon as painting, under special conditions and, as it were, against its nature, is confronted directly by the masses. In the churches and monasteries of the Middle Ages and at the princely courts up to the end of the eighteenth century, a collective reception of paintings did not occur simultaneously, but by graduated and hierarchized mediation. The change that has come about is an expression of the particular conflict in which painting was implicated by the mechanical reproducibility of paintings. Although paintings began to be publicly exhibited in galleries and salons, there was no way for the masses to organize and control themselves in their reception.¹ Thus the same public which responds in a progressive manner toward a grotesque film is bound to respond in a reactionary manner to surrealism.

¹ This mode of observation may seem crude, but as the great theoretician Leonardo has shown, crude modes of observation may at times be usefully adduced. Leonardo compares painting and music as follows: "Painting is superior to music because, unlike unfortunate music, it does not have to die as soon as it is born... Music which is consumed in the very act of its birth is inferior to painting which the use of varnish has rendered eternal." (Trattato I, 29.)

XIII

The characteristics of the film lie not only in the manner in which man presents himself to mechanical equipment but also in the manner in which, by means of this apparatus, man can represent his environment. A glance at occupational psychology illustrates the testing capacity of the equipment. Psychoanalysis illustrates it in a different perspective. The film has enriched our field of perception with methods which can be illustrated by those of Freudian theory. Fifty years ago, a slip of the tongue passed more or less unnoticed. Only exceptionally may such a slip have revealed dimensions of depth in a conversation which had seemed to be taking its course on the surface. Since the Psychopathology of Everyday Life things have changed. This book isolated and made analyzable things which had heretofore floated along unnoticed in the broad stream of perception. For the entire spectrum of optical, and now also acoustical, perception the film has brought about a similar deepening of apperception. It is only an obverse of this fact that behavior items shown in a movie can be analyzed much more precisely and from more points of view than those presented on paintings or on the stage. As compared with painting, filmed behavior lends itself more readily to analysis because of its incomparably more precise statements of the situation. In comparison with the stage scene, the filmed behavior item lends itself more readily to analysis because it can be isolated more easily. This circumstance derives its chief importance from its tendency to promote the mutual penetration of art and science. Actually, of a screened behavior item which is neatly brought out in a certain situation, like a muscle of a body, it is difficult to say which is more fascinating, its artistic value or its value for science. To demonstrate the identity of the artistic and scientific uses of photography which heretofore usually were separated will be one of the revolutionary functions of the film.¹ By close-ups of the things around us, by focusing on hidden details of familiar objects, by exploring common place milieus under the ingenious guidance of the camera, the film, on the one hand, extends our comprehension of the necessities which rule our lives; on the other hand, it manages to assure us of an immense and unexpected field of action. Our taverns and our metropolitan streets, our offices and furnished rooms, our railroad stations and our factories appeared to have us locked up hopelessly. Then came the film and burst this prison-world asunder by the dynamite of the tenth of a second, so that now, in the midst of its far-flung ruins and debris, we calmly and adventurously go traveling. With the close-up, space expands; with slow motion, movement is extended. The enlargement of a snapshot does not simply render more precise what in any case was visible, though unclear: it reveals entirely new structural formations of the subject. So, too, slow motion not only presents familiar qualities of movement but reveals in them entirely unknown ones “which, far from looking like retarded rapid movements, give the effect of singularly gliding, floating, supernatural motions.”⁽⁸⁾ Evidently a different nature opens itself to the camera than opens to the naked eye—if only because an unconsciously penetrated space is substituted for a space consciously explored by man. Even if one has a general knowledge of the way people walk, one knows nothing of a person’s posture during the fractional second of a stride. The act of reaching for a lighter or a spoon is familiar routine, yet we hardly know what really goes on between hand and metal, not to mention how this fluctuates with our

¹ Renaissance painting offers a revealing analogy to this situation. The incomparable development of this art and its significance rested not least on the integration of a number of new sciences, or at least of new scientific data. Renaissance painting made use of anatomy and perspective, of mathematics, meteorology, and chromatology. Valéry writes: “What could be further from us than the strange claim of a Leonardo to whom painting was a supreme goal and the ultimate demonstration of knowledge? Leonardo was convinced that painting demanded universal knowledge, and he did not even shrink from a theoretical analysis which to us is stunning because of its very depth and precision...”—Paul Valéry, *Pièces sur l’Art, “Autour de Corot,”* Paris, p. 191.

⁽⁸⁾ Rudolf Arnheim, *loc. cit.*, p. 138.

moods. Here the camera intervenes with the resources of its lowerings and liftings, its interruptions and isolations, its extensions and accelerations, its enlargements and reductions. The camera introduces us to unconscious optics as does psychoanalysis to unconscious impulses.

XIV

One of the foremost tasks of art has always been the creation of a demand which could be fully satisfied only later.¹ The history of every art form shows critical epochs in which a certain art form aspires to effects which could be fully obtained only with a changed technical standard, that is to say, in a new art form. The extravagances and crudities of art which thus appear, particularly in the so-called decadent epochs, actually arise from the nucleus of its richest historical energies. In recent years, such barbarisms were abundant in Dadaism. It is only now that its impulse becomes discernible: Dadaism attempted to create by pictorial—and literary—means the effects which the public today seeks in the film. Every fundamentally new, pioneering creation of demands will carry beyond its goal. Dadaism did so to the extent that it sacrificed the market values which are so characteristic of the film in favor of higher ambitions—though of course it was not conscious of such intentions as here described. The Dadaists attached much less importance to the sales value of their work than to its usefulness for contemplative immersion. The studied degradation of their material was not the least of their means to achieve this uselessness. Their poems are “word salad” containing obscenities and every imaginable waste product of language. The same is true of their paintings, on which they mounted buttons and tickets. What they intended and achieved was a relentless destruction of the aura of their creations, which they branded as reproductions with the very means of production. Before a painting of Arp’s or a poem by August Stramm it is impossible to take time for contemplation and evaluation as one would before a canvas of Derain’s or a poem by Rilke. In the decline of middle-class society, contemplation became a school for asocial behavior; it was countered by distraction as a variant of social conduct.² Dadaistic activities actually assured a rather vehement distraction by making works of art the centre of scandal. One requirement was foremost: to outrage the public. From an alluring appearance or persuasive structure of sound the work of art of the Dadaists became an instrument of ballistics. It hit the spectator like a bullet, it happened to him, thus acquiring a tactile quality. It promoted a demand for the film, the distracting element of which is also primarily tactile, being based on changes of place and focus which periodically assail the spectator. Let us compare the screen on which a film unfolds with the canvas of a painting. The painting invites the spectator to contemplation; before it the spectator can

¹ “The work of art,” says André Breton, “is valuable only in so far as it is vibrated by the reflexes of the future.” Indeed, every developed art form intersects three lines of development. Technology works toward a certain form of art. Before the advent of the film there were photo booklets with pictures which flitted by the onlooker upon pressure of the thumb, thus portraying a boxing bout or a tennis match. Then there were the slot machines in bazaars; their picture sequences were produced by the turning of a crank. Secondly, the traditional art forms in certain phases of their development strenuously work toward effects which later are effortlessly attained by the new ones. Before the rise of the movie the Dadaists’ performances tried to create an audience reaction which Chaplin later evoked in a more natural way. Thirdly, unspectacular social changes often promote a change in receptivity which will benefit the new art form. Before the movie had begun to create its public, pictures that were no longer immobile captivated an assembled audience in the so-called Kaiserpanorama. Here the public assembled before a screen into which stereoscopes were mounted, one to each beholder. By a mechanical process individual pictures appeared briefly before the stereoscopes, then made way for others. Edison still had to use similar devices in presenting the first movie strip before the film screen and projection were known. This strip was presented to a small public which stared into the apparatus in which the succession of pictures was reeling off. Incidentally, the institution of the Kaiserpanorama shows very clearly a dialectic of the development. Shortly before the movie turned the reception of pictures into a collective one, the individual viewing of pictures in these swiftly outmoded establishments came into play once more with an intensity comparable to that of the ancient priest beholding the statue of a divinity in the cella.

² The theological archetype of this contemplation is the awareness of being alone with one’s God. Such awareness, in the heyday of the bourgeoisie, went to strengthen the freedom to shake off clerical tutelage. During the decline of the bourgeoisie this awareness had to take into account the hidden tendency to withdraw from public affairs those forces which the individual draws upon in his communion with God.

abandon himself to his associations. Before the movie frame he cannot do so. No sooner has his eye grasped a scene than it is already changed. It cannot be arrested. Duhamel, who detests the film and knows nothing of its significance, though something of its structure, notes this circumstance as follows: "I can no longer think what I want to think. My thoughts have been replaced by moving images."⁽⁹⁾ The spectator's process of association in view of these images is indeed interrupted by their constant, sudden change. This constitutes the shock effect of the film, which, like all shocks, should be cushioned by heightened presence of mind.³ By means of its technical structure, the film has taken the physical shock effect out of the wrappers in which Dadaism had, as it were, kept it inside the moral shock effect.⁴

³ The film is the art form that is in keeping with the increased threat to his life which modern man has to face. Man's need to expose himself to shock effects is his adjustment to the dangers threatening him. The film corresponds to profound changes in the apperceptive apparatus—changes that are experienced on an individual scale by the man in the street in big-city traffic, on a historical scale by every present-day citizen.

⁴ As for Dadaism, insights important for Cubism and Futurism are to be gained from the movie. Both appear as deficient attempts of art to accommodate the pervasion of reality by the apparatus. In contrast to the film, these schools did not try to use the apparatus as such for the artistic presentation of reality, but aimed at some sort of alloy in the joint presentation of reality and apparatus. In Cubism, the premonition that this apparatus will be structurally based on optics plays a dominant part; in Futurism, it is the premonition of the effects of this apparatus which are brought out by the rapid sequence of the film strip.

⁽⁹⁾ Georges Duhamel, *Scènes de la vie future*, Paris, 1930, p. 52.

XV

The mass is a matrix from which all traditional behavior toward works of art issues today in a new form. Quantity has been transmuted into quality. The greatly increased mass of participants has produced a change in the mode of participation. The fact that the new mode of participation first appeared in a disreputable form must not confuse the spectator. Yet some people have launched spirited attacks against precisely this superficial aspect. Among these, Duhamel has expressed himself in the most radical manner. What he objects to most is the kind of participation which the movie elicits from the masses. Duhamel calls the movie “a pastime for helots, a diversion for uneducated, wretched, worn-out creatures who are consumed by their worries ... , a spectacle which requires no concentration and presupposes no intelligence ... , which kindles no light in the heart and awakens no hope other than the ridiculous one of someday becoming a ‘star’ in Los Angeles.”• Clearly, this is at bottom the same ancient lament that the masses seek distraction whereas art demands concentration from the spectator. That is a commonplace. The question remains whether it provides a platform for the analysis of the film. A closer look is needed here. Distraction and concentration form polar opposites which may be stated as follows: A man who concentrates before a work of art is absorbed by it. He enters into this work of art the way legend tells of the Chinese painter when he viewed his finished painting. In contrast, the distracted mass absorbs the work of art. This is most obvious with regard to buildings. Architecture has always represented the prototype of a work of art the reception of which is consummated by a collectivity in a state of distraction. The laws of its reception are most instructive. Buildings have been man’s companions since primeval times. Many art forms have developed and perished. Tragedy begins with the Greeks, is extinguished with them, and after centuries its “rules” only are revived. The epic poem, which had its origin in the youth of nations, expires in Europe at the end of the Renaissance. Panel painting is a creation of the Middle Ages, and nothing guarantees its uninterrupted existence. But the human need for shelter is lasting. Architecture has never been idle. Its history is more ancient than that of any other art, and its claim to being a living force has significance in every attempt to comprehend the relationship of the masses to art. Buildings are appropriated in a twofold manner: by use and by perception — or rather, by touch and sight. Such appropriation cannot be understood in terms of the attentive concentration of a tourist before a famous building. On the tactile side there is no counterpart to contemplation on the optical side. Tactile appropriation is accomplished not so much by attention as by habit. As regards architecture, habit determines to a large extent even optical reception. The latter, too, occurs much less through rapt attention than by noticing the object in incidental fashion. This mode of appropriation, developed with reference to architecture, in certain circumstances acquires canonical value. For the tasks which face the human apparatus of perception at the turning points of history cannot be solved by optical means, that is, by contemplation, alone. They are mastered gradually by habit, under the guidance of tactile appropriation. The distracted person, too, can form habits. More, the ability to master certain tasks in a state of distraction proves that their solution has become a matter of habit. Distraction as provided by art presents a covert control of the extent to which new tasks have become soluble by apperception. Since, moreover, individuals are tempted to avoid such tasks, art will tackle the most difficult and most important ones where it is able to mobilize the masses. Today it does so in the film. Reception in a state of distraction, which is increasing noticeably in all fields of art and is symptomatic of profound changes in apperception, finds in the film its true means of exercise. The film with its shock effect meets this mode of reception halfway. The film makes the cult value recede into the background not only by putting the public in the position of the critic, but also

by the fact that at the movies this position requires no attention. The public is an examiner, but an absent-minded one.

- Duhamel, *op. cit.*, p. 58.

Epilogue

The growing proletarianization of modern man and the increasing formation of masses are two aspects of the same process. Fascism attempts to organize the newly created proletarian masses without affecting the property structure which the masses strive to eliminate. Fascism sees its salvation in giving these masses not their right, but instead a chance to express themselves.¹ The masses have a right to change property relations; Fascism seeks to give them an expression while preserving property. The logical result of Fascism is the introduction of aesthetics into political life. The violation of the masses, whom Fascism, with its Führer cult, forces to their knees, has its counterpart in the violation of an apparatus which is pressed into the production of ritual values. All efforts to render politics aesthetic culminate in one thing: war. War and war only can set a goal for mass movements on the largest scale while respecting the traditional property system. This is the political formula for the situation. The technological formula may be stated as follows: Only war makes it possible to mobilize all of today's technical resources while maintaining the property system. It goes without saying that the Fascist apotheosis of war does not employ such arguments. Still, Marinetti says in his manifesto on the Ethiopian colonial war: "For twenty-seven years we Futurists have rebelled against the branding of war as anti-aesthetic... Accordingly we state: ... War is beautiful because it establishes man's dominion over the subjugated machinery by means of gas masks, terrifying megaphones, flame throwers, and small tanks. War is beautiful because it initiates the dreamt-of metallization of the human body. War is beautiful because it enriches a flowering meadow with the fiery orchids of machine guns. War is beautiful because it combines the gunfire, the cannonades, the cease-fire, the scents, and the stench of putrefaction into a symphony. War is beautiful because it creates new architecture, like that of the big tanks, the geometrical formation flights, the smoke spirals from burning villages, and many others... Poets and artists of Futurism! ... remember these principles of an aesthetics of war so that your struggle for a new literature and a new graphic art... may be illumined by them!" This manifesto has the virtue of clarity. Its formulations deserve to be accepted by dialecticians. To the latter, the aesthetics of today's war appears as follows: If the natural utilization of productive forces is impeded by the property system, the increase in technical devices, in speed, and in the sources of energy will press for an unnatural utilization, and this is found in war. The destructiveness of war furnishes proof that society has not been mature enough to incorporate technology as its organ, that technology has not been sufficiently developed to cope with the elemental forces of society. The horrible features of imperialistic warfare are attributable to the discrepancy between the tremendous means of production and their inadequate utilization in the process of production—in other words, to unemployment and the lack of markets. Imperialistic war is a rebellion of technology which collects, in the form of "human material," the claims to which society has denied its natural material. Instead of draining rivers, society directs a human stream into a bed of trenches; instead of dropping seeds from airplanes, it drops incendiary bombs over cities; and through gas warfare the aura is abolished in a new way. "Fiat ars—pereat mundus," says Fascism, and, as Marinetti

¹ One technical feature is significant here, especially with regard to newsreels, the propagandist importance of which can hardly be overestimated. Mass reproduction is aided especially by the reproduction of masses. In big parades and monster rallies, in sports events, and in war, all of which nowadays are captured by camera and sound recording, the masses are brought face to face with themselves. This process, whose significance need not be stressed, is intimately connected with the development of the techniques of reproduction and photography. Mass movements are usually discerned more clearly by a camera than by the naked eye. A bird's-eye view best captures gatherings of hundreds of thousands. And even though such a view may be as accessible to the human eye as it is to the camera, the image received by the eye cannot be enlarged the way a negative is enlarged. This means that mass movements, including war, constitute a form of human behavior which particularly favors mechanical equipment.

admits, expects war to supply the artistic gratification of a sense perception that has been changed by technology. This is evidently the consummation of "l'art pour l'art." Mankind, which in Homer's time was an object of contemplation for the Olympian gods, now is one for itself. Its self-alienation has reached such a degree that it can experience its own destruction as an aesthetic pleasure of the first order. This is the situation of politics which Fascism is rendering aesthetic. Communism responds by politicizing art.

45. Youth Liberation Program

Deleted reason: not anarchist

Author: Youth Liberation of Ann Arbor

Topics: youth liberation, child rights, childhood

Date: 1972

Source: The Children's Rights Movement: Overcoming the Oppression of Young People, Ed. Beatrice Gross & Ronald Gross, 1977

Date Published on T@L: 2022-06-17

Youth Liberation, an Ann Arbor-based group (see Section 6 [of the book this Program is from] for a fuller account of their activities, publications, and services), has issued a fifteen-point program "to put together truth about what is wrong with our present situation and to lay out changes that must be made... If our program strays from the specific needs of youth, it is because we know that we are not free until all people are free and the earth is a healthy place to live."

Youth Liberation Program

Every day, it becomes clearer that we might be the last generation in the experiment with living. The problems facing humanity are so huge that some of us think working for change is futile. We of Youth Liberation, however, will not be led either to the treadmill or to the slaughterhouse like "good Germans." We know there is a basic decision to make: either we stay quiet and become part of a system of oppression, or we seize control of our lives, take risks, and struggle to build something new. We believe that problems have causes and that by studying these causes we can learn solutions. We know that young people have power if we take it and use it. We must liberate ourselves from the death trip of corporate America. We must take control of our lives, because within us is the seed of a new reality—a seed that cannot grow until our lives are our own. It is a reality of ecstasy, made up of love, justice, freedom, peace, and plenty.

The Youth Liberation Program is an attempt to put together truth about what is wrong with our present situation and to lay out changes that must be made. This process never ends. To win, we must know very clearly what we want and what we reject. We are learning to struggle together. If our program strays from the specific needs of youth, it is because we know that we are not free until all people are free and the earth is a healthy place to live.

1. "WE WANT THE POWER TO DETERMINE OUR OWN DESTINY.

2. WE WANT THE IMMEDIATE END OF ADULT CHAUVINISM. We believe ideas should be judged on their merit and people on their wisdom or kindness. Age *in itself* deserves no recognition. Adults who want to support youth struggle or "improve communication" should show their concern by providing concrete resources. Words alone are not enough. Age might once have led to wisdom, but the old have proved themselves unable to deal with present reality. If the human species is to survive, the young must take the lead.

3. WE WANT FULL CIVIL AND HUMAN RIGHTS. We believe young people are necessary participants in democracy. We must have complete freedom of speech, press, assembly, and religion, and the right to vote. We believe that all people are created equal and are endowed with certain unalienable rights; among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

4. WE WANT THE RIGHT TO FORM OUR EDUCATION ACCORDING TO OUR NEEDS We believe compulsory education is a form of imprisonment and must be abolished immediately. Grades and all forms of tracking must end, because they stimulate competition, divide us, and make us work for other people's ends. All discipline procedures must be decided democratically within the school community. No school staff should be hired or fired without the democratic consent of students and

teachers. Students and the community must have the right to use school facilities whenever they feel it is necessary.

5. WE WANT THE FREEDOM TO FORM INTO COMMUNAL FAMILIES. We believe that the nuclear family is not in the best interest of the people involved. Young people are now considered property — to be molded in the image of their parents. Since we demand self-determination for our lives, this is intolerable. In communal families children can grow in the company of many people, both peers and adults. They can learn the co-operation of community rather than the oppression of ownership. Until communal families are a reality, some healthy provision must be made for young people whose present conditions of life force them to become cultural refugees.

6. WE WANT THE END OF MALE CHAUVINISM AND SEXISM. We believe women must be free and equal. We recognize that sexism is all-pervasive and often subtle and demeans the humanity of everyone. All forms of sex-role stereotyping must end. Macho must go. Abortions must be free and legal. We consider the women's movement our natural ally since both young people and women are systematically oppressed by male-supremacist society.

7. WE WANT THE OPPORTUNITY TO CREATE AN AUTHENTIC CULTURE WITH INSTITUTIONS OF OUR OWN MAKING. We believe western culture is decadent and we refuse to continue it in our lives. People's appearance must not affect their civil rights. All drugs must be legalized, as we see that it is not laws that govern people's use of drugs, but societal conditions. We hope to create a society in which people will not need death drugs. Our music and cultural gatherings must be allowed to flourish in peace. We must be set free to begin living in the new age and begin to accept a responsibility for developing plans and examples of institutions that build joy, justice, and a respect for life.

8. WE WANT SEXUAL SELF-DETERMINATION. We believe all people must have the unhindered right to be heterosexual, homosexual, bisexual, or transsexual.

9. WE WANT THE END OF CLASS ANTAGONISM AMONG YOUNG PEOPLE. We believe that those in power cultivate elitism and class divisions among youth which only serve to weaken us. The survival of young people of all classes and races is threatened by the few who run this world. We condemn academic tracking, honors, and all other class divisions imposed upon us.

10. WE WANT THE END OF RACISM AND COLONIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES AND THE WORLD. We believe America is an imperialist country. America uses over 50 per cent of the world's resources for less than 7 per cent of the world's population. Racism in schools is severely damaging to students, particularly minority students. Students must eliminate racism and stop fighting each other. We must unite to fight the real enemy until we have education that meets the needs of all races. We support the liberation struggles of colonized people of all colors everywhere.

11. WE WANT FREEDOM FOR ALL UNJUSTLY IMPRISONED PEOPLE. All young people in juvenile homes, training schools, detention centers, mental institutions, and other penal institutions for minors must be set free. They did not receive a trial before a jury of their peers, and the society they offended is itself criminal. Young people must never receive discriminatory treatment before the law, whether in the courtroom, going to a movie, buying alcohol, or leaving home. The military draft must be abolished and the military made democratic.

12. WE WANT THE RIGHT TO BE ECONOMICALLY INDEPENDENT OF ADULTS. We believe we are entitled to work or to unemployment benefits. Child-labor laws and extended schooling now force youth into the status of a dependent colony.

13. WE WANT THE RIGHT TO LIVE IN HARMONY WITH NATURE. We believe that to survive we must have clean air to breathe, pure food to eat, water fit to drink, products built to last, free medical care, and an end to population growth. Life exists in balance and harmony, but greed and stupidity have now sent us disastrously out of balance with our environment and earth death seems certain. Each person must learn to live a sound ecological life, and all people together must change the economic structure of the world until the needs of the earth and its people are met.

14. WE WANT TO REHUMANIZE EXISTENCE. We believe that to do this we must recognize and deal with the invisible dictatorship of technocracy and bureaucracy. We are the crown of creation, and we announce that it is not our destiny to become robot parts of the Great Machine.

15. WE WANT TO DEVELOP COMMUNICATION AND SOLIDARITY WITH THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF THE WORLD IN OUR COMMON STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM AND PEACE. We believe national boundaries are artificial and must inevitably be abolished. In the new world, all resources and technology must be used for the benefit of all people.

Youth will make the revolution. Youth will keep it young!

46. Anarchy and the Mythic Path

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Author: Zhachev
Date: 08/09/2024
Source: <zhachev.substack.com/p/anarchy-and-the-mythic-path>
Topics: myth
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Fluctuations within a continuum can be generated from diverging narratives. Uncertain climes, alternative timelines. Chronoflipping, retroswitching, taleshifting. An alterverse created via timeforge. *Terra incognita.*

Narratives serve the function of temporal modulators, unbound by the shackles of progress and linearity. Vectors of radivergence. Distorting, disrupting, and corrupting conventional chronologies, conduits to alternative realities proliferate with every shift in narrative azimuth. Each story is a potential rupture in the continuum of time, a machinic assemblage capable of bearing a plethora of parallel existences. Through an intricate tango between character and plot, individual and fate, the long shadows of possibility are cast across the otherwise monolithic goosestepping of historical determinism. Stories are not made belief, not mere reflections of reality, but rather, active forces with the capacity to fracture and reshape any duration. Every possibility explored; every outcome reimaged.

Yet together we have so far crafted banal narratives, not out of a love for the mundane, but as an act of incestuous self-replication within a cosmos totally indifferent to human and even earthly aspirations. The banal storylines we cobble are but feeble attempts to inoculate ourselves against the abyss of existential absurdity, a meager and cowardly attempt to impose semblances of order on the chaos the lurks at the periphery of our senses and consciousness. In these tedious narratives, we find pitiful solace, a self-deception that promises coherence where there is none, meaning where only void persists. Through this insipid storytelling we attempt to stave off the encroaching realization of our own futility, sheltering ourselves in the comforts of predictability, thus avoiding the tremors of reality too unsettling to look in the eye. In this dreary, pallid, dull-eyed procession of unquestionable self-replication, we indulge only in the trivial — not because it fulfills our desires, but because it is a necessary distraction from the vast, silent horror of existence itself.

But mythopoesis, the divine art of crafting narratives, serves as the crucible for the ascent of the soul from the mires of mediocrity into the realm of the sublime and extraordinary. It is through the artistic forging of myth that the individual transcends the prosaic confines of this dominant reality, sculpting a uniquely personal universe from without the chaotic flux. By weaving these mythic threads, we establish the battleground where the dominion of viridity asserts itself; fashioning oneself anew in the image of their deepest aspirations. In this creative revolt, the individual encounters the sacred, the heroic, and the sublime, aligning oneself with the eternal dance of becoming rather than stagnating in the slumber of being.

The ultimate act of anarchic defiance is mythopoesis. A bold insurgency against the stifling chains of conformity and the dreary predictability of the status quo. By conjuring myths, the individual ignites a fierce rebellion against the oppressive order of political and societal norms, seizing control of their own narrative and fashioning a reality born of pure viridity and imagination. It is through this anarchic creativity that one shatters the imposed boundaries of conventional existence, unleashing torrents of radical transformation. In this act of myth-making, the self becomes a liberated potential, free to mold its own path and challenge the extant. Mythopoesis is not just an escape from the banal but a profound assertion of anarchic freedom, a reawakening of the viridity in defiance of the constrictive dictates of the dominant world. Here, one embraces the exhilarating chaos of creation, forging a life unmoored by societal constraints and enshrining the individual as both architect and destroyer of their own destiny.

If there are free spirits and anarchists left to speak of, myth-making is the very lifeblood of the movement. A crucial weapon in our arsenal against the monolithic tyranny of one-world society and the suffocating grips of its norms. It is through the creation of potent, liberatory myths that we dismantle the oppressive structures of Other-control and rekindle the flame of feral fervor. These myths are not mere tales but incendiary devices that inspire and mobilize, giving form to our collective aspirations and embodying the spirit of insurrection. In crafting these revolutionary narratives, we breathe vitality into our struggle, transforming abstract ideals into living, pulsating forces that challenge the dominant narratives. Myth-making infuses anarchist vision with a dynamic and compelling energy, empowering us to envision and strive for a world unbound by authority. It is the artistic and creative rebellion that energizes our movement, fostering a shared sense of purpose and igniting the passion needed to transcend the limitations imposed by oppressive systems. Through myth, we declare our defiance, amplify our voices, and carve out a path toward free association, forever casting off the chains of tyranny and embracing the boundless possibilities of a free will.

47. Violence and Earth First!

Author: Dave Foreman

Topics: Earth First!, historical, Radical history, environment, Environmental activism, ecology, non-violence, non-violence, violence, not anarchist

Date: March 1982

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Violence is as American as cherry pie. — H. Rap Brown

One could expand Rap Brown's comment to this: Violence is as human as the opposable thumb. But the question we as Earth lovers must face is whether violence is every justified in defense of Mother Earth against those who would destroy her for their *short-term material profit* and *power thrills*. As I said to the slimy little suppository representing the Mountain States Legal Foundation during a panel discussion in Denver last fall, "If you come home and find a bunch of Hell's Angels raping your wife, old mother, and eleven year old daughter, you don't just sit down and talk balance with them or suggest compromise. You get your twelve gauge shotgun and blow them to hell."

Many environmentalists, however, say violence, whether against machines or people, merely perpetuates the whole violent, destructive cycle, that Earth rape is due to our violent nature, that the only way we can break the violent cycle is to step out of it ourselves, to use only passive resistance against those who would destroy Earth and us.

This, of course, is the approach advocated by Ghandi and Martin Luther King. I admire it. Unfortunately, I am still an animal; still a caveman despite my Levis and boots. I can not turn the other cheek. That just seems to me to be a good way to get a sore face. If you could protect an old growth Douglas fir forest in Oregon from logging by spiking a few trees, would you? If you could save the last of the blue whales from extinction by ramming a pirate whaler, would you? If you could save the Washakie Wilderness from roads and oil rigs by sabotaging a rig or bulldozer, would you? If you could stop an acid rain polluter in Ohio by dumping human sewage over his desk, would you?

Just as most of us have our price (I'll sell out for a hundred grand a year, if anyone's listening), most of us have a point of no return where we'll fight back. I think many of us have already reached that point.

EARTH FIRST! does not advocate violence or monkey-wrenching. That is an individual choice. And in a diverse society there are many choices. Some of us may choose to fight for the Earth by wearing high heels and lobbying for the Sierra Club in Washington, D.C. Some of us may choose to engage in nonviolent peaceful protests such as blockading the route into a wilderness area in order to bar oil rigs. Others, with a thinner veneer of civility, may choose another approach. I can respect and understand all of these people. I wish them well.

Violence against machines is a personal decision. No one can make that decision for anyone else. EARTH FIRST! is, I hope, large enough [sic] to contain all this diversity.

If we report on the activities of monkeywrenchers, it is not because we want *you* to do it, too. But there are people out there trying to save their Mother from rape and their story must be told also.

48. Postcapitalist Desire

Author: Mark Fisher

Topics: accelerationism, futurism, post-marxism, marxism, critical theory, Consumerism, communism

Date: October 1, 2012

Source: What Are We Fighting For: A Radical Collective Manifesto, edited by Federico Campagna and Emanuele Campiglio, Pluto Press, 2012

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Deleted reason: Not anarchist.

Soon after the Occupy London Stock Exchange movement had begun, the novelist turned Conservative politician Louise Mensch, appeared on the BBC TV programme, *Have I Got News For You?*, taunting the protesters with the claim that the occupation had led to the “biggest ever queues at Starbucks”. The problem, Mensch insisted, was not only that the occupiers bought corporate coffee — they also used iPhones. The suggestion was clearer: being anti-capitalist entails being an anarcho-primitivist. Mensch’s remarks were ridiculed, not least on the programme itself, but the questions that they raise can’t be so easily dismissed. If opposition to capital does not require that one maintains an anti-technological, anti-mass production stance, why — in the minds of some of its supporters, as much as in the caricatures produced by opponents such as Mensch — has anti-capitalism become exclusively identified with this organicist localism? Here we are a long way from Lenin’s enthusiasm for Taylorism, or Gramsci’s celebration of Fordism, or indeed from the Soviet embrace of technology in the space race. Capital has long tried to claim a monopoly on desire: we only have to remember famous 1980s advert for Levi jeans in which a teenager was seen anxiously smuggling a pair of jeans through a Soviet border post. But the emergence of consumer electronic goods has allowed capital to conflate desire and technology so that the desire for an iPhone can now appear automatically to mean a desire for capitalism. Here we think of another advertisement, Apple’s notorious “1984” commercial, which equated personal computers with the liberation from totalitarian control.

Mensch was not alone in taunting the occupiers for their consumption of chain coffee and their reliance on consumer technologies. In the *London Evening Standard*, one columnist crowed that it “was capitalism and globalisation that produced the clothes the protesters wear, the tents they sleep in, the food they eat, the phones in their pockets and the social networks they use to organize.” The kind of arguments that Mensch and fellow reactionaries made in response to Occupy were versions of those presented in Nick Land’s extraordinary anti-Marxist texts of the 1990s. Land’s theory-fictional provocations were guided by the assumption that desire and communism were fundamentally incompatible. It is worth the left treating these texts as something other than anti-Marxist trolling for at least three reasons. Firstly, because they luridly expose the scale and the nature of the problems that the left now faces. Land fast forwards to his near-future, our near-past, in which capital is totally triumphant, highlighting the extent to which this victory was dependent upon the libidinal mechanics of the advertising and PR companies whose semiotic excrescences despoil former public spaces. “Anything that passes other than by the market is steadily cross-hatched by the axiomatic of capital, holographically encrusted in the stigmatizing marks of its obsolescence. A pervasive negative advertising delibidinizes all things public, traditional, pious, charitable, authoritative, or serious, taunting them with the sleek seductiveness of the commodity.” Land is surely right about this “pervasive negative advertising” — but the question is how to combat it. Instead of the anti-capitalist “no logo” call for a retreat from semiotic productivity, why not an embrace of all the mechanisms of semiotic-libidinal production in the name of a post-capitalist counter-branding? “Radical chic” is not something that the left should flee from — very much to the contrary, it is something that it must embrace and cultivate. For didn’t the moment of the left’s failure coincide with the growing perception that “radical” and “chic” are incompatible? Similarly, it is time for us to reclaim and positivise sneers such as “designer socialism” — because it is the equation of the

“designer” with “capitalist” that has done so much to make capital appear as if it is the only possible modernity.

The second reason Land’s texts are important is that they expose an uncomfortable contradiction between the radical left’s official commitment to revolution, and its actual tendency towards political and formal-aesthetic conservatism. In Land’s writings, a quasi-hydraulic force of desire is set against a leftist-Canutist impulse towards preserving, protecting and defending. Land’s delirium of dissolution is like an inverted autonomism, in which capital assumes all the improvisational and creative vibrancy that Mario Tronti and Hardt/Negri ascribe to the proletariat/the multitude. Inevitably overwhelming all attempts by “the human security system” to control it, capital emerges as the authentic revolutionary force, subjecting everything — including the structures of so-called reality itself — to a process of liquefaction: “[m]eltdown: planetary china-syndrome, dissolution of the biosphere into the technosphere, terminal speculative bubble crisis, ultravirus, and revolution stripped of all christian-socialist eschatology (down to its burn-core of crashed security.” Where is the left that can speak as confidently in the name of an alien future, that can openly celebrate, rather than mourn, the disintegration of existing socialities and territorialities?

The third reason Land’s texts are worth reckoning with is because they assume a terrain that politics now operates on, or must operate on, if it is to be effective — a terrain in which technology is embedded into everyday life and the body; design and PR are ubiquitous; financial abstraction enjoys dominion over government; life and culture are subsumed into cyberspace, and data-hacking consequently assumes (sic) is increasingly important. It may seem to be the case that Land, the avatar of accelerated capital, ends up amply confirming Zizek’s claims about Deleuze and Guattari’s work being an ideology for late capitalism’s deterritorializing flows. But the problem with Zizek’s critique is twofold — firstly, it takes capital at its own word, discounting its own tendencies towards inertia and territorialism; and secondly, because the position from which this critique is made implicitly depends upon the desirability and the possibility of a return to Leninism/Stalinism. In the wake of the decline of the traditional workers’ movement, we have too often been forced into a false choice between an ascetic-authoritarian Leninism that at least worked (in the sense that it took control of the state and limited the dominion of capital) and models of political self-organization which have done little to challenge neoliberal hegemony. What we need to construct is what was promised but never actually delivered by the various “cultural revolutions” of the 1960s: an effective anti-authoritarian left.

Part of what makes Deleuze and Guattari’s work continue to be a major resource in the current movement is that, like the work of the Italian autonomists who it inspired and who were in turn inspired by it, it was specifically engaging with this problem. The point now isn’t to defend Deleuze and Guattari per se, but to accept that the question they raised — the relation of desire to politics in a post-Fordist context — is the crucial problem that the left now faces. The collapse of the Soviet bloc and the retreat of the workers’ movement in the west wasn’t only or even primarily due to the failures of will or discipline. It is the very disappearance of the Fordist economy, with its concomitant “disciplinary” structures, which means that “we can’t just carry on with the same old forms of political institution, the same modes of working class social organisation, because they no longer correspond to the actual and contemporary form of capitalism and the rising subjectivities that accompany and/or contest it. Without a doubt, the language of “flows” and “creativity” has an exhausted quality because of its appropriation by capitalism’s “creative industries”. Yet the proximity of some of Deleuze and Guattari’s concepts to the rhetoric of late capitalism is not a mark of their failure, but of their success in gaining some purchase on the problems of political organisation under post-Fordism. The shift from Fordism to post-Fordism, or in Foucault-Deleuze’s terms from disciplinary to control societies, certainly involves a change in libido — an intensification of desire for consumer goods, funded by credit — but this doesn’t mean that it can be combated by an assertion of working class discipline. Post-Fordism has seen the decomposition of the old working class — which, in the Global North at least, is no longer concentrated in manufacturing spaces, and whose forms of industrial action are consequently no longer

as effective as they once were. At the same time, the libidinal attractions of consumer capitalism needed to be met with a counterlibido, not simply an anti-libidinal dampening.

This entails that politics comes to terms with the essentially inorganic nature of libido, as described by (among others) Freud, the Surrealists, Lacan, Althusser and Haraway, as well as Deleuze and Guattari. Inorganic libido, that which Lacan and Land call the death drive; not a desire for death, for the extinction of desire in what Freud called the Nirvana principle, but an active force of death, defined by any tendency to deviate from any homeostatic regulation. As desiring creatures, we ourselves are that which disrupts organic equilibrium. The novelty of the Anti-Oedipus account of history is the way that it combines this account of inorganic libido with the Hegelian-Marxist notion that history has a direction. One implication of this is that it is very difficult to put this historically-machine inorganic libido back in its box: if desire is a historical-machinic force, its emergence alters “reality” itself; to suppress it would therefore involve either a massive reversal of history, or collective amnesia on a grand scale, or both. For Land, this means that “[p]ost-capitalism has no real meaning except an end to the engine of change.” This brings us back to Mensch, and we can now see that the challenge is to imagine a postcapitalism that is commensurate with the death drive. At the moment, too much anticapitalism seems to be about the impossible pursuit of a social system oriented towards the Nirvana principle of total quiescence — precisely the return to a mythical primitivist equilibrium which the likes of Mensch mock. But any such return to primitivism would require either an apocalypse or the imposition of authoritarian measures — how else is drive to be banished? And if primitivist equilibrium is not what we want, then we crucially need to articulate what it is we do want — which will mean disarticulating technology and desire from capital.

Given all this, it’s time for us to consider once again to what extent is the desire for Starbucks and iPhones really a desire for capital? What’s curious about the Starbucks phenomenon, in fact, is the way in which the condemnation of the chain uncannily echoes the stereotypical attacks on communism: Starbucks is generic, homogenous, it crushes individuality and enterprise. At the same time, however, this kind of generic space — and evidently not the mediocre and overpriced coffee — is quite clearly at the root of Starbucks’ success. Now, it begins to look as if, far from there being some inevitable fit between the desire for Starbucks and capitalism, Starbucks feeds desires which it can meet only in some provisional and unsatisfactory way. What if, in short, the desire for Starbucks is the thwarted desire for communism? For what is the “third place” that Starbucks offers — this place that is neither home nor work — if not a degraded prefiguration of communism itself? In his provocative essay “Utopia as Replication” — originally titled “Wal-Mart as Utopia” — Jameson dares us to approach Wal-Mart, that emblematic object of anticapitalist loathing, “as a thought experiment — not, after Lenin’s crude but practical fashion, as an institution faced with what (after the revolution) we can ‘lop off what capitalistically mutilates this excellent apparatus’, but rather as what Raymond Williams calls the emergent, as opposed to the residual — the shape of a Utopian future looming through the mist, which we must seize as an opportunity to exercise the Utopian imagination more fully, rather than an occasion for moralizing judgements or regressive nostalgia”. The dialectical ambivalence that Jameson calls for in respect of Wal-Mart — “admiration and positive judgement... accompanied by... absolute condemnation” — is already exhibited by the customers of Wal-Mart and Starbucks, many of whom are among the most trenchant critics of the chains, even as they habitually use them. This anti-capitalism of devout consumers is the other side of the supposed complicity with capital that Mensch sees in anti-capitalist protestors.

For Deleuze and Guattari, capitalism is defined by the way it simultaneously engenders and inhibits processes of destratification. In their famous formulation, capitalism deterritorializes and reterritorializes at the same time; there is no process of abstract decoding without a reciprocal recoding via neurotic personalisation (Oedipalisation) — hence the early 21st century disjunction of massively abstract finance capital on one hand; oedipalised celebrity culture on the other. Capitalism is a necessarily failed escape from feudalism, which, instead of destroying encastement, reconstitutes social stratification in the class structure. It is only given this model that Deleuze and Guattari’s call to “accelerate the process” makes

sense. It does not mean accelerating any or everything in capitalism willy-nilly, in the hope that capitalism will thereby collapse. Rather, it means accelerating the process of destratification that capitalism cannot but obstruct. One virtue of this model is that it places capital, not its adversary, on the side of resistance and control. The reactionary elements within capitalism can only conceive of urban modernity, cyberspace and the decline of the family as a fall from a mythical organic community. But can't we conceive of consumer capitalism's culture of ready meals, fast food outlets, anonymous hotels and disintegrating family life as dim pre-echo of precisely the social field imagined by early Soviet planners such as LM Sabsovich?

Building on the whole tradition of socialist dreams of household collectivism, Sabsovich imagined the coordination of all food producing operations in order to transform raw food products into complete meals, deliverable to the population in urban cafeterias, communal dining rooms, and the workplace in ready-to-eat form by means of thermos containers. No food shopping, no cooking, no home meals, no kitchens. Similar industrialization of laundering, tailoring, repair, and even house cleaning (with electronic appliances) would allow each person a sleeping-living room, free of all maintenance cares. Russia would in fact become a vast free-of-charge hotel chain.

The Soviet system could not achieve this vision, but perhaps its realisation still lies ahead of us, provided we accept that what we are fighting for is not a "return" to the essentially reactionary conditions of face-to-face interaction, "a line of racially pure peasants digging the same patch of earth for eternity", or what Marx and Engels called "the idiocy of rural life", but rather the construction of an alternative modernity, in which technology, mass production and impersonal systems of management are deployed as part of a refurbished public sphere. Here, public does not mean state, and the challenge is to imagine a model of public ownership beyond 20th century-style state centralisation. There were clues, perhaps, in the architectural marvels from the dying years of the Soviet bloc, photographed by Frederic Chaubin: "buildings designed at the hinge of different worlds, in which sci-fi futurism conjoins with monumentalism", "quasi-psychedelic, crypto-Pop". While Chaubin sees these buildings as a temporary efflorescence brought about by the rotting of the Soviet system, can't we grasp them instead as relics from a yet-to-be-realised postcapitalist future in which desire and communism are joyfully reconciled? "Neither modern nor postmodern, like free-floating dreams, they loom up on the horizon like pointers to a fourth dimension".

49. Captives of the Flame

Author: Samuel R. Delany

Topics: fiction, science fiction

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Prologue

The green of beetles' wings ... the red of polished carbuncle ... a web of silver fire. Lightning tore his eyes apart, struck deep inside his body; and he felt his bones split. Before it became pain, it was gone. And he was falling through blue smoke. The smoke was inside him, cool as blown ice. It was getting darker.

He had heard something before, a ... voice: the *Lord of the Flames*... Then:

Jon Koshar shook his head, staggered forward, and went down on his knees in white sand. He blinked. He looked up. There were two shadows in front of him.

To his left a tooth of rock jutted from the sand, also casting a double shadow. He felt unreal, light. But the backs of his hands had real dirt on them, his clothes were damp with real sweat, and they clung to his back and sides. He felt immense. But that was because the horizon was so close. Above it, the sky was turquoise—which was odd because the sand was too white for it to be evening. Then he saw the City.

It hit his eyes with a familiarity that made him start. The familiarity was a refuge, and violently his mind clawed at it, tried to find other familiar things. But the towers, the looped roadways, that was all there was—and one small line of metal ribbon that soared out across the desert, supported by strut-work pylons. The transit ribbon! He followed it with his eyes, praying it would lead to something more familiar. The thirteenth pylon—he had counted them as he ran his eye along the silver length—was crumpled, as though a fist had smashed it. The transit ribbon snarled in mid-air and ceased. The abrupt end again sent his mind clawing back toward familiarity: *I am Jon Koshar* (followed by the meaningless number that had been part of his name for five years). *I want to be free* (and for a moment he saw again the dank, creosoted walls of the cabins of the penal camp, and heard the clinking chains of the cutter teeth as he had heard them for so many days walking to the mine entrance while the yard-high ferns brushed his thighs and forearms ... but that was in his mind).

The only other things his scrambling brain could reach were facts of negation. He was some place he had *never* been before. He did *not* know how he had gotten there. He did *not* know how to get back. And the close horizon, the double shadows ... now he realized that this was *not* Earth (Earth of the Thirty-fifth Century, although he gave it another name, Fifteenth Century G.F.).

But the City... It was on earth, and he was on earth, and he was—had been—in it. Again the negations: the City was *not* on a desert, nor could its dead, deserted towers cast double shadows, nor was the transit ribbon broken.

The transit ribbon!

No!

It couldn't be broken. He almost screamed. *Don't let it be broken, please...*

The entire scene was suddenly jerked from his head. There was nothing left but blue smoke, cool as blown ice, inside him, around him. He was spinning in blue smoke. Sudden lightning seared his eyeballs, and the shivering after-image faded, shifted, became ... a web of silver fire, the red of polished carbuncle, the green of beetles' wings.

Chapter I

Silent as a sleeping serpent for sixty years, it spanned from the heart of Telphar to the royal palace of Toromon. From the ashes of the dead city to the island capital, it connected what once had been the two major cities, the only cities of Toromon. Today there was only one.

In Telphar, it soared above ashes and fallen roadways into the night.

Miles on, the edge of darkness paled before the morning and in the faint shadow of the transit ribbon, at the edge of a field of lava, among the whispering, yard-high ferns, sat row on row of squat shacks, cheerless as roosting macaws. They stood near the entrance of the tetron mines.

A few moments before, the light rain had stopped. Water dribbled down the supporting columns of the transit ribbon which made a black band on the fading night.

Now, six extraordinarily tall men left the edge of the jungle. They carried two corpses among them. Two of the tall men hung back to converse.

“The third one won’t get very far.”

“If he does,” said the other, “he’ll be the first one to get through the forest guards in twelve years.”

“I’m not worried about his escaping,” said the first. “But why have there been such an increase in attempts over the past year?”

The other one laughed. Even in the dull light, the three scars that ran down the side of his face and neck were visible. “The orders for tetron have nearly doubled.”

“I wonder just what sort of leeches in Toron make their living off these miserable—” He didn’t finish, but pointed ahead to the corpses.

“The hydroponic growers, the aquarium manufacturers,” answered the man with the scars. “They’re the ones who use the ore. Then, of course, there’s the preparation for the war.”

“They say that since the artificial food growers have taken over, the farmers and fishermen near the coast are being starved out. And with the increased demand for tetron, the miners are dying off like flies here at the mine. Sometimes I wonder how they supply enough prisoners.”

“They don’t,” said the other. Now he called out. “All right. Just drop them there, in front of the cabins.”

The rain had made the ground mud. Two dull splashes came through the graying morning. “Maybe that’ll teach them some sort of lesson,” said the first.

“Maybe,” shrugged the one with the scars.

Now they turned back toward the jungle.

Soon, streaks of light speared the yellow clouds and pried apart the billowing rifts. Shafts of yellow sank into the lush jungles of Toromon, dropping from wet, green fronds, or catching on the moist cracks of boulders. Then the dawn snagged on the metal ribbon that arced over the trees, and webs of shadow from the immense supporting pylons fell across the few, gutted lava beds that dotted the forest.

A formation of airships flashed through a tear in the clouds like a handful of hurled, silver chips. As the buzz from their tetron motors descended through the trees, Quorl, the forest guard, stretched his seven-foot body and rolled over, crushing leaves beneath his shoulder. Instinctively his stomach tensed. But silence had returned. With large, yellow-brown eyes, he looked about the grove in which he had spent the night. His broad nostrils flared even wider. But the air was still, clean, safe. Above, the metal ribbon glinted. Quorl lay back on the dried leaves once more.

As dawn slipped across the jungle, more and more of the ribbon caught fire from beneath the receding shadows, till at last it soared above the yellow crescent of sand that marked the edge of the sea.

Fifty yards down the beach from the last supporting pylon whose base still sat on dry land, Cithon, the fisherman, emerged from his shack.

"Tel?" he called. He was a brown, wiry man whose leathery face was netted with lines from sand and wind. "Tel?" he called once more. Now he turned back into the cottage. "And where has the boy gotten off to now?"

Grella had already seated herself at the loom, and her strong hands now began to work the shuttle back and forth while her feet stamped the treadle.

"Where has he gone?" Cithon demanded.

"He went out early this morning," Grella said quietly. She did not look at her husband. She watched the shuttle moving back and forth, back and forth between the green and yellow threads.

"I can see he's gone out," Cithon snapped. "But where? The sun is up. He should be out with me on the boat. When will he be back?"

Grella didn't answer.

"When will he be back?" Cithon demanded.

"I don't know."

Outside there was a sound, and Cithon turned abruptly and went to the side of the shack.

The boy was leaning over the water trough, sloshing his face.

"Tel."

The boy looked up quickly at his father. He was perhaps fourteen, a thin child, with a shock of black hair, yet eyes as green as the sea. Fear had widened them now.

"Where were you?"

"No place," was the boy's quietly defensive answer. "I wasn't doing anything."

"Where were you?"

"No place," Tel mumbled again. "Just walking..."

Suddenly Cithon's hand, which had been at his waist jerked up and then down, and the leather strap that had been his belt slashed over the boy's wet shoulder.

The only sound was a sudden intake of breath.

"Now get down to the boat."

Inside the shack, the shuttle paused in Grella's fist the length of a drawn breath. Then it shot once more between the threads.

Down the beach, the transit ribbon leapt across the water. Light shook on the surface of the sea like flung diamonds, and the ribbon above was dull by comparison.

Dawn reached across the water till at last the early light fell on the shore of an island. High in the air, the ribbon gleamed above the busy piers and the early morning traffic of the wharf. Behind the piers, the towers of the City were lanced with gold, and as the sun rose, gold light dropped further down the building faces.

On the boardwalk, two merchants were talking above the roar of tetron-powered winches and chuckling carts.

"It looks like your boat's bringing in a cargo of fish," said the stout one.

"It could be fish. It could be something else," answered the other.

"Tell me, friend," asked the portly one, whose coat was of cut and cloth expensive enough to suggest his guesses were usually right, "why do you trouble to send your boat all the way to the mainland to buy from the little fishermen there? My aquariums can supply the City with all the food it needs."

The other merchant looked down at the clip-board of inventory slips.

"Perhaps my clientele is somewhat different from yours."

The first merchant laughed. "You sell to the upper families of the City, who still insist on the doubtful superiority of your imported delicacies. Did you know, my friend, I am superior in every way to you? I feed more people, so what I produce is superior to what you produce. I charge them less money, and so I am financially more benevolent than you. I make more money than you do, so I am also financially superior. Also, later this morning my daughter is coming back from the university, and this evening I

will give her a party so great and so lavish that she will love me more than any daughter has ever loved a father before.”

Here the self-satisfied merchant laughed again, and turned down the wharf to inspect a cargo of tetron ore that was coming in from the mainland.

As the merchant of imported fish turned up another inventory slip, another man approached him. “What was old Koshar laughing about?” he asked.

“He was gloating over his good fortune in backing that hairbrained aquarium idea. He was also trying to make me jealous of his daughter. He’s giving her a party tonight to which I am no doubt invited; but the invitation will come late this afternoon with no time for me to reply properly.”

The other man shook his head. “He’s a proud man. But you can bring him to his place. Next time he mentions his daughter, ask him about his son, and watch the shame storm into his face.”

“He may be proud,” said the other, “but I am not cruel. Why should I move to hurt him? Time takes care of her own. This coming war will see.”

“Perhaps,” said the other merchant. “Perhaps.”

Once over the island city of Toron, capital of Toromon, the transit ribbon breaks from its even course and bends among the towers, weaves among the elevated highways, till finally it crosses near a wide splash of bare concrete, edged with block-long aircraft hangars. Several airships had just arrived, and at one of the passenger gates the people waiting for arrivals crowded closely to the metal fence.

Among them was one young man in military uniform. A brush of red hair, eyes that seemed doubly dark in his pale face, along with a squat, taurine power in his legs and shoulders; these were what struck you in the swift glance. A close look brought you the incongruity of the major’s insignia and his obvious youth.

He watched the passengers coming through the gate with more than military interest.

Someone called, “Tomar!”

And he turned, a grin leaping to his face.

“Tomar,” she called again. “I’m over here.”

A little too bumptiously, he rammed through the crowd until at last he almost collided with her. Then he stopped, looking bewildered and happy.

“Gee, I’m glad you came,” she said. “Come on. You can walk me back to father’s.” Her black hair fell close to broad, nearly oriental cheekbones. Then the smile on her first strangely, then attractively pale mouth fell.

Tomar shook his head, as they turned now, arm in arm, among the people wandering over the field.

“No?” she asked. “Why not?”

“I don’t have time, Clea,” he answered. “I had to sneak an hour off just to get here. I’m supposed to be back at the Military Ministry in forty minutes. Hey, do you have any bags I can carry?”

Clea held up a slide rule and a notebook. “I’m traveling light. In a week I’ll be back at the university for summer courses, so I didn’t bring any clothes. Wait a minute. You’re not going to be too busy to get to the party Dad’s giving me tonight, are you?”

Tomar shrugged.

Clea began a word, but pushed her tongue hard against the roof of her mouth. “Tomar?” she asked after a moment.

“Yes?” He had a rough voice, which, when he was sad, took on the undertones of a bear’s growl.

“What’s happening about the war? Will there really be one?”

Again he shrugged. “More soldiers, more planes, and at the Ministry there’s more and more work to do. I was up before dawn this morning getting a fleet of survey planes off for a scouting trip to the mainland over the radiation barrier. If they come back this evening, I’ll be busy all night with the reports and I won’t be able to make the party.

“Oh,” said Clea. “Tomar?”

“Yes, Clea Koshar?”

“Oh, don’t be formal with me, please. You’ve been in the City long enough and known me long enough. Tomar, if the war comes, do you think they’ll draft prisoners from the tetron mines into the army?”

“They talk about it.”

“Because my brother...”

“I know,” said Tomar.

“And if a prisoner from the mines distinguished himself as a soldier, would he be freed at the end of the war? They wouldn’t send him back to the mines, would they?”

“The war hasn’t even begun yet,” said Tomar. “No one knows how it will end.”

“You’re right,” she said, “as usual.” They reached the gate. “Look, Tomar, I don’t want to keep you if you’re busy. But you’ve got to promise to come see me and spend at least an afternoon before I go back to school.”

“If the war starts, you won’t be going back to school.”

“Why not?”

“You already have your degree in theoretical physics. Now you’re only doing advanced work. Not only will they conscript prisoners from the mines, but all scientists, engineers, and mathematicians will have to lend their efforts to the cause as well.”

“I was afraid of that,” Clea said. “You believe the war will actually come, don’t you, Tomar?”

“They get ready for it night and day,” Tomar said. “What is there to stop it? When I was a boy on my father’s farm on the mainland, there was too much work, and no food. I was a strong boy, with a strong boy’s stomach. I came to the City and I took my strength to the army. Now I have work that I like. I’m not hungry. With the war, there will be work for a lot more people. Your father will be richer. Your brother may come back to you, and even the thieves and beggars in the Devil’s Pot will have a chance to do some honest work.”

“Perhaps,” said Clea. “Look, like I said, I don’t want to keep you—I mean I do, but. Well, when will you have some time?”

“Probably tomorrow afternoon.”

“Fine,” said Clea. “We’ll have a picnic then, all right?”

Tomar grinned. “Yes,” he said. “Yes.” He took both her hands, and she smiled back at him. Then he turned away, and was gone through the crowd.

Clea watched a moment, and then turned toward the taxi stand. The sun was beginning to warm the air as she pushed into the shadow of the great transit ribbon that soared above her between the towers.

Buildings dropped bands of shadow across the ribbon, as it wound through the city, although occasional streaks of light from an eastward street still made silver half-rings around it. At the center of the city it raised a final two hundred feet and entered the window of the laboratory tower in the west wing of the royal palace of Toron.

The room in which the transit ribbon ended was deserted. At the end of the metal band was a transparent crystal sphere, fifteen feet in diameter which hovered above the receiving platform. A dozen small tetron units of varying sizes sat around the room. The viewing screens were dead gray. On a control panel by one ornate window, a bank of forty-nine scarlet-knobbed switches pointed to off. The metal catwalks that ran over the receiving platform were empty.

In another room of the palace, however, someone was screaming.

“Tetron!”

“... if your Highness would only wait a moment to hear the report,” began the aged minister, “I believe...”

“Tetron!”

“... you would understand the necessity,” he continued in an amazingly calm voice, “of disturbing you at such an ungodly hour ...”

“I never want to hear the word tetron again!”

“... of the morning.”

“Go away, Chargill; I’m sleeping!” King Uske, who had just turned twenty-one though he had been the official ruler of Toromon since the age of seven, jammed his pale blond head beneath three over-stuffed pillows that lay about the purple silken sheets of his bed. With one too-slender hand he sought feebly around for the covers to hide himself completely.

The old minister quietly picked up the edge of the ermine-rimmed coverlet and held it out of reach. After several half-hearted swipes, the pale head emerged once more and asked in a coldly quiet voice, “Chargill, why is it that roads have been built, prisoners have been reprieved, and traitors have been disemboweled at every hour of the afternoon and evening without anyone expressing the least concern for what I thought? Now, suddenly, at—” Uske peered at the jewel-crusted chronometer by his bed in which a shimmering gold light fixed the hour, “—my God, ten o’clock in the morning! Why must I suddenly be consulted at every little twist and turn of empire?”

“First,” explained Chargill, “you are now of age. Secondly, we are about to enter a war, and in times of stress, responsibility is passed to the top, and you, sir, are in the unfortunate position.”

“Why can’t we have a war and get it over with?” said Uske, rolling over to face Chargill and becoming a trifle more amenable. “I’m tired of all this idiocy. You don’t think I’m a very good king, do you?” The young man sat up and planted his slender feet as firmly as possible on the three-inch thick fur rug. “Well, if we had a war,” he continued, scratching his stomach through his pink sateen pajama top, “I’d ride in the first line of fire, in the most splendid uniform imaginable, and lead my soldiers to a *sweeping* victory.” At the word sweeping, he threw himself under the covers.

“Commendable sentiment,” stated Chargill dryly. “And seeing that there may just be a war before the afternoon arrives, why don’t you listen to the report, which merely says that another scouting flight of planes has been crippled trying to observe the enemy just beyond the tetron mines over the radiation barrier.”

“Let me continue it for you. No one knows how the planes have been crippled, but the efficacy of their methods has lead the council to suggest that we consider the possibility of open war even more strongly. Isn’t this more or less what the reports have been for weeks?”

“It is,” replied Chargill.

“Then why bother me. Incidentally, must we really go to that imbecilic party for that stupid fish-peddler’s daughter this evening? And talk about tetron as little as possible, please.”

“I need not remind you,” went on the patient Chargill, “that this stupid fish-peddler has amassed a fortune nearly as large as that in the royal treasury—though I doubt if he is aware of the comparison—through the proper exploitation of the unmentionable metal. If there is a war, and we should need to borrow funds, it should be done with as much good will as possible. Therefore, you will attend his party to which he has so kindly invited you.”

“Listen a minute, Chargill,” said Uske. “And I’m being serious now. This war business is completely ridiculous, and if you expect me to take it seriously, then the council is going to have to take it seriously. How can we have a war with whatever is behind the radiation barrier? We don’t know anything about it. Is it a country? Is it a city? Is it an empire? We don’t even know if it’s got a name. We don’t know how they’ve crippled our scouting planes. We can’t monitor any radio communication. Of course we couldn’t do that anyway with the radiation barrier. We don’t even know if it’s people. One of our silly planes gets its tetron (Pardon me. If you can’t say it, I shouldn’t say it either.) device knocked out and a missile hurled at it. Bango! The council says war. Well, I refuse to take it seriously. Why do we keep on wasting planes anyway? Why not send a few people through the transit ribbon to do some spying?”

Chargill looked amazed.

“Before we instituted the penal mines, and just after we annexed the forest people, the transit ribbon was built. Correct? Now, where does it go?”

“Into the dead city of Telphar,” answered Chargill.

“Exactly. And Telphar was not at all dead when we built it, sixty years ago. The radiation hadn’t progressed that far. Well, why not send spies into Telphar and from there, across the barrier and into enemy territory. Then they can come back and tell us everything.” Uske smiled.

“Of course your Majesty is joking.” Chargill smiled. “May I remind your Majesty that the radiation level in Telphar today is fatal to human beings. Completely fatal. The enemy seems to be well beyond the barrier. Only recently, with the great amount of tetron—eh, excuse me—coming from the mines have we been able to develop planes that can perhaps go over it. And that, when and if we can do it, is the only way.”

Uske had started out smiling. It turned to a giggle. Then to a laugh. Suddenly he cried out and threw himself down on the bed. “Nobody listens to me! Nobody takes any of my suggestions!” He moaned and stuck his head under the pillows. “No one does anything but contradict me. Go away. Get out. Let me sleep.”

Chargill sighed and withdrew from the royal bedchamber.

Chapter II

It had been silent for sixty years. Then, above the receiving stage in the laboratory tower of the royal place of Toromon, the great transparent crystal sphere glowed.

On the stage a blue haze shimmered. Red flame shot through the mist, a net of scarlet, contracting, pulsing, outlining the recognizable patterning of veins and arteries. Among the running fires, the shadow of bones formed a human skeleton in the blue, till suddenly the shape was laced with sudden silver, the net of nerves that held the body imprisoned in sensation. The blue became opaque. Then the black-haired man, barefooted, in rags, staggered forward to the rail and held on for a moment. Above, the crystal faded.

He blinked his eyes hard before he looked up. He looked around. "All right," he said out loud. "Where the hell are you?" He paused. "Okay. Okay. I know. I'm not supposed to get dependent on you. I guess I'm all right now, aren't I?" Another pause. "Well, I feel fine." He let go of the rail and looked at his hands, back and palms. "Dirty as hell," he mumbled. "Wonder where I can get washed up." He looked up. "Yeah, sure. Why not?" He ducked under the railing and vaulted to the floor. Once again he looked around. "So I'm really in the castle. After all these years. I never thought I'd see it. Yeah, I guess it really is."

He started forward, but as he passed under the shadow of the great ribbon's end, something happened.

He faded.

At least the exposed parts of his body—head, hands, and feet—faded. He stopped and looked down. Through his ghost-like feet, he could see the rivets that held down the metal floor. He made a disgusted face, and continued toward the door. Once in the sunlight, he solidified again.

There was no one in the hall. He walked along, ignoring the triptych of silver partitions that marked the consultant chamber. A stained glass window further on rotated by silent machinery flung colors over his face as he passed. A golden disk chronometer fixed in the ceiling behind a carved crystal face said ten-thirty.

Suddenly he stopped in front of a book cabinet and opened the glass door. "Here's the one," he said out loud again. "Yeah, I know we haven't got time, but it will explain it to you better than I can." He pulled a book from the row of books. "We used this in school," he said. "A long time ago."

The book was Catham's *Revised History of Toromon*. He opened the sharkskin cover and flipped a few pages into the text.

"... from a few libraries that survived the Great Fire (from which we will date all subsequent events). Civilization was reduced beyond barbarism. But eventually the few survivors on the Island of Toron established a settlement, a village, a city. Now they pushed to the mainland, and the shore became the central source of food for the island's population which now devoted itself to manufacturing. On the coast, farms and fishing villages flourished. On the island, science and industry became sudden factors in the life of Toromon, now an empire.

"Beyond the plains at the coast, explorers discovered the forest people who lived in the strip of jungle that held in its crescent the stretch of mainland. They were a mutant breed, gigantic in physical stature, peaceful in nature. They quickly became part of Toromon's empire, with no resistance.

"Beyond the jungle were the gutted fields of lava and dead earth, and it was here that the strange metal tetron was discovered. A great empire has a great crime rate, and our penal system was used to supply miners for the tetron. Now technology leaped ahead, and we developed many uses for the power that could be released from the tetron.

“Then, beyond the lava fields, we discovered what it was that had enlarged the bodies of the forest people, what it was that had killed all green things beyond the jungle. Lingering from the days of the Great Fire, a wide strip of radioactive land still burned all around the lava fields, cutting us off from further expansion.

“Going toward that field of death, the plants became gnarled, distorted caricatures of themselves. Then only rock. Death was long if a man ventured in and came back. First immense thirst; then the skin dries out; blindness, fever, madness, at last death; this is what awaited the transgressor.

“It was at the brink of the radiation barrier, in defiance of death, that Telphar was established. It was far enough away to be safe, yet near enough to see the purple glow at the horizon over the broken hills. At the same time, experiments were being conducted with elementary matter transmission, and as a token to this new direction of science, the transit ribbon was commissioned to link the two cities. It was more a gesture of the solidarity of Toromon’s empire than a practical appliance. Only three or four hundred pounds of matter could be sent at once, or two or three people. The transportation was instantaneous, and portended a future of great exploration to any part of the world, with theoretical travel to the stars.

“Then, at seven thirty-two on an autumn evening, sixty years ago, a sudden increase in the pale light was observed in the radiation-saturated west by the citizens of Telphar. Seven hours later the entire sky above Telphar was flickering with streaks of pale blue and yellow. Evacuation had begun already. But in three days, Telphar was dead. The sudden rise in radiation has been attributed to many things in theory, but as yet, an irrefutable explanation is still wanted.

“The advance of the radiation stopped well before the tetron mines; however, Telphar was not lost to Toron for good, and ...”

Jon suddenly closed the book. “You see?” he said. “That’s why I was afraid when I saw where I was. That’s why ...” He stopped, shrugged. “You’re not listening,” he said, and put the book back on the shelf.

Down the hallway fifty feet, two ornate stairways branched right and left. He waited with his hands shoved into his pockets, looking absently toward another window, like a person waiting for someone else to make up his mind. But the decision was not forthcoming. At last, belligerently he started up the stairway to the left. Halfway up he became a little more cautious, his bare feet padding softly, his broad hand preceding him wearily on the banister.

He turned down another hallway where carved busts and statues sat in niches in the walls, a light glowing blue behind those to the left, yellow behind those to the right. A sound from around a corner sent him behind a pink marble mermaid playing with a garland of seaweed.

The old man who walked by was carrying a folder and looked serenely and patiently preoccupied.

Jon waited without breathing the space of three ordinary breaths. Then he ducked out and sprinted down the hall. At last he stopped before a group of doors. “Which one?” he demanded.

This time he must have gotten an answer, because he went to one, opened it, and slipped in.

Uske had pulled the silken sheet over his head. He heard several small clicks and tiny brushing noises, but they came through the fog of sleep that had been washing back over him since Chargill’s departure. The first sound definite enough to wake him was water against tile. He listened to it for nearly two minutes through the languid veil of fatigue. It was only when it stopped that he frowned, pushed back the sheet, and sat up. The door to his private bath was open. The light was off, but someone, or thing, was apparently finishing a shower. The windows of his room were covered with thick drapes, but he hesitated to push the button that would reel them back from the sun.

He heard the rings of the shower curtain sliding along the shower rod; the rattle of the towel rack; silence; a few whistled notes. Suddenly he saw that dark spots were forming on the great fur rug that sprawled across the black stone floor. One after another—footprints! Incorporal footprints were coming toward him slowly.

When they were about four feet away from his bed, he slammed the flat of his palm on the button that drew back the curtains. Sunlight filled the room like bright water.

And standing in the last pair of footprints was the sudden, naked figure of a man. He leaped at Uske as the King threw himself face down into the mound of pillows and tried to scream at the same time. Immediately he was caught, pulled up, and the edge of a hand was thrust into his open mouth so that when he bit down, he chomped the inside of his cheeks.

“Will you keep still, stupid?” a voice whispered behind him. The King went limp.

“There, now just a second.”

A hand reached past Uske’s shoulder, pressed the button on the night table by the bed, and the curtains swept across the window. The hand went out as if it had been a flame.

“Now you keep still and be quiet.”

The pressure released and the King felt the bed give as the weight lifted. He held still for a moment. Then he whirled around. There wasn’t anyone there.

“Where do you keep your clothes, huh? You always were about my size.”

“Over there ... there in that closet.”

The bodiless footprints padded over the fur rug, and the closet door opened. Hangers slid along the rack. The bureau at the back of the closet was opened. “This’ll do fine. I didn’t think I was ever going to get into decent clothes again. Just a second.”

There was the sound of tearing thread.

“This jacket will fit me all right, once I get these shoulder pads out of it.”

Something came out of the closet, dressed now: a human form, only without head or hands.

“Now that I’m decent, open up those curtains and throw some light around the place.” The standing suit of clothes waited. “Well, come on, open the curtains.”

Slowly Uske reached for the button. A freshly shaven young man with black hair stood in the sunlight, examining his cuffs. An open brocade jacket with metal-work filigree covered a white silk shirt that laced over a wide V-neck. The tight gray trousers were belted with a broad strip of black leather and fastened with a gold disk. The black boots, opened at the toe and the heel, were topped with similar disks. Jon Koshar looked around. “It’s good to be back.”

“Who ... what are you?” whispered Uske.

“Loyal subject of the crown,” said Jon, “you squid-brained clam.”

Uske sputtered.

“Think back about five years to when you and I were in school together.”

A flicker of recognition showed in the blond face.

“You remember a kid who was a couple of years ahead of you, and got you out of a beating when the kids in the mechanics class were going to gang up on you because you’d smashed a high-frequency coil, on purpose. And remember you dared that same kid to break into the castle and steal the royal Herald from the throne room? In fact, you gave him the fire-blade to do it, too. Only that wasn’t mentioned in the trial. Did you also alert the guards that I was coming? I was never quite sure of that part.”

“Look ...” began Uske. “You’re crazy.”

“I might have been a little crazy then. But five years out in the tetron mines has brought me pretty close to my senses.”

“You’re a murderer...”

“It was in self-defense, and you know it. Those guards that converged on me weren’t kidding. I didn’t kill him on purpose. I just didn’t want to get my head seared off.”

“So you seared one of their heads off first. Jon Koshar, I think you’re crazy. What are you doing here anyway?”

“It would take too long to explain. But believe me, the last thing I came back for was to see you again.”

“So you come in, steal my clothing” Suddenly he laughed. “Oh, of course. I’m dreaming all this. How silly of me. I must be dreaming.”

Jon frowned.

Uske went on. "I must be feeling guilty about that whole business when we were kids. You keep on disappearing and appearing. You can't possibly be more than a figment of my imagination. Koshar! The name! Of course. That's the name of the people who are giving the party that I'm going to once I wake up. That's the reason for the whole thing."

"What party?" Jon demanded.

"Your father is giving it for your sister. Yes, that's right. You had quite a pretty sister. I'm going back to sleep now. And when I wake up, you're to be gone, do you understand? What a silly dream."

"Just a moment. Why are you going?"

Uske snuggled his head into the pillow. "Apparently your father has managed to amass quite a fortune. Chargill says I have to treat him kindly so we can borrow money from him later on. Unless I'm dreaming that up too."

"You're not dreaming."

Uske opened one eye, closed it again. And rolled over onto the pillow. "Tell that to my cousin, the Duchess of Petra. She was dragged all the way from her island estate to come to this thing. The only people who are getting out of it are mother and my kid brother. Lucky starfish."

"Go back to sleep," said Jon.

"Go away," said Uske. He opened his eyes once more to see Jon push the button that pulled the curtains. And then the headless, handless figure went to the door and out. Uske shivered and pulled the covers up again.

Jon walked down the hall.

Behind the door to one room that he did not enter, the red-headed Duchess of Petra was standing by the window of her apartment, gazing over the roofs of the city, the great houses of the wealthy merchants and manufacturers, over the hive-like buildings which housed the city's doctors, clerks, secretaries, and storekeepers, down to the reeking clapboard and stone alleys of the Devil's Pot.

The early sun lay flame in her hair and whitened her pale face. She pushed the window open a bit, and the breeze waved her blue robe as she absently fingered a smoky crystal set in a silver chain around her neck.

Jon continued down the hall.

Three doors away, the old queen lay on the heap of over-stuffed mattresses, nestled in the center of an immense four-poster bed. Her white hair was coiled in two buns on either side of her head, her mouth was slightly open and a faint breath hissed across the white lips. On the wall above the bed hung the portrait of the late King Alsen, sceptered, official, and benevolent.

In a set of rooms just beside the queen mother's chamber, Let, Prince of the Royal Blood, Heir Apparent to the Empire of Toromon, and half a dozen more, was sitting in just his pajama top on the edge of his bed, knuckling his eyes.

The thin limbs of the thirteen-year-old were still slightly akimbo with natural awkwardness and sleep. Like his brother, he was blond and slight.

Still blinking, he slipped into his underwear and trousers, pausing a moment to check his watch. He fastened the three snaps on his shirt, turned to the palace intercom, and pressed a button.

"I overslept, Petra," Let apologized. "Anyway, I'm up now."

"You must learn to be on time. Remember, you are heir to the throne of Toromon. You mustn't forget that."

"Sometimes I wish I could," replied Let. "Sometimes."

"Never say that again," came the sudden command through the tiny intercom. "Do you hear me? Never even let yourself think that for a moment."

"I'm sorry, Petra," Let said. His cousin, the Duchess, had been acting strangely since her arrival two days ago. Fifteen years his senior, she was still the member of the family to whom he felt closest. Usually, with her, he could forget the crown that was always being pointed to as it dangled above his head. His brother was not very healthy, nor even—as some rumored—all in his proper mind. Yet now

it was Petra herself who was pointing out the gold circlet of Toromon's kingship. It seemed a betrayal. "Anyway," he went on. "Here I am. What did you want?"

"To say good morning." The smile in the voice brought a smile to Let's face too. "Do you remember that story I told you last night, about the prisoners in the tetron mines?"

"Sure," said Let, who had fallen asleep thinking about it. "The ones who were planning an escape." She had sat in the garden with him for an hour after dark, regaling him with the harrowing details of three prisoners' attempt to escape the penal mines. She had terminated it at the height of suspense with the three men crouching by the steps in the darkness and the drizzling rain, waiting to make their dash into the forest. "You said you were going to go on with it this morning."

"Do you really want to hear the end of the story?"

"Of course I do. I couldn't get to sleep for hours thinking about it."

"Well," said Petra, "when the guard changed, and the rope tripped him up when he was coming down the steps, the rear guard ran around to see what had happened, as planned, and they dashed through the searchlight beam, into the forest, and ..." She paused. "Anyway, one of them made it. The other two were caught and killed."

"Huh?" said Let. "Is that all?"

"That's about it," said Petra.

"What do you mean?" Let demanded. Last night's version had contained detail upon detail of the prisoners' treatment, their efforts to dig a tunnel, the precautions they took, along with an uncannily vivid description of the scenery that had made him shiver as though he had been in the leaky, rotten-walled shacks. "You can't just finish it up like that," he exclaimed. "How did they get caught? Which one got away? Was it the chubby one with the freckles? How did they die?"

"Unpleasantly," Petra answered. "No, the chubby one with the freckles didn't make it. They brought him, and the one with the limp, back that morning in the rain and dropped them in the mud outside the barracks to discourage further escape attempts."

"Oh," said Let. "What about the one who did make it?" he asked after a moment.

Instead of answering, she said, "Let, I want to give you a warning." The prince stiffened a bit, but she began differently than he expected. "Let, in a little while, you may be going on quite an adventure, and you may want to forget some things, because it will be easier. Like being the prince of Toromon. But don't forget it, Let. Don't."

"What sort of adventure, Petra?"

Again she did not answer his question. "Let, do you remember how I described the prison to you? What would you do if you were king and those prisoners were under your rule, with their rotten food, the rats, their fourteen hours of labor a day in the mines ..."

"Well, I don't know, Petra," he began, feeling as if something were being asked of him that he was reluctant to give. It was like when his history teacher expected him to know the answer on a question of government just because he had been born into it. "I suppose I'd have to consult the council, and see what Chargill said. It would depend on the individual prisoners, and what they'd done; and of course how the people felt about it. Chargill always says you shouldn't do things too quickly ..."

"I know what Chargill says," said the Duchess quietly. "Just remember what I've said, will you?"

"What about the third man, the one who escaped?"

"He ... came back to Toron."

"He must have had a lot more adventures. What happened to him, Petra? Come on, tell me."

"Actually," said Petra, "he managed to bypass most of the adventures. He came very quickly. Let me see. After they dashed across the searchlit area, they ducked into the jungle. Almost immediately the three got separated. The black-haired one got completely turned around, and wandered in the wrong direction until he had gone past the mines, out of the forest, and across the rocky stretch of ground beyond a good five miles. By the time it was light enough to see, he suddenly realized he had been wandering toward the radiation barrier; because in the distance, like a black skeleton on the horizon, were the abandoned ruins of Telphar, the Dead City."

“Shouldn’t he have been dead from the radiation?”

“That’s exactly what he figured. In fact, he figured if he was close enough to see the place, he should have been dead a few miles back. He was tired. The food they’d taken kept him from being hungry. But he was definitely alive. Finally he decided that he might as well go toward the city. He took two steps more, when suddenly he heard something.”

There was silence over the intercom.

After he had allowed sufficient time for a dramatic pause, Let asked, “What was it? What did he hear?”

“If you ever hear it,” Petra said, “you’ll know it.”

“Come on, Petra, what was it?”

“I’m quite serious,” Petra said. “That’s all I know of the story. And that’s all you need to know. Maybe I’ll be able to finish it when I come back from the party tonight.”

“Please, Petra ...”

“That’s it.”

He paused for a minute. “Petra, is the adventure I’m supposed to have, the war? Is that why you’re reminding me not to forget?”

“I wish it were that simple, Let. Let’s say that’s part of it.”

“Oh,” said Let.

“Just promise to remember the story, and what I’ve said.”

“I will,” said Let, wondering. “I will.”

Jon walked down a long spiral staircase, nodded to the guard at the foot, passed into the castle garden, paused to squint at the sun, and went out the gate. Getting in was a lot more difficult.

Chapter III

The Devil's Pot overturned its foul jelly at the city's edge. Thirteen alleys lined with old stone houses was its nucleus; many of them were ruined, built over, and ruined again. These were the oldest structures in Toron. Thick with humanity and garbage, it reached from the waterfront to the border of the hive houses in which lived the clerks and professionals of Toron. Clapboard alternated with hastily constructed sheet-metal buildings with no room between. The metal rusted; the clapboard sagged. The waterfront housed the temporary prison, the immigration offices, and the launch service that went out to the aquariums and hydroponics plants that floated on vast pontoons three miles away.

At the dock, a frog-like, sooty hulk had pulled in nearly an hour ago. But the passengers were only being allowed to come ashore now, and that after passing their papers through the inspection of a row of officials who sat behind a wooden table. A flimsy, waist-high structure of boards separated the passengers from the people on the wharf. The passengers milled.

A few had bundles. Many had nothing. They stood quietly, or ambled aimlessly. On the waterfront street, the noise was thunderous. Peddlers hawking, pushcarts trundling, the roar of arguing voices. Some passengers gazed across the fence at the sprawling slum. Most did not.

As they filed past the officers and onto the dock, a woman with a box of trinkets and a brown-red birthmark splashed over the left side of her face pushed among the new arrivals. Near fifty, she wore a dress and head rag, that were a well-washed, featureless gray.

"And would you like to buy a pair of shoelaces, fine strong ones," she accosted a young man who returned a bewildered smile of embarrassment.

"I ... I don't got any money," he stammered, though complimented by the attention.

Rara glanced down at his feet. "Apparently you have no shoes either. Well, good luck here in the New World, the Island of Opportunity." She brushed by him and aimed toward a man and woman who carried a bundle composed of a hoe, a rake, a shovel, and a baby. "A picture," she said, digging into her box, "of our illustrious majesty, King Uske, with a real metal frame, hand-painted in miniature in honor of his birthday. No true cosmopolitan patriot can be without one."

The woman with the baby leaned over to see the palm-sized portrait of a vague young man with blond hair and a crown. "Is that really the king?"

"Of course it is," declared the birthmarked vendress. "He sat for it in person. Look at that noble face. It would be a real inspiration to the little one there, when and if he grows up."

"How much is it?" the woman asked.

Her husband frowned.

"For a hand-painted picture," said Rara, "it's very cheap. Say, half a unit?"

"It's pretty," said the woman, then caught the frown on the man's face. She dropped her eyes and shook her head.

Suddenly the man, from somewhere, thrust a half-unit piece into Rara's hand. "Here." He took the picture and handed it to his wife. As she looked at it, he nodded his head. "It is pretty," he said. "Yes. It is."

"Good luck here in the New World," commented Rara. "Welcome to the Island of Opportunity." Turning, she drew out the next gee-gaw her hand touched, glanced at it long enough to see what it was, and said to the man she now faced. "I see you could certainly use a spool of fine thread to good purpose." She pointed to a hole in his sleeve. "There." A brown shoulder showed through his shirt, further up. "And there."

"I could use a needle too," he answered her. "And I could use a new shirt, and a bucket of gold." Suddenly he spat. "I've as much chance of getting one as the other with what I've got in my pocket."

"Oh, surely a spool of fine, strong thread ..."

Suddenly someone pushed her from behind. "All right. Move on, lady. You can't peddle here."

"I certainly can," exclaimed Rara, whirling. "I've got my license right here. Just let me find it now..."

"Nobody has a license to peddle in front of the immigration building. Now move on."

"Good luck in the New Land," she called over her shoulder as the officer forced her away. "Welcome to the Island of Opportunity!"

Suddenly a commotion started behind the gate. Someone was having trouble with papers. Then a dark-haired, barefoot boy broke from his place in line, ran to the wooden gate, and vaulted over. The wooden structure was flimsy. As the boy landed, feet running, the fence collapsed.

Behind the fence they hesitated like an unbroken wave. Then they came. At the table the officials stood up, waved their hands, shouted, then stood on their benches and shouted some more. The officer who had shoved the vending woman disappeared in the wash of bodies.

Rara clutched her box of trinkets and scurried to the corner, then melded with the herding crowd for two blocks into the slums.

"Rara!"

She stopped and looked around. "Oh, there you are," she said, joining a young girl who stood back from the crowd, holding a box of trinkets like the other woman's.

"Rara, what happened?"

The birthmarked woman laughed. "You are watching the beginning of the transformation. Fear, hunger, a little more fear, no work, more fear, and every last one of these poor souls will be a first class, grade-A citizen of the Devil's Pot. How much did you sell?"

"Just a couple of units worth," the girl answered. She was perhaps sixteen, with a strange combination of white hair, blue eyes, and skin that had tanned richly and quickly, giving her the large-eyed look of an exotic snow-maned animal. "Why are they running?"

"Some boy started a panic. The fence gave way and the rest followed him." A second surge of people rounded the corner. "Welcome to the New Land, the Island of Opportunity," Rara called out. Then she laughed.

"Where are they all going to go?" Alter asked.

"Into the holes in the ground, into the cracks in the street. The lucky men will get into the army. But even that won't absorb them all. The women, the children...?" She shrugged.

Just then a boy's voice came from halfway down the block. "Hey!"

They turned.

"Why that's the boy that broke the fence down," exclaimed Rara.

"What does he want?"

"I don't know. Before this afternoon I'd never seen him in my life."

He was dark, with black hair; but as he approached, they saw that his eyes were water-green. "You're the woman who was selling things, huh?"

Rara nodded. "What do you want to buy?"

"I don't want to buy anything," he said. "I want to sell something to you." He was barefoot; his pants frayed into nothing at mid-calf, and his sleeveless shirt had no fastenings.

"What do you want to sell?" she asked, her voice deepening with skepticism.

He reached into his pocket, and brought out a rag of green flannel, which he unwrapped now in his hand.

They had been polished to a milky hue, some streaked with gold and red, others run through with warm browns and yellows. Two had been rubbed down to pure mother-of-pearl, rubbed until their muted silver surfaces were clouded with pastel lusters. There in the nest of green, they swirled around themselves, shimmering.

"They're nothing but sea shells," Rara said.

Alter reached her forefinger out and touched a white periwinkle. "They're lovely," she told him. "Where did you get them?" They ranged in size from the first joint of her thumb to the width of her pinky nail.

"By your departed mother, my own sister, we can't afford to give him a centiumit, Alter. I hardly sold a thing before that brute officer forced me away."

"I found them on the beach," the boy explained. "I was hiding on the boat and I didn't have nothing to do. So I polished them."

"What were you hiding for?" asked Rara, her voice suddenly sharp. "You don't mean you stowed away?"

"Un-huh," the boy nodded.

"How much do you want for them?" Alter asked.

"How much? How much would it cost to get a meal and a place to stay?"

"Much more than we can afford to pay," interrupted Rara. "Alter, come with me. This boy is going to talk you out of a unit or two yet, if you keep on listening to him."

"See," said the boy, pointing to the shells. "I've put holes in them already. You can string them around your neck."

"If you want to get food and a place to sleep," said Alter, "you don't want money. You want friends. What's your name? And where are you from?"

The boy looked up from the handful of shells, surprised. "My name is Tel," he said after a moment. "I come from the mainland coast. And I'm a fisherman's son. I thought when I came here I could get a job in the aquariums. That's all you hear about on the coast."

Alter smiled. "First of all you're sort of young ..."

"But I'm a good fisherman."

"... and also, it's very different from fishing on a boat. I guess you'd say that there were a lot of jobs in the aquariums and the hydroponics gardens. But with all the immigrants, there are three people for every job."

The boy shrugged. "Well, I can try."

"That's right," said Alter. "Come on. Walk with us."

Rara huffed.

"We'll take him back to Geryn's place and see if we can get him some food. He can probably stay there a little while if Geryn takes a liking to him."

"You can't just take every homeless barnacle you find back to Geryn's. You'll have it crawling with every shrimp in the Pot. And suppose he doesn't take a liking to him. Suppose he decides to kick us out in the street." The birthmark on her left cheek darkened.

"Aunt Rara, please," said Alter. "I'll handle Geryn."

Rara huffed once more. "How come when we're two weeks behind on the rent, you can't find a kind word in your mouth for the old man when he threatens to throw us onto the street? Yet for the sake of a handful of pretty shells ..."

"Please ..."

A breeze seeped through the narrow street, picked a shock of Alter's white hair and flung it back from her shoulder.

"Anyway, Geryn may be able to use him. If Tel stowed away, that means he doesn't have any papers."

Tel frowned with puzzlement.

Rara frowned with chastisement in her eyes. "You are not supposed to refer to that, ever."

"Don't be silly," said Alter. "It's just a fantasy of Geryn's anyway. It'll never happen. And without papers, Tel can't get a job at the aquariums, even if they wanted him. So if Geryn thinks he can fit him into his crazy plan, Tel will come out a lot better than if he had some old ten-unit-a-week factory job. Look, Rara, how can Geryn possibly kidnap ..."

"Be quiet," snapped Rara.

"And even if he did, what good is it going to do? It's not as if it were the king himself."

"I don't understand," said Tel.

"That's good," said Rara. "And if you want to keep going with us, you won't try to find out."

"We can tell you this much," said Alter. "The man who owns the inn where we stay wants to do something. Now, he is a little crazy. He's always talking to himself, for example. But he needs someone who has no identification registered in the City. Now, if he thinks he can use you, you'll get free food and a place to sleep. He used to be the gardener on the island estate of the Duchess of Petra. But he drank a little too much and I guess at last he had to go. He still says she sends him messages though, about his plan. But ..."

"You don't have to go any further," Rara said, curtly.

"You'll hear about it from him," said Alter. "Why did you stow away?"

"I just got fed up with life at home. We'd work all day to catch fish, and then have to leave them rotting on the beach because we could only sell a fifth of them, or sometimes none at all. Some people gave up; some only managed to get it in their heads that they had to work harder. I guess my father was like that. He figured if he worked enough, someone would just have to buy them. Only nobody did. My mother did some hand weaving and we were living mostly on that. Finally, I figured I was eating up more than I was worth. So I left."

"Just like that, and with no money?" asked Rara.

"Just like that," Tel said.

"You poor boy," said Rara, and in a sudden fit of maternal affection, she put her arm around his shoulder.

"Ow!" cried Tel, and winced.

Rara jerked her hand away. "What's the matter?"

"I ... I got hurt there," the boy said, rubbing his shoulders gently.

"Hurt? How?"

"My father—he whipped me there."

"Ah," said Rara. "Now it comes out. Well, whatever the reasons you left, they're your own business. Anyway, I've never known anyone yet to do something for one reason alone. Don't lag behind, now. We'll be back at Geryn's in time for lunch."

"I thought if I could sneak aboard," went on Tel, "that they'd have to let me off in the City, even if I didn't have money. I didn't know about papers. And when I was in line, I figured I'd explain to the men at the desk. Or maybe I'd even give them my shells, and they would get the papers for me. But the guy ahead of me had a mistake in his. Some date was wrong, and they said they were going to send him back to the mainland and that he couldn't leave the ship. He said he'd give them real money, and even got it out of his pocket. But they started to take him away. That's when I ran out of line and jumped the fence. I didn't know everyone else would run too."

"Probably half their papers were out of order, too. Or forged. That's why they ran."

"You're a cynic, Aunt Rara."

"I'm a practical woman."

As they turned another corner, the boy's green eyes jumped at the blue-hazed towers of the palace, distant behind the wealthy roofs of merchants' mansions, themselves behind the hive houses and the spreading ruin of tenements. He tried to memorize the twisting street they followed. He couldn't.

There were two general, contradictory impressions in his mind: first, of being enclosed in these tiny alleys, some so small that two could not pass through them with arms held out; the second, of the spreading, immense endlessness of the city. He tried to tell Alter what he felt, but after a minute of broken sentences, she smiled at him and shook her head. "No, I don't understand. What do you mean?"

And a sudden picture of the seaside leapt into his head. The yellow length of the beach lashed across his mind so that it stung. He could see the salt-and-pepper rocks, shoaling away and knobbed with periwinkle shells. He could see the brown and green fingers of seaweed clutching the sand when the waves went out. He blinked the gray city back into his eyes. Tears washed the broken curb, the cracked walls, washed the rusted metal window jamb sharp and clean again.

"He means he's homesick," Rara interpreted. "No, boy," she said. "It'll never go away. But it'll get less."

The street turned sharply twice, then widened.

"Well," said Alter. "Here we are."

A red, circular plaque hung over the door of the only stone building on the block. It was two stories, twice the height of the other structures. They entered.

Beams of real wood were set into the low ceiling. By one wall was a counter. There was a large table in the middle, and coming down into the room in a large V was a stairway.

Of the men and women sitting around the room, one caught Tel's eye immediately. He was perhaps seven feet and a handful of inches tall, and was sitting, spraddle-legged, at the table. He had a long, flat, equine face, and a triplex of scars started on his cheek, veered down to his neck, and disappeared under his collarless shirt. As Tel watched, he turned to a plate of food he was eating, so that his scars disappeared.

Suddenly, from the stair's top, a harpoon-straight old man appeared. He hurried down, his white hair spiking out in all directions. Reaching the bottom, he whirled around, darting black eyes to every person in the room. "All right," he said. "I've received the message. I've received the message. And it's time."

Alter whispered to Tel, "That's Geryn."

"Are we all here?" the old man demanded. "Are we all here now?"

A woman at the counter snickered. Suddenly Geryn turned toward Tel, Alter, and Rara. "You!" he demanded. His pointing finger wavered so they could not tell which of the three he meant.

"You mean him?" asked Alter, pointing to Tel.

Geryn nodded vigorously. "What are you doing here? Are you a spy?"

"No, sir," said Tel.

Geryn stepped around the table and looked at him closely. The black eyes were two sharp spots of darkness in a face the color of shipboards gone two winters without paint.

"Geryn," Alter said. "Geryn, he isn't a spy. He's from the mainland. And Geryn, he doesn't have any papers, either. He stowed away."

"You're not a spy?" Geryn demanded again.

"No, sir," Tel repeated.

Geryn backed away. "I like you," he said. "I trust you." Slowly he turned away. Then he whirled back. "I have no choice, you see. It's too late. The message has come. So I need you." He laughed. Then the laugh stopped short as if sliced by a razor. He put his hands over his eyes, and then brought his finger down slowly. "I'm tired," he said. "Rara, you owe me rent. Pay up or I'll kick you all out. I'm tired." He walked heavily toward the bar. "Give me something to drink. In my own tavern you can give me something to drink."

Someone laughed again. Tel looked at Alter.

"Well," she said. "He likes you."

"He does?"

"Um-hm," she nodded.

"Oh," said Tel.

At the bar, Geryn drained a large glass of pale green liquid, slammed the empty glass on the board and cried out, "The war. Yes, the war!"

"Oh, here we go," Alter whispered.

Geryn ran his finger slowly along the rim of the glass. "The war," he said again. He turned suddenly. "It's coming!" he declaimed. "And do you know why it's coming? Do you know how it's coming? We can't stop it, not now, not any more. I've received the signal, so there's no hope left. We must just go ahead and try to save something, something to start and build from again." Geryn looked directly at Tel. "Boy, do you know what a war is?"

"No, sir," said Tel, which wasn't exactly true. He'd heard the word.

“Hey,” someone cried from the bar. “Are we gonna get stories, great fires and destruction again?” Geryn ignored the cry. “Do you know what the Great Fire was?”

Tel shook his head.

“The world was once much bigger than it is today,” Geryn said. “Once man flew not just between island and mainland, island and island, but skirted the entire globe of the earth. Once man flew to the moon, even to the moving lights in the sky. There were empires, like Toromon, only bigger. And there were many of them. Often they fought with one another, and that was called a war. And the end of the final war was the Great Fire. That was over fifteen hundred years ago. Most of the world, from what little we know of it today, is scarred with strips of impassable land, the sea is run through with deadly currents. Only fragments of the earth, widely separated can hold life. Toromon may be the only one, for all we are sure of. And now we will have another war.”

Some one from the bar yelled, “So what if it comes? It might bring some excitement.”

Geryn whirled. “You don’t understand!” He whipped one hand through his shocked white hair. “What are we fighting? We don’t know. It’s something mysterious and unnamable on the other side of the radiation barrier. Why are we fighting?”

“Because ...” began a bored voice at the bar.

“Because,” interrupted Geryn, suddenly pointing directly at Tel’s face, “we have to fight. Toromon has gotten into a situation where its excesses must be channelled toward something external. Our science has outrun our economics. Our laws have become stricter, and we say it is to stop the rising lawlessness. But it is to supply workers for the mines that the laws tighten, workers who will dig more tetron, that more citizens shall be jobless, and must therefore become lawless to survive. Ten years ago, before the aquariums, fish was five times its present price. There was perhaps four per cent unemployment in Toron. Today the prices of fish are a fifth of what they were, yet unemployment has reached twenty-five per cent of the city’s populace. A quarter of our people starve. More arrive every day. What will we do with them? We will use them to fight a war. Our university turns out scientists whose science we can not use lest it put more people out of work. What will we do with them? We will use them to fight a war. Eventually the mines will flood us with tetron, too much for even the aquariums and the hydroponic gardens. It will be used for the war.”

“Then what?” asked Tel.

“We do not know who or what we are fighting,” repeated Geryn. “We will be fighting ourselves, but we will not know it. According to the books, it is customary in a war to keep each side in complete ignorance of the other. Or give them lies like those we use to frighten children instead of truth. But here the truth may be ...” His voice trailed off.

“What’s your plan?” Tel asked.

There was another laugh at the bar.

“Somehow,” and his voice was lower. “Somehow we must get ready to save something, salvage some fragment from the destruction that will come. There are only a few of us who know all this, who understand it, who know what ... what has to be done.”

“What is that?” Tel asked again.

Suddenly Geryn whirled. “Drinks!” he called. “Drinks all around!” The quiet amusement and general lethargy disappeared as the people moved to the bar. “Drink up, friends, my fellows!” cried Geryn.

“Your plan?” Tel asked again, puzzled.

“I’ll tell you,” answered the old man, almost in a whisper. “I’ll tell you. But not just yet. Not just ...” He turned back again. “Drink up!” Three men who already had their glasses gave a cheer.

“Are you with me, friends?” Geryn demanded.

“We’re with you,” six more cried, laughing, clinking their glasses hard on the table top as Tel looked from Alter to Rara and back.

“My plan ...” began Geryn. “Have you all had a glass? All of you? Another round for everybody. Yes, a second round!”

There was a solid cheer, now. Glass bottoms turned toward the ceiling, then whammed on the counter top again.

“My plan is to—you understand it’s not just my plan, but only a small part in a great plan, a plan to save us all—my plan is to kidnap Prince Let from the palace. That’s the part that we must do. Are you with me, friends?” A yell rose, and somebody had started a friendly fight at the end of the bar. Then Geryn’s voice suddenly broke through the sound, low, in a grating whisper that silenced them for seconds. “Because you must be with me! The time is tonight. I have ... I have it planned.” The voices halted, and then heaved to a roar. “Tonight,” repeated Geryn, though hardly anyone could hear him. “I have it planned. Only you’ve got to be ... be with me.”

Tel frowned and Alter shook her head. The old man had closed his eyes for a moment. Rara was beside him, her hand on his shoulder. “You’re going to get yourself sick with all this yelling. Let me get you up to your room.”

As she turned him toward the stairs, the scarred giant who had been given a drink, now rose from the table, looked straight at Geryn, then drained his glass.

Geryn nodded, drew a breath through his teeth, and then allowed Rara to lead him up the stairs as Tel and Alter watched.

The noise among the drinking men and women at the bar increased.

Chapter IV

She made a note on her pad, put down her slide rule, and picked up a pearl snap with which she fastened together the shoulder panels of her white dress. The maid said, "Ma'am, shall I do your hair now?"

"One second," Clea said. She turned to page 328 of her integral tables, checked the increment of sub-cosine A plus B over the n th root of A to the n th plus B to the n th, and transferred it to her notebook.

"Ma'am?" asked the maid. She was a thin woman, about thirty. The little finger of her left hand was gone.

"You can start now." Clea leaned back in the beauty-hammock and lifted the dark mass of her hair from her neck. The maid caught the ebony wealth with one hand and reached for the end of the four yards of silver chain strung with alternate pearls and diamonds each inch and a half.

"Ma'am?" asked the maid again. "What are you figuring on?"

"I'm trying to determine the inverse sub-trigonometric functions. Dalen Golga, he was my mathematics professor at the university, discovered the regular ones, but nobody's come up with the inverses yet."

"Oh," said the maid. She ceased weaving the jeweled chain a moment, took a comb, and whipped it through a cascade of hair that fell back on Clea's shoulder. "Eh ... what are you going to do with them, once you find them?"

"Actually," said Clea. "Ouch ..."

"Oh, pardon me, I'm sorry, please ..."

"Actually," went on Clea, "they'll be perfectly useless. At least as far as anyone knows now. They exist, so to speak, in a world that has little to do with ours. Like the world of imaginary numbers, the square root of minus one. Eventually we may find use for them, perhaps in the same way we use imaginary numbers to find the roots of equations of a higher order than two, because cosine theta plus I sine theta equals e to the I sine theta, which lets us ..."

"Ma'am?"

"Well, that is to say they haven't been able to do anything like that with the sub-trigonometric functions yet. But they're fun."

"Bend your head a little to the left, ma'am," was the maid's comment.

Clea bent.

"You're going to look beautiful." Four and five fingers wove deftly in her hair. "Just beautiful."

"I hope that Tomar can get here. It's not going to be any fun without him."

"But isn't the King coming?" asked the maid. "I saw his acceptance note myself. You know it was on very simple paper. Very elegant."

"My father will enjoy that a good deal more than I will. My brother went to school with the King before ... before his Majesty's coronation."

"That's amazing," said the maid. "Were they friends? Just think of it? Do you know whether they were friends or not?"

Clea shrugged.

"And, oh," said the maid, continuing, "have you seen the ballroom? All the hors d'oeuvres are real, imported fish. You can tell, because they're smaller than the ones your father grows."

"I know," smiled Clea. "I don't think I've ever eaten any of Dad's fish in my life, which is sort of terrible, actually. They're supposed to be very good."

“Oh, they are, ma’am. They are. Your father is a fine man to grow such great, good fishes. But you must admit, there’s something special about the ones that come from the coast. I tasted one on my way up through the pantry. So I know.”

“What exactly is it?” Clea asked, turning around.

The maid frowned, and then smiled and nodded wisely. “Oh, I know. I know. You can tell the difference.”

At that moment, Jon Koshar was saying, “Well, so far you’ve been right.” He appeared to be more or less standing (the room was dim, so his head and hands were invisible), more or less alone (“Yeah, I trust you. I don’t have much choice,” he added.) in the pantry of his father’s mansion.

Suddenly his voice took a different tone. “Look, I *will* trust you; with part of me, anyway. I’ve been caged up for nearly five years, for something stupid I did, and for something that no matter how hard I try, I can’t convince myself was all my fault. I don’t mean that Uske should be blamed. But chance, and all the rest ... well, all I mean is it makes me want out that much more. I want to be *free*. I nearly got myself killed trying to escape from the mines. And a couple of people did get killed helping me. All right, you got me out of that stainless steel graveyard I wandered into back at the radiation barrier, and for that, thanks. I mean it. But I’m not free yet. And I still want out, more than anything in the world.

“Sure, I know that you want me to do something, but I don’t understand it yet. You say you’ll tell me soon. Okay. But you’re riding around in my head like this, so I’m not free yet. If that’s what I have to do to get free, than I’ll do it. But I’m warning you. If I see another crack in the wall, another spot of light getting in, I’ll claw my hands off trying to break through and to hell with what you want. Because while you’re there, I can’t be free.”

Suddenly the light in the pantry flipped on. His sudden face went from the tautness of his last speech to fear. He had been standing by the side of a seven-foot porcelain storage cabinet. He jumped back to the wall. Whoever had come in, a butler or caterer, was out of sight on the other side. A hand came around the edge of the cabinet, reaching for the handle. The hand was broad, wiry with black hair, and sported a cheap, wide, brass ring set with an irregular shape of blue glass. As the door opened, the hand swung out of sight. There was a clatter of dishes on the shelves, the slide of crockery slipping over plastic racks, and a voice. “All right there. You carry this one.” Then a grunt, and the *ker-flop* of the latch as the door slammed to.

A moment later, the light, and John Koshar’s hands and head, went out. When Jon stepped forward again, he looked at the pantry, at the doors, the cabinets. The familiarity hurt. There was a door that opened into the main kitchen. (Once he had snagged a kharba fruit from the cook’s table and ran, as behind him a wooden salad bowl crashed to the floor. The sound made him whirl, in time to catch the cook’s howl and to see the pale shreds of lettuce strewn across the black tile floor. The bowl was still spinning. He had been nine.)

He started slowly for the door to the hallway that led to the dining room. In the hall was a red wood table on which sat a free form sculpture of aluminum rods and heavy glass spheres. That was unfamiliar. Not the table, the sculpture.

A slight highlight along the curve of crystal brought back to him for a moment the blue ceramic vase that had been there in his memory. It was coated with glaze that was shot through with myriad cracks. It was cylindrical, straight, then suddenly veering to a small mouth, slightly off center. The burnished red wood behind the vivid, turquoise blue was a combination that was almost too rich, too sensual. He had broken the vase. He had broken it in surprise, when his sister had come in on him suddenly, the little girl with hair black as his own, only more of it, saying, “What are you doing, Jon?” and he had jumped, turned, and then the vase was lying in fragments on the floor, like a lot of bright, brittle leaves made out of stone. He remembered his first reaction had been, oddly, surprise at finding that the glaze covered the inside as well as the outside of the vase. He was fourteen.

He walked to the family dining room and stepped inside. With the ballroom in use, no one would come here. Stepping into the room was like stepping into a cricket’s den, the subtle *tsk-tsk* of a thousand

clocks repeated and repeated, overlapping and melting, with no clear, discernible rhythm. The wall by the door was lined with shelves and they were filled with his father's collection of chronometers. He looked at the clocks on the shelf level with his eye. The last time he had been in this room, it had been the shelf below. The light from the door made a row of crescents on the curved faces, some the size of his little finger nail, others the diameter of his head. Their hands were invisible, their settings were dim. (In his memory they went from simple gold to ornately carved silver, and one was set in an undersea bower with jeweled shells and coral branches.) There must be many new clocks after five years, he thought. If he turned on the light, how many would he recognize?

(When he was eighteen, he had stood in this room and examined the thin, double prong of a fire-blade. The light in the room was off, and as he flicked the button on the hilt, and the white sparks leaped out and up the length of the blade, the crescents flamed on the edges of the clock faces, all along the wall. Later, at the royal palace, with that same blade, there had been the same, sudden, clumsy fear at discovery, fear clotting into panic, the panic turning to confusion, and the confusion metastasizing into fear again, only fear all through him, dragging him down, so that when he tried to run down the vaulted hall, his feet were too heavy, so that when he tripped against the statue in the alcove, whirled upon the pursuing guard, and swung the white needle of energy down and the guard's flesh hissed and fell away—a moment of blood spurring under pale flame—almost immediately he was exhausted. They took him easily after that.)

Clumsy, he thought. Not with his fingers, (He had fixed many of these clocks when his father had acquired them in various states of disrepair.), but with his mind. His emotions were not fine and drawn, but rather great shafts of anger or fear fell about him without focus or apparent source. Disgust, or even love, when he had felt it was vague, liable to metamorphasize from one to the other. (School was great; his history teacher was very good... School was noisy; the kids were pushy and didn't care about anything. His blue parakeet was delicate and beautiful; he had taught it to whistle ... there were always crumbs on the bottom of the cage; changing the paper was a nuisance.)

Then there had been five years of prison. And the first sharp feeling pierced his mind, as sharp as the uncoiled hair-spring of a clock, as sharp as jewels in a poison ring. It was a wish, a pain, an agony for freedom. The plans for escape had been intricate, yet sharp as the cracks in blue ceramic glaze. The hunger for escape was a hand against his stomach, and as the three of them had, at last, waited in the rain by the steps, it had tightened unbearably. Then ...

Then with all the sharpness, what had made him lose the others? Why had he wandered in the wrong direction? Clumsy! And he wanted to be free of that! And wonder if that was what he had wanted to be free of all along while he had sputtered at the prison guards, choked on the food, and could not communicate his outrage. Then, at the horizon, was the purple glow of something paler than sunrise, deadlier than the sea, a flickering, luminous purple gauze behind the hills. Near him were the skeletons of broken, century-ancient trees, leafless, nearly petrified. The crumbly dirt looked as if it had been scattered over the land in handfuls, loosely, bearing neither shrubs or footprints. By one boulder a trickle of black water ran beneath a fallen log, catching dim light in the ripples on either side. He looked up.

On the horizon, against the lines of light, as though cut—no, torn—from carbon paper was the silhouette of a city. Tower behind tower rose against the pearly haze. A net of roadways wound among the spires.

Then he made out one minuscule thread of metal that ran from the city, in his general direction but veering to the right. It passed him half a mile away and at last disappeared into the edge of the jungle that he could see, now, behind him. *Telphar!* The word came to his mind as though on a sign attached with springs to his consciousness. The radiation! That was the second thing he thought of. Once more the name of the city shivered in his brain: *Telphar!* The certain, very certain death he had wandered into caught the center of his gut like a fist. It was almost as if the name were sounding out loud in his skull. Then he stopped. Because he realized he had heard something. A ... a voice! Very definitely he heard it—

Music had started. He could hear it coming from the ballroom now. The party must be under way. He looked out into the hall. A fellow in a white apron, holding an empty tray on which were crumbs from small cakes, was coming toward him.

"Excuse me, sir," the man in the apron said. "Guests aren't supposed to be in this part of the house."

"I was trying to find the-eh-er ..." Jon coughed.

The man in the apron smiled. "Oh. Of course. Go back into the ballroom and take the hall to your left down three doors."

"Thank you," Jon smiled back and hurried up the hallway. He entered the ballroom by way of a high, arched alcove in which were small white meat, red meat, dark meat of fish ground into patties, cut into stars, strips of fillet wound into imitation sea shells, tiny braised shrimp, and stuffed baby smelts.

A ten-piece orchestra—three bass radiolins, a theremin, and six blown shells of various sizes—was making a slow, windy music from the dais. The scattering of guests seemed lost in the great room. Jon wandered across the floor.

Here and there were stainless steel fountains in which blue or pink liquid fanned over mounds of crushed ice. Each fountain was rimmed with a little shelf on which was a ring of glasses. He picked a glass up, let a spout of pink fill it, and walked on, sipping slowly.

Suddenly, the loudspeaker announced the arrival of Mr. Quelor Da and party. Heads turned, and a moment later a complex of glitter, green silk, blue net, and diamonds at the top of the six wide marble steps across the room resolved into four ladies and their escorts.

Jon glanced up at the balcony than ran around the second story of the room. A short gentleman in a severe, unornamented blue suit was coming toward the head of the steps which expanded down toward the ballroom floor with the grace and approximate shape of a swan's wing. The gentleman hurried down the pale cascade.

Jon sipped his drink. It was sweet with the combined flavors of a dozen fruits, with the whisper of alcohol bitter at the back of his tongue. The gentleman hurried across the floor, passing within yards of him.

Father! The impact was the same as the recognition of Telphar. The hair was thinner than it had been five years ago. He was much heavier. His—father—was at the other side of the room already, checking with the waiters. Jon pulled his shoulders in, and let his breath out. It was the familiarity, not the change, that hurt.

It took some time before the room filled. There was a lot of space. One guest Jon noted was a young man in military uniform. He was powerful, squat in a taurine way usually associated with older men. There was a major's insignia on his shoulder. Jon watched him a while, empathizing with his occasional looks that told how out of place he felt. He took neither food nor drink, but prowled a ten-foot area by the side of the balcony steps. Waiting, Jon thought.

A half an hour later, the floor was respectably populated. Jon had exchanged a few words at last with the soldier. (Jon: "A beautiful party, don't you think?" Soldier, with embarrassment: "Yes, sir." Jon: "I guess the war is worrying all of us." Soldier: "The war? Yes." Then he looked away, not inclined to talk more.) Jon was now near the door. Suddenly the loudspeaker announced: "The Party of His Royal Majesty, the King."

Gowns rustled, the talk rose, people turned, and fell back from the entrance. The King's party, headed by himself and a tall, electric-looking red-headed woman, his senior by a handful of years, appeared at the top of the six marble steps. As they came down, right and left, people bowed. Jon dropped his head, but not before he realized that the King's escort had given him a very direct look. He glanced up again, but now her emerald train was sweeping down the aisle the people had left open. Her insignia, he remembered, told him she was a duchess.

Coming up the aisle in the other direction now between the bowing crowds was old Koshar. He bowed very low, and the pale blond young man raised him and they shook hands, and Koshar spoke. "Your Majesty," he began warmly.

"Sir," answered the King, smiling.

"I haven't seen you since you were a boy at school."

The King smiled again, this time rather wanly. Koshar hurried on.

"But I would like to introduce my daughter to you, for it's her party. Clea—" The old man turned to the balcony stairs, and the crowd's eyes turned with him.

She was standing on the top step, in a white dress made of panel over silken panel, held with pearl clasps. Her black hair cascaded across one shoulder, webbed and re-webbed with a chain of silver strung with pearls. Her hands at her sides, she came down the stairs. People stepped back; she smiled, and walked forward. Jon watched while at last his sister reached his father's side.

"My daughter Clea," said old Koshar to the King.

"Charmed."

Koshar raised his left hand, and the musicians began the introduction to the changing partners dance. Jon watched the King take Clea in his arms, and also saw the soldier move toward them, and then stop. A woman in a smoky gray dress suddenly blocked his view, smiled at him, and said, "Will you dance?" He smiled back, to avoid another expression, and she was in his arms. Apparently the soldier had had a similar experience, for at the first turn of the music, Jon saw the soldier was dancing too. A few couples away, Clea and the King turned round and round, white and white, brunette and blond. The steps came back to Jon like a poem remembered, the turn, the dip, separate, and join again. When a girl does the strange little outward step, and the boy bows, so that for a moment she is out of sight, her gown always swishes just so. Yes, like that! This whole day had been filled with the sudden remembrances of tiny facts like that, forgotten for five years, at once relearned with startling vividness that shocked him. The music signaled for partners to change. Gowns whirled into momentary flowers, and he was dancing with the brown-haired woman the soldier had been dancing with a moment before. Looking to his left, he saw that the soldier had somehow contrived to get Clea for a partner. Moving closer, he overheard.

"I didn't think you were going to get here at all. I'm so glad," from Clea.

"I could have even come earlier," Tomar said. "But you'd have been busy."

"You could have come up."

"And once I got here, I didn't think we'd get a chance to talk, either."

"Well, you've got one now. Better make it quick. We change partners in a moment. What happened to the scouting planes?"

"All crippled. Didn't sight a thing. They got back to base almost before I did this morning. The report was nothing. What about the picnic, Clea?"

"We can have it on ..."

A burst of music signaled the change. Jon did not hear the day, but expected his sister to whirl into his arms. But instead (he saw her white dress flare and turn by him) an emerald iridescence caught in his eye, then rich mahogany flame. He was dancing with the Duchess. She was nearly his height, and watched him with a smile hung in the subtle area between friendship and knowing cynicism. She moved easily, and he had just remembered that he ought to smile back to be polite when the music sounded the change. The instant before she whirled away, he heard her say, very distinctly, "Good luck, Jon Koshar."

His name brought him to a halt, and he stared after her. When he did turn back to his new partner, surprise still on his face, his eyes were filled with sudden whiteness. It was Clea. He should have been dancing, but he was standing still. When she looked at his face to discover why, she suddenly drew a breath. At first he thought his head had disappeared again. Then, as shock and surprise became suddenly as real as her wide eyes, her open mouth, he whispered, "Clea!" And her hand went to her mouth.

Clumsy! he thought, and the word was a sudden ache in his hands and chest. Reach for her. Dance. As his hands went out, the music stopped, and the languid voice of the King came over the loudspeaker.

"Ladies and gentlemen, citizens of Toromon, I have just received a message from the council that necessitates an announcement to you as my friends and loyal subjects. I have been requested by the council to make their declaration of war official by my consent. An emergency meeting over sudden

developments has made it imperative that we begin immediate action against our most hostile enemies on the mainland. Therefore, before you all, I declare the Empire of Toromon to be at war.”

In the silence, Jon looked for his sister, but she was gone. Someone near the microphone cried out, “Long live the King.” Then the cry echoed again. The musicians started the music once more, partners found one another, and the talking and laughing grew in his ears like waves, like crumbling rock, like the cutter teeth clawing into the rock face of the ore deposits...

Jon shook his head. But he was in his own house, yes. His room was on the second floor and he could go up and lie down. And by his bed would be the copper night table, and the copy of *Delcord the Whaler* which he had been reading the night before.

He’d left the ballroom and gotten halfway down the hall before he remembered that his room was probably not his room any longer. And that he certainly couldn’t go up to it and lie down. He was standing in front of the door of one of the sitting rooms that opened off the hall. The door was ajar, and from it he heard a woman’s voice.

“Well, can’t you do something about his index of refraction? If he’s going to be doing any work at night, you can’t have him popping on and off like a cigarette lighter.” There was silence. Then: “Well, at least don’t you think he should be told more than he knows now? Fine. So do I, especially since the war has been officially declared.”

Jon took a breath and stepped in.

Her emerald train whirled across the duller green of the carpet as she turned. The bright hair, untounged save by two coral combs, fell behind her shoulders. Her smile showed faint surprise. Very faint. “Who were you talking to?” Jon Koshar asked.

“Mutual friends,” the Duchess said. They were alone in the room.

After a moment, Jon said, “What do they want us to do? It’s treason, isn’t it?”

The Duchess’ eyes went thin. “Are you serious?” she asked. “You call that treason, keeping these idiots from destroying themselves, eating themselves up in a war with a nameless enemy, something so powerful that if there were any consideration of real fighting, we could be destroyed with a thought. Do you remember who the enemy is? You’ve heard his name. There are only three people in Toromon who have, Jon Koshar. Everyone else is ignorant. So we’re the only ones who can say we’re fully responsible. That responsibility is to Toromon. Have you any idea what state the economy is in? Your own father is responsible for a good bit of it; but if he closed down his aquariums now, the panic he would cause would equal the destruction their being open already causes. The empire is snowballing toward its own destruction, and it’s going to take it out in the war. You call trying to prevent it treason?”

“Whatever we call it, we don’t have much choice, do we?”

“With people like you around, I’m not sure it isn’t a bad idea.”

“Look,” said Jon. “I was cooped up in a prison mine way out beyond nowhere for five years. All I wanted was out, see. All I wanted was to get free. Well, I’m back in Toron and I’m still not free.”

“First of all,” said the Duchess, “if it wasn’t for them, you wouldn’t be as free as you are now. After a day of clean clothes and walking in fresh air, if you’re not well on the road to what you want, then I’d better change some ideas of my own. I want something too, Jon Koshar. When I was seventeen, I worked for a summer in your father’s aquarium. My nine hours a day were spent with a metal spoon about the size of your head scraping the bottoms of the used tank tube of the stuff that even the glass filters were too touchy to take out. Afterwards I was too tired to do much more than read. So I read. Most of it was about Toromon’s history. I read a lot about the mainland expeditions. Then, in my first winter out of school, I lived in a fishing village at the edge of the forest, studying what I could of the customs of the forest people. I made sketches of their temples, tried to map their nomadic movements. I even wrote an article on the architecture of their temporary shelters that was published in the university journal.

“Well, what I want is for Toromon to be free, free of its own ridiculous self-entanglements. Perhaps coming from the royal family, I had a easier path toward a sense of Toromon’s history. At its best, that’s all an aristocracy is good for anyway. But I wanted more than a sense, I wanted to know what it was

worth. So I went out and looked, and I found out it was worth a whole lot. Somehow Toromon is going to have to pick itself up by the back of the neck and give itself a shaking. If I have to be the part that does the shaking, then I will. That's what I want, Jon Koshar, and I want it as badly as you want to be free."

Jon was quiet a moment. Then he said, "Anyway, to get what we want, I guess we more or less have to do the same thing. All right, I'll go along. But you're going to have to explain some things to me. There's a lot I still don't understand."

"A lot we both don't," the Duchess said. "But we know this: they're not from Earth, they're not human, and they come from very far away. Inconceivably far."

"What about the rest?"

"They'll help us help Toromon if we help them. How, I still don't understand for sure. Already I've arranged to have Price Let kidnaped."

"Kidnaped? But why?"

"Because if we get through this, Toromon is going to need a strong king. And I think you'll agree that Uske will never quite make that. Also, he's ill, and under any great strain, might die in a moment, not to mention the underground groups that are bound to spring up to undermine whatever the government decides to do, once the war gets going. Let is going where he can become a strong man, with the proper training, so that if anything happens to Uske, he can return and there'll be someone to guide the government through its crises. After that, how we're to help them, I'm not sure."

"I see," said Jon. "How did they get hold of you, anyway? For that matter, how did they get me?"

"You? They contacted you just outside of Telphar, didn't they? They had to rearrange the molecular structure of some of your more delicate proteins and do a general overhaul on your sub-crystalline structure so the radiation wouldn't kill you. That, unfortunately had the unpleasant side effect of booting down your index of refraction a couple of points, which is why you keep fading in dim light. In fact, I got a blow-by-blow description of your entire escape from them. It kept me on the edge of my seat all night. How was I contacted? The same way you were, suddenly, and with those words: *Lord of the Flames*. Now, your first direct assignment will be ..."

In another room, Clea was sitting on a blue velvet hassock with her hands tight in her lap. Then suddenly they flew apart like springs, shook beside her head, and then clasped again. "Tomar," she said. "Please, excuse me, but I'm upset. It was so strange. When I was dancing with the King, he told me how he had dreamed of my brother this morning. I didn't think anything of it. I thought it was just small talk. Then, just after I changed partners for the third time, there I was, staring into a face that I could have sworn was Jon's. And the man wasn't dancing, either. He was just looking at me, very funny, and then he said my name. Tomar, it was the same voice Jon used to use when I'd hurt myself and he wanted to help. Oh, it couldn't have been him, because he was too tall, and too gaunt, and the voice was just a little too deep. But it was so much like what he might have been. That was when the King made his announcement. I just turned and ran. The whole thing seemed supernatural. Oh, don't worry, I'm not superstitious, but it unnerved me. And that plus what you said this morning."

"What I said?" asked Tomar. He stood beside the hassock in the blue-draped sitting room, his hands in his pockets, listening with animal patience.

"About their drafting all the degree students into the war effort. Maybe the war is good, but Tomar, I'm working on another project, and all at once, the thing I want most in the world is to be left alone to work on it. And I want you, and I want to have a picnic. I'm nearly at the solution now, and to have to stop and work on bomb sightings and missile trajectories ... Tomar, there's a beauty in abstract mathematics that shouldn't have to be dulled with that sort of thing. Also, maybe you'll go away, or I'll go away. That doesn't seem fair either. Tomar, have you ever had things you wanted, had them in your hands, and suddenly have a situation come up that made it look like they might fly out of your grip forever?"

Tomar rubbed his hand across his brush-cut red hair and shook his head. "There was a time once, when I wanted things. Like food, work, and a bed where all four legs touched the ground. So I came to

Toron. And I got them. And I got you, and so I guess there isn't anything else to want, or want that bad." He grinned, and the grin made her smile.

"I guess," she started, "... I guess it was just that he looked so much like my brother."

"Clea," Tomar said. "About your brother. I wasn't going to tell you this until later. Maybe I shouldn't say it now. But you were asking whether or not they were going to draft prisoners into the army; and whether at the end of their service, they'd be freed. Well, I did some checking. They are going to, and I sent through a recommendation that they take your brother among the first bunch. In three hours I got a memorandum from the penal commissioner. Your brother's dead."

She looked at him hard, trying to hold her eyes open and to prevent the little snarl of sound that was a sob from loosening in the back of her throat.

"In fact it happened last night," Tomar went on. "He and two others attempted an escape. Two of their bodies were found. And there's no chance that the third one could have escaped alive."

The snarl collapsed into a sound she would not make. She sat for a moment. Then she said, "Let's go back to the party." She stood up, and they walked across the white rug to the door. Once she shook her head and opened her mouth. Then she closed it again and went on. "Yes. I'm glad you said it. I don't know. Maybe it was a sign ... a sign that he was dead. Maybe it was a sign ..." She stopped. "No. It wasn't. It wasn't anything, was it? No." They went down the steps to the ballroom once more. The music was very, very happy.

Chapter V

A few hours earlier, Geryn gave Tel a kharba fruit. The boy took the bright-speckled melon around the inn, looking for Alter. Unable to find her, he wandered onto the street and up the block. Once a cat with a struggling gray shape in its teeth hurtled across his path. Later he saw an overturned garbage can with a filigree of fish bones ornamenting the parti-colored heap. Over the house roofs across the street, the taller buildings and towers of Toron paled to blue, with sudden yellow rectangles of window light scattered unevenly over their faces.

Turning down another block, he saw Rara standing on the corner, stopping the occasional passers-by. Tel started up to her, but she saw him and motioned him away. Puzzled, he went to a stoop and sat down to watch. As he ran his thumbnail along the orange rind, and juice oozed from the slit, he heard Rara talking to a stranger.

"Your fortune, sir. I'll spread your future before you like a silver mirror ..." The stranger passed. Rara turned to a woman now coming toward her. "Ma'am, a fragment of a unit will spread your life out like a patterned carpet where you may trace the designs of your fate. Just a quarter of a unit ..." The woman smiled, but shook her head. "You look like you come from the mainland," Rara called after her. "Well, good luck here in the New World, sister, the Island of Opportunity." Immediately she turned to another man, this one in a deep green uniform. "Sir," Tel heard her begin. Then she paused as she surveyed his costume. "Sir," she continued, "for a single unit I will unweave the threads of your destiny from eternity's loom. Would you like to know the promotion about to come your way? How many children you'll ..."

"Come on, lady," said the man in uniform. "It's illegal to tell fortunes here."

"But I've got my license," declared Rara. "I'm a genuine clairvoyant. Just a second ..." And her hands began to plunge into the seams and pockets of her gray rags.

"Never mind, lady. Just get moving," and he gave her a push. Rara moved.

Tel peeled back the strip of rind he'd loosened from the kharba fruit, licked the juice from the yellow wound, and followed Rara.

"Son of an electric eel," she said when Tel reached her, her birthmark scarlet. "Just trying to make a living, that's all."

"Want a bite?"

Rara shook her head. "I'm too angry," she said. They walked back to the inn.

"Do you know where Alter is?" Tel asked. "I was looking for her."

"She's not in the inn?"

"I couldn't find her there."

"Did you look on the roof?" Rara asked.

"Oh," said Tel. "No." They turned into the tavern and Tel went upstairs. It was not until he was halfway up the ladder on the second floor that went to the trap door in the ceiling that he wondered why she was on the roof. He pushed the trap door back and hoisted himself to the dusty, weathered rim.

Alter was hanging head and white hair down from a pipe that went from the stone chimney to a supporting pipe that was fastened by a firm collar to the roof.

"What are you doing?" Tel asked.

"Hi," she smiled down at him. "I'm practicing."

"Practicing what?"

She was hanging double from her waist over the pipe. Now she grabbed the bar close to her waist and somersaulted forward, letting her feet slowly and evenly to the ground, her legs perfectly straight.

“My stunts,” she said. “I’m an acrobat.” She did not let go of the bar, but suddenly swung her legs up so that her ankles nearly touched her hands, and then whipped them down again, ending the kip by supporting herself upright on the metal perch. Then she flung her legs back (Tel jumped because she looked like she was going to fall) and went out and down, then under, swung up, arced over, and went down again in a giant circle. She circled once more, then doubled up, caught one knee over the bar, reversed direction, and suddenly was sitting on top of the rod with one leg over.

“Gee,” Tel said. “How did you do that?”

“It’s all timing,” Alter said. Suddenly she threw her head back, and circled the bar once more, hanging from her hands and one knee. Then the knee came loose, and her feet came slowly to the ground. “You’ve just got to be strong enough to hold up your own weight. Maybe a little stronger. But the rest is all timing.”

“You mean I could do that?”

“You want to try something?”

“Like what?”

“Come here and grab hold of the bar.”

Tel came over and grabbed. He could just keep his feet flat on the tar-papered roof and still hold on. “All right,” he said.

“Now pull yourself up and hook your left knee around the bar.”

“Like this?” He kicked up once, missed, and tried again.

“When you kick, throw your head back,” she instructed. “You’ll balance better.”

He did, pulled up, and got his foot through his arms, and suddenly felt the bar slide into the crook of his knee. He was hanging by his left knee and hands. “Now what do I do?” he asked, swaying back and forth.

Alter put her hand on his back to steady him. “Now straighten your right leg, and keep your arms fairly straight.” He obeyed. “Now swing your right leg up and down, three times, and then swing it down real hard.” Tel lifted his leg, dropped it, and at once began swinging back and forth beneath the pole. “Keep the leg straight,” Alter said. “Don’t bend it, or you’ll lose momentum.”

He got to the third kick, and then let go (with his thigh muscles, not his hands) and at once the sky slipped back behind him and his body swung upward away from the direction of the kick. “Whoooo,” he said, and then felt an arm steadying his wrist. He was sitting on top of the bar with one leg over it. He looked down at Alter. “Is that what was supposed to happen?”

“Sure,” she said. “That’s how you mount the bar. It’s called a knee mount.”

“I guess it’s easier than climbing. Now what do I do?”

“Try this. Straighten out your arms. And make sure they stay straight. Now straighten your back leg behind you.” As he tried, he felt her hand on his knee, helping. “Hey ...” he said. “I’m not balanced.”

“Don’t worry,” she said. “I’m holding you. Keep those arms straight. If you don’t obey instructions you’ll have a head full of tar paper. Seven feet isn’t very high, but head first it’s sort of uncomfortable.”

Tel’s elbows locked.

“Now when I count three, kick the leg I’m holding under you and throw your head back as hard as you can. One ...”

“What’s supposed to happen?” Tel demanded.

“Follow instructions,” replied Alter. “Two ... three!”

Tel threw and kicked, and felt Alter give his leg an extra push. He had planned to close his eyes, but what he saw kept them open. Sky and then roof were coming at him, fast. Then they veered away, along with Alter’s face (which was upside down), till an instant later the pale blue towers of Toron, all pointing in the wrong direction, pierced his sight. Righting themselves, they jerked out of his line of vision and he was looking straight up at the sky (there was a star out, he noted before it became a meteor and flashed away) until it was replaced by the roof and Alter’s face (laughing now) and then once more everything swept into its proper position for a moment.

He clamped his stinging hands tightly on the bar, and when he felt himself stop, he hunched forward and closed his eyes. “Mmmmmmmmmmm,” he said. Alter’s hand was on his wrist, very firm, and he was sitting on top of the bar again.

“You just did a double back knee circle,” she said, “You did it very well too.” Then she laughed. “Only it wasn’t supposed to be double. You just kept going.”

“How do I get down?” Tel asked.

“Arms straight,” said Alter.

Tel straightened his arms.

“Put this hand over here.” She patted the bar on the other side of his leg. Tel transferred his grip. “Now bring your leg off the bar.” Tel hoisted his leg back so that he was supported by just his hands. “Now bend forward and roll over, slowly if you can.” Tel rolled, felt the bar slip from where it was pressed against his waist, and a moment later his feet were brushing back and forth over the tar paper. He let go and rubbed his hands together. “Why didn’t you tell me what I was gonna do?”

“Because then you wouldn’t have done it. Now that you know you can, the rest will be easier. You’ve got three stunts now in less than five minutes. The knee mount, back knee circle, and the forward dismount. And that was the best I’ve ever seen anybody do for a first try.”

“Thanks,” said Tel. He looked back up at the horizontal bar. “You know, it feels real funny, doing that stuff. I mean you don’t really do it. You do things and then it happens to you.”

“That’s right,” Alter said. “I hadn’t thought of it like that. Maybe that’s why a good acrobat has to be a person who can sort of relax and just let things happen. You have to trust both your mind and your body.”

“Oh,” said Tel. “I was looking for you when I came up here. I wanted to give you something.”

“Thank you,” she smiled, brushing a shock of white hair from her forehead.

“I hope it didn’t get broken.” He reached into his pocket and pulled out a handful of something sinewy; he had strung the shells on lengths of leather thong. There were three loops of leather, each longer than the one before, and the shells were spread apart and held in place by tiny knots. “Geryn gave me the thong, and I put it together this afternoon. It’s a necklace, see?”

She turned while he tied the ends behind her neck. Then she turned back to him, touching the green brilliance of one frail cornucopia, passing to the muted orange of another along the brown leather band. “Thank you,” she said. “Thank you very much, Tel.”

“You want some fruit?” he said, picking up the globe and beginning to peel the rest of it.

“All right,” she said. He broke it open, gave her half, and they went to the edge of the roof and leaned on the balustrade, looking to the street below, then over the roofs of the other houses of the Devil’s Pot and up to the darkening towers.

“You know,” Tel said. “I’ve got a problem.”

“No identification papers, no place to go. I should say you do.”

“Not like that,” he said. “But that’s part of it, I guess. I guess it’s a large part of it. But not all.”

“Then what is it?”

“I’ve got to figure out what I want. Here I am, in a new place, with no way to get anything for myself; I’ve got to figure a goal.”

“Look,” said Alter, assuming the superiority of age and urban training, “I’m a year older than you, and I don’t know where I’m going yet. But when I was your age, it occurred to me it would probably all take care of itself. All I had to do was ride it out. So that’s what I’ve been doing, and I haven’t been too unhappy. Maybe it’s the difference between living here or on the seashore. But here you’ve got to spend a lot of time looking for the next meal. At least people like you and me have to. If you pay attention to that, you’ll find yourself heading in the right direction soon enough. Whatever you’re going to be, you’re going to be, if you just give yourself half a chance.”

“Like a big acrobatic stunt, huh?” asked Tel. “You just do the right things and then it happens to you.”

“Like that,” said Alter. “I guess so.”

"Maybe," said Tel. The kharba fruit was cool, sweet like honey, orange, and pineapple.

A minute later someone was calling them. They turned from the balustrade and saw Geryn's white head poking from the trap door. "Come down," he demanded. "I've been looking all over for you. It's time."

They followed him back to the first floor. Tel saw that the scarred giant was still sitting at the table, his hands folded into quiet hammers before him.

"Now, everyone," Geryn called as he sat down at the table. Somewhat reluctantly people left the bar. Geryn dropped a sheaf of papers on the table. "Come around, everyone." The top sheet was covered with fine writing and careful architectural drawing. "Now this is the plan." So were the other sheets, when Geryn turned them over. "First, I'll divide you into groups."

He looked at the giant across the table. "Arkor, you take the first group." He picked out six more men and three women. He turned to the white-haired girl now. "Alter, you'll be with the special group." He named six more people. Tel was among them. A third group was formed which Geryn himself was to lead. Arkor's group was for strong-arm work. Geryn's was for guard duty and to keep the way clear while the prince was being conveyed back to the inn. "The people in the special group already know what to do."

"Sir," said Tel, "you haven't told me, yet."

Geryn looked at him. "You have to get caught."

"Sir?"

"You go past the guards, and make enough noise so that they catch you. Then, when they're occupied with you, we'll break in. Because you have no papers, they won't be able to trace you."

"Am I supposed to stay caught?"

"Of course not. You'll get away when we distract them."

"Oh," said Tel. Geryn went back to the papers.

As the plan was reviewed, Tel saw two things. First the completeness of the research, information, and attention to detail—habits of individual guards: one who left at the first sound of the change signal; another who waited a moment to exchange greetings with his replacement, a friend from his military academy days. Second, he saw its complexity. There were so many ins and outs, gears that had to mesh, movements to be timed within seconds, that Tel wondered if everything could possibly go right.

While he was wondering, they were suddenly already on their way, each one with a bit of the plan fixed firmly in his mind, no one with too clear a picture of the entire device. The groups were to split into subgroups of two or three, then reconvene at appointed spots around the castle. Tel and Alter found themselves walking through the city with the giant. Occasional street lights wheeled their shadows over the cracked pavement.

"You're from the forest, aren't you?" Tel finally asked the giant.

He nodded.

"Why did you come here?" Tel asked, trying to make conversation as they walked.

"I wanted to see the city," he said, raising his hand to his scars with a small chuckle. After that, he said nothing.

Prime Minister Chargill took his evening constitutional along the usually deserted Avenue of the Oyster at about this time every night. Prime Minister Chargill always carried on him a complete set of keys to the private suites of the royal family. This evening, however, a drunk in rags reeled out of a side street and collided with the old man. A moment later, making profuse apologies, he backed away, ducking his head, his hands behind his back. When the drunk returned to the side street, his weaving gait ceased, his hand came from behind his back, and in it was a complete set of keys to the private suites of the royal family.

The guard who was in charge of checking the alarm system loved flowers. He could—(and had been)—observed going to the florist's at least once a week on his time off. So when the old woman with a tray of scarlet anemones came by and offered them for his perusal, it is not surprising that he lowered his head over the tray and filled his lungs with that strange, pungent smell somewhere between orange

rind and the sea wind. Forty-seven seconds later, he yawned. Fourteen seconds after that, he was sitting on the ground, his head hung forward, snoring. Through the gate two figures could be seen at the alarm box ... had anyone been there to look.

At another entrance to the castle, two guards converged on a fourteen-year-old boy with black hair and green eyes who was trying to climb the fence.

"Hey, get down from there! All right, come on. Where're your papers? What do you mean you don't have any? Come on with us. Get the camera out, Jo. We'll have to photograph him and send the picture to Chief Records Headquarters. They'll tell us who you are, kid. Now hold still."

Behind them, a sudden white-haired figure was out of the shadows and over the gate in a moment. The guards did not see her.

"Hold still now, kid, while I get your retina pattern."

Later on a bunch of rowdies, led by a giant, started to raise hell around the palace. They hadn't even gotten the kid to the guard house yet, but somehow in the confusion the boy got away. One guard, who wore a size seventeen uniform was knocked unconscious, but no one else was hurt. They dispersed the rowdies, carried the guard to the infirmary, and left. The doctor saw him in the waiting room, then left him there momentarily to look for an accident report slip in the supply room at the other side of the building. (He could have sworn that a whole pad of them had been lying on the desk when he'd stepped out for a bit ten minutes ago.) When the doctor returned with the slip the soldier was still there—only he was stark naked.

A minute later, an unfamiliar guard, wearing a size seventeen uniform, saluted the guard at the gate, and marched in.

Two strange men behind the gate flung a cord with a weight on one end over a third story cornice. They missed once, then secured it the second time and left it hanging there.

A guard wearing a size seventeen uniform came down the hall of the west wing of the castle, stopped before a large double door on which was a silver crown, indicating the room of the Queen Mother; he took a complete set of keys to the private suites of the royal family from his cloak, and locked her Majesty firmly in her room. At the next door, he locked Prince Let securely in his. Then he went rapidly on.

Tel ran till he got to the corner, rounded it, and checked the street sign. It was correct. So he went to a doorway and sat down to wait.

At the same time, Prince Let, getting ready for bed and wearing nothing but his undershirt, looked out the window and saw a girl with white hair hanging head down outside the shutter. He stood very still. The upside down face smiled at him. Then the hands converged at the window lock, did something, and the two glass panels came open. The girl rolled over once, turned quickly, and suddenly she was crouching on the window ledge.

Let snatched up his pajama bottoms first, and ran to the door second. When he couldn't open it, he whirled around and pulled on his pajama pants.

Alter put her finger to her lips as she stepped down into his room. "Keep quiet," she whispered. "And relax," she added. "The Duchess of Petra sent me. More or less." She had been instructed to use that name to calm the prince. It seemed to work a trifle.

"Look," explained Alter, "you're being kidnapped. It's for your own good, believe me." She watched the blond boy come away from the door.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm a friend of yours if you'll let me be."

"Where are you going to take me?"

"You're going to go on a trip. But you'll come back, eventually."

"What has my mother said?"

"Your mother doesn't know. Nobody knows except you and the Duchess, and the few people who're helping her."

Let appeared to be thinking. He walked over to his bed, sat down, and pressed his heel against the side board. There was a tiny click. Nothing else happened. "Why won't they open the door?" he asked.

"It's been locked," Alter said. Suddenly she looked at the clock beside the Prince's bed, and turned to the window. Light from the crystal chandelier caught on the shells that were strung on leather thongs around her neck as she turned.

Let put his hand quietly on the newel post of his bed and pressed his thumb hard on the purple garnet that encrusted the crowning ornamental dolphin. Nothing happened except a tiny click.

At the window, Alter reached out her hand, just as a bundle appeared outside on a lowered rope. She pulled them in, untied them, and shook them out as the rope suddenly flew out the window again. "Here," she said. "Get into these." It was a suit of rags. She tossed them to him.

Finally Let slipped out of his pajama pants and into the suit.

"Now look in your pocket," Alter said.

The boy did and took out a bunch of keys.

"You can open the door with those," Alter said. "Go on."

Let paused, then went to the door. Before he put the key in the lock though, he bent down and looked through the keyhole. "Hey," he said, looking back at the girl. "Come here. Do you see anything?"

Alter crossed the room, bent down, and looked. The only motion Let made was to lean against one of the panels on the wall, which gave a slight click. Nothing happened.

"I don't see anything," Alter said. "Open the door."

Let found the proper key, put it in the lock, and the door swung back.

"All right, you kids," said the guard who was standing on the other side of the door (who incidentally wore a size seventeen uniform), "you come along with me." He took Let firmly by one arm and Alter by the other and marched them down the hall. "I'm warning you to keep quiet," the guard said to Let as they turned the last corner.

Three minutes later they were outside the castle. As the guard passed another uniformed man at the Sentry's post, he said, "More stupid kids trying to break into the palace."

"What a night," said the guard and scratched his head. "A girl too?"

"Looks like it," said the guard who was escorting Alter and the Prince. "I'm taking them to be photographed."

"Sure," answered the guard, and saluted.

The two children were marched down the street toward the guard house. Before they got there, they were turned off into a side street. Then suddenly the guard was gone. A black-haired boy with green eyes was coming toward them.

"Is this the Prince?" Tel asked.

"Un-huh," said Alter.

"Who are you?" Let asked. "Where are you taking me?"

"My name is Tel. I'm a fisherman's son."

"My name is Alter," Alter introduced herself.

"She's an acrobat," Tel added.

"I'm the Prince," Let said. "Really. I'm Prince Let."

The two others looked at the blond boy who stood in front of them in rags like their own. Suddenly they laughed. The Prince frowned. "Where are you taking me?" he asked again.

"We're taking you to get something to eat and where you can get a good night's sleep," Alter answered. "Come on."

"If you hurt me, my mother will put you in jail."

"Nobody's going to hurt you, silly," Tel said. "Come on."

Chapter VI

The Duchess of Petra said, "Now, your first direct assignment will be ..."

Then, the sudden green of beetles' wings; the red of polished carbuncle; a web of silver fire; lightning and blue smoke. Columns of jade caught red light through the great crack in the roof. The light across the floor was red. Jon felt that there were others with him, but he could not be sure. Before him, on a stone platform, three marble crescents were filled with pulsating shadows. Jon Koshar looked at them, and then away. There were many more columns, most broken.

He saw a huge break in the sanctuary wall. Outside he could look down on an immense red plain. At a scribed line, the plain changed color to an even more luminous red. Near the temple a few geometrical buildings cast maroon pinions of shadow over the russet expanse. Suddenly he realized that the further half of the plain was an immense red sea, yet with a perfectly straight shore line. Calmly it rippled toward the bright horizon.

At the horizon, filling up nearly a quarter of the sky, was what seemed to be a completely rounded mountain of dull red. No, it was a segment of a huge red disk, a great dull sun lipping the horizon of the planet. Yet it was dim enough so that he could stare directly at it without blinking. Above it, the atmosphere was a rich purple.

Then there was a voice from behind him, and he turned to the triple throne once more.

"Hail, hosts of Earth," the voice began. The very shadows of the room were like red bruises on the stone. "You are in the halls of an extinct city on Creton III. Twelve million years ago this planet housed a civilization higher than yours today. Now it is dead, and only we are left, sitting on their thrones in the twilight of their dying, ruddy sun."

"Who are you?" demanded Jon, but his voice sounded strange, distorted. As he bit the last word off, another voice broke in.

"What do you really want from us?"

Then a third voice.

"What are you going to do with us?"

Jon looked around but saw no one else. Suddenly another picture, the picture of a world of white desert where the sky was deep blue and each object cast double shadows, filled his mind. "This isn't the world you took me to before ..." he exclaimed.

"No," came the quiet voice, "this is not the world we took you to before. Listen. We are homeless wanderers of space. Our origin was not only in another galaxy, but in another universe, eternities ago. By way of this universe we can move from star to star without transversing any segment of time, unless we desire. Thus we have dwelt quietly in the dead cities of myriad suns till now. We have never tampered with any living species, though there is something in us that yearns for the extinct cultures.

"Recently according to our standards, though still much older than your solar system, a dark force has come into the universe. It has evolved similarly to us, and also leaps among galaxies in moments. Yet it holds no culture sacred that it finds, and has already tampered with a score of civilizations. It is younger than we are, and can only exist in one individual at a time, while our entity has three lobes, so to speak. This rival thinks nothing of completely changing the mind of its host, giving deadly information, even new powers. We are bound only to ride with your minds, warn you, guide you, but changing your body before your minds, and that only to keep you from death. So it will be your own greed, your own selflessness that will eventually win or lose this battle. Therefore it will be won or lost within the framework of your own civilization."

"Then tell us this," came a voice that was not Jon's. "What is on the other side of the radiation barrier?"

"But we have told you already. And you have guessed. Toromon is at war with an economic condition. Beyond the barrier is a civilization which is controlled by the Lord of the Flames. He is only in one member of their number, and any time he may move to another, although it is not likely."

"Are they our enemies?"

"Your only enemies are yourselves. But he must be evicted none the less. To do that, all you must do is confront the individual who is bearing him, the three of you together. But you must all be within seeing distance of him at once. For we work through your minds. What you cannot perceive, we cannot affect."

"How will we do this?"

"One of you has already been made immune to the radiation barrier. So will the rest of you when it becomes necessary. This is what you will do for us, and it will also remove the threatening element of the unknown that distracts Toromon from her own problems."

"But why our planet?" a voice asked.

"Yours is an ideal experimenting ground. Because of the Great Fire, your planet has many civilizations that are now completely isolated from one another; many, however, are on a fairly high level. The radiation barriers that lace your planet will keep you isolated from them for some time. When the Lord of the Flames is finished with one empire, he may wish to try a different method on a basically similar civilization. For all your isolated empires had the same base. Marinor, Letpar, Calcivon, Aptor—these are all empires on your planet of which you have never heard. But your first concern is Toromon."

"Will we remember all this?" Jon asked.

"You will remember enough. Good-bye; you know your task." The red haze in the deserted temple pulsed and the jade columns flickered. Hands of blue smoke caught him and flung him through a lightning flash. Whirled through a net of silver, he dropped through red into the vivid green of beetles' wings.

Jon blinked. The Duchess took a step backwards. The green carpet, the rich wood-paneled walls, the glass-covered desk: they were in a sitting room of his father's house, again.

Finally Jon asked, "Now just what am I supposed to do, again? And explain it very carefully."

"I was going to say," said the Duchess, "that you were to get to the Prince, who is being kept at an inn in the Devil's Pot, and accompany him to the forest people. I want him to stay there until this war is over. They live a different life from any of the other people of this empire. They will give him something he'll be able to use. I told you I spent some time there when I was younger. I can't explain exactly what it is, but it's a certain ruggedness, a certain strength. Maybe they won't give it to him, but if he's got it in him, they'll bring it out."

"What about ... the Lord of the Flames?"

"I don't—do you have any idea, Jon?"

"Well, assuming we get beyond the radiation barrier, assuming we find what people we're fighting, assuming we find which one of them is carrying around the Lord of the Flames, and assuming we can all three of us get to him at once—assuming all that, there's no problem. But we can't, can we? Look, I'll be going to the forest, so I'll be closest to the radiation barrier. I'll try to get through, see what the situation is, and then the two of you can come on. All right?"

"Fine."

"If nothing else, it'll put me closer to the Lord of the Flames ... and my freedom."

"How are you not free now, Jon Koshar?" the Duchess asked.

Instead of answering, he said, "Give me the address of the inn at the Devil's Pot."

Going down the hall, with the address, Jon increased his pace. His mind carried an alien mind that had saved him from death once already. How could he be free? The ... obligation? That couldn't be the word.

Around the corner he heard a voice. "And now would you please explain it to me? It's not every day that I'm called on to declare war. I think I did it rather eloquently. Now tell my why."

(Jon remembered the trick of acoustics which as a child enabled him to stand in this spot and overhear his sister and her girlfriends' conversation just as they came into the house.)

"It's your brother," came the other voice. "He's been kidnaped."

"He's been what?" asked the King. "And why? And by whom?"

"We don't know," answered the official. "But the council thought it was best to get you to declare war."

"Oh," said the King. "So that's why I made that little speech in there. What does mother say?"

"It wouldn't be polite to repeat, sir. She was locked in her room, and very insulted."

"She would be," said Uske. "So, the enemy has infiltrated and gotten my silly brother."

"Well," said the voice, "they can't be sure. But what with the planes this morning, they thought it was best."

"Oh, well," said the King. There were footsteps. Then silence.

Coming round the corner, Jon saw the coat closet was ajar. He opened the door, took out a great cape and hood, and wrapped it around him, pulling the hood close over his head. He stepped into the foyer and went out past the doorman.

At the edge of the Devil's Pot, the woman with the birthmark on the left side of her face was tapping a cane and holding out a tin cup. She had put on a pair of dark glasses and wandered up one street and down another. "Money for a poor blind woman," she said in a whiny voice. "Money for the blind." As a coin clinked into her cup, she nodded, smiled, and said, "Welcome to the New World. Good luck in the Island of Opportunity."

The man who had given her the coin walked a step, and then turned back. "Hey," he said to Rara. "If you're blind, how do you know I'm new here?"

"Strangers are generous," Rara explained, "while those who live here are too frozen to give."

"Look," said the man, "I was told to watch out for blind beggars who weren't blind. My cousin, he warned me ..."

"Not blind!" cried Rara. "Not blind? Why my license is right here. It permits me to beg in specified areas because of loss of sight. If you keep this up, I'll be obliged to show it to you." She turned away with a huff and began in another direction. The man scratched his head, then hurried off.

A few moments later, a man completely swathed in a gray cloak and hood came around the corner and stopped in front of the woman.

"Money for the blind?"

"Can you use this?" the man said. From his cloak he held out a brocade jacket, covered with fine metal work.

"Of course," said Rara softly. Then she coughed. "Er ... what is it?"

"It's a jacket," Jon said. "It's made pretty well. Maybe you can sell it?"

"Oh, thank you. Thank you, sir."

A few blocks later, a ragged boy, who looked completely amazed, was handed a white silk shirt by the man in the gray cloak. In front of a doorway two blocks on, a pair of open-toed black boots with gold disks were left—and stolen from that doorway exactly forty seconds later by a hairdresser who was returning to her home in Devil's Pot. She was missing the little finger of her left hand. Once the gray cloaked figure paused in an alley beneath a clothes line. Suddenly he flung up a ball of gray cloth, which caught on the line, unrolled, and became identifiable as a pair of dark gray trousers. A block later the last minor articles of clothing were hurled unceremoniously through an open window. As Jon turned another corner, he glimpsed a figure ducking into a doorway down the dim street. The man was apparently following him.

Jon walked very slowly down the next block, ambling along in the shadow. The hoodlum crept up behind him, then grabbed his cloak, ripped it away, and leaped forward.

Only there wasn't anything there. The mugger stood for a moment, the cape dangling from his hand, blinking at the place a man should have been. Then something hit him in the jaw. He staggered back. Something else hit him in the stomach. As he stumbled forward now, beneath the street lamp,

a transparent human figure suddenly formed in front of him. Then it planted its quite substantial fist into his jaw again, and he went back, down, and out.

Jon dragged the man back to the side of the alley, fading out completely as he did so. Then he took the hoodlum's clothes, which were ragged, smelly, and painfully nondescript. The shoes, which were too small for him, he had to leave off. Then he flung the cape back around his shoulders and pulled the hood over his head.

For the next six blocks he was lost because there were no street signs. When he did find the next one, he realized he was only a block away from the inn.

As he reached the stone building, he heard a thud in the tiny alleyway beside it. A moment later a girl's voice called softly, "There. Just like that. Only you better do exactly as I say or you'll break your arms or legs, or back."

He walked to the edge of the building and peered into the alley.

Her white hair loose, Alter stood looking up at the roof. "All right, Tel," she called. "You next."

Something came down from the roof, flipped over on the ground at her feet, rolled away, and then suddenly unwound to standing position. The black-haired boy ran his fingers through his hair. "Wow," he said. Then he shook his head. "Wow."

"Are you all right?" Alter asked. "You didn't pull anything, did you?"

"No," he said. "I'm all right. I think. Yeah, everything's in place." He looked up at the roof again, two stories above.

"Your turn, Let," Alter called up.

"It's high," came a childish voice from the roof.

"Hurry up," said Alter, her voice becoming authoritative. "When I count three. And remember, knees up, chin down, and roll quick. One, two, three!" There was the space of a breath, and then it fell, rolled, bounced unsteadily to its feet, and resolved into another boy, this one blond, and sligher than the first.

"Hey, you kids," Jon said.

They turned.

Jon looked at the smaller boy. His slight blond frame, less substantial than even Alter's white-haired loveliness was definitely of the royal family. "What are you doing out here, anyway?" Jon asked. "Especially you, your Highness."

All three children jumped.

It looked like they might balk, and after that descent from the roof, he wasn't sure where they might balk to. So he said, "Incidentally, the Duchess of Petra sent me. How did you do that fall?"

His Highness was the only one to relax appreciably.

"And are you sure you're supposed to be outside?"

"We were supposed to stay on the top floor," Tel said. "But him," he pointed to his ragged Highness, "he got restless, and we started telling him about the tricks, and so we went up to the roof, and Alter said she could get us down."

"Can you get them back up?" Jon asked.

"Sure," said Alter, "all we do is climb ..."

Jon held up his hand. "Wait a minute," he said. "We'll go inside and talk to the man in charge. Don't worry. No one'll be mad."

"You mean talk to Geryn?" said Alter.

"I guess that's what his name is."

They started back out of the alley. "Tell me," Jon said, "just what sort of person is Geryn?"

"He's a strange old man. He talks to himself all the time," said Alter. "But he's smart."

Talks to himself, Jon reflected, and nodded. When they reached the door of the inn, Jon pulled his cape off and stepped into the light. A few people at the bar turned around, and when they saw the children, they looked askance at one another.

“Geryn’s probably upstairs,” Alter said. They went to the second floor. Jon let the children go ahead of him as they passed into the shadow of the hall. He only stepped up to them when Alter pushed open the door at the end of the hall and bright light from Geryn’s room fell full across them.

“What is it?” Geryn snapped. And then, “What is it, quick?” He whirled around in the chair at the rough wooden desk when they entered. The giant was standing by the window. Geryn’s gray eyes fidgeted back and forth. Finally he said, “Why are you out here? And who is he? What do you want?”

“I’m from the Duchess of Petra,” Jon said. “I’ve come to take Let to the forest people.”

“Yes,” said the old man. “Yes.” Then suddenly his face twisted as if he were trying to remember something. Then shook his head. “Yes.” Suddenly he stood up. “Well, go on. I’ve done my part, I tell you. I’ve done. Every minute he’s in my house he endangers my boarders, my friends. Take him. Go on.”

The giant turned from the window. “I am to go with you. My name is Arkor.”

Jon frowned. For the first time the scarred giant’s height struck him. “Why...?” he started.

“It is my country that we go to,” said Arkor. “I know how to get there. I can take you through it. Geryn says it is part of the plan.”

Jon felt a sudden knot of resentment tighten inside him. These plans—the Duchess’, Geryn’s, even the plans of the triple beings who inhabited them—they trapped him. Freedom. The word went in and out of his mind like a shadow. He said, “When do we go then, if you know how to get there?”

“In the morning,” said Arkor.

“Alter, take him to a room. Get him out of here. Quick. Go on.” They backed from the room and Alter hurried them up the hall.

Jon was thinking. After delivering Let to the forest people, he was going further. Yes. He would go on, try to get through the radiation barrier. But all three of them had to get through if they were to do any good. So why wasn’t Geryn coming instead of sending the giant? If Geryn came, then there’d be two people near the Lord of the Flames. But Geryn was old. Maybe the Duchess could bring him with her when she came. Mentally he smashed a fist into his thoughts and scattered them. Don’t think. Don’t think. Thinking binds up your mind, and you can never be— He stopped. Then another thought wormed into his skull, the thought of five years of glittering hunger.

That night he slept well. Morning pried his eyes open with blades of light that fell through the window. It was very early. He had been up only a minute when there was a knock on his door. Then it opened, and Arkor directed the dwarfed form of the Prince into Jon’s room, then turned and left.

“He says to meet him downstairs in five minutes,” Let said.

“Sure,” said Jon. He finished buttoning up the ragged shirt stolen from the mugger the night before, and looked at the boy by the door. “I guess you’re not used to these sort of clothes,” he said. “Once I wasn’t either. Pretty soon they begin to take.”

“Huh?” said Let. Then, “Oh.”

“Is something wrong?”

“Who are you?”

Jon thought for a moment. “Well,” he said. “I’m sort of a friend of your brother. An acquaintance, anyway. I’m supposed to take you to the forest.”

“Why?”

“You’ll be safe there.”

“Could we go to the sea instead?”

“My turn for a ‘why’?” Jon asked.

“Because Tel told me all about it last night. He said it was fun. He said there were rocks all different colors. And in the morning, he said, you can see the sun come up like a burning blister behind the water. He told me about the boats, too. I’d like to work on a boat. I really would. They don’t allow me to do anything at home. Mother says I might get hurt. Will I get a chance to work someplace?”

“Maybe,” Jon said.

“Tel had some good stories about fishing. Do you know any stories?”

"I don't know," Jon said. "I never tried telling any. Hey, come on. We better get started."

"I like stories," Let said. "Come on. I'm just trying to be friendly."

Jon laughed, then thought a minute. "I can tell you a story, about a prison mine. Do you know anything about the prison mines beyond the forest?"

"Some," said Let.

"Well, once upon a time, there were three prisoners in that prison camp." They started out in the hall. "They'd been there a long time, and they wanted to get out. One was ... well, he looked like me, let's pretend. Another had a limp ..."

"And the third one was chubby, sort of," interrupted Let. "I know that story."

"You do?" asked Jon.

"Sure," Let said.

"Then you go on and tell it." Jon was a little annoyed.

Let told it to him.

They were outside waiting for Arkor when the boy finished. "See," Let said. "I told you I knew it."

"Yeah," said Jon quietly. He stood very still. "You say the other two ... didn't make it?"

"That's right," Let said. "The guards brought them back and dumped their bodies in the mud so that ..."

"Shut up," Jon said.

"Huh?" asked Let.

He was quiet for a few breaths. "Who told you that ... story?"

"Petra," Let answered. "She told it to me. It's a good story, huh?"

"Incidentally," Jon said. "I'm the one that got away."

"You mean?" The boy stopped. "You mean it really happened?"

The early light warmed the deserted street now as Arkor came to the door of the inn and stepped into the street.

"All right," he said. "Come on."

Chapter VII

The news service of Toromon in the city of Toron was a public address system that flooded the downtown area, and a special printed sheet that was circulated among the upper families of the city. On the mainland it was a fairly accurate brigade of men and women who transported news orally from settlement to settlement. All announced simultaneously that morning:

Crown Prince Kidnaped
King Declares War!

In the military ministry, directives were issued in duplicate and redelivered in triplicate. At eight-forty, the 27B Communications Sector became hopelessly snarled. This resulted in the shipment of a boatload of prefabricated barracks foundations to a port on the mainland sixty-two miles from the intended destination.

Let, Jon, and Arkor were just mounting the private yacht of the Duchess of Petra which was waiting for them at the end of the harbor. Later, as the island of Toron slipped across the water, Let mentioned to Jon, leaning against the railing, that there was an awful lot of commotion on the docks.

"It's always like that," Jon told him, remembering the time he'd gone with his father in the morning to the pier. "They're inspecting cargoes. But it does look awfully busy."

Which was a euphemism. One group of military directives which had been quite speedily and accurately delivered were the offers of contracts, primarily for food, and secondarily for equipment. Two of the distributors of imported fish who had absolutely no chance of receiving the contracts sent in a bid accompanied by a letter which explained (with completely fraudulent statistics) how much cheaper it would be to use imported fish rather than those from the aquariums. Then they commandeered a group of ruffians who broke into the house of old Koshar's personal secretary, who was still sleeping after the previous night's party which he had helped out with. (So far he has appeared in this story only as a hand seen around the edge of a storage cabinet door, a broad hand, with wiry black hair, on which there was a cheap, wide, brass ring in which was set an irregular shape of blue glass.)

They tied him to a chair, punched him in the stomach, and in the head, and in the mouth until there was blood running down his trimmed, black beard; and he had given the information they wanted—information that enabled them to sink three of the Koshar cargo fleet that was just coming into dock.

The Duchess' private yacht made contact with a tetron-tramp returning to the mainland and Let, Jon, and Arkor changed ships. Coming from the yacht in bare feet and rags gave them an incongruous appearance. But on the tramp, among those passengers who were returning for their families, they quickly became lost.

On Toron, the pilot of the shuttle boat that took workers from the city to the aquariums found a clumsily put-together, but nevertheless unmistakable, bomb hidden in the lavatory. It was dismantled. There was no accident. But an authority, Vice-Supervisor Nitum of Koshar Synthetic Food Concerns (whose name you do not need to remember, as he was killed three days later in a street brawl) clenched his jaw (unshaven; he had been called to the office a half an hour early over the sunken cargo boats), nodded his head, and issued a few non-official directives himself. Twenty minutes later, Koshar Synthetic Food Concerns was officially given the government contract to supply the armies of Toromon with food. Because the two rival bidders, the import merchants, had ceased to exist about twelve minutes previously, having suddenly been denied warehouse space, and their complete storage dumped into the streets to rot (nearly seven tons of frozen fish) because the refrigeration lockers, and the refrigeration buildings, and the refrigeration trucks had all been rented from Rahsok Refrigeration, and nobody had ever thought of spelling Rahsok backwards.

In the military ministry, Captain Clemen, along with Major Tomar, was called away from his present job of completing the evacuation of the top four floors of an adjacent office building to accommodate the new corps of engineers, mathematicians, and physicists that the army had just enlisted. Apparently riots had started in the streets around the old Rahsok Refrigeration Houses. The warehouses were just a few blocks away from the official boundary of the Devil's Pot.

They got there ten minutes after the report came in. "What the hell is going on?" Clemen demanded, from the head of the City Dispersal Squad. Behind the line of uniformed men, masses of people were pushing and calling out. "And what's that stench?" added Clemen. He was a tiny man, exactly a quarter of an inch over the minimum for military acceptance—4' 10".

"Fish, sir," the Dispersal Chief told him. "There's tons of it all over the street. The people are trying to take it away."

"Well, let them have it," Clemen said. "It'll clear the streets of the mess and maybe do some good."

"You don't understand, sir," the head of Dispersal explained. "It's been poisoned. Just before it was dumped, it was soaked with buckets of barbitide. Half a ton of the stuff's already been carried away."

Clemen turned. "Tomar," he said. "You get back to headquarters and see personally that a city-wide announcement goes out telling about the poisoned fish. Call General Medical, find out the antidote, and get the information all over the city. See to it personally, too."

Tomar got back to headquarters, got General Medical, got the antidote, which was expensive, complicated, and long, and drafted his announcement.

WARNING! Any citizen who has taken fish from the street in the area of Rahsok Refrigeration is in immediate danger of death. The fish has been treated with the fatal poison barbitide. No fish other than that directly traceable to the Synthetic Markets should be eaten. Warn your neighbors! If fish has been eaten, go directly to the General Medical building (address followed). Symptoms of barbitide poisoning: intense cramps about two hours after ingestion, followed by nausea, fever, and swollen lymph nodes. Death results in twenty minutes after onset of cramps under normal conditions. Foods with high calcium contents prolong spasms to a maximum hour and a half (foods such as milk, ground egg shell). General Medical has been alerted. There you will receive injections of Calcium Silicate and Atropayic Acid which can counteract the effects of the poison up until the last five or ten minutes.

Tomar personally sent the directive through Communications Center 27B, marked urgent and emergency. Ten minutes later he received a visiphone call from the Communications Engineer saying that 27B had been hopelessly snarled all morning. In fact so had 26B, 25B. In further fact, said the engineer, the only available sectors open were 34A and 42A, none of which, incidentally, had access to complete city lines.

Tomar made a triplicate copy of the warning and sent it out, nonetheless, through Sectors 40A, 41A, and 42A. A half an hour later the secretary to the Communications Engineer called and said, "Major Tomar, I'm sorry, I just got back from my break and I didn't see your message until just now. Because of the tie-ups, we've received instructions only to let authorized persons have access to the available sectors."

"Well, who the hell is authorized," Tomar bellowed. "If you don't put that through and quick, half the city may be dead by this evening."

The secretary paused a minute. Then he said, "I'm sorry, sir, but ... well, look. I'll give it directly to the Communications Engineer when he gets back."

"When is he getting back?" Tomar demanded.

"I ... I don't know."

"Who is authorized?"

"Only generals, sir, and only those directly concerned with the war effort."

"I see," Tomar said, and hung up.

He had just dispatched seven copies of the announcement with an explanatory note to seven of the fourteen generals in the ministry when the Communications Engineer called again. "Major, what's all this about a bushel of fish?"

"Look, there are seven tons of the stuff all over the streets."

"And poisoned?"

"Exactly. Will you please see that this message gets out over every available piece of city-wide communication as fast as possible? This is really life and death."

"We're just allowed to work on getting war messages through. But I guess this takes priority. Oh, that explains some of the messages we've been getting. I believe there's even one for you."

"Well?" asked Tomar after a pause.

"I'm not allowed to deliver it, sir."

"Why not?"

"You're not authorized, sir."

"Look, damn it, get it right now and read it to me."

"Well ... er ... it's right here sir. It's from the chief of the City Dispersal Squad."

The message was, in brief, that twenty-three men, among them Captain Clemen, had been trampled to death by an estimated two and a half thousand hungry residents of the Devil's Pot, most of them immigrants from the mainland.

A ton and a half of fish was finally removed from the streets and disposed of. But five and a half tons had made its way through the city. The Communications Engineer also added that while they'd been talking, a memorandum had come through that Sectors 34A to 42A were now out of commission, but that the major should try 27B again, because it might have cleared up.

The second shift of workers that day was arriving at the aquariums. In the great pontooned building, vast rows of transparent plastic tubes, three feet in diameter, webbed back and forth among the tetron pumps. Vibrator nets cut the tubes into twenty-foot compartments. Catwalks strung the six-story structure, all flooded with deep red light that came from the phosphor-rods that stuck up from the pumps. Light toward the blue end of the spectrum disturbed the fish, who had to be visible at all times, to be moved, or to be checked for any sickness or deformity. In their transparent tubes, the fish floated in a state near suspended animation, vibrated gently, were kept at a constant 82°, were fed, were fattened, were sorted according to age, size, and species; then slaughtered. The second shift of workers moved into the aquarium, relieving the first shift.

They had been on about two hours when a sweating hulk of a man who was an assistant feeder reported to the infirmary, complaining of general grogginess. Heat prostration was an occasional complaint in the aquarium.

The doctor told him to lie down for a little while. Five minutes later he went into violent cramps. Perhaps the proper attention would have been paid to him had not a few minutes later a woman fallen from a catwalk at the top of the aquarium and broken one of the plastic arteries and her skull, six stories below.

In the red light the workers gathered around her broken body that lay at the end of a jagged plastic tube. In the spread water, dozens of fish, fat and ruddy-skinned, flapped their gills weakly.

The woman's co-workers said she had complained of not feeling well, when suddenly she went into convulsions while crossing one of the catwalks. By the time the doctor got back to the infirmary, the assistant feeder had developed a raging fever, and the nurse reported him violently nauseated. Then he died.

In the next two hours, out of the five thousand two hundred and eighty people who worked at the aquariums, three hundred and eighty-seven were taken with cramps and died in the next two hours, the only exception being an oddball physical culture enthusiast who always drank two quarts of milk for lunch; he lasted long enough to be gotten onto the shuttle and back to General Medical on Toron, where he died six minutes after admittance, one hour and seventeen minutes after the onset of the cramps. That was the first case that General Medical actually received. It was not until the sixteenth case that

the final diagnosis of barbitide poisoning was arrived at. Then someone remembered the query that had come in by phone from the military ministry that morning about the antidote.

"Somehow," said Chief Toxologist Oona, "the stuff has gotten into some food or other. It may be all over the city." Then he sat down at his desk and drafted a warning to the citizens of Toron containing a description of the effects of barbitide poisoning, antidote, and instructions to come to the General Medical building, along with a comment on high calcium foods. "Send this to the Military Ministry and get it out over every available source of public communications, and quick," he told his secretary.

When the Assistant Communications Engineer (the first having gone off duty at three o'clock) received the message, he didn't even bother to see who it was from, but balled it up in disgust and flung it into a wastepaper basket and mumbled something about unauthorized messages. Had the janitor bothered to count that evening, he would have discovered that there were now thirty-six copies of Major Tomar's directive in various wastebaskets around the ministry.

Only a fraction of the barbitide victims made it to General Medical, but the doctors were busy. There was just one extraordinary incident, and among the screams of cramped patients, it was not given much thought. Two men near the beginning of the rush of patients, gained access to the special receiving room. They managed to get a look at all the women who arrived. One of the patients who was wheeled by them was a particularly striking girl of about fifteen with snow white hair and a strong, lithe body, now knotted with cramps. Sweat beaded her forehead, her eyelids, and through her open collar you could see she wore a leather necklace of shells.

"That's her," one of the men said. The other nodded, then went to the doctor who was administering the injections, and whispered to him.

"Of course not," the doctor said indignantly in a clear voice. "Patients need at least forty-eight hours rest and careful observation after injection of the antidotes. Their resistance is extremely low and complications ..."

The man said something else to the doctor and showed him a set of credentials. The doctor stopped, looked scared, then left the patient he was examining and went to the bed of the new girl. Quickly he gave her two injections. Then he said to the men, "I want you to know that I object to this completely and I will—"

"All right, Doctor," the first man said. Then the second hoisted Alter from the cot and they carried her out of the hospital.

The Queen Mother had her separate throne room. She sat in it now, looking at photographs. In bright colors, two showed the chamber of the Crown Prince. In one picture the Prince was seated on his bed in his pajama pants with his heel against the side board; standing by the window was a white-haired girl with a leather necklace strung with tiny, bright shells. The next showed the Prince still sitting on the bed, this time with his hand on the newel dolphin. The girl was just turning toward the open window.

The third picture, which from the masking, seemed to have been taken through a keyhole, showed what seemed to be an immense enlargement of a human pupil; mistily discernible through the iris were the dottings and tiny pathways of a retina pattern. On the broad arm of the Queen Mother's throne was a folder marked: Alter Ronid.

In the folder were a birth certificate, a clear photograph of the same retina pattern, a contract in which a traveling circus availed itself of the service of a group of child acrobats for the season, a school diploma, copies of receipts covering a three-year period of gymnastic instruction, a copy of a medical bill for the correction of a sprained hip, and two change of address slips. Also there were several cross reference slips to the files of Alia Ronid (mother, deceased) and Rara Ronid (maternal aunt, legal guardian).

The Queen put the photographs on top of the folder and turned to the guards. There were thirty of them lined against the walls of the room. She lifted up the heavy, jeweled scepter and said, "Bring her in." She touched the two buns of white hair on the sides of her head, breathed deeply, and straightened in the chair, as two doors opened at the other end of the room.

Two blocks had been set up in the middle of the room, about four feet high and a foot apart.

Alter stumbled once, but the guard caught her. They walked her between the blocks, which came to just below her shoulders, spread her arms over the surface and strapped them straight across the tops at the biceps and wrist.

The Queen smiled. "That's only a precaution. We want to help you." She came down the steps of the throne, the heavy jeweled rod cradled in her arm. "Only we know something about you. We know that you know something which if you tell me, will make me feel a great deal better. I've been very upset, recently. Did you know that?"

Alter blinked and tried to get her balance. The blocks were just under the proper height by half an inch so that she could neither stand completely nor could she sag.

"We know you're tired, and after your ordeal with the barbitide—you don't feel well, do you?" asked the Queen, coming closer.

Alter shook her head.

"Where did you take my son?" the Queen asked.

Alter closed her eyes, then opened them wide and shook her head.

"Believe me," said the Queen, "we have ample proof. Look." She held up the photographs for Alter to see. "My son took these pictures of the two of you together. They're very clear, don't you think?" She put the pictures back in the quilted pocket of her robe.

"Aren't you going to tell me, now?"

"I don't know anything," Alter said.

"Come now. That room had as many cameras as a sturgeon has eggs. There are dozens of hidden switches. Somehow the alarms connected with them didn't go off, but the cameras still worked."

Alter shook her head again.

"You don't have to be afraid," said the Queen. "We know you're tired and we want to get you back to the hospital as soon as possible. Now. What happened to my son, the Prince?"

Silence.

"You're a very sweet girl. You're an acrobat too?"

Alter swallowed, and then coughed.

The Queen gave a puzzled smile this time. "Really, you don't have to be afraid to answer me. You are an acrobat, isn't that right?"

Alter nodded.

The Queen reached out and slowly lifted the triplet leather necklace with its scattering of shells in her fingers. "This is a beautiful piece of jewelry." She lifted it from Alter's neck. "An acrobat's body must be like a fine jewel, fine and strong. You must be very proud of it." Again she paused and tilted her head. "I'm only trying to put you at ease, dear, make conversation." Smiling, she lifted the necklace completely from around Alter's neck. "Oh, this is exquisite ..."

Suddenly the necklace clattered to the ground, the shells making an almost miniature sound against the tiles.

Alter's eyes followed the necklace to the floor.

"Oh," the Queen said. "I'm terribly sorry. It would be a shame to break something like this." With one hand the Queen drew back her robes until her shoe was revealed. Then she moved her foot forward until her raised toe was over the necklace. "Will you tell me where my son is?"

There was seven, eight, ten seconds of silence. "Very well," the Queen said, and brought her foot down. The sound of crushed shells was covered by Alter's scream. Because the Queen had brought down the scepter, too, the full arc of its swing, onto Alter's strapped forearm. Then she brought it down again. The room was filled with the scream and the crack of the jeweled scepter against the surface of the block. Then the Queen smashed Alter's upturned elbow joint.

When there was something like silence, the Queen said, "Now, where is my son?"

Alter didn't say for a long while; when she did, they were ready to believe anything. So what she told them didn't do much good when they had time to check it. Later, unconscious, she was carried into the General Medical building wrapped in a gray blanket.

“Another fish poison case?” asked the clerk.

The man nodded. The doctor, who had been there when Alter was removed from the hospital, had been working steadily for six hours. When he unwrapped the blanket, he recognized the girl. When he unwrapped it further, the breath hissed between his lips, and then hissed out again, slowly. “Get this girl to emergency surgery,” he said to the nurse. “Quickly!”

In the Devil’s Pot, Tel had just gotten over a case of the runs which had kept him away from food all day. Feeling hungry, now, he was foraging in the cold storage cabinet of the inn’s kitchen. In the freezing chest he found the remains of a baked fish, so he got a sharp knife from over the sink, and cut a piece. Then the door opened and the barmaid came in. She was nearly seventy years old and wore a red scarf around her stringy neck. Tel had cut a slice of onion and was putting it on top of the fish when the barmaid ran forward and knocked the dish from his hand.

“Ouch,” Tel said, and jumped, though nothing had hurt him.

“Are you completely crazy?” the woman asked. “You want to be carried out of here like the rest of them?”

Tel looked puzzled as Rara entered the kitchen. “Good grief,” she declared. “Where is everybody? I’m starved. I started selling that homebrew tonic of mine that I made up yesterday, and around noon, suddenly everybody was buying the stuff. They wanted something for cramps, and I guess my Super Aqueous Tonic is as good as anything else. I couldn’t even get back to eat. Is there some sort of epidemic? Say, that looks good,” and she went for the fish.

The old barmaid snatched up the dish and carried it to the disposal can. “It’s poisoned, don’t you understand?” She dumped it into the chute. “It’s got to be the fish that’s causing it. Everybody who ate it has been carried off to General Medical with cramps. Lots of them died, too. The woman who lives across the street and me, we figured it out. We both bought it from the same woman this morning, and that’s all it could be.

“Well, I’m still hungry,” Tel said.

“Can we have some cheese and fruit?” asked Rara.

“I guess that’s safe,” the woman said.

“Who was carried out?” Tel wanted to know, looking back in the cabinet.

“Oh, that’s right,” the barmaid said, “you’ve been upstairs sick all day.” And then she told him.

At about the same time, an observer in a scouting plane noticed a boat bearing prefabricated barracks foundations some sixty miles away from any spot that could possibly be receiving such a shipment. In fact, he had sent a corrective order on a typographical error concerning ... yes, it must be, that same boat. He’d sent it that morning through Communication Sector 27B. They were near the shore, one of the few spots away from the fishing villages and the farm communes where the great forest had crept down to the edge of the water itself. A tiny port, occasionally used as an embarkation for the families of emigrants going to join people in the city, was the only point of civilization between the rippling smoke-green sea on one side and the crinkling deep green of the forest tree tops on the other. The observer also noted that a small tetron tramp was about to dock also. But that transport ship ... He called the pilot and requested contact be made.

The pilot was shaking his head, groggily.

The co-pilot was leaning back in his seat, his mouth opened, his eyes closed. “I don’t feel too ...” The pilot started, and then reached forward absently to crumple a sheet of tin foil he had left on the instrument panel, in which, a few hours ago, had been a filet sandwich that he and the co-pilot had shared between them.

Suddenly the pilot fell forward out of his chair, knocking the control stick way to the left. He clutched his stomach as the plane banked suddenly to the right. In the observation blister, the observer was thrown from his chair and the microphone fell from his hand.

The co-pilot woke up, belched, grabbed for the stick, which was not in its usual place, and so missed. Forty-one seconds later, the plane had crashed into a dock some thirty feet from the mooring tetron tramp.

Chapter VIII

There was a roaring in the air. Let cried out and ran forward. Then shadow. Then water. His feet were slipping on the deck as the rail swung by. Then thunder. Then screaming. Something was breaking in half.

Jon and Arkor got him out. They had to jump overboard with the unconscious Prince, swim, climb, and carry. There were sirens at the dock when they laid him on the dried leaves of the forest clearing.

“We’ll leave him here,” Arkor said.

“Here? Are you sure?” Jon asked.

“They will come for him. You must go on,” he said softly. “We’ll leave the Prince now, and you can tell me of your plan.”

“My plan ...” Jon said. They walked off through the trees.

Dried leaves tickled one cheek, a breeze cooled the other. Something touched him on the side, and he stretched his arms, scrunched his eyelids, then curled himself into the comfortable dark. He was napping in the little park behind the palace. He would go in for supper soon. The leaf smell was fresher than it had ever... Something touched him on the side again.

He opened his eyes, and bit off a scream. Because he wasn’t in the park, he wasn’t going in to supper, and there was a giant standing over him.

The giant touched the boy with his foot once more.

Suddenly the boy scrambled away, then stopped, crouching, across the clearing. A breeze shook the leaves like admonishing fingers before he heard the giant speak. The giant was silent. Then the giant spoke again.

The word the boy recognized in both sentences was, “... Quorl ...”

The third time he spoke, he merely pointed to himself and repeated, “Quorl.”

Then he pointed to the boy and smiled questioningly.

The boy was silent.

Again the giant slapped his hand against his naked chest and said, “Quorl.” Again he extended his hand toward the boy, waiting for sound. It did not come. Finally the giant shrugged, and motioned for the boy to come with him.

The boy rose slowly, and then followed. Soon they were walking briskly through the woods.

As they walked, the boy remembered: the shadow of the plane out of control above them, the plane striking the water, water becoming a mountain of water, like shattered glass rushing at them across the sea. And he remembered the fire.

Hadn’t it really started in his room at the palace, when he pressed the first of the concealed micro-switches with his heel? The cameras were probably working, but there had been no bells, no sirens, no rush of guards. It had tautened when he pushed the second switch in the jeweled dolphin on his bedpost. It nearly snapped with metallic panic when he had to maneuver the girl into position for the retina photograph. *Nothing* had happened. He was taken away, and his mother stayed quietly in her room. What was supposed to happen was pulling further and further away from the reality. How could anybody kidnap the Prince?

His treatment by the boy who told him about the sea and the girl who taught him to fall pulled it even tighter. *If* the Prince *were* kidnaped, certainly his jailors should not tell him stories of beautiful mornings and sunsets, or teach him to do impossible things with his body.

He was sure that the girl had meant him to die when she had told him to leap from the roof. But he had to do what he was told. He always had. (He was following the giant through the dull leaves because

the giant had told him to.) When he had leapt from the roof, then rolled over and sprung to his feet alive, the shock had turned the rack another notch and he could feel the threads parting.

Perhaps if he had stayed there, talked more to the boy and girl, he could have loosened the traction, pulled the fabric of reality back into the shape of expectation. But then the man with the black hair and the scarred giant had come to take him away. He'd made one last volitional effort to bring "is" and "suppose" together. He'd told the man the story of the mine prisoners, the one cogent, connected thing he remembered from his immediate past, a real good "suppose" story. But the man turned on him and said that "suppose" wasn't "suppose" at all, but "is." A thread snapped here, another there.

(Over the deck of the boat there was roaring in the air. He had cried out. Then shadow. Then water. His feet were slipping and the rail swung by. Then thunder. Then screaming, his screaming: *I can't die! I'm not supposed to die!* Something tore in half.)

The leaves were shaking, the whole earth trembled with his tired, unsteady legs. As they walked through the forest, the last filament went, like a thread of glass under a blow-torch flame. The last thing to flicker out, like the fading end of the white hot strand, was the memory of someone, somewhere, entreating him not to forget something, not to forget it no matter what ... but what it was, he wasn't sure.

Quorl, with the boy beside him, kept a straight path through the forest. The ground sloped up now. Boulders lipped with moss pushed out here and there. Once Quorl stopped short; his arm shot in front of the boy to keep him from going further.

Yards before them the leaves parted, and two great women walked forward. Everything about them was identical, their blue-black eyes, flat noses, broad cheek ridges. Twin sisters, the boy thought. Both women also bore a triplex of scars down the left sides of their faces. They paid no attention to either Quorl or the boy, but walked across into the trees again. The moment they were gone, Quorl started again.

Much later they turned onto a small cliff that looked across a great drop to another mountain. Near a thick tree trunk was a pile of brush and twigs. The boy watched Quorl drop to his knees and being to move the brush away. The boy crouched to see better.

The great brown fingers tipped with bronze-colored nails gently revealed a cage made of sticks tied together with dried vines. Something squeaked in the cage, and the boy jumped.

Quorl in a single motion got the trap door opened and his hand inside. The next protracted squeak suddenly turned into a scream. Then there was silence. Quorl removed a furry weasel and handed it to the boy.

The pelt was feather soft and still warm. The head hung crazily to the side where the neck had been broken. The boy looked at the giant's hands again.

Veins roped across the ligaments' taut ridges. The hair on the joints of the fingers grew up to edge of the broad, furrowed knuckles. Now the finders were pulling the brush back over the trap. They crossed the clearing and Quorl uncovered a second trap. When the hand went into the trap and the knot of muscle jumped on the brown forearm (*Squeeeeeeraaaaa!*), the boy looked away, out across the great drop.

The sky was smoke gray to the horizon where a sudden streak of orange marked the sunset. The burning copper disk hung low in the purple gap of the mountains. A fan of lavender drifted above the orange, and then white, faint green... The gray wasn't really gray, it was blue-gray. He began to count colors, and there were twelve distinct ones (not a thousand). The last one was a pale gold that tipped the edges of the few low clouds that clustered near the burning circle.

A touch on the shoulder made the boy turn back. Quorl handed him the second animal, and they went back into the woods. Later, they had built a small fire and had skinned and quartered the animals on the scimitar-like blade that the giant wore. They sat in the diminishing shell of light with the meat on forked sticks, turning it over the flame. The boy watched the gray-maroon fibers go first shiny with juice, and then darken, turn crisp and brown. When the meat was done, Quorl took a piece of folded

skin from his pouch and shook some white powder onto it. Then he passed the leather envelope to the boy.

The boy poured a scattering of white powder into his palm, then carefully put his tongue to it. It was salt.

When they had nearly finished eating the forest had grown cooler and still. Fire made the leaves around them into flickering shingles on the darkness. Quorl was cleaning the last, tiny bone with big, yellow teeth when there was a sound. They both turned.

Another branch broke to their left. “Tloto,” Quorl called harshly, followed by some sort of invective.

It moved closer, the boy could hear it moving, closer until the boy saw the tall shadow at the edge of the ring of light.

With disgust—but without fear, the boy could see—Quorl picked up a stick and flung it. The shadow dodged and made a small mewling sound.

“Di ta klee, Tloto,” Quorl said. “Di ta klee.”

Only Tloto didn’t *di ta klee*, but came forward instead, into the light.

Perhaps it had been born of human parents, but to call it human now ... It was bone naked, hairless, shell white. It had no eyes, no ears, only a lipless mouth and slitted nostril flaps. It sniffed toward the fire.

Now the boy saw that both the feet were clubbed and gnarled. Only two fingers on each hand were neither misshapen or stiffly paralyzed. It reached for Quorl’s pile of bones, making the mewling sound with its mouth.

With a sudden sweep of his hand, Quorl knocked the paraplegic claw away and shouted another scattering of indifferent curses. Tloto backed away, turned to the boy, and came forward, its nostril slits widening and contracting.

The boy had eaten all he could and had a quarter of his meat still left. It’s only a head or two taller than I am, he thought. If it’s from this race of giants, perhaps it’s still a child. Maybe it’s my age. He stared at the blank face. It doesn’t know what’s going on, the boy thought. It doesn’t know what’s supposed to be happening.

Perhaps it was just the sound of the word in his head that triggered off the sudden panic. (Or was it something else that caught in his chest?) Anyway, he took the unfinished meat and extended it toward Tloto.

The claw jumped forward, grabbed, and snatched back. The boy tried to make his mouth go into a smile. But Tloto couldn’t see, so it didn’t matter. He turned back to the fire, and when he looked up again, Tloto was gone.

As Quorl began to kick dirt onto the coals, he lectured the boy, apparently on Tloto and perhaps a few other philosophical concepts. The boy listened carefully, and understood at least that Tloto was not worth his concern. Then they lay down beside the little cyst of embers, the glowing scab of light on the darkness, and slept.

When the giant’s hand came down and shook his shoulder, it was still dark. He didn’t jump this time but blinked against the night and pulled his feet under him. It had grown colder, and dark wind brushed his neck and fingered his hair. Then a high sound cut above the trees and fell away. Quorl took the boy’s arm and they started through the dark trees quickly.

Gray light filtered from the left. Was it morning? No. The boy saw it was the rising moon. The light became white, then silver white. They reached a cliff at last, beyond which was the dark sea. Broken rock spilled to ledges below. Fifty feet down, but still a hundred feet above the water, was the largest table of rock. The moon was high enough to light the entire lithic arena as well as the small temple at its edge.

In front of the temple stood a man in black robes who blew on a huge curved shell. The piercing wail sliced high over the sea and the forest. People were gathering around the edge of the arena. Some came in couples, some with children, but most were single men and women.

The boy started to go down, but Quorl held him back. They waited. From sounds about them, the boy realized there were others observing from the height also. On the water, waves began to glitter with broken images of the moon. The sky was speckled with stars.

Suddenly a group of people were led from the temple onto the platform. Most of them were children. One was an old man whose beard twitched in the light breeze. Another was a tall stately woman. All of them were bound, all of them were near naked, and all except the woman shifted their feet and looked nervously about.

The priest in the black robe disappeared into the temple, and emerged again with something that looked to the boy from this distance for all the world like a back-scratcher. The priest raised it in the moonlight, and a murmur rose and quieted about the ring of people. The boy saw that there were three close prongs on the handle, each snagging on the luminous beams of the moon, betraying their metallic keenness.

The priest walked to the first child and caught the side of her head in his hand. Then he quickly drew the triple blade down the left side of her face. She made an indefinite noise, but it was drowned in the rising whisper of the crowd. He did the same to the next child who began to cry, and to the next. The woman stood completely still and did not flinch when the blades opened her cheek. The old man was afraid. The boy could tell because he whimpered and backed away.

A man and a woman stepped from the ring of people and held him for the priest. As the blade raked the side of his face, his high senile whine turned into a scream. The boy thought for a moment of the trapped animals. The old man staggered away from his captors and no one paid him any more attention. The priest raised the shell to his mouth once more, and the high, brilliant sound flooded the arena.

Then, as they had come, silently the people disappeared into the woods. Quorl touched the boy's shoulder and they too went into the woods. The boy looked at the giant with a puzzled expression, but there was no explanation. Once the boy caught sight of a white figure darting at their left as a shaft of moonlight slipped across a naked shoulder. Tloto was following them.

The boy spent his days learning. Quorl taught him to pull the gut of animals to make string. It had to be stretched a long time and then greased with hunks of fat. Once learned it became his job; as did changing the bait in the traps; as did cutting willow boughs to make sleeping pallets; as did sorting the firewood into piles of variously sized wood; as did holding together the sticks while Quorl tied them together and made a canopy for them, the night it rained.

He learned words, too. At least he learned to understand them. *Tike*—trap, *Di'tika*—a sprung trap, *Tikan*—two traps. One afternoon Quorl spent a whole six hours teaching words to the boy. There were lots of them. Even Quorl, who did not speak much, was surprised how many had to be learned. The boy did not speak at all. But soon he understood.

"There is a porcupine," Quorl would say, pointing.

The boy would turn his eyes quickly, following the finger, and then look back, blinking quietly in comprehension.

They were walking through the forest that evening, and Quorl said, "You walk as loud as a tapir." The boy had been moving over dry leaves. Obediently he moved his bare feet to where the leaves were damp and did not crackle.

Sometimes the boy went alone by the edge of the stream. Once a wild pig chased him and he had to climb a tree. The pig tried to climb after him and he sat in the crotch of the branch looking quietly down into the squealing mouth, the warty gray face; he could see each separate bristle stand up and lie down as the narrow jaw opened and closed beneath the skin. One yellow tusk was broken.

Then he heard a mewling sound away to his left. Looking off he saw slug-like Tloto coming towards his tree. A sudden urge to sound pushed him closer to speech (*Stay away! Stay Back!*) than he had been since his arrival in the woods. But Tloto could not see. Tloto could not hear. His hands tightened until the bark burned his palm.

Suddenly the animal turned from the tree and took off after Tloto. Instantly the slug-man turned and was gone.

The boy dropped from the tree and ran after the sound of the pig's crashing in the underbrush. Twenty feet later after tearing through a net of thick foliage, he burst onto a clearing and stopped.

In the middle of the clearing, the pig was struggling half above ground and half under. Only it wasn't ground. It was some sort of muckpool covered by a floating layer of leaves and twigs. The pig was going under fast.

Then the boy saw Tloto on the other side of the clearing, his nostrils quivering, his blind head turning back and forth. Somehow the slug-man must have maneuvered the animal into the trap. He wasn't sure how, but that must have been what had happened.

The urge that welled in him now came too fast to be stopped. It had too much to do with the recognition of luck, and the general impossibility of the whole situation. The boy laughed.

He startled himself with the sound, and after a few seconds stopped. Then he turned. Quorl stood behind him.

(Squeeeee ... Squeeee ... *raaaaaaa!* Then a gurgle, then nothing.)

Quorl was smiling too, a puzzled smile.

"Why did you—?" (The last word was new. He thought it meant laugh, but he said nothing.)

The boy turned back now. Tloto and the pig were gone.

Quorl walked the boy back to their camp. As they were nearing the stream Quorl saw the boy's footprints in the soft earth and frowned. "To leave your footprints in wet earth is dangerous. The vicious animals come to drink and they will smell you, and they will follow you, to eat. Suppose that pig had smelled them and been chasing you, instead of running into the pool? What then? If you must leave your footprints, leave them in dry dust. Better not to leave them at all."

The boy listened, and remembered. But that night, he saved a large piece of meat from his food. When Tloto came into the circle of firelight, he gave it to him.

Quorl gave a shrug of disgust and flung a pebble at the retreating shadow. "He is useless," Quorl said. "Why do you waste good food on him? To throw away good food is a—." (Unintelligible word.) "You do not understand—." (Another unintelligible word.)

The boy felt something start up inside him again. But he would not let it move his tongue; so he laughed. Quorl looked puzzled. The boy laughed again. Then Quorl laughed too. "You will learn. You will learn at last." Then the giant became serious. "You know, that is the first—sound I have heard you make since coming here."

The boy frowned, and the giant repeated the sentence. The boy's face showed which word baffled him.

The giant thought a minute, and then said, "You, me, even Tloto, are *malika*." That was the word. Now Quorl looked around him. "The trees, the rocks, the animals, they are not *malika*. But the laughing sound, that was a *malika* sound."

The boy thought about it until perhaps he understood. Then he slept.

He laughed a lot during the days now. Survival had come as close to routine as it could here in the jungle, and he could turn his attention to more *malika* concerns. He watched Quorl when they came on other forest people. With single men and women there was usually only an exchange of ten or twelve friendly words. If it were a couple, especially with children, he would give them food. But if they passed anyone with scars, Quorl would freeze until the person was by.

Once the boy wandered to the temple on the arena of rock. There were carvings on much of the stone. The sun was high. The carvings represented creatures somewhere between fish and human. When he looked up from the rock, he saw that the priest had come from the temple and was staring at him. The priest stared until he went away.

Now the boy tried to climb the mountain. That was hard because the footing was slippery and the rocks kept giving. At last he stopped on a jutting rock that looked down the side of the mountain. He was far from any place he knew. He was very high. He stood with hand against the leaning trunk of a near rotten tree, breathing deep and squinting at the sky. (Three or four times Quorl and he had taken long hunting trips: one had taken them to the edge of a deserted meadow across which was a

crazily sagging farmhouse. There were no people there. Another had taken them to the edge of the jungle, beyond which the ground was gray and broken, and row after row of unsteady shacks sat among clumps of slithering ferns. Many of the forest people living there had scars and spent more time in larger groups.) The boy wondered if he could see to the deserted meadow from here, or to the deadly rows of prison shacks. A river, a snake of light, coiled through the valley toward the sea. The sky was very blue.

He heard it first, and then he felt it start. He scrambled back toward firmer ground but didn't scramble fast enough. The rock tilted, tore loose, and he was falling. (It pierced through his memory like a white fire-blade hidden under canvas: "... knees up, chin down, and roll quick," the girl had said a long time ago.) It was perhaps twenty feet to the next level. Tree branches broke his fall and he hit the ground spinning, and rolled away. Something else, the rock or a rotten log, bit the ground a moment later where he had been. He uncurled too soon, reaching out to catch hold of the mountain as it tore by him. Then he hit something hard; then something hit him back, and he sailed off into darkness in a web of pain.

Much later he shook his head, opened his eyes, then chomped his jaws on the pain. But the pain was in his leg, so chomping didn't help. He moved his face across crumbling dirt. The whole left side of his body ached, the type of ache that comes when the muscles are tensed to exhaustion but will not relax.

He tried to crawl forward, and went flat down onto the earth, biting up a mouthful of dirt. He nearly tore his leg off.

He had to be still, calm, find out exactly what was wrong. He couldn't tear himself to pieces like the wildcat who had gotten caught in the sprung trap and who had bled to death after gnawing off both hind legs. He was too *malika*.

But each movement he made, each thought he had, happened in the blurring green haze of pain. He raised himself up and looked back. Then he lay down again and closed his eyes. A log the thickness of his body lay across his left leg. Once he tried to push it away but only bruised his palm against the bark, and at last went unconscious with the effort.

When he woke up, the pain was very far away. The air was darkening. No, he wasn't quite awake. He was dreaming about something, something soft, a little garden, with shadows blowing in at the edge of his vision swift and cool, a little garden behind the—

Suddenly, very suddenly, it struck him what was happening, the slowing down of thoughts, his breathing, maybe even his heart. Then he was struggling again, struggling hard enough that had he still the strength, he would have torn himself in half, knowing while he struggled that perhaps the wildcat had been *malika* after all, or not caring if he were less, only fighting to pull himself away from the pain, realizing that blood had begun to seep from beneath the log again, just a tiny trickle.

Then the shadows overtook him, the dreams, the wisps of forgetfulness gauzing his eyes.

Tloto nearly had to drag Quorl halfway up the mountain before the giant got the idea. When he did, he began to run. Quorl found the boy; just before sunset. He was breathing in short gasps, his fists clenched, his eyes closed. The blood on the dirt had dried black.

The great brown hands went around the log, locked, and started to shift it; the boy let out a high sound from between his teeth.

The hands, roped with vein and ridged with ligament, strained the log upward; the sound became a howl.

The giant's feet braced against the dirt, slid into the dirt, and the hands that had snapped tiny necks and bound sticks together with gut string, pulled; the howl turned into a scream. He screamed again. Then again.

The log coming loose tore away nearly a square foot of flesh from the boy's leg. Then, Quorl went over and picked him up.

This is the best dream, the boy thought, from that dark place he had retreated to behind the pain, because Quorl is here. The hands were lifting him now, he was held close, warm, somehow safe. His cheek was against the hard shoulder muscle, and he could smell Quorl too. So he stopped screaming

and turned his head a little to make the pain go away. But it wouldn't go. It wouldn't. Then the boy cried.

The first tears through all that pain came salty in his eyes, and he cried until he went to sleep.

Quorl had medicine for him the next day ("From the priest," he said.) which helped the pain and made the healing start. Quorl also had made the boy a pair of wooden crutches that morning. Although muscle and ligament had been bruised and crushed and the skin torn away, no bone had broken.

That evening there was a drizzle and they ate under the canopy. Tloto did not come, and this time it was Quorl who saved the extra meat and kept looking off into the wet gray trees. Quorl had told the boy how Tloto had led him to him; when they finished eating, Quorl took the meat and ducked into the drizzle.

The boy lay down to sleep. He thought the meat was a reward for Tloto. Only Quorl had seemed that night full of more than usual gravity. The last thing he wondered before sleep flooded his eyes and ears was how blind, deaf Tloto had known where he was anyway.

When he woke it had stopped raining. The air was damp and chill. Quorl had not come back.

The sound of the blown shell came again. The boy sat up and flinched at the twinge in his leg. To his left the moon was flickering through the trees. The sound came a third time, distant, sharp, yet clear and marine. The boy reached for his crutches and hoisted himself to his feet. He waited till the count of ten, hoping that Quorl might suddenly return to go with him.

At last he took a deep breath and started haltingly forward. The faint moonlight made the last hundred yards easy going. Finally he reached a vantage where he could look down through the wet leaves onto the arena of stone.

The sky was sheeted with mist and the moon was an indistinct pearl in the haze. The sea was misty. People were already gathered at the edge. The boy looked at the priest and then ran his eye around the circle of people. One of them was Quorl!

He leaned forward as far as he could. The priest sounded the shell again and the prisoners came out of the temple: first three boys, then an older girl, then a man. The next one ... Tloto! It was marble-white under the blurred moon. Its clubbed feet shuffled on the rock. Its blind head ducked right and left with bewilderment.

As the priest raised the long three-pronged knife, the boy's hands went tight around the crutches. He passed from one prisoner to the next. Tloto cringed, and the boy sucked in a breath as the knife went down, feeling his own flesh part under the blades. Then the murmur died, the prisoners were unbound, and the people filed from the rock back into the forest.

The boy waited to see which way Quorl headed before he started through moon-dusted bushes as fast as his crutches would let him. There were many people on the webbing of paths that came from the temple rock. There was Quorl!

When he caught up, Quorl saw him and slowed down. Quorl didn't look at him, though. Finally the giant said, "You don't understand. I had to catch him. I had to give him to the old one to be marked. But you don't understand." The boy hardly looked at all where they were going, but stared up at the giant.

"You don't understand," Quorl said again. Then he looked at the boy and was quiet for a minute. "No, you don't," he repeated. "Come." They turned off the main path now, going slower. "It's a ... custom. An important custom. Yes, I know it hurt him. I know he was afraid. But it had to be. Tloto is one of those who—" (The word was some inflection of the verb to know.) Quorl was silent for a moment. "Let me try to tell you why I had to hurt your friend. Yes, I know he is your friend, now. But once I said that Tloto was *malika*. I was wrong. Tloto is more than *malika*—he and the others that were marked. Somehow these people know things. That was how Tloto survived. That's how he knew where you were, when you were hurt. He knew inside your head, he heard inside your head. Many are born like that, more of them each year. As soon as we find out, we mark them. Many try to hide it, and some succeed for a long time. Can you understand? Do you? When Tloto showed me where you were, he knew that I would know, that he would be caught and marked. Do you understand?"

Again he paused and looked at the boy. The eyes still showed puzzled hurt. "You want to know why. I ... we... Long ago we killed them when we found out. We don't any more. The mark reminds them that they are different, and yet the same as we. Perhaps it is wrong. It doesn't hurt that much, and it heals. Anyway, we don't kill them any more. We know they're important..." Suddenly, having gone all through it with this strange boy, it seemed twisted to the giant, incorrect. Then he gave the boy what the boy had been sent to the forest to get, what the Duchess had found and knew was necessary. "I was wrong," Quorl said. "I'm sorry. I will speak to the priest tomorrow."

They walked until the dawn lightened the sky behind the trees. Once Quorl looked around and said, "I want to show you something. We are very near, and the weather is right."

They walked a few minutes more till Quorl pointed to a wall of leaves, and said, "Go through there."

As they pressed through the dripping foliage, bright light burnished their faces. They were standing on a small cliff that looked down the mountain. Fog the color of pale gold, the same gold the boy had seen so rarely in the sunset, rolled across the entire sky. The center flamed with the misty sun, and way below them through the fog was the shattered traces of water, the color of magnesium flame on copper foil, without edge or definition.

"That's a lake that lies between this mountain and the next," Quorl said, pointing to the water.

"I thought..." the boy started softly, his tongue rough against the new language. "I thought it was the sea."

Beside them appeared the crouching figure of Tloto. Drops from the wet leaves burned on his neck and back, over the drying blood. He turned his blank face left and right in the golden light, and with all his knowing could communicate no awe.

Chapter IX

Clea Koshar had been installed in her government office for three days. The notebook in which she had been doing her own work in inverse sub-trigonometric functions had been put away in her desk for exactly fifty-four seconds when she made the first discovery that gave her a permanent place in the history of Toromon's wars as its first military hero. Suddenly she pounded her fist on the computer keys, flung her pencil across the room, muttered, "What the hell is this!" and dialed the military ministry.

It took ten minutes to get Tomar. His red-haired face came in on the visiphone, recognized her, and smiled. "Hi," he said.

"Hi, yourself," she said. "I just got out those figures you people sent us about the data from the radiation barrier, and those old readings from the time Telphar was destroyed. Tomar, I didn't even have to feed them to the computer. I just looked at them. That radiation was artificially created. Its increment is completely steady. At least on the second derivative. Its build-up pattern is such that there couldn't be more than two simple generators, or one complexed on ..."

"Slow down," Tomar said. "What do you mean, generators?"

"The radiation barrier, or at least most of it, is artificially maintained. And there are not more than two generators, and possibly one, maintaining it."

"How do you generate radiation?" Tomar asked.

"I don't know," Clea said. "But somebody has been doing it."

"I don't want to knock your genius, but how come nobody else figured it out?"

"I just guess nobody thought it was a possibility, or thought of gratuitously taking the second derivative, or bothered to look at them before they fed them into the computers. In twenty minutes I can figure out the location for you."

"You do that," he said, "and I'll get the information to whomever it's supposed to get to. You know, this is the first piece of information of import that we've gotten from this whole battery of slide-rule slippers up there. I should have figured it would have probably come from you. Thanks, if we can use it."

She blew him a kiss as his face winked out. Then she got out her notebook again. Then minutes later the visiphone crackled at her. She turned to it and tried to get the operator. The operator was not to be gotten. She reached into her desk and got out a small pocket tool kit and was about to attack the housing of the frequency-filterer when the crackling increased and she heard a voice. She put the screw driver down and put the instrument back on the desk. A face flickered onto the screen and then flickered off. The face had dark hair, seemed perhaps familiar. But it was gone before she was sure she had made it out.

Crossed signals from another line, she figured. Maybe a short in the dialing mechanism. She glanced down at her notebook and took up her pencil when the picture flashed onto the screen again. This time it was clear and there was no static. The familiarity, she did not realize, was the familiarity of her own face on a man.

"Hello," he said. "Hello, Hello, Clea?"

"Who is this?" she asked.

"Clea, this is Jon."

She sat very still, trying to pull two halves of something back together (as in a forest, a prince had felt the same things disengage). Clea succeeded. "You're supposed to be ... dead. I mean I thought you were. Where are you, Jon?"

"Clea," he said. "Clea—I have to talk to you."

There was a five-second silence.

“Jon, Jon, how are you?”

“Fine,” he said. “I really am. I’m not in prison any more. I’ve been out a long time, and I’ve done a lot of things. But Clea, I need your help.”

“Of course,” she said. “Tell me how? What do you want me to do?”

“Do you want to know where I am?” he said. “What I’ve been doing? I’m in Telphar, and I’m trying to stop the war.”

“In Telphar?”

“There’s something behind that famed radiation barrier, and it’s a more or less civilized race. I’m about to break through the rest of the barrier and see what can be done. But I need some help at home. I’ve been monitoring phone calls in Toron. There’s an awful lot of equipment here that’s more or less mine if I can figure out how to use it. And I’ve got a friend here who knows more in that line than I gave him credit for. I’ve overheard some closed circuit conference calls, and I’m talking to you by the same method. I know you’ve got the ear of Major Tomar and I know he’s one of the few trustworthy people in that whole military hodge-podge. Clea, there is something hostile to Toromon behind that radiation barrier, but a war is not the answer. The thing that’s making the war is the unrest in Toromon. And the war isn’t going to remedy that. The emigration situation, the food situation, the excess man power, the deflation: that’s what’s causing your war. If that can be stopped, then the thing behind the barrier can be dealt with quickly and peacefully. There in Toron you don’t even know what the enemy is. They wouldn’t let you know even if they knew themselves.”

“Do you know?” Clea asked.

Jon paused. Then he said, “No, but whatever it is, it’s people with something wrong among them. And warring on them won’t exorcise it.”

“Can you exorcise it?” Clea asked.

Jon paused again. “Yes. I can’t tell you how; but let’s say what’s troubling them is a lot simpler than what’s troubling us in Toromon.”

“Jon,” Clea asked suddenly, “what’s it like in Telphar? You know I’ll help you if I can, but tell me.”

The face on the visiphone was still. Then it drew a deep breath. “Clea, it’s like an open air tomb. The city is very unlike Toron. It was planned, all the streets are regular, there’s no Devil’s Pot, nor could there ever be one. Roadways wind above ground among the taller buildings. I’m in the Palace of the Stars right now. It was a magnificent building.” The face looked right and left. “It still is. They had amazing laboratories, lots of equipment, great silvered meeting halls under an immense ceiling that reproduced the stars on the ceiling. The electric plants still work. Most houses you can walk right in and turn on a light switch. Half the plumbing in the city is out, though. But everything in the palace still works. It must have been a beautiful place to live in. When they were evacuating during the radiation rise, very little marauding took place...”

“The radiation ...” began Clea.

Jon laughed, “Oh, that doesn’t bother us. It’s too complicated to explain now, but it doesn’t.”

“That’s not what I meant,” Clea said. “I figured if you were alive, then it obviously wasn’t bothering you. But Jon, and this isn’t government propaganda, because I made the discovery myself: whatever is behind the barrier caused the radiation rise that destroyed Telphar. Some place near Telphar is a projector that caused the rise, and it’s still functioning. This hasn’t been released to the public yet, but if you want to stop your war, you’ll never do it if the government can correctly blame the destruction of Telphar on the enemy. That’s all they need.”

“Clea, I haven’t finished telling you about Telphar. I told you that the electricity still worked. Well, most houses you go into, you turn on the light and find a couple of sixty-year-old corpses on the floor. On the roads you can find a wreck every hundred feet or so. There’re almost ten thousand corpses in the Stadium of the Stars. It isn’t very pretty. Arkor and I are the only two humans who have any idea of what the destruction of Telphar really amounted to. And we still believe we’re in the right.”

“Jon, I can’t hold back information...”

"No, no," Jon said. "I wouldn't ask you to. Besides, I heard your last phone call. So it's already out. I want you to do two things for me. One has to do with Dad. The other is to deliver a message. I overheard a conference call between Prime Minister Chargill and some of the members of the council. They're about to ask Dad for a huge sum of money to finance the first aggressive drive in this war effort. Try and convince him that it'll do more harm than good. Look, Clea, you've got a mathematical mind. Show him how this whole thing works. He doesn't mean to be, but he's almost as much responsible for this thing as any one individual could be. See if he can keep production from flooding the city. And for Toromon's sake, keep an eye, a close eye on his supervisors. They're going to tilt the island into the sea with all their cross-purposes intrigues. All I can do is start you on the right track, Sis, and you'll have to take it from there.

"Now for the message. The one circuit I can't break in on is the Royal Palace system. I can just overhear. Somehow I've got to get a message to the Duchess of Petra. Tell her to get to Telphar in the next forty-eight hours by way of the transit ribbon. Tell her there are two kids she owes a favor to. And tell her the girl she owes four or five favors. She'll be able to find out who they are."

Clea was scribbling. "Does the transit ribbon still work?" she asked.

"It was working when I escaped from prison," Jon said. "I don't see why it should have stopped now."

"You used it?" Clea said. "That means you were in Toron!"

"That's right. And I was at your party too."

"Then it was ..." She stopped. Then laughed, "I'm so glad, Jon. I'm so glad it was you after all."

"Come on, Sis, tell me about yourself," Jon said. "What's been happening in the real world. I've been away from it a long time. Here in Telphar I don't feel much closer. Right now I'm walking around in my birthday suit. On our way here we got into a shadowy situation and I had to abandon my clothes for fear of getting caught. I'll explain that later, too. But what about you?"

"Oh, there's nothing to tell. But to you I guess there is. I graduated, with honors. I've grown up. I'm engaged to Tomar. Did you know that? Dad approves, and we're to be married as soon as the war's over. I'm working on a great project, to find the inverse sub-trigonometric functions. Those are about the most important things in my life right now. I'm suppose to be working on the war effort, but except for this afternoon, I haven't done much."

"Fine," Jon said. "That's about the right proportions."

"Now what about you? And the clothes?" She grinned into the visaphone, and he grinned back.

"Well—no, you wouldn't believe it. At least not if I told it that way. Arkor, the friend who's with me, is one of the forest people. He left the forest to spend some time in Toron, which is where I met him. Apparently he managed to accumulate an amazing store of information, about all sorts of things—electronics, languages, even music. You'd think he could read minds. Anyway, here we are, through the forest, across the prison mines, and in Telphar."

"Jon, what were the mines like? It always made me wonder how Dad could use tetron when he knew that you were being whipped to get it."

"You and I'll get drunk some evening and I'll tell you what it was like," Jon said. "But not until. When you're trying to convince Dad, bring that up about me and the mines."

"Don't worry," she said. "I will."

"Anyway," Jon went on, "we had to get through the forest without being seen and with all those leaves it was pretty dark. Arkor could get through because he was a forest man and nobody would stop him. But because they'd have seen me, I had to go most of the way naked as a jaybird."

Clea frowned. "I don't understand. Are you sure you're all right?"

Jon laughed. "Of course I'm all right. I can't really explain to you just yet. I'm just so happy to see you again, to be able to talk to you. Sis, I've wanted to be free for so long, to see you and Dad again, and—there's nothing wrong with me except the sniffles."

It welled up in her like a wave and the tears flooded her lower lids, and then one overflowed and ran down the left side of her nose. "You see what you're doing," she said. And they laughed once more. "To see you again, Jon is so ... *fine*."

“I love you, Sis,” Jon said. “Thanks, and so long for a little while.”

“I’ll get your message out. So long.” The phone blinked dark and she sat there wondering if perhaps the tension wasn’t too much. But it wasn’t, and she had messages to deliver.

Chapter X

During the next couple of hours, two people died, miles apart.

“Don’t be silly,” Rara was saying in the inn at the Devil’s Pot. “I’m a perfectly good nurse. Do you want to see my license?”

The white-haired old man sat very straight in his chair by the window. Blue seeped like liquid across the glass. “Why did I do it?” he said. “It was wrong. I—I love my country.”

Rara pulled the blanket from the back of the chair and tucked it around the stiff, trembling shoulders. “What are you talking about?” she said, but the birthmark over her face showed deep purple with worry.

He shook the blanket off and flung his hand across the table where the news directive lay.

Crown Prince Kidnaped!

King Declares War!

The trembling in Geryn’s shoulders became violent shaking.

“Sit back,” said Rara.

Geryn stood up.

“Sit down,” Rara repeated. “Sit down. You’re not well. Now sit down!”

Geryn lowered himself stiffly to the chair. He turned to Rara. “Did I start a war? I tried to stop it. That was all I wanted. Would it have happened if ...”

“Sit back,” Rara said. “If you’re going to talk to somebody, talk to me. I can answer you. Geryn, you didn’t start the war.”

Geryn suddenly rose once more, staggered forward, slammed his hands on the table and began to cough.

“For pity’s sake,” Rara cried, trying to move the old man back into his chair, “will you sit down and relax! You’re not well! You’re not well at all!” From above the house came the faint beat of helicopter blades.

Geryn went back to his chair. Suddenly he leaned his head back, his sharp Adam’s apple shooting high in his neck and quivering. Rara jumped forward and tried to bring his head up. “Dear heavens,” she breathed. “Stop that. Now stop it, or you’ll hurt yourself.”

Geryn’s head came up straight again. “A war,” he said. “They made me start the—”

“No one made you do anything,” Rara said. “And you didn’t start the war.”

“Are you sure?” he asked. “No. You can’t be sure. No one can. Nobody...”

“Will you please try to relax,” Rara repeated, tucking at the blanket.

Geryn relaxed. It went all through his body, starting at his hands. The stiff shoulders dropped a little, his head fell forward, the wall of muscle quivering across his stomach loosened, the back bent; and that frail fist of strength that had jarred life through his tautened body for seventy years, shaking inside his chest, it too relaxed. Then it stopped. Geryn crumpled onto the floor.

The shifting body pulled Rara down with him. Unaware that he was dead, she was trying to get him back into the chair, when the helicopter blades got very loud.

She looked up to see the window darken with a metal shadow. “Good lord,” she breathed. Then the glass shattered.

She screamed, careened around the table, and fled through the door, slamming it behind her.

Over the flexible metal ramp that hooked onto the window sill two men entered the room. Fire-blades poised, they walked to the crumpled body, lifted it between them, and carried it back to the window. Their arm bands showed the royal insignia of the palace guards.

Tel was running down the street because someone was following him. He ducked into a side alley and skittered down a flight of stone steps. Somewhere overhead he heard a helicopter.

His heart was pounding like explosions in his chest, like the sea, like his ocean. Once he had looked through a six-inch crevice between glassy water and the top of a normally submerged cave and seen wet, orange starfish dripping from the ceiling and their reflections quivering with his own breath. Now he was trapped in the cave of the city, the tide of fear rising to lock him in. Footsteps passed above him.

Nearby was a ladder that led to a trap door which would put him in the hall of a tenement. He climbed it, emerged, and then turned up the regular steps to the roof. He walked across the tar-paper surface to the edge, leaned over, and peered into the alley. Two men, who may have been the people following him, approached from opposite ends of the alley. The sky was deepening toward evening and it was cool. The two men met, and then one pointed to the roof.

“Damn,” Tel muttered, ducked backward, and bit his tongue with surprise. He opened his mouth and breathed hard, holding the side of his jaw. The helicopter was coming closer.

Then something very light fell over him. He forgot his bitten tongue and struck out with his hands. It was strong, too. It jerked at his feet and he fell forward. It was not until it lifted him from the roof that he realized he was caught in a net. He was being drawn up toward the sound of the whirling helicopter blades.

Just about that time the order came through. He didn’t even have time to say good-bye to Clea. Two other mathematicians in the corps had shown appropriate awe at Clea’s discovery and proceeded to locate the generator. The next-in-charge general, working on a strategy Tomar did not quite understand, decided that now was the time for an active strike. “Besides,” he added, “if we don’t give them some combat soon, we’ll lose—and I mean lose as in ‘misplace’—the war.”

The shadow of the control tower fell through the windshield and slipped across Tomar’s face. He pulled up his goggles and sighed. Active combat. What the hell would they be combating? The disorder, the disorganization was beginning to strike him as farcical. Though after the poisoned fish, the farcical was no longer funny.

The buildings on the airfield sunk back and down. The transit ribbon fell below him and the six other planes in the formation pulled up behind him. A moment later the island was a comb of darkness on the glittering foil of the evening sea.

Clouds banded the deep blue at the horizon. There were three stars out, the same stars that he had looked at as a boy when his sunup to sundown work day had ended. Between hunger and hunger there had been some times when you could look at the stars and wonder, as there were now between times of work and work.

The controls were set. There was nothing to do but wait for land to rise up over the edge of the world.

As the end of the metal ribbon was a transparent crystal sphere, fifteen feet in diameter which hovered above the receiving stage. A dozen small tetron units sat around the room. By one ornate window a bank of forty-nine scarlet knobbed switches pointed to off. Two men stood on the metal catwalk that ran above the receiving stage, one young man with black hair, the other a dark giant with a triplex of scars down the left side of his face.

In another room, the corpses of the elders of Telphar sat stiff and decomposed on green velvet seats.

It was evening in the solarium on top of the General Medical building. The patients were about to be herded from their deck chairs and game tables under the glass roof back to their wards, when a woman screamed. Then there was the sound of breaking glass. More people screamed.

Alter heard the roar of helicopter blades. People were running around her. Suddenly the crowd of bathrobed patients broke from in front of her. She touched the cast that covered her left shoulder and arm. People cried out. Then she saw.

The glass dome had been shattered at the edge, and the flexible metal ramp ran a dark ribbon from the copter to the edge of the solarium. The men that marched across had the insignia of the royal guards. She clamped her jaws together and moved behind the nurse. The men marched in, fire-blades

high, among the overturned deck chairs. There were three stars visible, she noted irrelevantly, through the bubble dome.

Good lord! They were coming toward her!

The moment the guards recognized her, she realized the only way to get out was to cross the suddenly immense span of metal flooring to the stairwell. She ducked her head, broke from the crowd of patients and ran, wondering why she had been fool enough to wait this long. The guard tackled her and she heard screams again.

She fell to the hard floor and felt pain explode along the inside of her cast. The guard tried to lift her, and with her good arm she struck at his face. Then she held her palm straight and brought the edge down on the side of his neck.

She staggered and she felt herself slip to the floor. Then someone grabbed a handful of her hair and her head was yanked back. At first she closed her eyes. Then she had to open them. Night was moving above her through the dome of the solarium. Then the cracked edge of the glass passed over her, and it was colder, and the blur and roar of helicopter blades was above.

“On course?”

“Dead on course,” said Tomar back into the microphone. Below, the rim of land slipped back under them. The moon bleached the edges of the vari-colored darknesses beneath them; then went down.

“What are you thinking about, Major?” came the voice from the speaker again.

“Not thinking about anything,” Tomar said. “Just thinking about waiting. It’s funny, that’s most of what you do in this army: wait. You wait to go out and fight. And once you go out, then you start waiting to turn around and come back.”

“Wonder what it’ll be like.”

“A few bombs over that generator, then we’ll have had active combat, and everyone will be happy.”

A laugh, mechanical, through the speaker. “Suppose they ‘active’ back?”

“If they cripple our planes like they’ve done before, we’ll make it to the island again.”

“I had to leave a hot cup of coffee back at the hangar, Major. I wish it was light so we could see what we were doing.”

“Stop bitching.”

“Hey, Major.”

“What?”

“I’ve invented a new kind of dice.”

“You would.”

“What you do is take fifteen centiunit pieces and arrange them in a four-by-four square with one corner missing. Then you take a sixteenth one and shoot it within forty-five degrees either way of the diagonal into the missing corner. It works out that no matter how you do it, if all the coins in the square are touching, two coins will fly off of the far edge. Each of those has a number and the two numbers that fly off are like the two numbers that come up on the dice. It’s better than regular dice because the chances are up on some combinations. And there’s a certain amount of skill involved too. The guys call it Randomax. That’s for *random numbers* and *matrix*.”

“I’ll play you a game someday,” Tomar said. “You know, if you used a smaller coin than a centiunit for the one you fire into the missing corner, say a deciunit, the chances that it would hit both corner coins would go up, that is your randomness.”

“Really?”

“Sure,” Tomar said. “My girl friend’s a mathematician, and she was telling me all about probability a few weeks ago. I bet she’d be interested in the game.”

“You know what, Major?”

“What?”

“I think you’re the best officer in the damn army.”

Such was the conversation before the first battle of the war.

Such was the conversation Jon Koshar monitored in the laboratory tower of the Palace of the Stars in Telphar. "Oh damn," he said. "Come on, Arkor. We'd better get going. If the Duchess doesn't get here with Geryn soon... Well, let's not think about it." He scribbled a note, set it in front of one visiphone and dialed the number of another that was on a stand in front of the receiving platform of the transit ribbon.

"There," he said. "That's got instructions to follow us as soon as she gets here. And she better not miss it." They went down the metal steps to a double doorway that opened onto a road.

Two mechanical vehicles stood there, both with pre-controls set for similar destinations. Jon and Arkor climbed into one, pushed the ignition button, and the car shot forward along the elevated roadway. White mercury lights flooded the elevated strip as it wound through the city.

The road dipped and houses got wider and lower on each side. The horizon glowed purple and above that, deep yellow clouds dropped into late evening. There was a sound of planes overhead.

As the car halted at the barren limit of the last suburb of Telphar, a sudden white streak speared from the horizon. "Uh-oh," said Jon. "That's what I was afraid of."

Something caught fire in the air, twisted wildly through the sky, and then began to circle down, flaming.

"Major! Major! What happened to D-42?"

"Something got him. Pull over. Pull over everybody!"

"We can't spot it. Where'd it come from?"

"All right, everybody. Break formation. Break formation, I said!"

"Major, I'm going to drop a bomb. Maybe we can see where that came from in the light. I thought you said cripple."

"Never mind what I said. Drop it."

"Major Tomar. This is B-6. We've been—" (Unintelligible static.)

Someone else gave a slow whistle through the microphone.

"Break formation, I said. Damn it, break formation."

Over the plain, a sheet of red fire flapped up, and Jon and Arkor pulled back from the railing that edged the road. Another white streak left the horizon, and for a moment, in the glare, their shadows on the pavement were doubled in white and red.

The sound of the explosion reached them a moment later, as broken rocks leapt into visibility like a rotted jaw swung up through red fire.

Another sound behind them made them turn. The lighted roadways of Telphar looped the city like strands of pearls on skeletal fingers. A car came toward them.

Another wailing missile took the sky, and a moment later a screaming plane answered, tearing down the night. This one suddenly turned as its flaming motors caught once more and careened above their heads so close that they ducked and disappeared among the city towers: an explosion, then falling flame drooled the side of a building. "I hope that's nowhere near the Palace of the Stars," a voice said next to Jon. "We'll have a great time getting back if it is."

Jon whirled. The Duchess had gotten out of the car. The red light flared a moment in her hair, then died.

"No. That was nowhere near it," Jon said. "Am I glad to see you."

Tel and Alter, still in her cast and hospital robe, followed the Duchess out of the car.

"Well," he said, "you brought the kids too."

"It was better than leaving them back in Toron. Jon, Geryn is dead. I asked what to do, but I didn't get any answer. So we lugged his body along just in case. But what do we do now?"

From the railing Arkor laughed.

"It's not funny," Jon said.

The Duchess looked overhead as another missile exploded. "I had hoped this wouldn't happen. This means a war, Jon. A real one, and unstoppable."

Another plane crashed, too close this time, and they ducked behind the cars. "Gee," breathed Alter, which was the only thing anybody said.

Then Arkor cried, "Come on."

"Where to?" asked Jon.

"Follow me," Arkor repeated. "Everyone."

"What about Geryn?"

"Leave that corpse behind," Arkor told them. "He can't help."

"Look, do you know what's going on?" Jon demanded.

"More than Geryn ever did," the giant returned. "Now let's get going." They sprinted out along the road, then ducked under the railing and made their way across the rocky waste.

"Where are we going?" Tel whispered.

Jon called back over his shoulder, "That's a very good question."

The plane got tipped, and for seven seconds, while the needles swung, he didn't know where he was going, east or west, up or down. When the needles stopped, he saw that it hadn't been any of the first three. Suddenly the green detector light flashed in the half darkness of the cabin. The generator! The radiation generator was right below him. Then he was blinded by a white flare outside the windshield. Oh, God damn!

He felt the jerk and the air suddenly rushed in cold behind him. There was a hell of a lot of noise and the needle quietly swung... He was going down!

Land lit up outside the front window; a small block house set in the wrecked earth. There were three whirling antennae on the roof. That must be it! That must!

It happened in his arms and fingers, not in his head. Because suddenly he pushed the stick forward, and the plane, what was left of it, turned over and he was staring straight down, straight ahead, straight, straight below him. And coming closer.

It must have been his arms, because his head was thinking wildly about a time when a girl with pearls in her black hair had asked him what he had wanted, and he had said, 'Nothing ... nothing...' and realized he had been wrong because suddenly he wanted very much to ... (The block house came up and hit him.) ... Nothing.

Tel and the Duchess screamed. The rest just drew breath quickly and staggered back. "He's in there," Arkor said. "That's where your Lord of the Flames is."

The landscape glowed with the encroaching light of the flaming torch, and they saw the blockhouse now with its whirling antennae on the roof. Before the plane hit, a darkness opened in the side of the blockhouse and three figures emerged and sprinted among the rocks.

"The middle one," said Arkor. "That's him, face him, concentrate on him..."

"What do you...?" Tel began.

"You ride along with me, kids," Arkor said, only he didn't move. Two of the figures had fallen now, but the middle one was running toward them. The torch hit, and his shadow was suddenly flung across the broken earth to meet them...

Chapter XI

The green of beetles' wings ... the red of polished carbuncle ... a web of silver fire, and through the drifting blue smoke Jon hurled across the sky.

Then blackness, intense and cold. The horizon was tiny, jagged, maybe ten feet away. He reached a metal out and crawled expertly (not clumsily. Expertly!) across a crevice, but slowly, very slowly. The sky was sharp with stars, though the sun was dim to his light-sensitive rind. Like a sliding cyst, he edged over the chunk of rock that spun somewhere between Mars and Jupiter. Now he reached out with his mind to touch a second creature on another rock. *Petra*, he called. *Where is he?*

His orbit should take him between the three of us in a minute and a half.

Fine.

Jon, who is the third one? I still don't understand.

Another mind joined them. *You don't understand yet? I was the third, I always was. I was the one who directed Geryn to make the plan in the first place for the kidnaping. What made you think that he was in contact with the triple beings?*

I don't know, Jon said. *Some misunderstanding.*

There was the laughter of children. Then Tel said, *Hey, everybody, we're with Arkor.*

Shhh, said Alter. *The misunderstanding was my fault, Jon. I told you that Geryn talked to himself, and that made you think it was him.*

Get ready, Petra said. *Here he comes.*

Jon saw, or rather sensed the approach of another spinning asteroid, whirling toward them through the blackness. But it was inhabited. Yes! The three of them threw their thoughts across the rush of space.

There...

Roaring steam swirled above him. He raised his eye-stalks another twenty feet and looked toward the top of the cataract some four miles up. Then he lowered his siphon into the edge of the pool of pale green liquid methane and drank deeply. Far away in a beryl green sky, three suns rushed madly about one another and gave a little heat to this farthest of their six planets.

Now Jon flapped his slitherers down and began to glide away from the methane falls and up the nearly vertical mountain slope. Someone was coming toward him, with shiny red eye-stalks waving in greeting. "Greetings to the new colony," the eye-stalks signaled.

Jon started to signal back. But suddenly he recognized (a feeling way at the back of his slitherers) who this was. He leaped forward and flung the double flaps of leathery flesh across his opponent and began to scramble back up the rocks. Jon had his tight, but was wondering where the hell were...

Suddenly his eye-stalk caught the great form that he knew must be Arkor coming down over the rocks (with Alter and Tel. Yes, definitely; because the creature suddenly did a flying leap between two crags that could have only been under the girl-acrobat's control), and a moment later that Petra had arrived at the other shore of the methane river. Using her slitherers for paddles, she struck out across the foaming current.

Think at him, concentrate... *There...*

The air was water-clear. The desert was still, and he lay in the warm sand, under the light of the crescent moon. He was growing, adding facets; he let the pale illumination seep into his transparent body, decreasing his polarization cross-frequencies. The light was beautiful, too beautiful—dangerous! He began to tingle, to glow red-hot. His base burned with white heat and another layer of sand beneath him melted, fused, ran, and became part of his crystalline body.

He stepped up the polarization, his body clouded, and cooled once more. Music sang through him, and his huge upper facet reflected the stars.

Once more he lessened his polarization, and the light crept further and further into his being. His temperature rose. Vibrations suffused his transparency and the pulsing music made the three dust particles that had settled on his coaxial face seven hundred and thirty years ago dance above him. He felt their reflection deep in his prismatic center.

He felt it coming, suddenly, and tried to stop it. But the polarization index suddenly broke down completely. For one terrific moment of ecstasy the light of the moon and the stars poured completely through him. Chord after chord rang out in the desert night. Back and forth along his axis, colliding, shaking his substance, jarring him, pommeling him, came the vibrations. For one instant he was completely transparent. The next, he was white-hot. Before he could melt, he felt the crack start.

It shot the length of his forty-two mile, super-heated body. He was in two pieces! The radio disturbance alone covered a third of a galaxy. Twelve pieces fell away. The chord crashed again, and the crack whipped back and forth vivisectioning him. Already he was nearly thirty-six thousand individual crystals, all of which had to grow again, thirty-six thousand minds. He was no more.

Jon, the voice sang through drumbled silicate.

Right over here, Petra, he hummed back. (The note was a perfect quarter tone below A-flat. Perfect! Not clumsy. *Perfect!*)

Where's Arkor?

To their left the triple notes of an E-flat minor chord (Arkor, Tel, and Alter) sounded: *Right here*.

Just as they had made contact, before the music stopped (and once more their thoughts would become separate, individual, and they would lose awareness of each other and of the hundreds of other crystals that lay over the desert, under the clear perpetual night)—just then a strident dissonance pierced among them.

There, sang Petra.

There, hummed Jon.

There, came the triad in E-flat minor. They concentrated, tuned, turned their thoughts against the dissonance. *There...*

Jon rolled over and pushed the silk from his white shoulders and stretched. Through the blue pillars, the evening sky was yellow. Music, very light and fast, was coming from below the balcony. Suddenly a voice sounded beside him: "Your Majesty, your Majesty! You shouldn't be resting now. They're waiting for you downstairs. Tltlrlte will be furious if you're late."

"What do I care?" Jon responded. "Where's my robe?"

The serving maid hastened away and returned with a sheer, shimmering robe, netted through with threads of royal black. The drape covered Jon's shoulders, draped across his breasts, and fell to his thighs.

"My mirror," said Jon.

The serving maid brought the mirror and Jon looked. Long, slightly oriental eyes sat wide-spaced in the ivory face over high cheekbones. Full breasts pushed tautly beneath the translucent material, and the slender waist spread to sensual, generous hips. Jon almost whistled at his reflection.

The maid slipped clear plastic slippers on his feet, and Jon rose and walked toward the stairs. In the lobby, the throng hissed appreciatively as he descended. On one column hung a bird cage in which a three-headed cockatoo was singing to beat the band. Which was difficult to do, because the band was composed of fourteen copper-headed drums. (Fourteen was the royal number.)

Across the lobby wind instruments wailed, and Jon paused on the stairs. "Don't worry," the maid said, "I'm right behind you."

Jon felt the terror rise. *Hey*, he called out mentally, *is that you, Petra?*

Like I said, right behind you.

Incidentally, how did I come up with this body?

I don't know, dear, but you look devastating.

Gee, thanks, he said, projecting a mental sneer. *Where's Arkor and Company?*

The music had stopped. There was only the sound of the three-headed bird.

There they are.

The winds screeched again, and at the entrance of the lobby, the people fell away from the door. There was Tltltrlte. He was tall, and dark, in a cloak in which there were many more black threads than in Jon's. He unsheathed a sword, and began to come forward. "Your reign is through, Daughter of the Sun," he announced. "It is time for a new cycle."

"Very well," said Jon.

As Tltltrlte advanced, the throng that crowded the lobby clapped their hands in terror and moved back further. Jon stood very straight.

As Tltltrlte came forward, his shoulders narrowed. He pushed back the hood of his cloak and a mass of ebony hair cascaded down his shoulders. With each step, his hips broadened and his waist narrowed. A very definite bulge of mammary glands now pushed up beneath his black silk tunic. As Tltltrlte reached the bottom of the steps, she raised her sword.

Think at him, came Arkor from the bird cage.

Think at him, came from Petra.

Jon saw the blade flash forward and then felt it slide into his abdomen. *At her,* he corrected.

At her, they answered.

As Jon toppled down the steps, dying, he asked, *What the hell is this anyway?*

We're inhabiting a very advanced species of moss, Arkor explained, with the calmness that only a telepath can muster in certain confusing situations. *Each individual starts off male, but eventually changes to female at the desired time.*

Moss? asked Jon as he hit his head on the bottom step and died.

There...

The wave came again and thundered on the beach. He staggered backwards, just as the froth spumed up the sand. The sky was blue-black. He raised his fingers to his lips (seven long tines webbed together) and whined into the night. He lifted his transparent eyelids from his huge, luminous eyes to see if there wasn't some faint trace of the boat. Spray fell on them, stung the rims, and he snapped all three lids over them, one after another. He whined again, and once more the wave grew before him.

He opened the two opaque lids, and this time thought he saw them far off through the greenish spray. The pentagonal sail rode above a billow-blue, wet, and full. It dipped, rose, and he pulled back his transparent eyelid again, this time when the wave was down, and thought he saw figures on the fibrous hammock of the boat. On the blue sail was the white circle of a Master Fisherman's boat. His parent was a Master Fisherman. Yes, it was his parent coming to get him.

Another billow exploded and he crouched in the froth, digging his hind feet deep into the pebbly beach.

The crosshatch of planking scudded onto the shore, and they swarmed off. One wore a chain around his neck with the Master Fisherman's seal. Another carried a seven-pronged fork. The two others were just boat-hands and wore identifying black belts of Kelpod shells.

"My offspring," said the one with the seal. "My fins have smarted for you. I thought we would never swim together again." He reached down and lifted Jon into his arms. Jon put his head against his parent's chest and watched water beading down the pentagonal scales.

"I was frightened," Jon said.

His parent laughed. "I was frightened too. Why did you swim out so far?"

"I wanted to see the island. But when I was swimming, I saw..."

"What?"

Jon closed his eyelids.

His parent smiled again. "You're sleepy. Come." Now Jon felt himself carried to the water and into the waves. The spray fell warmly on his face now, and unafraid, he relaxed his gill slits as water fell across him and they climbed onto the boat.

Wind caught the sail, and the open-work of planking listed into the sea. Long clouds swung rapidly across the twin moons like the tines of the fishing forks the fishermen saluted the sacred phosphor fires with when they returned from their expeditions. He dreamed of his, a little, in the swell and drop. His parent had tied him to the boat, and so he floated at the end of a few feet of slack. Water rolled down his shoulders, slipped beneath his limp dorsal fin, and tickled. Then he dreamed of something else, the thing he had seen, glowing first beneath the water, then rising... He whined suddenly, and shook his head.

He heard the others on the boat, their webbed feet slipping on the wet planks. He opened his eyes and looked up. The two boat-hands were holding onto stays and pointing off into the water. Now his parent had come up to them, holding a fishing spear, and they were joined by the Second Fisherman.

Jon scrambled from the water onto the plank. His parent put an arm around him and drew him closer. (*Here he comes*, Arkor said.) His other hand went to the seal of authority around his neck, as though it gave him some sort of protection.

"There it is," Jon suddenly cried. "That's what I saw. That's why I was afraid to swim back." (*There it is*, Jon said.)

A phosphorescent disk was shimmering under the surface of the water. The Second Fisherman raised his spear higher. "What is it?" he asked. (*What is it this time?* Petra wanted to know.)

Indistinct, yet nearly the size of the ship, it hovered almost three breast strokes from them, glowing beneath the surface.

(*I'll have a look*, said Petra.) The Second Fisherman suddenly dove forward and disappeared. Still holding to the frame of the boat, Jon and his parent went under the water where they could see better.

One of Jon's eyelids, the transparent one, was actually an envelope of tissue which he could flood with vitreous solution when he was submerged to form a correcting lens over his pupil.

Through the water he saw the Second Fisherman bubbling through the water toward the immense, translucent hemisphere that dangled ahead of them. The Second Fisherman stopped with an underwater double-reverse and hovered near the thing. (*It's a huge jellyfish*, Petra told them.) "Can't figure out what it is," the Second Fisherman signaled back. Then he extended his fork and jabbed at the membrane. The seven tines went in, came out.

The jellyfish moved, fast.

The tentacles hanging from the bottom of the bag raveled upward like snagged threads. The body bloated and surged sideways. Two tentacles wrapped around the Second Fisherman as he tried to swim away. (*Eep*, said Petra. *These things hurt*.)

Jon's parent was on top of deck again, shouting orders to the boat-hands. The ship swung toward the thing which was now heaving to the surface.

(*Look, let's finish this thing up for good. Concentrate. That was Arkor. There...*)

(From beneath the water they felt Petra reach her mind into the pulsing mass: *There...*)

(As the tentacles encased her and she jammed the spear home again and again through the leaking membrane, she felt Jon's mind join in: *There...*)

The boat rammed into the side of the jellyfish, the planks tearing away the membrane and the thick, stinging insides fountaining over them. Now it nearly turned over, and tentacles flapped from the water in wet, fleshy ropes. The Second Fisherman was caught in one of the snarls.

Their green faces were lighted from beneath by the milky glow.

(*There...*) Suddenly it tore away from the planks, going down beneath the water. (*There...*) The Second Fisherman's head bobbed to the surface, shook the green fin that crested his skull, and laughed. (*There...*)

3 to 6, 3 to 6, (Jon's frequency oscillated from 3 to 6 as he drifted through clouds of super-heated gas) 3 to 6, 3 to 6—7 to 10! (Someone was coming.) U to 10, 7 to 10, (It was getting closer; suddenly:) 10 to 16! (Then:) 3 to 6, 7 to 10, 3 to 6, 7 to 10, (they had passed through each other. *Hi*, Petra said. *Have you any idea where we are?*)

(*The temperature is somewhere near three quarters of a million degrees. Any ideas?*)

9 to 27, 9 to 27, 9 to 27 (came pattering along and passed through both Jon and Petra;) 12 to 35, 10 to 37, (and then, again) 3 to 6, 7 to 10, 9 to 27, 9 to 27, 9 to 27 (*We are halfway between the surface and the center of a star not unlike our sun*, said Arkor. *Note all the strange elements around.*) 9 to 27, 9 to 27, 9 to 27.

7 to 10, 7 to 10, 7 to 10 (*They keep on turning into one another*, Petra said.) 7 to 10, 7 to 10, 7 to 10.

3 to 6, 3 to 6, 3 to 6 (*At this temperature you would too if you were atomic*, Jon told her.) 3 to 6, 3 to 6, 3 to 6.

9 to 27, 9 to 27, 9 to 27 (*Where's our friend?* Arkor wanted to know.)

π to e , π to $2e$, 2π to $4e$, 4π to $8e$, 8π to $16e$, 16π to $32e$.

(*Speak of the ...* Jon started. *Hey, we've got to do something about that. Not only is it transcendental, it's increasing so fast he'll eventually shake this star apart.*) 3 to 6, 3 to 6, 3 to 6.

(*So that's what causes novas*, said Petra.) 7 to 10, 7 to 10, 7 to 10.

(At the next oscillation, Arkor, acting as a side-coefficient, passed through the intruder.) 322π to $64e$ (Arkor got out before the second extremity was reached. The wave cycle stuttered, having been reversed end on end.) 642π to $32e$ (It tried to right itself and couldn't because Jon spun through the lower end divisibility) 642π to $16/9e$ (then Arkor jumped in, tail first it recovered and it resolved into:) 642π to $4/3e$, 642π to $4/3e$, 642π to $4/3e$ (it quivered, its range no longer geometric).

(*Watch this*, said Petra, *About face...* She gave it a sort of nudge, not passing through it, so that when it whirled to catch her, she was gone, and it was going the other way:)

$4/3\pi$ to $642e$, $4/3\pi$ to $642e$, $4/3\pi$ to $642e$,

(*I hope no one ever does that to me*, said Petra. *Look, the poor thing is contracting.*)

$4/3$ to $640e$, $4/3\pi$ to 622 , $4/3\pi$ to 560 , $4/3\pi$ to 499 ,

(Somehow the e component chanced to slip through 125. Jon moved in like a shower of anti-theta-mazons and extracted a painless cube so fast that the intruder oscillated on it three times before it knew what had happened to it:)

$4/3\pi$ to $53e$, $4/3\pi$ to $53e$, $4/3\pi$ to $53e$ under high gravity—very high, that is, two to three million times that of earth, such as inside a star—in such warped space there is a subtle difference between 53 and 125, though they represent the same number. It's like the notes E-sharp and F, which are technically the same, but are distinguished between when played by a good violinist with a fine ear. When the root came loose, therefore, the variation threw the wave-length all off balance:) $4/3\pi$ to $5e$, $4/3\pi$ to $5e$, $4/3\pi$ to $5e$...

(*All right, everybody, concentrate—*)

(*There, there, there...*)

For one moment, the intruding oscillation turned, ducked, tried to escape, and couldn't. It contracted into a small ball with a volume of $4/3\pi e^3$, and disappeared.

There...

Jon Koshar shook his head, staggered forward, and went down on his knees in white sand. He blinked. He looked up. There were two shadows in front of him. Then he saw the city.

It was Telphar, stuck on a desert, under a double sun. The transit ribbon started across the desert, got the length of twelve pylons, and then crumpled.

As he stood up, something caught in the corner of his eye.

His eyes moved, and he saw a woman about twenty feet away from him. Her red hair fell straight to her shoulders in the dry heat. He blinked as she approached. She wore a straight skirt and had a notebook under her arm. "Petra?" he said, frowning. It was Petra, but Petra different.

"Jon," she answered. "What happened to you?"

He looked down at himself. He was wearing a torn, dirty uniform. A prison uniform. His prison uniform!

"Arkor," said Petra, suddenly. (Her voice was higher, less sure.)

They turned. Arkor stood in the sand, his feet wide over the white hillocks. The triple scars down his face welled bright blood in the hot light.

They came together now. "What's going on?" Jon asked.

Arkor shrugged.

"What about the kids?" asked Petra.

"They're still right here," Arkor said, pointing to his head and grinning. Then his finger touched the opened scars. When he drew it away, he saw the blood and frowned. Then he looked at the City. The sun caught on the towers and slipped like bright liquid along the looping highways. "Hey," Jon said to Petra. (No, he realized; it was Petra with a handful of years lopped off.) "What's the notebook?"

She looked down at it, surprised to find it in her hands. Then she looked at her dress. Suddenly she laughed, and began to flip through the pages of the notebook. "Why, this is the book in which I finished my article on shelter architecture among the forest people. In fact this is what I was wearing the day I finished my article."

"And you?" Jon asked Arkor.

Arkor looked at the blood on his finger. "My mark is bleeding, like the night the priest put it there." He paused. "That was the night that I became Arkor, really. That was the time that I realized how the world was, the confusion, the stupidity, the fear. It was the night I decided to leave the forest." Now he looked up at Jon. "That was the uniform you were wearing when you escaped from prison."

"Yes," said Jon. "I guess it was what I was wearing when I became me, too. That was the time when freedom seemed most bright." He paused. "I was going to find it no matter what. Only somehow I felt I'd gotten sideswiped. I wonder whether I have or not."

"Have you?" asked Petra. She glanced at the City. "I guess when I finished that essay, that's when I really became myself, too. I remember I went through a whole sudden series of revelations about myself, and about society, and about how I felt about society, about being an aristocrat, even, what it meant and what it *didn't* mean. And I suppose that's why I'm here now." She looked at the City again. "There he is," she nodded.

"That's right," said Jon.

They started across the sand, now, making toward the shadow of the ruined transit ribbon. They reached it quicker than they thought, for the horizon was very close. The double shadows, one a bit lighter than the other, lay like two inked brush strokes over the page of the desert. "But how come we're in our own bodies," the Duchess asked, as they reached the shadow of the first pylon. "Shouldn't we be inhabiting the forms of..." Suddenly there was a sound, the shadow moved. Jon looked up at the ribbon above them and cried out.

As the metal tore away, they jumped back, and a moment later a length of the ribbon splashed down into the sand, where they had stood. They were still for a handful of breaths.

"You're darn right he's there," Jon said. "Come on."

They started again. Petra shook white grains from her notebook cover and they moved along the loose sand. A road seeped from under the desert, now, and began to rise toward Telphar. They mounted it and followed it toward the looming city. Before them the towers were dark streaks on the rich blue sky.

"You know, Petra's question is a good one," Arkor said few minutes later.

"Yeah," said Jon. "I've been thinking about it too. We seem to be in our own bodies, only they're different. Different as our bodies were at the most important moments of our lives. Maybe, somehow, we've come to a planet in some corner of the universe, where three beings almost identical to us, only different in that way, are doing, for some reason we'll never know, almost exactly what we're doing now."

"It's possible," Arkor said. "With all the myriad possibilities of worlds, it's conceivable that one might be like that, or like this."

“Even to the point of talking about talking about it?” asked Petra. She answered herself. “Yes, I guess it could. But saying all this for reasons we don’t understand, and saying, ‘Saying all this for reasons we don’t understand...’” She shuddered. “It’s not supposed to be that way. It gives me the creeps.”

There was another sound, and they froze. It was the low sound of some structure tumbling, but they couldn’t see anything.

Another fifty feet, when the road had risen ten feet off the ground and the first tower was beside them, they heard a cracking noise again. The road swayed beneath them. “Uh-oh,” Arkor said.

Then the road fell. They cried out, they scrambled; suddenly there was cracked concrete around them, and they had fallen. Above them was a jagged width of blue sky between the remaining edges of the road.

“My foot’s caught,” Petra cried out.

Arkor was beside her, tugging on the concrete slab that held her.

“Hold on a second,” Jon said. He grabbed a free metal strut that still vibrated in the rubble, and jammed it between the slab and the beam it lay on. Using the wreck of an I-beam for a fulcrum, he pried it up. “There, slip your foot out.”

Petra rolled away. “Is the bone broken?” he asked. “I got a friend of mine out of a mine accident that way, once.” He let the slab fall again. (And for a moment he stopped, thinking, I knew what to do. I wasn’t clumsy, I knew...)

Petra rubbed her ankle. “No,” she said. “I just got my ankle wedged in that crevice, and the concrete fell on top.” She stood up, now, picking up the notebook. “Ow,” she said. “That hurts.”

Arkor held her arm. “Can you walk?”

“With difficulty,” Petra said, taking another step and clamping her teeth.

“Alter says to stand on your other foot and shake your injured one around to get the circulation back,” Arkor told her.

Petra gritted teeth, and stepped again. “A little better,” she said. “I’m scared. This really hurts. This may be a body that looks like mine, but it hurts, and it hurts like mine.” Suddenly she looked off into the city. “Oh hell,” she said. “He’s in there. Let’s go.”

They went forward again, this time under the road. The sidewalks, deserted and graying, slipped past. They passed a shopping section; teeth of broken glass gaped in the frames of store windows. Above, two roads veered and crossed, making a black, extended swastika on a patch of white clouds.

Then a sudden rumbling.

Silence.

They stopped.

Now a crash, thunderous and protracted. An odor of dust reached them. “He’s there,” Arkor said.

“Yes,” said Jon.

“I can...”

Then the City exploded. There was one instant of very real agony for Jon as the pavement beneath his feet shot up at him, and he reached his mind out as a shard of concrete knocked in his face (all the time crying, *No, no, I’ve just become Jon Koshar, I’m not supposed to ...* as a lost Prince had cried out half a year and half a universe away) and at the same time, *There...*

Petra got a chance to see the face of the building beside them rip off a foot before the air blast tore the notebook from her hands, and at the same time she welled her thoughts from behind the bone confines of her skull. *There...*

And Arkor’s thoughts (he never saw the explosion because he blinked just then) tore out through his eyelids as fragmented steel tore into them. *There...*

It was cold, it was black. For a moment they saw with a spectrum that reached from the star-wide waves of novas to the micro-micron skittering of neutrinos. And it was black, and completely cold. A rarefied breeze of ionized hydrogen (approximately two particles per cubic rod) floated over half a light year. Once, a herd of pale photons dashed through them from a deflected glare on some dying sun a trillion eons past. Other than that, there was silence, save for the hum of one lone galaxy, eternities

away. They hovered, frozen, staring into nothing, above, below, behind, contemplating what they had seen.

Then, the green of beetles' wings, and they flailed into the blood of sensation from the blackness, whirled into red flame the color of polished carbuncle, smoothly through the nerves and into the brain; then, before the blue smoke, burning blue through the lightning seared axion of their corporate organisms, they were snared within the heat and electric imminency of a web of silver fire.

Chapter XII

In the laboratory tower of Toron, the transparent bubble above the receiving stage brightened. In shimmering haze on the platform, the transparent figures solidified. Then Alter and Tel slipped beneath the rail on the stage and dropped down to the floor (Alter still wore the hospital robe and the cast on her left arm) while Arkor, Jon, and Petra used the metal stairway to descend. A battery of relays snapped somewhere and the scarlet heads of forty-nine switches by the window snapped to off. The globe faded.

"A bit more explanation," Petra was saying. "Hey, kids, keep quiet."

"Well, as far as the Lord of the Flames goes, on Earth anyway, it's more or less trivial and irrelevant," said Arkor. "You're still right. This war is in Toromon, not outside it."

"My curiosity is still peaked," Jon said. "So give."

"From what I gathered while I saw scanning the minds of those two who came out of the generator building with the Lord of the Flames (I should say the host of the Lord of the Flames), there's a tribe behind the barrier which resembles more or less what man might have been forty or fifty thousand years ago. Physically they're squat, thick-boned, and have the elements of a social system. Mentally they're pretty thick and squat too. The Lord of the Flames got into one of them just about when he was at age four. Then he gave the kid about sixty thousand years worth of technical information. So he began building all sorts of goodies, forcing his people to help him, using some equipment from a ruined city that dates from pre-Great Fire times behind the barrier. That's how the generators and the anti-aircraft guns got constructed."

"Our war is still going on," Jon said.

"Well, the Lord of the Flames is no longer with us," said Petra. "We've chased it to the other end of the universe. Now that we've removed what external reason there was for the war, we've got to think about the internal ones."

"What are you going to do immediately about the kids?" Jon asked.

"I think the best thing for them to do is to go off to my estate for a little while," Petra said.

"It's on an island, isn't it?" Tel asked.

"That's right," Petra said.

"Gee, Alter. Now I can teach you how to fish, and we'll be right by the sea."

"What about Uske?" Arkor asked. "You can either walk into his room and interrupt an obscene dream he's having, and present your case and be arrested for treason, or you can leave well enough alone at this point and wait till the opportunity comes to do something constructive."

Suddenly Jon grinned. "Hey, you say he's asleep?" He turned and bounded for the door.

"What are you going to do?" Petra called.

Jon looked at Arkor. "Read my mind," he said.

Then Arkor laughed.

In his bedroom, Uske rolled over through a silken rustle, opened one eye, and thought he heard a sound.

"Hey, stupid," someone whispered.

Uske reached out of bed and pressed the night light. A dim orange glow did not quite fill half the room.

"Now don't get panicky," continued the voice. "You're dreaming."

"Huh?" Uske leaned on one elbow, blinked, and scratched his head with his other hand.

A shadow approached him, then stopped, naked, faceless, transparent, half in and half out of the light. "See," came the voice. "A figment of your imagination."

"Oh, I remember you," Uske said.

"Fine," said the shadow. "Do you know what I've been doing since the last time you saw me?"

"I couldn't be less interested," Uske said, turning over and looking the other way.

"I've been trying to stop the war. Do you believe me?"

"Look, figment, it's three o'clock in the morning. I'll believe it, but what's it to you?"

"Just that I think I've succeeded."

"I'll give you two minutes before I pinch myself and wake up." Uske turned back over.

"Look, what do you think is behind the radiation barrier?"

"I think very little about it, figgy. It doesn't have very much to do with me."

"It's a primitive race that can't possibly harm us, especially now that its—its generators have been knocked out. All of its artillery it got from a source that is now defunct. Look, Uske, I'm your guilty conscience. Wouldn't it be fun to really be king for a while and stop the war? You declared war. Now declare peace. Then start examining the country and doing something about it."

"Mother would never hear of it. Neither would Chargill. Besides, all this information is only a dream."

"Exactly, Uske. You're dreaming about what you really want. So how does this sound: make a deal with me as your guilty conscience and representative of yourself; if this dream turns out to be correct, then you declare peace. It's the only logical thing. Come on, stand up for yourself, be a king. You'll go down in history as having started a war. Wouldn't you like to go down as having stopped it too?"

"You don't understand..."

"Yes, I know. A war is a bigger thing than the desires of one man, even if he is a king. But if you get things started on the right foot, you'll have history on your side."

"Your two minutes have been cut down to one; and it's up."

"I'm going; I'm going. But think about it, Uske."

Uske switched off the light and the ghost went out. A few minutes later Jon crawled through the laboratory tower window, buttoning his shirt. Arkor shook his head, smiling. "Well," he said. "Good try. Here's hoping it does some good."

Jon shrugged.

In the morning, Rara got up early to sweep off the front steps of the inn (windows boarded, kitchen raided, but deserted now save for her; and she had the key); she swept to the left, looking right, then swept to the right, looked left, and said, "Dear Lord, you can't stay there like that. Come on, now. Get on, be on your way."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"For pity's sake, woman, you can't go around cluttering up the steps of an honest woman's boarding house. We're re-opening this week, soon as we get the broken windows repaired. Vandals didn't leave a one, after the old owner died. Just got my license, so it's all legal. Soon as we get the window, so you just move on."

"I just got here, this morning... They didn't tell us where to go, they just turned us off the ship. And it was so dark, and I was tired... I didn't know the City was so big. I'm looking for my son—not so big! We used to be fishermen back on the mainland. I did a little weaving."

"And your son ran off to the City and you ran off after him. Good luck in the New Land; welcome to the island of Opportunity. But just get up and move on."

"But my son..."

"There are more fishermen's sons down here in the Devil's Pot than you can shake a stick at—fishermen's sons, farmers' sons, blacksmiths' sons, sons' sons. And all of their mothers were weavers or water carriers, or chicken raisers. I must have talked to all of them at one time or another. I won't even tell you to go down to the launch where they take the workers out to the aquariums and the hydroponic's gardens. That's what most of the young people do when they get here ... if they can get a

job. I won't even tell you to go there, because there're so many people that work there, you might miss him a dozen days running."

"But the war—I thought he might have joined..."

"Somewhere in this ridiculous mess," interrupted Rara, her birthmark deepening in color, "I have misplaced a niece who was as close to me as any daughter or son ever was to any mother or father. All reports say that she's dead. So you just be happy that you don't know about yours. You be very happy, do you hear me!"

The woman was standing up now. "You say the launches to the factory? Which way are they?"

"I'm telling you not to go. They're that way, down two streets, and to your left until you hit the docks. Don't go."

"Thank you," the woman was saying, already off down the street. "Thank you." As she reached the middle of the block, someone rounded the corner a moment later, sprinting. He brushed past the woman and ran toward the door of the inn.

"Tel," whispered Rara. "Tel!"

"Hi, Rara." He stopped, panting.

"Well, come in," she said. "Come inside." They stepped into the lobby of the inn. "Tel, do you know anything about what happened to Alter? I got a weird story from General Medical. And then you disappeared. My lord, I feel like a crazy fool opening this place. But if somehow she wanted to get to me, where would she go if I wasn't here? And then, what am I to do anyway. I mean I have to eat, and—"

"Rara," he said, and he said it so that she stopped talking. "Look I know where Alter is. And she's safe. As far as you know, you don't know where she is, if she's alive or dead. But you suspect she isn't alive. I'll be going to her, but you don't know that either. I just came to check on some things."

"I've got all her things together right here. They gave me her clothes at the hospital, and put them all into a bundle in case we had to make a quick getaway. We had to do that once when we were working in a carnival where the manager suddenly took a liking to her and made himself a pest. She was twelve. He was a beast. Maybe you should take—"

"The fewer things I take the better," Tel said. Then he saw the bundle on the table by the door. On top was a leather thong to which a few chips of colored shell still clung. "Maybe this," he said, picking it up. "What shape is Geryn's room in?"

"The place has been ransacked since they took him away," she said. "Everybody and his brother has been picking at the place. What about Geryn, how is he?"

"Dead," Tel said. "What I really came about was to burn his plans for the kidnaping."

"Dead?" Rara asked. "Well, I'm not surprised. Oh, the plans! Why I burned those myself the minute I got back into his room. They were all over the table; why they didn't take them all up right then, I'll never—"

"Did you burn every last scrap?"

"And crumbled the ashes, and disposed of them one handful at a time over a period of three days by the docks. Every last scrap."

"Then I guess there's nothing for me to do," he said. "You may not see me or Alter for a long time. I'll give her your love."

Rara bent down and kissed him on the cheek. "For Alter," she said. Then she asked, "Tel?"

"What?"

"That woman you brushed by in the street when I saw you running up the block..."

"Yes?"

"Did you ever see her before?"

"I didn't look at her very carefully. I'm not sure. Why?"

"Never mind," Rara said. "You just get on out of here before... Well, just get."

"So long, Rara." He got.

Not so high as the towers of the Royal Palace of Toron, the green tile balcony outside Clea's window caught the breeze like the hem of an emerald woman passing the sea. There was water beyond the other houses, deeper blue than the sky, and still. She leaned over the balcony railing. On the white marble table were her notebook, a book on matter transmission, and her slide rule.

"Clea."

She whirled at the voice, her black hair leaping across her shoulder in the low sun.

"Thanks for getting my message through."

"This is you," she said slowly. "In person now."

"Uh-huh."

"I'm not quite sure what to say," she said, blinking. "Except I'm glad."

"I've got some bad news," he said.

"How do you mean?"

"Very bad news. It'll hurt you."

She looked puzzled, her head going to the side.

"Tomar's dead."

The head straightened, the black eyebrows pulled together, and her lower lip tautened across her teeth until her jaw muscles quivered. She nodded once, quickly, and said, "Yes." Then, as quickly, she looked down and up at him. Her eyes were closed. "That ... that hurts so much."

He waited a few moments, and then said, "Here, let me show you something."

"What?"

"Come over to the table. Here." He took a handful of copper centiunit pieces from his pocket, moved her books and slide rule over, and arranged the coins in a square, four by four, only with one corner missing. Now he took a smaller, silver deciunit and put it on the table about a foot from the missing corner. "Shoot it into the gap there," he said.

She put her forefinger on the silver disk, was still, and then snapped her finger. The silver circle shot across the foot of white marble, hit the corner, and two pieces of copper bounced away from the other side of the square. She looked at him, questioningly.

"It's a gambling game, called Randomax. It's getting sort of popular in the army."

"Random for random numbers, max for matrix?"

"You've heard of it?"

"Just guessing."

"Tomar wanted you to know about it. He said you might be interested in some of its aspects."

"Tomar?"

"Just like I monitored your phone calls, I overheard him talking to another soldier about it before he—before the crash. He just thought you'd be interested."

"Oh," she said. She moved the silver circle away from the others, put the dislocated copper coins back in the square again, and flipped the smaller coin once more. Two different coins jumped away. "Damn," Clea said, softly.

"Huh?" He looked up. Tears were running down her face.

"Damn," she said. "It hurts." She blinked and looked up again. "What about you? You still haven't told me all that's happened to you. Wait a moment." She reached for her notebook, took a pencil up, and made a note.

"An idea?" he asked.

"From the game," she told him. "Something I hadn't thought of before."

He smiled. "Does that solve all your problems on—what were they—sub-trigonometric functions?"

"Inverse sub-trigonometric functions," she said. "No. It doesn't go that simply. Did you stop your war?"

"I tried," he said. "It doesn't go that simply."

"Are you free?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad. How did it come about?"

"I used to be a very hardheaded, head-strong, sort of stupid kid, who was always doing things to get me into more trouble than it would get the people I did it to. That was about my only criterion for doing anything. Unfortunately I didn't do it very well. So now, still head-strong, maybe not quite so stupid, I've at least picked up a little skill. I had to do something where the main point wasn't whether it hurt me or not. They just had to be done. I had to go a long way, see a lot of things, and I guess it sort of widened my horizons, gave me some room to move around-some more freedom."

"Childhood and a prison mine doesn't give you very much, does it?"

"No."

"What about the war, Jon?"

"Let's put it this way. As far as what's on the other side of the radiation barrier, which is pretty much out of commission now, there's no need for a war. None whatsoever. If that gets seen and understood by the people who have to see and understand it, then fine. If not, well then, it isn't that simple. Look, Clea, I just came by for a few minutes. I want to get out of the house before Dad sees me. Keep on talking to him. I'll be disappearing for a while, so you'll have to do it. Just don't bother to tell him I'm alive."

"Jon..."

He smiled. "I mean I want to do it myself when I come back."

She looked down a moment, and when she looked up he was going back into the house. She started to say good-bye, but bit back the words.

Instead, she sat down at the table; she opened the notebook; she cried a little bit. Then she started writing again.

50. The Jewels of Aptor

Author: Samuel R. Delany
Topics: science fiction, fiction
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The waves flung up against the purple glow of double sleeplessness. Along the piers the ships return; but sailing I would go through double rings of fire, double fears. So therefore let your bright vaults heave the night about with ropes of wind and points of light, and say, as all the rolling stars go, "I have stood my feet on rock and seen the sky."

—These are the opening lines from *The Galactica*, by the one-armed poet Geo, the epic of the conflicts of Leptar and Aptor.

Prologue

Afterwards, she was taken down to the sea.

She didn't feel too well, so she sat on a rock down where the sand was wet and scrunched her bare toes in and out of the cool surface.

She turned away, looked toward the water, and hunched her shoulders a little. "I think it was awful," she said. "I think it was pretty terrible. Why did you show it to me? He was just a little boy. What reason could they have possibly had for doing that to him?"

"It was just a film," he said. "We showed it to you so you would learn."

"But it was a film of something that really happened."

"It happened several years ago, several hundred miles away."

"But it did happen; you used a tight beam to spy on them, and when the image came in on the vision screen, you made a film of it, and—But why did you show it to me?"

"What have we been teaching you?"

But she couldn't think, and only had the picture in her mind, vivid movements, scarlets, and bright agony. "He was just a child," she said. "He couldn't have been more than eleven or twelve."

"You are just a child," he said. "You are not sixteen yet."

"What was I supposed to learn?"

"Look around you," he said. "You should see something."

But the picture in her mind was still too vivid, too bright.

"You should be able to learn it right here on this beach, in the trees back there, in the rocks, in the bleached shells around your feet. You do see it; you just don't recognize it." Suddenly he changed his tone. "Actually you're a very fine student. You learn quickly. Do you remember anything about telepathy? You studied it months ago."

"By a method similar to radio broadcast and reception," she recited, "the synapse patterns of conscious thoughts are read from one cranial cortex and duplicated in another, resulting in similar sensual impressions experienced—" Suddenly she broke off. "But I can't do it, so it doesn't help me any!"

"What about history, then?" he said. "You did extremely well during the examination. What good does knowing about all the happenings in the world before and after the Great Fire do you?"

"Well, it's ..." she started. "It's just interesting."

"The film you saw," he said, "was, in a way, history. That is, it happened in the past."

"But it was so—" Again she stopped. "—horrible!"

"Does history fascinate you because it's just interesting?" he asked. "Or does it do something else? Don't you ever want to know what the reason is behind some of the things these people do in the pages of the books?"

"Yes, I want to know the reasons," she said. "Like I want to know the reason they nailed that man to the oaken cross. I want to know why they did that to him."

"A good question," he mused. "Which reminds me, at about the same time as they were nailing him to that cross, it was decided in China that the forces of the universe were to be represented by a circle, half black, half white. But to remind themselves that there was no pure force, no purely unique reason, they put a spot of white paint in the black half and a spot of black paint in the white. Isn't that interesting?"

She looked at him and wondered how he had gotten from one to the other. But he was going on.

“And do you remember the goldsmith, the lover, how he recorded in his autobiography that at age four, he and his father saw the Fabulous Salamander on their hearth by the fire; and his father suddenly smacked the boy ten feet across the room into a rack of kettles, saying something to the effect that little Cellini was too young to remember the incident unless some pain accompanied it.”

“I remember that story,” she said. “And I remember that Cellini said that he wasn’t sure if the smack was the reason he remembered the Salamander, or the Salamander the reason he remembered the smack.”

“Yes, yes!” he cried. “That’s it. The reason, the reasons ... Don’t you see the pattern?”

“Only I don’t know what a Salamander is,” she told him.

“Well, it’s like the blue lizards that sing outside your window sometimes,” he explained. “Only it isn’t blue, and it doesn’t sing.”

“Then why should anyone want to remember it?” she grinned. It was an attempt to annoy him, but he was not looking at her, and was talking of something else.

“And the painter,” he was saying, “he was a friend of Cellini, you remember, in Florence. He was painting a picture of “La Gioconda.” As a matter of fact, he had to take time from the already crumbling picture of “The Last Supper” of the man who was nailed to the cross of oak to paint her. And he put a smile on her face of which men asked for centuries, ‘What is the reason she smiles so strangely?’ Yes, the reason, don’t you see? Just look around.”

“What about the Great Fire?” she asked. “When they dropped flames from the skies and the harbors boiled, that was reasonless. That was like what they did to that boy.”

“Oh no,” he said to her. “Not reasonless. True, when the Great Fire came, people all over the earth screamed, ‘Why? Why? How can man do this to man? What is the reason?’ But just look around you, right here. On this beach.”

“I guess I can’t see it yet,” she said. “I can just see what they did to him, and it was awful.”

“Well,” said the man in the dark robe, “perhaps when you stop seeing what they did so vividly, you will start seeing why they did it. I think it’s time for us to go back now.”

As she slid off the rock and started walking beside him, barefooted in the sand, she asked, “That boy—I wasn’t sure, he was all tied up, but he had four arms, didn’t he?”

“He did.”

“You know, I can’t just go around saying it was awful. I think I’m going to write a poem. Or make something. Or both. I’ve got to get it out of my head.”

“That wouldn’t be a bad idea,” he mumbled as they approached the trees in front of the river. “Not at all.”

And several days later, and several hundred miles away ...

Chapter I

Waves flung themselves at the blue evening. Low light burned on the wet hulks of ships that slipped by mossy pilings into the docks as water slogged at the rotten stone embankment of the city.

Gangplanks, chained from wooden pulleys, scraped into place on concrete blocks, and the crew, after the slow captain and the tall mate, descended raffishly along the wooden boards which sagged with the pounding of bare feet. In bawling groups, pairs, or singly they howled into the narrow waterfront streets, into the yellow light from open inn doors, the purple shadowed portals leading to dim rooms full of blue smoke and stench of burnt poppies.

The captain, with eyes the color of sea under fog, touched his sword hilt with his fist and said quietly to the mate, "Well, they're gone. We better start collecting new sailors for the ten we lost at Aptor. Ten good men, Jordde. I'm sick when I think of the bone and broken meat they became."

"Ten for the dead," sneered the mate, "and twenty for the living we'll never see again. Any sailor that would want to continue this trip with us is insane. We'll do well if we only lose that many." He was a tall, wire bound man, which made the green tunic he wore look baggy.

"I'll never forgive her for ordering us to that monstrous island," said the captain.

"I wouldn't speak too loudly," mumbled the mate. "Yours isn't to forgive her. Besides, she went with them, and was in as much danger as they were. It's only luck she came back."

Suddenly the captain asked, "Do you believe the sailor's stories of magic they tell of her?"

"Why, sir?" asked the mate. "Do you?"

"No, I don't," said the captain with a certainty that came too quickly. "Still, with three survivors out of thirteen, that she should be among them, with hardly a robe torn."

"Perhaps they wouldn't touch a woman," suggested the mate, Jordde.

"Perhaps," said the captain.

"And she's been strange," continued Jordde, "ever since then. She walks at night. I've seen her going by the rails, looking from the sea-fire to the stars, and then back."

"Ten good men," mused the captain. "Hacked up, torn in bits. I wouldn't have believed that much barbarity in the world, if I hadn't seen that arm, floating on the water. It gives me chills now, the way the men ran to the rail to see, pointed at it. And it just raised itself up, like a beckoning, a signal, and then sank in a wash of foam and green water."

"Well," said the mate, "we have men to get."

"I wonder if she'll come ashore?"

"She'll come if she wants, Captain. Her doing is no concern of yours. Your job is the ship and to do what she says."

"I have more of a job than that," and he looked back at his still craft.

The mate touched the captain's shoulder. "If you're going to speak things like that, speak them softly, and only to me."

"I have more of a job than that," the captain repeated. Then, suddenly, he started away, and the mate was following him down the darkening dockside street.

The dock was still for a moment. Then a barrel toppled from a pile of barrels, and a figure moved like a bird's shadow across the opening between mounds of cargo set about the pier.

At the same time two men approached down a narrow street filled with the day's last light. The bigger one threw a great shadow that aped his gesticulating arms behind him on the greenish faces of the buildings. Bare feet like halved hams, shins bound with thongs and pelts, he waved one hand in explanation, while he rubbed the back of the other on his short, mahogany beard.

“You’re going to ship out, eh friend? You think they’ll take your rhymes and jingles instead of muscles and rope pulling?”

The smaller, in a white tunic looped with a thick leather belt, laughed beneath his friend’s rantings. “Fifteen minutes ago you thought it was a fine idea; said it would make me a man.”

“Oh, it’s a life to make,” his hand went up, “and it’s a life to break men,” and it fell.

The slighter one pushed back black hair from his forehead, stopped, and looked at the ships. “You still haven’t told me why no ship has taken you on in the past three months,” he said absently, following the rope rigging against the sky like black knife slashes on blue silk. “A year ago I’d never see you in for more than three days at once.”

The gesticulating arm suddenly encircled the smaller man’s waist and lifted a leather pouch from the wide belt. “Are you sure, friend Geo,” began the giant, “that we couldn’t use up some of this silver on wine before we go. If you want to do this right, then right is how it should be done. When you sign up on a ship you’re supposed to be broke and a little tight. It shows that you’re capable of getting along without the inconvenience of money and can hold your liquor, too.”

“Urson, get your paw off that.” Geo snatched the purse away.

“Now here,” countered Urson, reaching for it once more, “you don’t have to grab.”

“Look, I’ve kept you drunk five nights now, and it’s time to sober up. And suppose they don’t take us, who’s going—” But Urson, the idea having taken the glow of a game, made another swipe with his big hand.

Geo leapt back with the purse. “Now cut that out,” he began; but in leaping, his feet struck the fallen barrel, and he fell backwards to the wet cobbles. The pouch splattered away, jingling.

Both of them scrambled.

Then the bird’s shadow moved in the opening between the cargo piles, a slight figure bounded forward, swept the purse up with one hand, pushed himself away from the pile of cargo with another, and there were two more fists pumping at his side as he ran.

“What the devil,” began Urson, and then, “What the *devil!*”

“Hey you,” called Geo, lurching to his feet. “Come back!” And Urson had already loped a couple of steps after the fleeting mutant, now halfway down the block.

Suddenly, from behind them, like a wine-glass stem snapping, only twenty times as loud, a voice called, “Stop, little thief. Stop.”

The running form stopped as though it had hit a wall.

“Come back, now! Come back!”

The figure turned, and docilely started back, the movements so lithe and swift a moment ago, now mechanical.

“It’s just a kid,” Urson said.

He was a dark-haired boy, naked except for a ragged breech. He approached staring fixedly beyond them toward the boats. And he had four arms.

Now they turned and looked also.

She stood at the base of the ship’s gangplank, against what sun still washed the horizon. One hand held something close at her throat, and wind, caught in a veil, held the purple gauze against the red swath at the world’s edge, and then dropped it.

The boy, like an automaton, approached her.

“Give that to me, little thief,” she said.

He handed her the purse. She took it, and then suddenly dropped her other hand from her neck. The moment she did so, the boy staggered backwards, turned, and ran straight into Urson, who said, “Ooof,” and then, “God damn little spider.”

The boy struggled to get away like a hydra in furious silence. But Urson held. “You stick around ... Owww!... to get yourself thrashed... There.” The boy got turned, his back to the giant; one arm locked across his neck, and the other hand, holding all four wrists, lifted up hard enough so that the body shook like wires jerked taut, but he was still silent.

Now the woman came across the dock. "This belongs to you, gentlemen?" she asked, extending the purse.

"Thank you, ma'am," grunted Urson, reaching forward.

"I'll take it, ma'am," said Geo, intercepting. Then he recited:

"Shadows melt in light of sacred laughter. Hands and houses shall be one hereafter.

"Many thanks," he added.

Beneath the veil, on her shadowed face, her eyebrows raised. "You have been schooled in courtly rites?" She observed him. "Are you perhaps a student at the university?"

Geo smiled. "I was, until a short time ago. But funds are low and I have to get through the summer somehow. I'm going to sea."

"Honorable, but perhaps foolish."

"I am a poet, ma'am; they say poets are fools. Besides, my friend here says the sea will make a man of me. To be a good poet, one must be a good man."

"More honorable, less foolish. What sort of a man is your friend?"

"My name is Urson," said the giant, stepping up. "I've been the best hand on any ship I've sailed on."

"Urson?" said the woman, musing. "The Bear? I thought bears did not like water. Except polar bears. It makes them mad. I believe there was an old spell, in antiquity, for taming angry bears..."

"*Calmly brother bear,*" Geo began to recite. "*calm the winter sleep. Fire shall not harm, water not alarm. While the current grows, amber honey flaws, golden salmon leap.*"

"Hey," said Urson. "I'm not a bear."

"Your name means bear," Geo said. Then to the lady, "You see, I have been well trained."

"I'm afraid I have not," she replied. "Poetry and rituals were a hobby of a year's passing interest when I was younger. But that was all." Now she looked down at the boy whom Urson still held. "You two look alike. Dark eyes, dark hair." She laughed. "Are there other things in common between poets and thieves?"

"Well," complained Urson with a jerk of his chin, "this one here won't spare a few silvers for a drink of good wine to wet his best friend's throat, and that's a sort of thievery, if you ask me."

"I did not ask," said the woman, quietly.

Urson huffed.

"Little thief," the woman said. "Little four arms. What is your name?"

Silence, and the dark eyes narrowed.

"I can make you tell me," and she raised her hand to her throat again.

Now the eyes opened wide, and the boy pushed back against Urson's belly.

Geo reached toward the boy's neck where a ceramic disk hung from a leather thong. Glazed on the white enamel was a wriggle of black with a small dot of green for an eye at one end. "This will do for a name," Geo said. "No need to harm him. Snake is his symbol; Snake shall be his name."

"Little Snake," she said, dropping her threatening hand, "how good a thief are you?" She looked at Urson. "Let him go."

"And miss thrashing his backside?" objected Urson.

"He will not run away."

Urson released him, and four hands came from behind the boy's back and began massaging one another's wrists. But the dark eyes watched her until she repeated, "How good a thief are you?"

With only a second's indecision, he reached into his clout and drew out what seemed another leather thong similar to the one around his neck. He held up the fist from which it dangled, and the fingers opened slowly to a cage.

"What is it?" Urson asked, peering over Snake's shoulder.

The woman gazed forward, then suddenly stood straight. "You ..." she began.

Snake's fist closed like a sea-polyp.

"You are a fine thief, indeed."

"What is it?" Urson asked. "I didn't see anything."

"Show them," she said.

Snake opened his hand, and on the dirty palm, in coiled leather, held by a clumsy wire cage, was a milky sphere the size of a man's eye, lucent through the shadow.

"A very fine thief indeed," repeated the woman in a low voice tautened strangely from its previous brittle clarity. She had pulled her veil aside now, and Geo saw, where her hand had again raised to her throat, the tips of her slim fingers held an identical jewel, only this one in a platinum claw, hung from a wrought gold chain.

Her eyes, unveiled, black as obsidian, raised to meet Geo's. A slight smile lifted her pale mouth and then fell again. "No," she said. "Not quite so clever as I thought. At first I believed he had taken mine. But clever enough. Clever enough. You, schooled in the antiquity of Leptar's rituals, are you clever enough to tell me what these baubles mean?"

Geo shook his head.

A breath passed her pale mouth now, and though her eyes still fixed his, she seemed to draw away, blown into some past shadow by her own sigh. "No," she said. "It has all been lost, or destroyed by the old priests and priestesses, the old poets.

"Freeze the drop in the hand and break the earth with singing. Hail the height of a man and also the height of a woman.

The eyes have imprisoned a vision ..."

She spoke the lines almost reverently. "Do you recognize any of this? Can you tell me where they are from?"

"Only one stanza of it," said Geo. "And that in a slightly different form." He recited:

"Burn the grain speck in the hand and batter the stars with singing. Hail the height of a man, and also the height of a woman."

"Well," said the woman. "You have done better than all the priests and priestesses of Leptar. What about this fragment? Where is it from?"

"It is a stanza of the discarded rituals of the Goddess Argo, the ones banned and destroyed five hundred years ago. The rest of the poem is completely lost," explained Geo. "I found that stanza when I peeled away the binding paper of an ancient tome that I found in the Antiquity Collection in the Temple Library at Acedia. Apparently a page from an even older book had been used in the binding of this one. I assume these are fragments of the rituals before Leptar purged her litanies. I know at least my variant stanza belongs to that period. Perhaps you have received a misquoted rendition; for I will vouch for the authenticity of mine."

"No," she said, almost regretfully. "Mine is the authentic version. So, you too, are not that clever." She turned back to the boy. "But I have need of a good thief. Will you come with me? And you, poet, I have need of one who thinks so meticulously and who delves into places where even my priests and priestesses do not go. Will you come with me?"

"Where are we going?"

"Aboard that ship," she said, smiling toward the vessel.

"That's a good boat," said Urson. "I'd be proud to sail on her, Geo."

"The captain is in my service," the woman told Geo. "He will take you on. Perhaps you will get a chance to see the world, and become the man you wish to be."

Geo saw that Urson was beginning to look uneasy, and said, "My friend goes on whatever ship I do. This we've promised each other. Besides, he is a good sailor, while I have no knowledge of the sea."

"On our last journey," the woman explained, "we lost men. I do not think your friend will have trouble getting a berth."

"Then we'll be honored to come," said Geo. "Under whose service shall we be, then, for we still don't know who you are?"

Now the veil fell across her face again. "I am a high priestess of the Goddess Argo. Now, who are you?"

"My name is Geo," Geo told her.

"Of the Earth, then, your name," she said. "And you, Urson, the bear. And Lamio, the little Snake. I welcome you aboard our ship."

Just then, from down the street, came the captain and the mate, Jordde. They emerged from the diagonal of shadow that lanced over the cobbles, slowly, heavily. The captain squinted out across the ships toward the horizon, the copper light filling his deepening wrinkles and burnishing the planes of flesh around his gray eyes. As they approached, the priestess turned to them. "Captain, I have three men as a token replacement at least for the ones my folly helped lose."

Urson, Geo, and Snake looked at each other, and then toward the captain.

Jordde looked at all three.

"You seem strong," the captain said to Urson, "a sea-bred man. But this one," and he looked at Snake now, "one of the Strange Ones..."

"They're bad luck on a ship," interrupted the mate. "Most ships won't take them at all, ma'am. This one's just a boy, and for all his spindles there, couldn't haul rope or reef sails. Ma'am, he'd be no good to us at all. And we've had too much bad luck already."

"He's not for rope pulling," laughed the priestess. "The little Snake is my guest. The others you can put to ship's work. I know you are short of men. But I have my own plans for this one."

"As you say, ma'am," said the captain.

"But Priestess," began Jordde.

"As you say," repeated the captain, and the mate stepped back, quieted. The captain turned to Geo now. "And who are you?" he asked.

"I'm Geo, before and still a poet. But I'll do what work you set me, sir."

"And you?" Jordde asked Urson.

"I'm a good sea-son of the waves, can stand triple watch without flagging, and I believe I'm already hired." He looked to the captain.

"But what do they call you?" Jordde asked. "You have a familiar look, like one I've had under me before."

"They call me the handsome sailor, the fastest rope reeler, the quickest line hauler, the speediest sheaf reefer..."

"Your name, man, your name," Jordde demanded.

"Some call me Urson."

"That's the name I knew you by before! Do you think I'd sail with you again, when I myself put it in black and white and sent it to every captain and mate in the dock? For three months now you've had no berth, and if you had none for three hundred years it would be too soon."

Jordde turned to the captain now. "He's a troublemaker, sir, a fight-starter. Though he's as wild as waves and with the strength of mizzen spars, spirit in a man is one thing, and a fight or two the same; but good sailor though he be, I've sworn not to have him on ship with me, sir. He's nearly murdered half a dozen men and probably has murdered half a dozen more. No mate who knows the men of this harbor will take him on."

The Priestess of Argo laughed. "Captain, take him." Now she looked at Geo. "The words for calming the angry bear have been recited before him. Now, Geo, we will see how good a poet you are, and if the spell works." At last she turned toward Urson. "Have you ever killed a man?"

Urson was silent a moment. "I have."

"Had you told me that," said the Priestess, "I would have chosen you first. I have need of you also. Captain, you must take him. If he is a good sailor, then we cannot spare him. I will channel what special talents he may have. Geo, since you said the spell, and are his friend, I charge you with his control. Also, I wish to talk with you, poet, student of rituals. Come, you all may stay on board ship tonight."

Chapter II

An oil lamp leaked yellow light on the wooden walls of the ship's forecandle. Geo wrinkled his nose, then shrugged.

"Well," said Urson, "this is a pleasant enough hole." He climbed one of the tiers of bunked beds and pounded the ticking with the flat of his hand. "Here, I'll take this one. Little wriggly arms, you look like you have a strong stomach, so you take the middle. And Geo, sling yourself down in the bottom there." He clumped to the floor again. "The lower down you are," he explained, "the better you sleep, because of the rocking. Well, what do you think of your first forecandle, Geo?"

The poet was silent. As he turned his head, double pins of light struck yellow dots in his dark eyes, and then went out as he turned from the lamp.

"I put you in the bottom because a little rough weather can unseat your belly pretty fast if you're up near the ceiling and not used to it," Urson expanded, dropping his hand heavily on Geo's shoulder. "I told you I'd look out for you, didn't I, friend?"

But Geo turned away and seemed to examine something else.

Urson looked at Snake now, who was watching him from against one wall. Urson's glance was puzzled. Snake's only silent.

"Hey." Urson spoke to Geo once more. "Let's you and me take a run around this ship and see what's tied down where. A good sailor does that first thing—unless he's too drunk. But that lets the captain and the mate know he's got an alert eye out, and sometimes he can learn something that will ease some back-bending later on. What do you say?"

"Not now, Urson," interrupted Geo. "You go."

"And would you please tell me why my company suddenly isn't good enough for you. This sudden silence is a bilgy way to treat somebody who's sworn himself to see that you make the best first voyage that a man could have. Why, I think ..."

"When did you kill a man?" Geo suddenly turned.

The giant stood still, his hands twisting into double knots of bone and muscle. Then they opened. "Maybe it was a year ago," he said softly. "And maybe it was a year, two months, and five days, on a Thursday morning at eight o'clock in the brig of a heaving ship. Which would make it about five days and ten hours."

"How could you kill a man?" Geo asked. "How could you go for a year and not tell me about it, and then admit it to a stranger just like that? You were my friend, we've slept under the same blanket, drank from the same wineskin. But what sort of a person are you?"

"And what sort of a person are you?" said the giant. "A nosy bastard that I'd break in seven pieces if ..." he heaved in a breadth. "If I hadn't promised I'd make no trouble. I've never broken a promise to anyone, alive or dead." The fists formed, relaxed again.

Suddenly he raised one hand, flung it away, and spat on the floor. Then he turned toward the steps to the door.

Then the noise hit them. They both turned toward Snake. The boy's black eyes darted under twin spots of light from the lamp, to Urson, to Geo, then back.

The noise came again, quieter this time, and recognizable as the word *Help*, only it was no sound, but like the fading hum of a tuning fork inside their skulls, immediate, yet fuzzy.

... *You ... help ... me ... together ...* came the words once more, indistinct and blurring into one another.

“Hey,” Urson said, “is that you?”
... Do ... not ... angry ... came the words.
 “We’re not angry,” Geo said. “What are you doing?”
I ... thinking ... were the words that seemed to generate from the boy now.
 “What sort of a way to think is that if everyone can hear it?” demanded Urson.
 Snake tried to explain. *Not ... everyone ... Just ... you ... You ... think ... I ... hear ...* came the sound again. *I ... think ... You ... hear.*
 “I know we hear,” Urson said. “It’s just like you were talking.”
 “That’s not what he means,” Geo said. “He means he hears what we think just like we hear him. Is that right, Snake?”
When ... you ... think ... loud ... I ... hear.
 “I may just have been doing some pretty loud thinking,” Urson said. “And if I thought something I wasn’t supposed to, well, I apologize.”
 Snake didn’t seem interested in the apology, but asked again, *You ... help ... me ... together.*
 “What sort of help do you want?” Geo asked.
 “And what sort of trouble are you in that you need help out of it?” added Urson.
You ... don’t ... have ... good ... minds, Snake said.
 “What’s that supposed to mean?” Urson asked. “Our minds are as good as any in Leptar. You heard the way the priestess talked to my friend the poet, here.”
 “I think he means we don’t hear very well,” said Geo.
 Snake nodded.
 “Oh,” Urson said. “Well, then you’ll just have to go slow and be patient with us.”
 Snake shook his head. *Get ... hoarse ... when ... shout ... so ... loud.* Suddenly he went over to the bunks. *You ... hear ... better ... see ... too if ... sleep.*
 “Sleep is sort of far from me,” Urson said, rubbing his beard with the back of his wrist.
 “Me too,” Geo admitted. “Can’t you tell us something more?”
Sleep, Snake said.
 “What about talking like an ordinary human being?” suggested Urson, still somewhat perplexed.
Once ... speak, Snake told them.
 “You say you could speak once?” asked Geo. “What happened?”
 Here the boy opened his mouth and pointed.
 Geo stepped forward, held the boy’s chin in his hand and examined the face and peered into the mouth. “By the Goddess!” he exclaimed.
 “What is it?” Urson asked.
 Geo came away now, his face lined in a sickly frown. “His tongue has been hacked out,” he told the giant. “And not too neatly, either.”
 “Who on the seven seas and six continents did a thing like that to you, boy?” Urson demanded.
 Snake shook his head.
 “Now come on, Snake,” he urged. “You can’t keep secrets like that from friends and expect them to rescue you from I don’t know what. Now who was it hacked your voice away?”
What ... man ... you ... kill ... came the sound.
 Urson stopped, and then he laughed. “All right,” he said. “I see.” His voice rose once more. “But if you can hear thoughts, you know the man already. And you know the reason. And this is what we’d find out of you, and only for help and friendship’s sake.”
You ... know ... the ... man, Snake said.
 Geo and Urson exchanged puzzled frowns.
Sleep, said Snake. *You ... sleep ... now.*
 “Maybe we ought to try,” said Geo, “and find out what’s going on.” He crossed to his bunk and slipped in. Urson followed and hoisted himself onto the upper berth, dangling his feet against the

wooden support. "It's going to be a long time before sleep gets to me tonight," he said. "You know the rituals and about magic. Aren't the Strange Ones some sort of magic?"

"The only mention of them in rituals says that they are ashes of the Great Fire. The Great Fire was back before the purges, the ones I spoke to the priestess about, so I don't know anything more about them."

"Sailors have stories of the Great Fire," Urson said. "They say the sea boiled, great birds spat fire from the sky, and beasts rose up from the waves and destroyed the harbors. But what were the purges you mentioned?"

"About five hundred years ago," Geo explained, "all the rituals of the Goddess Argo were destroyed. A completely new set were initiated into the temple practices. All references to them were destroyed also, and with them, much of Leptar's history. Stories have it that the rituals and incantations were too powerful. But this is just a guess, and most priests are very uncomfortable about speculating."

"That was after the Great Fire?" Urson asked.

"Nearly a thousand years after," Geo said.

"It must have been a Great Fire indeed if ashes from it are still falling from the wombs of healthy women." He looked down at Snake. "Is it true that a drop of your blood in vinegar will cure gout? If one of you kisses a female baby, will she have only girl children?" He laughed.

"You know those are only tales," Geo said.

"There used to be a one with two heads that sat outside the Blue Tavern and spun a top all day. It was an idiot, though. But the dwarfs and the legless ones that wheel about the city and do tricks, they are clever. But strange, and quiet, usually."

"You oaf," chided Geo, "you could be one too. How many men do you know who reach your size and strength by normal means?"

"You're a crazy liar," said Urson. Then he scrunched his eyebrows together in thought, and at last shrugged. "Well anyway, I never heard of one who could hear what you thought. It would make me uncomfortable walking down the street." He looked down at Snake between his legs. "Can you all do that?"

Snake, from the middle bunk, shook his head. Urson stretched out on his back, but then suddenly looked over the edge of the berth toward Geo. "Hey, Geo, what about those little baubles she had. Do you know what they are?"

"No, I don't," Geo said. "But she was concerned over them enough." He looked up over the bunk bottom between himself and Urson. "Snake, will you give me another look at that thing?"

Snake held out the thong and the jewel.

"Where did you get it?" Urson asked. "Oh, never mind. I guess we learn that when we go to sleep."

Geo reached for it, but Snake's one hand closed and three others sprang around it. "I wasn't going to take it," explained Geo. "I just wanted to see."

Suddenly the door of the forecastle opened, and the tall mate was silhouetted against the brighter light behind him. "Poet," he called. "She wants to see you." Then he was gone.

Geo looked at the other two, shrugged, and then swung off the berth, made his way up the steps and into the hall.

On deck it was completely dark. As he walked, a door before him opened and a blade of illumination sliced the deck. He jumped.

"Come in," summoned the Priestess of Argo, and he turned into a windowless cabin and stopped one step beyond the threshold. The walls rippled tapestries, lucent green, scarlet. Golden braziers perched on tapering legged tripods beneath plumes of pale blue smoke that lent thin incense in the room, pierced faintly but cleanly into his nostrils like knives. Light lashed the polished wooden newels of a great bed on which sat swirls of silk, damasked satin, brocade. A huge desk, cornered with wooden eagles, was spread with papers, meticulous instruments of cartography, sextants, rules, compasses, and great shabby books were piled on one corner. Above, from the beamed ceiling, hung by thick chains, swayed a branching

candelabra of oil cups, some in the hands of demons, the mouths of monkeys, burning in the bellies of nymphs, or between the horns of satyrs' heads—red, clear green, or yellow-white.

"Come in," repeated the priestess. "Close the door."

Geo obeyed.

She walked behind her desk, sat down, and folded her hands in front of her veiled face. "What do you know of the real world, outside Leptar?"

"That there is much water, some land, and mostly ignorance."

"What tales have you heard from your bear friend, Urson? He is a traveled man and should know some of what there is of the earth."

"The stories of sailors," said Geo, "are menageries of beasts that no one has ever seen, of lands for which no maps exist, and of peoples whom no man has met."

She smiled. "Since I boarded this ship I have heard many tales from sailors, and I have learned more from them than from all my priests. You, on the docks there, this evening, have been the only man to give me another scrap of the puzzle except a few drunken seamen, misremembering old fantasies." She paused. "What do you know of the jewels you saw tonight?"

"Nothing, ma'am."

"A common thief hiding on the docks had one; I, a priestess of Argo, possess another; and if you had one, you would probably exchange it for a kiss with some tavern maid. What do you know of the god Hama?"

"I know of no such god."

"You," she said, "who can spout all the rituals and incantations of the white goddess Argo, you do not even know the name of the dark god Hama. What do you know of the Island of Aptor?"

"Nothing, ma'am."

"This boat has been to Aptor once and now will return again. Ask your ignorant friend the Bear to tell you tales of Aptor; and blind, wise poet, you will laugh, and probably he will, too. But I will tell you: his tales, his legends, and his fantasies are not a tithe of the truth, not a tithe. Perhaps you will be no help after all. I am thinking of dismissing you."

"But, ma'am ..." Geo began.

The priestess looked up, having been about to begin some work.

Geo regained himself. "Ma'am, what can you tell me about these things? You have scattered only crumbs. I have extensive knowledge of incantation, poetry, magic, and I know these concern your problem. Give me what information you have, and I will be able to render mine in full. I am familiar with many sailors' tales. True, none of Aptor, or Hama, but I may be able to collate fragments. I have learned the legends and jargon of thieves through a broad life; this is more than your priests have, I'll wager. I have had teachers who were afraid to touch books I have opened. And I fear no secret you might hold."

"No, you are not afraid," admitted the priestess. "You are honorable, and foolish—and a poet. I hope the first and last will wipe out the middle one in time. Nevertheless, I will tell you some." She stood up now, and drew out a map.

"Here is Leptar," she pointed to one island. Then her finger moved over water to another. "This is Aptor. Now you know as much about it as any ordinary person in Leptar might. Aptor is a barbaric land, uncivilized. Yet they occasionally show some insidious organization. Tell me, what legends of the Great Fire have you heard?"

"I know that beasts are supposed to have come from the sea and destroyed the world's harbors, and that birds spat fire from the sky."

"The older sailors," said the priestess, "will tell you that these were beasts and birds of Aptor. Of course, there is fifteen hundred years of retelling and distortion in a tradition never written down, and perhaps Aptor has simply become a synonym for everything evil, but these stories still give you some idea. Chronicles, which only three or four people have had access to, tell me that once five hundred years ago, the forces of Aptor actually attempted to invade Leptar. The references to it are vague. I do

not know how far it went nor how successful it was, but its methods were insidious and very unlike any invasion you may have read of in history. So unlike, that records of it were destroyed, and no mention of it is made in the histories given to school children.

“Only recently have I had a chance to learn how strange and inhuman they were. And I have good reason to believe that the forces of Aptor are congealing once more, a sluggish but huge amoeba of horror. Once fully awake, once launched, it will be irrevocable. Tendrils have reached into us for the past few years, probed, and then withdrawn before they were recognized. Sometimes they dealt catastrophic blows to the center of Leptar’s government and religion. All this has been assiduously kept from the people. I have been sent to clear perhaps just one more veil from our ignorance. And if you can help me in that, you are welcome.”

“What of the jewels, and of Hama?” inquired Geo. “Is he a god of Aptor under whom these forces are being marshaled? And are these jewels sacred to him in some way?”

“Both are true, and both are not true enough,” replied the priestess.

“And one more thing. You say the last attempted invasion by Aptor into Leptar was five hundred years ago? It was five hundred years ago that the religion of Argo in Leptar purged all her rituals and instituted new ones. Was there some connection between the invasion and the purge?”

“I am sure of it,” declared the priestess. “But I do not know what it is. However, let me now tell you the story of the jewels. The one I wear at my neck was captured, somehow, from Aptor during that first invasion. That we captured it may well be the reason that we are still a free nation today. Since then it has been guarded carefully in the temple of the Goddess Argo, its secrets well protected, along with those few chronicles which mention the invasion, which ended, incidentally, only a month before the purges. Then, about a year ago, a small hoard of horror reached our shore from Aptor. I cannot describe it. I did not see any of what transpired. But they made their way inland, and managed to kidnap Argo herself.”

“You mean Argo incarnate? The highest priestess?”

“Yes. Each generation, as you know, the youngest daughter of the past generation’s highest priestess is chosen as the living incarnation of the white Goddess Argo. She is reared and taught by the wisest priests and priestesses. Her youngest daughter, when she dies, becomes Argo. At any rate, she was kidnaped. One of the assailants was hacked down; instantly it decayed, rotted on the floor of the convent corridor. But from the putrescent mass of flesh, we salvaged a second jewel from Aptor. And before it died, it was heard to utter the lines I quoted to you before. So, I have been sent then, to find what I can of the enemy, and to rescue or to find the fate of my sister.”

“I will do whatever I can,” said Geo, “to help save Leptar and to discover the whereabouts of your sister priestess.”

“More than my sister priestess,” said the woman softly, “my sister in blood. I am the other daughter of the last Argo: that is why this task fell to me. And until she is found dead, or returned alive ...” here she rose from her bench, “... I am the White Goddess Argo Incarnate.”

Geo dropped his eyes as Argo lifted her veil. Once more that evening she held forth the jewel. “There are three of these,” she said. “Hama’s sign is a black disk with three white eyes. Each eye represents a jewel. With the first invasion, they probably carried all three jewels, for they are the center of their power. Without them, they would have been turned back immediately. With them, they thought themselves invincible. But we captured one, and very soon unlocked its secrets. I have no guards with me. With this jewel I need none. I am as safe as I would be with an army, and capable of nearly as much destruction. When they came to kidnap my sister a year ago, I am convinced they carried both of their remaining jewels, thinking that we had either lost, or did not know the power of the first. Anyway, they reasoned, they had two to our one. But now, we have two, and they are left with only one. Through some complete carelessness, your little thief stole one from me as I was about to board when we first departed two months ago. Today he probably recognized me and intended to exact some fee for its return. But now, he will be put to a true thief’s task. He must steal for me the third and final jewel from Hama for me. Then we shall have Aptor, and be rid of their evil.”

“And where is this third jewel?” asked Geo.

“Perhaps,” said the woman, “perhaps it is lodged in the forehead of the statue of the dark god Hama that sits in the guarded palace somewhere in the center of the jungles of Aptor. Do you think your thief will find himself challenged enough?”

“I think so,” answered Geo.

“Somewhere in that same palace is my sister, or her remains. You are to find them, and if she is alive, bring her back with you.”

“And what of the jewels?” asked Geo. “When will you show us their power so that we may use them to penetrate the palace of Hama?”

“I will show you their power,” said Argo, smiling. With one hand she held up the map over which she had spoken. With the other she tapped the white jewel with her pale fingernail. The map suddenly blackened at one edge, and then flared. Argo walked to a brazier and deposited the flaming paper. Then she turned again to Geo. “I can fog the brain of a single person, as I did with Snake; or I can bewilder a hundred men. As easily as I can fire a dried, worn map, I can raze a city.”

“With those to help,” smiled Geo, “I think we have a fair chance to reach this Hama, and return.”

But the smile with which she answered his was strange, and then suddenly it was completely gone. “Do you think,” she said, “that I would put such temptation in your hands? You might be captured, and if so, then the jewels would be in the hands of Aptor once more.”

“But with them we would be so powerful...”

“They have been captured once; we cannot take the chance that they be captured again. If you reach the palace, if you can steal the third jewel, if my sister is alive, and if you can rescue her, then she will know how to employ its power to manipulate your escape. However, if you and your friends do not accomplish *all* these things, the trip will be useless; and so perhaps death would be better than a return to watch the wrath of Argo in her dying struggle, for you would feel it more horribly than even the most malicious torture of Aptor’s evil.”

Geo did not speak.

“Why do you look so strangely?” asked Argo. “You have your poetry, your spells, your scholarship. Don’t you believe in their power? Go back to your berth, and send the thief to me.” The last words were a sharp order, and Geo turned from the room into the night’s darkness.

Chapter III

Geo walked down into the forecandle, still deserted except for Urson and Snake. “Well?” asked Urson, sitting up on the edge of his berth. “What did she tell you?”

“Why aren’t you asleep?” Geo said heavily. He touched Snake on the shoulder. “She wants to see you now.”

Snake stood up, started for the door, but then turned around.

“What is it?” Geo asked.

Snake dug into his clout again and pulled out the thong with the jewel. He walked over to Geo, hesitated, and then placed the thong around the older boy’s neck.

“You want me to keep it for you?” Geo asked.

But Snake turned around and was gone.

“I wonder what they do?” said Urson. “Or did you find out. Come on, Geo, give up what she told you.”

“Did Snake say anything to you while I was gone?”

“Not a peep,” answered Urson. “I came no nearer sleep than I came to the moon. Now come on, what’s this about?”

Geo told him.

When he finished, Urson said, “You’re crazy. Both you and her.”

“I don’t think so,” Geo said. He concluded his story by recounting Argo’s demonstration of the jewel’s power.

Urson fingered the stone on Geo’s chest. “All that in this little thing? Tell me, do you think you can figure out how it works?”

“I don’t know if I want to,” Geo said. “It doesn’t sound right.”

“You’re damn straight it doesn’t sound right,” Urson reiterated. “What’s the point of sending us in there with no protection to do something that would be crazy with a whole army. What’s she got against us?”

“I don’t think she has anything against us,” Geo said. “Urson, what stories do you know about Aptom? She said you might be able to tell me something.”

“I know that no one trades with it, everyone curses by it, and the rest is a lot of rubbish not worth saying.”

“What rubbish?”

“Believe me, it’s just bilge water,” insisted Urson. “Do you think you could figure out that little stone there, if you had long enough, I mean? She said that the priests five hundred years ago could, and she seems to think you’re as smart as some of them. I wouldn’t doubt if you could work it.”

“You tell me some stories first,” said Geo.

“Oh, they talk about cannibals, women who drink blood, things neither man nor animal, and cities inhabited only by death. Sailors avoid it, save to curse by.”

“Do you know anything more than that?”

“There’s nothing more to know,” shrugged Urson.

“She said the stories you’d tell would not be one tenth of the truth.”

“She must have meant that there wasn’t even a tenth part of the truth in them. And I’m sure she’s right. You just misunderstood.”

“No, I heard her correctly,” Geo assured him.

"Then I just don't believe it. There are half a dozen things that don't match up in all this. First, how that little four-armed fellow happened to be at the pier after two months just when she was coming in. And to have the jewel still, not have traded it, or sold it already..."

"Maybe," suggested Geo, "he read her mind too, when he first stole it, the same way he read ours."

"And if he did, maybe he knows how to work the things. I say let's find out when he comes back. And I wonder who cut his tongue out. Strange one or not, that makes me sick," said the big man.

"About that," Geo started. "Don't you remember? He said you knew the man it was."

"I know many men," said Urson, "but which one of the many I know is it?"

"You really don't know?" Geo asked, quietly.

"You say that in a strange way," Urson said, frowning.

"I'll say the same thing he said," went on Geo. "What man did you kill?"

Urson looked at his hands for a moment, stretched the fingers, turned them over in his lap like meat he was examining. Then, without looking up, he said, "It was a long time ago, friend, but the closeness of it shivers in my eyes. I should have told you, yes. But it comes to me, sometimes, not like a memory, but something I can feel, as hard as metal, taste as sharp as salt, and the wind brings back my voice, his words, so clearly that I shake like a mirror where the figure on the inside pounds his fists on the fists of the man outside, each one trying to break free.

"We were reefing sails in a flesh-blistering rain, when it began. His name was Cat. The two of us were the two biggest men aboard, and that we had been put on the reefing team together meant that this was an important job and one to be done well and right. Water washed our eyes, our hands slipped on wet ropes. It was no wonder my cloth suddenly flung away from me in a gust, billowing down in the rain, flapping against half a dozen ropes and breaking two small stays. 'You clumsy thing' bawled the mate from the deck. 'What sort of fish-fingered sailor, are you?'

"And through the rain I heard Cat laugh from his own spar. 'That's the way luck goes,' he cried, catching at his own cloth that threatened to pull loose. I pulled mine in and bound her tight. The competition that goes rightly between two fine sailors drove a seed of fury into my flesh that should have bloomed as a curse or a returned jibe, but the rain rained too hard, and the wind was too strong; so I bound my sail with silence.

"I was last down, of course, and with only a few lads below on deck, when I saw why my sail had come loose. A worn mast ring had broken, caused a main rope to fly and my canvas to come tumbling. But the ring also had held the nearly broken aft mast together, and in the wind, a split twice the length of my arm pulled open and snapped to again and again like a child's noise clapper. There was a rope near, and inch thick line coiled on a spike. Holding myself to a rat line by not much more than my toes, I secured the rope and bound the base of the broken pole. Each time it snapped to, I looped it once around and pulled the wet line tight. They call this whipping a mast, and I whipped it till the collar of rope was three feet long to the top of the cleft and she couldn't snap any more. Then I hung the broken ring on a peg near by so I could point it out to the ship's smith and get him to replace the rope with a metal band.

"That evening at mess, with the day's incidents out of my mind and hot soup in my mouth, I was laughing over some sailor's tale about another sailor and another sailor's woman, when the mate strode into the hall. 'Hey, you sea scoundrels,' he bellowed. There was silence. 'Which of you bound up that broken mast aft?'

"I was about to call out, 'Aye, it was me,' when another man beat me by bawling, 'It was the Big Sailor, sir!' That was a name both Cat and I were often hailed by.

"'Well,' snarled the mate, 'the captain says that such good thinking in times so hard as these should be rewarded. He's seen the job and approved.' He took a gold coin from his pocket and tossed it on the table in front of Cat. 'There you go, Big Sailor. But I think it's as much as any man should do.' And then he turned and clomped from the mess hall. A cheer went up for Cat as he pocketed the coin; I couldn't see his face.

“The anger in me started now, but without direction. Should it go to the sailor who’d called out the name of the hero? Naw, for he had been down on deck, and through rain and darkness probably he could not have told me from my rival anyway at that distance. At Cat? But he was already getting up to leave the table. And the first mate, the same first mate of this ship here, friend, that we’re on now, he was out stomping somewhere on deck.

“Perhaps it was this that caused my anger to break out the next morning when we were in calmer weather. A careless salt jarred me in a passage way, and suddenly I was all fists and fire. We scuffled, we banged, we cursed, we rolled. In fact, we rolled right under the feet of the mate who was coming down the steps at the time. He sent a boot into us and eight different curses, and when he recognized me, he sneered, ‘Oh, the clumsy one.’

“Now I’d had a fiery record before. Fights on ship are a breach few captains will allow. This was my third, and one too many. And the mate, prompted by his own opinion of me, got the captain to order me flogged.

“So, like a carcass to be sliced and bid on, I was lead out before the assembled sailors at the next sunrise and bound to the main mast. I thought my wrath went all toward the first mate now. But black turned white in my head, into something that I could bite into, when he flung the whip to Cat and cried, ‘Here, Big Sailor, you’ve done your ship one good turn. Now rub sleep off your face and do it another. I want ten stripes on that one’s back deep enough to count easily with a finger dipped in salt.’

“They fell, and I didn’t breathe the whole time. Ten lashes is a whipping a man can recover from in a week. Most go down to their knees with the first one, if their rope is slack enough. I didn’t fall until they finally cut the ropes from my wrists. Nor was it till I heard a second gold coin rattle down on the deck from the first mate’s hand and the words to the crew, ‘See how a good sailor gets rich,’ that I made a sound. And it was lost in the cheer which sprung from the other men.

“Cat and one other lugged me to the brig. As I fell forward, hands scudding into straw, I heard Cat’s voice come, ‘Well, brother, that’s the way the luck goes.’

“Then the pain made me faint.

“A day later, when I could pull myself up to the window and look out on the back of the ship, we caught the worst storm I’d ever seen, and the slices in my back made it no easier on me. Pegs threatened to pull from their holes, boards to part themselves; one wave washed four men overboard; and while others ran to save them, another came and swept off six more. It had come so suddenly that not a sail had been raised, and now the remaining men were swarming to the ratlines.

“From my place at the brig’s window I saw it start to go and I howled like an animal, tried to pull the bars away. But legs passed my window running, and none stopped. I screamed at them, and I screamed again. The ship’s smith had not yet gotten to fix my makeshift repair on the aft mast with another metal band. Nor, with my anger, had I yet even pointed it out to him as I had intended. It didn’t hold a quarter of an hour. When it gave there was a snap like thunder. Under the tugging of half furled sails, ropes popped like threads. Men were whipped off like drops of water shaken from a wet hand. The mast raked across the sky above me like a claw, and then fell against the high mizzen, snapping more ropes and scraping men from their perches as you’d scrape ants from a tree.

“The crew’s number was halved, and when somehow we crawled from under the sheets of rain, one mast fallen and one more ruined, the broken bodies with still some life numbered eleven. A ship’s infirmary holds ten, and the overflow goes to the brig. The choice of who became my mate was between the man most likely to live, figuring that he could take the harder situation more easily than the others, and the man most likely to die, figuring that it would probably make no difference to some one that far gone. The choice was made, the latter choice, and the next morning they carried Cat in and laid him beside me on the straw while I slept. His spine had been crushed at the pelvis and a spar had pierced his side with a hole big enough to put your hand into.

“When he came to, all he did was cry—not with the agonized howls I had given the day before when I watched the mast topple, but with a little sound that escaped from clenched teeth, like a child who

doesn't want to show the pain. It didn't stop for hours, and such a soft sound, it burned into my gut and my tongue deeper than any animal wailing would.

"The next dawn stretched copper foil across the window and reddish light fell on the straw, the board floor, and the filthy, crumpled blanket they had laid him in. The crying had stopped and was replaced now by a gasped breath, sharp every few seconds, irregular, loud. I thought he must be unconscious, but when I kneeled to look, his eyes were opened and he stared straight into my face. 'You ...' he said to me with the next gasp. 'It hurts ... You ...'

"'Be still,' I said. 'Here, be still.'

"The next word I thought I heard was water, but there wasn't any in the cell. I should have realized that the ship's supplies had probably gone for the most part overboard. But by now, hungry and thirsty myself, I could see it as nothing less than a stupendous joke when one slice of bread and a single tin cup of water were finally brought and embarrassedly and silently handed in to us about seven that morning.

"Nevertheless, I opened his mouth and tried to pour some of it down his throat. They say a man's mouth and tongue turn black from fever and thirst after a while. It's not true. The color is the deep purple of rotten, shriveled meat. And every taste bud on the dead flesh was tipped with that white stuff that gets in your mouth when your bowels are upset. He couldn't swallow the water. It just dribbled over the side of his mouth that was scabbed with purple crust.

"He blinked his eyes and once more got out, 'You ... you please ...' and then he began to cry again.

"'What is it?' I asked.

"Suddenly he began to struggle and got his hand into the breast of his torn tunic and pulled out a fist. He held it out toward me and said, 'Please ... please ...'

"The fingers opened and I saw three gold coins, two of whose histories suddenly leapt into my mind like stories of living men.

"I moved back as if burned; then I leaned forward again. 'What do you want?' I asked.

"'Please ...' he said, moving his hand toward me. 'Kill ... kill ...' and then he was crying once more. 'It hurts so bad ...'

"I got up. I walked across to the other side of the cell. I came back. Then I broke his neck with my knee and my two hands.

"I took my pay up. Later I ate the bread and drank the rest of the water. Then I went to sleep. They took him away without question. And two days later, when the next food came, I realized, sort of absently, that without all of that first bread and water I would have starved to death. They finally let me out because they needed the muscle, what was left of it. And the only thing I sometimes think about, the only thing I let myself think about, is whether or not I earned my pay. I guess two of them were mine anyway. But sometimes I take them out and look at them, and wonder where he got the third one from."

Urson put his hand in his tunic and brought out three gold coins. "Never been able to spend them, though," he said. He tossed the little pile into the air, and then whipped them back into his fist again, and laughed. "Never was able to spend them on anything."

"I'm sorry," Geo said after a moment.

Urson looked up. "Why? I guess these are my jewels, huh? Maybe everyone has theirs some place. You think it was old Cat, maybe, sometimes when I was in the brig, perhaps, earning that third coin, slicing out that little four-armed monster's tongue? Somehow I doubt it."

"Look, I said I was sorry, Urson."

"I know," Urson said. "I know. I guess I've met a hell full of people in my short, wet life, and it could be any one of them." He sighed. "Though I wish I knew which. But I don't think that's the answer." He lifted his hand to his mouth now and gnawed at his thumb nail. "I hope that kid doesn't get as nervous as I do," he laughed. "He'll have such a hell of a lot of nails to bite."

Then their skulls nearly split apart.

"Hey," said Geo, "that's Snake."

"And he's in trouble too," said Urson. He leaped onto the floor and started up the passageway. Geo came after him.

"Let me go first," Geo said, "I know where he is."

They reached the deck, raced along the side of the cabins, until they reached the door.

"Move," ordered Urson. Then he rammed against the door and it flew open.

Inside, behind her desk, Argo whirled, her hand on her jewel. "What is the ..."

But the moment her concentration turned, Snake, who had been immobile against the opposite wall, suddenly vaulted across the table toward Geo. Geo grabbed the boy to steady him, and immediately one of Snake's hands was at Geo's chest where the jewel hung.

"You fools!" hissed Argo. "Don't you understand? He's a spy for Aptor."

There was a sudden silence.

Then Argo said, "Close the door."

Urson closed it. Snake still held Geo and the jewel.

"Well," she said. "It is too late now."

"What do you mean?" asked Geo.

"That had you not come blundering in, one more of Aptor's spies would have yielded up his secrets and then been reduced to ashes." She breathed deeply. "But he has his jewel now, and I have mine. Well, little thief, there's a stalemate. The forces are balanced now." She looked at Geo. "How do you think he came so easily by the jewel? How do you think he knew when I would be at the shore? Oh, he's a clever one, with all the intelligence of Aptor working behind him. He probably even had you planted without your knowing it to interrupt us at just that time."

"No, he ..." began Urson.

"We were walking by your door," Geo interrupted, "when we heard a noise and thought there might be trouble."

"Your concern may have cost us all our lives."

"If he's a spy, I gather that means he knows how this thing works," said Geo. "Let Urson and I take him ..."

"Take him anywhere you wish!" hissed Argo. "Get out!"

Just then the door opened. "I heard a sound, Priestess Argo, and I thought you might be in danger." It was the first mate.

The Goddess Incarnate breathed deeply. "I am in no danger," she said evenly. "Will you please leave me alone, all of you."

"What's the Snake doing here?" Jordde suddenly asked, seeing Geo still holding the boy.

"I said, leave me!"

Geo turned, away from Jordde, and stepped past him onto the deck, and Urson followed him. Ten steps farther on, he glanced back, and seeing that Jordde had emerged from the cabin and was walking in the other direction, he set Snake down on his feet. "All right, Little One. March!"

In the passage to the forecabin, Urson asked, "Hey, what's going on?"

"Well, for one thing, our little friend here is no spy," said Geo.

"How do you know?" asked Urson.

"Because she doesn't know he can read minds."

"How do you mean?" Urson asked.

"First of all, I was beginning to think something was wrong when I came back from talking to the priestess. You were too, and it lay in the same vein you were talking about. Why would our task be completely useless unless we accomplished all parts of her mission? Wouldn't there be some value in just returning her sister, the rightful head of Leptar, to her former position? And I'm sure her sister may well have collected some useful information that could be used against Aptor, so that would be some value even if we didn't find the jewel. It doesn't sound too sisterly a thing to me to forsake the young priestess if there is no jewel in it for her. And her tone, the way she refers to the jewel as *hers*. There's

an old saying, from before the Great Fire even: Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. And I think she has not a little of the un-goddess-like desire for power first, peace afterwards.”

“But that doesn’t mean this one isn’t an Aptor spy,” said Urson.

“Wait a minute. I’m getting there. At first I thought he was too. The idea occurred to me first when I was talking to the priestess and she first mentioned that there were spies from Aptor. The coincidence of his appearance, that he had even managed to steal the jewel in the first place, that he would present it to her the way he did; all this hinted something so strange, that spy was the first thing I thought of, and I’m sure it was the first thing she thought as well. And she especially would think this if she did not know that Snake could read minds and broadcast mentally, because ignorance of his telepathy removes the one other possible explanation of the coincidences. But, Urson, why did he leave the jewel with us before he went to see her?”

“Because he thought she was going to try and take it away from him.”

“Exactly. When she told me to send him up to her, I was fairly sure that was the main reason she wanted him. But if he was a spy, and knew how to work the jewel, then why not take it with him, present himself to Argo with the jewel, showing himself as an equal force, and then come calmly back, leaving her in silence and us still on his side, especially since he would be revealing to her something of which she was nine-tenths aware of already, and would watch him no more carefully than she would were it not confirmed.”

“All right,” said Urson, “why not?”

“Because he was not a spy, and didn’t know how to work the jewel. Yes, he had felt its power once. Perhaps he was going to pretend he had it hidden on his person. But he did not want her to get her hands on it for reasons that were strong, but not selfish.

“Here, Snake,” said Geo. “You know how to work the jewel now, don’t you; but you learned from Argo just now.”

The boy nodded.

“Here, then, why don’t you take it?” Geo lifted the jewel from his neck and held it out to him.

Snake drew back and shook his head violently.

Urson looked puzzled.

“Snake has seen into human minds, Urson. He’s seen things directly which the rest of us only learn from a sort of second hand observation. He knows that the power of this little bead is more dangerous to the mind of the person who wields it than it is to the cities it may destroy.”

“Well,” said Urson, “as long as she thinks he’s a spy, at least we’ll have one of them little beads and someone who knows how to use it. I mean if we have to.”

“I don’t think she thinks he’s a spy any more, Urson.”

“Huh?”

“I give her credit for being able to reason at least as well as I can. Once she found out he had no jewel on him, she knew that he was as innocent as you and I are. But her only thought was to get it in any way she could. When we came in, just when she was going to put Snake under the jewel’s control, guilt made her leap backwards to her first and seemingly logical accusation for our benefit. Evil likes to cloak itself as good.”

They stepped down into the forecabin. By now a handful of sailors had come into the room, mostly drunk and snoring on berths around the walls. One had wrapped himself completely up in a blanket in the middle berth of the tier that Urson had chosen for the three. “Well,” said Urson to Snake, “it looks like you’ll have to move.”

Snake scrambled to the top bunk.

“Now look, that one was mine.”

Snake motioned him up.

“Huh? Two of us in one of those?” demanded Urson. “Look, if you want someone to keep warm against, go down and sleep with Geo there. It’s more room and you won’t get squashed against the wall. I’m a thrasher when I sleep.”

Snake didn't move.

"Maybe you better do what he says," Geo said. "I have an idea that ..."

"You've got another idea now?" asked Urson, "Oh, damn, I'm too tired to argue." He vaulted up to the top bunk. "Now move over and be very small." He stretched out, and Snake's slight body was completely hidden. "Hey, get your elbows out of there," Geo heard Urson mutter before there was only a gentle thundering of his snore.

Silver mist suffused the deck of the ship and wet lines glowed a phosphorescent silver; the sky was pale as ice; pricks of stars dotted over the whole bowl. The sea, once green, seemed bleached to blowing clouds of white powder. The door of a cabin opened and white veils flung forward from the form of Argo who emerged like silver from the bone-colored door. The whole movement of the scene made it look like a picture imagination fastens in the slow ripples of gauze under breeze. One dark spot was at her throat, pulsing darkly, like a heart, like a black flame. She walked to the railing, peered over. In the white washing a skeletal hand appeared. It raised on a beckoning arm, then fell forward in the water. Another arm raised now, a few feet away, beckoning, gesturing. Then three at once; then two more.

A voice as pale as the vision spoke "I am coming. We sail in a hour. The mate has been ordered to put the ship out before dawn. You must tell me now, creatures of the water."

Two glowing arms raised up, and then an almost featureless face. Chest high in the water, it listed backwards and sank again.

"Are you of Aptor or Leptar?" spoke the apparitional figure of Argo again in the thinned voice. "Are your allegiances to Argo or Hama? I have followed thus far. You must tell me before I follow farther."

There was a whirling of sound which seemed to be the wind attempting to say, "The sea ... the sea ... the sea ..."

But Argo did not hear, for she turned away and walked from the rail, back to her cabin.

Now the scene moved, turned toward the door of the forecabin. It opened, moved through the hall, the walls, more like polished steel than weathered wood, and went on. In the forecabin, the yellow oil lamp seemed a white flaring of magnesium.

The movement stopped in front of a tier of three berths; on the bottom one lay a young man with a starved, pallid face. His mop of hair was bleached white. On his chest was a pulsing darkness, a black flame, a dark heart, shimmering with the indistinctness of absolute shadow. On the top bunk a great form like a bloated corpse lay. One huge arm hung over the bunk, flabby, puffy, without muscle.

In the center berth was an anonymous bundle of blankets completely covering the figure inside. On this the scene fixed, drew closer ... and the paleness suddenly faded before darkness, into shadow, into nothing.

Geo sat up and knuckled his eyes.

The dark forecabin was relieved by the yellow glow of the lamp. The gaunt mate stood across the room. "Hey, you," he was saying to a man in one of the bunks, "up and out. We're sailing."

The figure roused itself from the tangle of bedding.

The mate moved to another. "Up, you dog face. Up, you fish fodder. We're sailing." Turning around, he saw Geo watching him. "And what's wrong with you?" he demanded. "We're sailing, didn't you hear? Naw, you go back to sleep. Your turn will come, but we need experienced ones now." He grinned briefly, and then went on to one more. "Eh, you stink like an old wine cask. Raise yourself out of your fumes. We're sailing!"

Chapter IV

“That dream,” Geo said to Urson a moment after the mate left. Urson looked down from his bunk.

“You had it too?”

Both turned to Snake.

“I guess that was your doing, eh?” Urson said.

Snake scrambled down from the upper bunk.

“Did you go wandering around the deck last night and do some spying?” Geo asked.

By now most of the other sailors had risen, and one suddenly stepped between Urson and Geo. “Scuse me, mate,” he said and shook the figure in the second berth. “Hey, Whitey, come on. You can’t be that soused from last night. Get up or you’ll miss mess.” The young sailor shook the figure again. “Hey, Whitey.” The figure in the blankets was unresponsive. The sailor gave him one more good shake, and as he rolled over, the blanket fell away from the blond head. The eyes were wide and dull, the mouth half open. “Hey, Whitey,” the black sailor said again, and then he stepped back, slowly.

Mist enveloped the ship three hours out from port. Urson was called for duty right after breakfast, but no one bothered either Snake or Geo that first morning. Snake would slip off somewhere and Geo would be left to wander the ship alone. He was walking beneath the dories when the heavy slap of bare feet on the wet deck materialized in Urson. “Hey,” greeted his friend. “What are you doing under here?”

“Nothing much,” Geo said.

Urson was carrying a coil of rope about his shoulder. Now he slung it down into his hand and leaned against the support shaft and looked out toward the fog. “It’s a bad beginning this trip has had,” he said. “What few sailors I’ve talked to don’t like it at all.”

“Urson,” said Geo, “have you any idea what actually happened this morning?”

“Maybe I have and maybe I haven’t,” Urson said. “What ones have you?”

“Do you remember the dream?” he asked.

Urson scrunched his shoulders as if suddenly cold. “I do,” he said.

“It was like we were seeing through somebody else’s eyes, almost.”

“Our little four-armed friend sees things in a strange way if that’s the case.”

“Urson, that wasn’t Snake’s eyes we saw through. I asked him, just before he went off exploring the ship. It was somebody else. All he did was get the pictures and relay them into our minds. And what was the last thing you saw?”

“As a matter of fact,” Urson said, turning, “I think he was looking at poor Whitey’s bunk.”

“And who was supposed to be sleeping in poor Whitey’s bunk?”

“Snake?”

“Exactly. Do you think perhaps White was killed?”

“Could be, I guess. But how, and why, and who?”

“Somebody who wanted Snake killed. Maybe the same person who cut his tongue out a year and a half ago.”

“I thought we decided that we didn’t know who that was.”

“A man you know, Urson,” Geo said. “What man on this ship have you sailed with before?”

“Don’t you think I’ve been looking?” Urson asked. “There’s not a familiar face on deck, other than maybe one I’ve seen in a dockside bar, but never one whose name I’ve known.”

“Think, Urson, who on this ship you’ve sailed with before,” Geo asked again, more intently.

Suddenly Urson turned. “You mean the mate?”

"That's just who I mean," said Geo.

"And you think he tried to kill Snake. Why didn't Snake tell us?"

"Because he thought if we knew, we'd get in trouble with it. And he may be right."

"How come?" asked Urson.

"Look, we know something is fishy about Argo. The more I think about it, the less I can put my hands on it. But if something is fishy about the mate too, then perhaps he's in cahoots with her. What about when he came into Argo's cabin last night when we were there?"

"Maybe he was just doing what we said we were; walking by when he heard a noise. If it was his eyes we were seeing through, then he sees things awfully funny, then."

"Maybe he's a strange one too, like Snake who 'hears' things funny. Not all strangeness shows," Geo reminded him.

"You could be right," said Urson. "You could be right." He stood up from where he had leaned against a lifeboat support. "Well, you think some more friend, and I'll listen. I'll see you later." He hauled up his rope again and started off in the mist.

Geo decided to search for Snake. A ladder led to the upper deck, and climbing it, he saw across the deck a tall, fog-shrouded figure. He paused, and then started forward. "Hello," he said.

The captain turned from the railing and looked at him.

"Good morning sir," Geo said. "I thought you might be the mate."

The captain was silent for a while, and then said, "Good morning. What do you want?"

"I didn't mean to disturb you if you were ..."

"No disturbance," said the captain.

"How long will it take us to get to Aptor?"

"Another three weeks. Shorter if this wind keeps up."

"I see," said Geo. "Have you any idea of the geography of Aptor?"

"The mate is the only one on board that has ever set foot on Aptor and come off it alive. Except Priestess Argo."

"The mate, sir? When?"

"On a previous voyage he was wrecked there. He made a raft and drifted into the open sea where he had the good fortune to be picked up by a ship."

"Then he will lead whatever party goes to the place?"

"Not him," said the captain. "He's sworn never to set foot on the place again. Don't even ask him to talk about it. Imagine what sort of a place it must be if probable death on the open sea is better than struggling on its land. No, he'll pilot us through the bay to the river's estuary, but other than that, he will have nothing to do with the place."

"Two other men we had on board who'd been there and returned. They went with the Priestess Argo in a boat of thirteen. Ten were dismembered and the pieces of their bodies were thrown in the water. Two survived to row the Priestess back to the boat. One was the sailor who died in the forecabin this morning. Not half an hour ago, I received news that the other one went overboard from the rigging and was lost in the sea. This is not a good trip. Men are not to be lost like coins in a game. Life is too valuable."

"I see," said Geo. "Thank you for your information and time, sir."

"You are welcome," the captain said. Then he turned away.

Geo descended the ladder again and walked slowly forward. Something touched him on the shoulder and he whirled.

"Snake, God damn it, don't do that!"

The boy looked embarrassed.

"I didn't mean to yell," Geo said, putting his arm around the boy's shoulder. "Come on, though. What did you find? I'll trade you what I know for what you do."

You ... sleep, came from Snake.

"I'm sorry, friend," laughed Geo. "But I couldn't take a nap now if you paid me. Now tell me, whose eyes were we seeing through last night? The captain's?"

Snake shook his head.

"The mate's?"

Snake nodded.

"I thought so. Now, did he want to kill ... wait a minute," said Geo. "Can the mate read minds, too? Is that why you're keeping things from us?"

Snake shrugged.

"Come on now," Geo said. "Do a little yelling and explain."

Don't ... know, Snake thought out loud. *Can ... see ... what ... he ... sees ... hear ... what ... he ... hears. But ... no ... hear ... thoughts ...*

"I see. Look, take a chance that he can't read minds and tell me, did he kill the man in the bed you should have been in?"

Snake paused for a minute. Then nodded.

"Do you think he was trying to kill you?"

Snake nodded again.

"Did you know that the man killed this morning in your place was one of the two men who came back from Aptom with the Priestess?"

Snake looked surprised.

"And that the other one drowned this morning, fell overboard, and was lost?"

Snake nearly jumped.

"What is it?"

Look ... for ... him ... all ... morning. He ... not ... dead ... hear ... thoughts ... dim ... low.

"Who's not dead?" Geo asked. "Which one?"

Second ... man.

"Did you find him?" Geo asked.

Can't ... find, Snake said. *But ... alive ... I ... know.*

"One other question," Geo raised the jewel from where it hung against his chest. "How do you work this silly thing?"

Think ... through ... it, said Snake.

Geo frowned. "What do you mean? Can you tell me how it works?"

You ... have ... no ... words, Snake said. *Radio ... electricity ... diode ...*

"Radio, electricity, diode?" repeated Geo, the sounds coming unfamiliarly to his tongue. "What are they?"

Snake shrugged.

Geo got a chance to report his findings to Urson that evening and the big man was puzzled.

"Can you add anything?" Geo asked.

"All I've had a chance to do is work," grumbled Urson. They were standing by the edge of the rail beyond which the mist steeped thickly, making sky and water indistinguishable and grave. "Hey, Four-arms," Urson suddenly asked. "What are you looking at?"

Snake stared at the water but said nothing.

"Maybe he's listening to something," suggested Geo.

"You'd think there were better things to eavesdrop on than fishes," said Urson. "I guess Argo's given special orders that you two get no work. Some people! Let's go eat." As they started toward the convergence of sailors at the entrance of the mess hall, Urson said, "Oh, guess what?" He turned to Geo and picked up the jewel from the boy's chest. "All you people are going around with such finery, I took my coins to the smithy and had him put chains on them. Now I'll strut with the best of you." He laughed, and then went through the narrow way, crowding with the other sailors into the wide hall.

For two weeks, nights without dreams left them early, and the boat rolled from beneath the fog. Dawn was gray, but clear; then, by one breakfast time the ragged slip of Aptor's beach hemmed the horizon.

On the wheel deck the sailors clustered to the rail, and before them rocks struck like broken teeth from the water. Urson, in his new, triple neckchain, joined Snake and Geo at the rail. "Whew," he said. "Getting through them is going to be fun."

Suddenly heads turned. Behind them now, Argo's dark veils, bloated with the breeze, filled about her as she mounted the steps to the wheel deck. The sailors moved away from her. Then, one hand on a stay rope, she stared across the gray water to the dark tongue of land.

From the wheel the captain spoke, "Jordde, disperse the men and take over the wheel."

"Aye, sir," said the mate. "You, you, and you to the tops." He pointed among the men. "You also, and you. Hey, didn't you hear me?"

"Me, sir?" Geo turned around.

"Yes, you, up to the top spar there."

"You can't send him up," Urson called out. "He's never been topside at all before. It's too choppy for any lad's first time up. He doesn't even know ..."

"And who asked you?" demanded the mate.

"Nobody asked me, sir," said Urson, "but—"

"Then you get below before I have you brigged for insubordination and fine you your three gold baubles. Don't you think I recognize dead man's gold?"

"Now look here," Urson roared.

Geo glanced from Argo to the captain. The bewilderment that flooded the face of the Priestess shocked him.

Jordde suddenly seized up a marlin pin, raised it, and shouted at Urson, "Get down below before I break your skull open."

Urson's fists sprang up.

"Calmly, brother bear," Geo began.

"In a bitch's ass," snarled Urson and swung his huge arm forward. Something leaped on Jordde from behind—Snake! The marlin pin veered inches away from Urson's shoulder. The flung fist sunk into the mate's stomach and he reeled forward, passing Urson, with Snake still clawing at his back. He reached the rail, bent double over it, and Snake's legs flipped up. When Jordde rose, he was free of encumbrance.

Geo rushed to the edge and saw Snake's head emerge in the churning water. Behind him, Urson yelled, "Look out!" Jordde's marlin made an inch of splinters in the length of wood against which he had been leaning.

"Not him!" cried Argo. "No, no! Not him!"

But Jordde had seized Geo's shoulder and whirled him back against the rail. Geo saw Urson grab a loose rope behind them and suddenly swing forward, intending to knock Jordde away with his feet. But suddenly Argo moved in the way of his flying body, turned, saw him, and raised her hands to push him aside so that he swung wide of them and landed on the railing a yard from where they struggled.

Geo's feet slipped on the wet boards, and he felt his body suddenly hurled backwards onto the air. Then his back slapped water. As he broke surface, Urson, still on the rail called to him, "Hang on, friend Geo, I'm coming!" Urson's arms swung back, and then forward as he dove into the sea.

Now Geo could see only Argo and Jordde at the rail. But they were struggling. Urson and Snake were near him in the water. The last thing he saw was Jordde suddenly wrest something from Argo's neck and then fling it out into the sea. The Priestess' hands reached for the flying jewel, followed its arc as she screamed toward the water.

Then hands were at his body. Geo turned in the water as Snake disappeared from beside him and Urson suddenly cried out. Hands were pulling him down.

Roughness of sand beneath one of his sides and the flare of sun on the other. His eyes were hot and his lids were orange over them. Then there was a breeze. He opened his eyes, and shut them quick,

because of the light. Then he turned over, thought about pillows and stiff new sheets. Reaching out, he grabbed sand.

He opened his eyes and pushed himself up from the beach with both hands spread in warm, soft crumbings. Over there were rocks, and thick vegetation behind them. He swayed to his knees, the sand grating under his kneecaps. He looked at his arm in the sun, flecked with grains. Then he touched his chest.

His hand came to one bead, moved on, and came to another! He looked down. Both the chain with the platinum claw and the thong with the wire cage hung around his neck. Bewildered, he heaved to his feet, and immediately sat down again as the beach went red with the wash of blood behind his eyeballs. He got up again, slowly.

Carefully Geo started down the beach, looking toward the land. When he turned to look at the water, he stopped.

At the horizon, beyond the rocks, was a boat with lowered sails. So they hadn't left yet. He swung his eyes back to the beach: fifty feet away was another figure lying in the sun.

He ran forward, now, the sand splashing around his feet, sinking under his toes, so that it was like the slow motion running of dreams. Ten feet from the figure he stopped.

It was a young black, very dark, skin the color of richly humused soil. The long skull was shaved. Like Geo, he was almost naked. There was a clot of seaweed at his wrist, and the soles of his feet and one up-turned palm were grayish and shriveled.

Geo frowned and stood for a full minute. He looked up and down the beach once more. There was no one else. Just then the man's arm shifted across the sand.

Immediately Geo fell to his knees beside the figure, rolled him over and lifted his head. The eyes opened, squinted in the light, and the man said, "Who are you?"

"My name is Geo."

The man sat up, and caught himself from falling forward by jamming his hands into the sand. He shook his head, and then looked up at Geo again. "Yes," he said. "I remember you. What happened? Did we founder? Did the ship go down?"

"Remember me from where?" Geo asked.

"From the ship. You were on the ship, weren't you?"

"I was on the ship," Geo said. "And I got thrown overboard by that damned first mate in a fight. But nothing happened to the ship. It's still out there, you can see it." Suddenly Geo stopped. Then he said, "You're the guy who discovered Whitey's body that morning!"

"That's right." He shook his head again. "My name is Iimmi." Now he looked out to the horizon. "I see them," he said. "There's the ship. But where are we?"

"On the beach of Aptor," Geo told him.

Iimmi screwed his face up into a mask of dark horror. "No," he said softly. "We couldn't be. We were days away from her..."

"How did you fall in?"

"It was blowing up a little," Iimmi explained. "I was in the rig when suddenly something struck me from behind and I went toppling. In all the mist, they didn't see me, and the current was too strong for me, and ..." He looked around.

"You've been on this beach once before, haven't you?" Geo asked.

"Once," said Iimmi. "Yes, once."

"Do you realize how long you've been in the water?" Geo asked.

Iimmi looked up.

"Over two weeks," Geo said. "Come on, see if you can walk. I've got a lot of things to explain, if I can, and we've got some hunting to do."

Iimmi steadied himself once more, and together they started up the beach.

"What are you looking for?" Iimmi asked.

"Friends," Geo said.

Two hundred feet up, the rocks and torpid vegetation came down to the water, cutting off the beach. Scrambling over boulders and through vines, they emerged on a rock embankment that dropped fifteen feet into the wide estuary of a ribbon of water that wound back into the jungle. Twenty feet further, the bank dropped to the river's surface, and they both fell flat at the edge of a wet table of rock and sucked in cool liquid, watching blue stones and the white and red pebbles shivering six feet below clear ripples.

There was a sound. Both sprang back from the water, turned, and crouched on the rock.

"Hey," Urson said, through leaves. "I was wondering when I'd find you."

Light through branches lay on the gold coins hung against his hairy chest. "Have you seen Snake?"

"I was hoping he was with you," said Geo. "Oh, Urson, this is Iimmi, the other sailor who died two weeks ago."

Both Iimmi and Urson looked puzzled. "Have a drink of water," Geo said, "and I'll explain as best I can."

"Don't mind if I do," said Urson.

While the bear man lay down to drink, Geo began the story of Aptor and Leptar for Iimmi. When he finished, Iimmi asked, "You mean those fish things in the water carried us here? Whose side are they on?"

"Apparently Argo isn't sure either," Geo said. "Perhaps they're neutral."

"And the mate?" asked Iimmi. "You think he pushed me overboard after he killed Whitey?"

"I thought you said he was trying to kill Snake," said Urson, who had finished drinking.

"He was," explained Geo. "He wanted to get rid of all three. Probably Snake first, and then Whitey and Iimmi. He wasn't counting on our fishy friends, though. I think it was just luck that it was Whitey he got rather than Snake. If he can't read minds, which I'm pretty sure he can't, he probably overheard you assigning the bunks for us to sleep in, Urson. When he found out he had killed Whitey instead, it just urged him to get Iimmi out of the way more quickly."

"I could easily have been pushed," Iimmi agreed. "But I still don't see why."

"If there is a spy from Aptor on the ship, then Jordde is it," said Geo. "The captain told me he had been to Aptor once before. It must have been then that he was enjoined into their forces. Iimmi, both you and Whitey had also been on Aptor's shore, if only for a few hours. There must be something that Jordde learned from the island that he was afraid you might learn, something you might see. Something dangerous, dangerous for Aptor, something you might see just from being on the beach. Probably it was something you wouldn't even recognize, something you'd maybe not see the significance of until much later. But probably something very obvious."

Now Urson spoke. "What did happen when you were on Aptor? How were those ten men killed?"

Though the sun was warm, Iimmi shivered. He waited for a moment, and then he began. "We took a skiff out from the ship and managed to get through the rocks somehow. It was evening when we started and the moon, I remember, had risen just above the horizon, though the sky was still deep blue. 'This light of the full moon is propitious to the White Goddess Argo,' she said from her place at the bow of the boat. By the time we landed, the sky was black behind her, and the beach was all silvered by the light, up and down. Whitey and I were left to guard the skiff at the water's edge, and sitting on the gunwales, shoulders hunched in the slight chill, we watched the others go up the beach, five and five, with Argo behind them.

"Suddenly there was a scream, and the first man fell. They came from the air like vultures. The moon was overhead by now, and a cloud of them darkened the white disk with their wings. They scurried after the fleeing men, over the sand. All we could really make out was a dark battling against the silver. There were swords raised in the white light, screams, and howls that nearly sent us back into the ocean. But Argo and a handful of those men left began to run toward the boat. They followed them down to the edge of the water, loping behind them, half flying, half running, hacking one after another down with swords. I saw one man fall forward and his head roll from his body while blood squirted ten feet along the sand, crimson under the moon. One actually caught at her veils, but she screamed and slipped

from it into the water now, and climbed back into the boat, panting. You would think a woman would collapse, but no. She stood in the bow while we rowed our arms off. They would not come over the water, apparently, and somehow we managed to get the skiff back to the ship without foundering against the rocks.”

“Our aquatic friends may have had something to do with that,” said Geo. “Iimmi, you say her veils were pulled off. Tell me, do you remember if she were wearing any jewelry or not?”

“She certainly wasn’t,” Iimmi said. “She stood there in only her dark robe, her throat as bare as ivory.”

“She wasn’t going to bring the jewel to Aptor where those monsters could get their hands on it again,” said Urson. “But Geo, if Jordde’s the spy, why did he throw the jewel in the sea?”

“Whatever reason he had,” said Geo, “our friends have given it to me now.”

“You said Argo didn’t know whose side these sea creatures were on, Leptar’s or Aptor’s,” said Iimmi. “But perhaps Jordde knows, and that’s why he threw it to them.” He paused for a moment. “Friend, I think you have made an error; you tell me you are a poet, and it is a poet’s error. The hinge in your argument that Snake is no spy is that Argo must have dubious motives to send you on such an impossible task, without protection, saying that it would be meaningful only if all its goals were accomplished. You reasoned, how could an honest woman place the life of her sister below the value of a jewel ...”

“Not just her sister,” interrupted Geo, “but *the* Goddess Argo Incarnate.”

“Be patient,” said Iimmi. “Only if she wished to make permanent her temporary condition, you thought, could she set such an impossible task. There may be some truth in what you say. But she herself would not bring the jewel to the shores of Aptor, though it was for her own protection. Thanks to you, all three jewels are now in Aptor, and if any part of her story is true, Leptar is now in more danger than it has been in five hundred years. You have the jewels, two of them, and you cannot use them. Where is your friend Snake who can? Both Snake and Jordde could easily be spies and the enmity between them feigned, so that while you focused on one, you could be misled by the other. You say he can move into men’s minds? Perhaps he clouded yours.”

They sat silent for the lapsing of a minute.

“Argo may be torn by many things,” continued Iimmi. “But you, in watching some, may have been deluded by others.”

Light from the river quivered on the undersides of leaves. Urson spoke now. “I think his story is better than yours, Geo.”

“Then what shall we do now?” asked Geo, softly.

“Do what the Goddess requests as best we can,” said Iimmi. “Find the Temple of Hama, secure the stone, rescue the young Goddess, and die before we let the jewels fall into hands of Aptor.”

“From the way you describe this place,” muttered Urson, “that may not be far off.”

“Still,” mused Geo, “there are things that don’t mesh. Like why were you saved too, Iimmi? Why were we brought here at all? And why did Jordde want to kill you and the other sailor?”

“Perhaps,” said Iimmi, “the god Hama has a strange sense of humor and we shall be allowed to carry the jewels up to the temple door before we are slaughtered, dropping them at his feet.” He smiled. “Then again, perhaps your theory is the correct one, Geo, and I am the spy, sent to sway your reason.”

Urson and Geo glanced at each other.

“There are an infinite number of theories for every set of facts,” said the Negro. “Rule number one: assume the simplest; that includes all the known conditions to be true until more conditions arise for which your theory no longer holds. Rule number two: then, and not until, change it.”

“Then we go on into the jungle,” Geo said.

“I guess we do,” said Urson.

“Since we’ve got this job, we’ve got to trust ourselves and do it right. Let’s see if we can put one more of those things around your neck before we’re through.” He pointed to the two jewels hanging at Geo’s chest. Then he laughed. “One more and you’ll be all the way up to me,” and he rattled his own triple necklace.

Chapter V

Light lowered in the sky as they walked beside the river, keeping close to the rocky edge and brushing away vines that strung into the water from hanging limbs. Urson broke down a branch as thick as his wrist and as tall as himself and smote the water with it, playfully. "That should put a welt on anyone's head who wants to bother us." He raised the stick from the water and drops ran along the bark, moving sparks at the ends of dark lines.

"We'll have to turn into the woods for food soon," said Iimmi, "unless we wait for animals who come down to drink."

Urson tugged at another branch, and it twisted loose from fibrous white pulp. "Here," he handed it to Iimmi. "I'll have one for you in a moment, Geo."

"And maybe we could explore a little, before it gets dark," Geo suggested.

Urson handed him the third staff. "There's not much here I want to see," he muttered.

"Well, we can't sleep on the bank. We've got to find a place hidden in the trees."

"Can you see what that is through there?" Iimmi asked.

"Where?" asked Geo. "Huh...?" Through the thick growth was a rising shadow. "A rock or a cliff?" he suggested.

"Maybe," mused Urson, "but it's awfully regular."

Geo started off into the underbrush, and the others followed. Their goal was further and larger than it had looked from the river. Once they passed across a section of ten or twelve stones, rectangular and side by side, like paving. Small trees had pushed up between some of them, but for thirty feet, before the edge sank beneath the soft jungle floor it was easier going. Suddenly the growth became thin again and they were at the edge of a relatively clear area. Before them loomed the ruins of a great building. Six girders cleared the highest wall, implying an original height of eighteen or twenty stories. One wall was completely sheared away and fragments of it chunked the ground. The revealed dark caves of broken rooms and cubicles suggested an injured granite hive. They approached slowly.

To one side a great metal cylinder lay askew a heap of rubbish. A flat blade of metal transversed it, one side twisting into the ground where skeletal girders shown beneath ripped plating. A row of windows like dark eyes lined the body, and a door gaped in an idiotic oval halfway along its length.

Fascinated, they turned toward the injured wreck. As they neared, a sound came from inside the door. They stopped, and their staves leapt a protective inch from the ground. In the shadow of the door, ten feet from the ground, another shadow moved, resolving itself into an animal head, long, muzzled, gray. Then they could see the forelegs. It looked like an immense dog, and it was carrying a smaller animal, obviously dead, in its mouth. It saw them, watched them, was still.

"Dinner," Urson said softly. "Come on." They moved forward again. Then they stopped.

Suddenly the beast sprang from the doorway. Shadow and distance had made them completely underestimate its size. Along the sprung arc flowed a canine body nearly five feet long. Urson struck up at it and knocked it from its flight with his stick. As it fell, Iimmi and Geo were upon it with theirs, clubbing its chest and head. For six blows it staggered and could not gain its feet. Then, as it threatened to heave to standing, Urson rushed forward and brought his stave straight down on the chest: bones snapped and tore through the brown pelt, only to have their blue sheen covered a moment later by a well of blood. It howled, kicked its hind feet at the stake with which Urson held it to the ground, and then stretched out its limbs and quivered. The front legs stretched, and stretched, while the torso seemed to pull in on itself, shrinking in the death agonies. The long mouth, which had dropped its prey, gaped open as the head flopped from side to side, the pink tongue lolling, shrinking.

“My God,” said Geo.

The sharp muzzle blunted now and the claws in the padded paw stretched, opened into human fingers and a thumb. The hairlessness of the under-belly had spread to the entire carcass. Hind legs lengthened, joints reversed themselves, and bare knees bent as human feet dragged themselves through fragments of brown leaves over the ground and a human thigh gave a final contraction, stilled, and then one leg fell out straight again. A shaggy, black-haired man lay still on the ground, his chest caved and bloody. In one last throw, he flung his hands up to grasp the stake and pull it from his chest, but too weak, they slipped down as his lips curled back from his mouth revealing a row of perfectly white, blunt teeth.

Urson stepped back, and then back again. The stake fell, pulled loose with a sucking explosion from the ruined mess of lung. The bear man had raised his hand to his own chest and seized his triple, gold token. “In the name of the Goddess,” he finally said.

Iimmi walked forward now, picked up the carcass of the smaller animal that had been dropped, and turned away. “Well,” he said, “I guess dinner isn’t going to be as big as we thought.”

“I guess not,” Geo said.

They walked back to the ruined building, away from the corpse.

“Hey, Urson,” Geo said at last to the big man who was still holding his coins, “Snap out of it. What’s the matter?”

“The only man I’ve ever seen whose body was that broken in that way,” he said slowly, “was one whose side struck into by a ship’s spar.”

They decided to settle that evening at the corner of one of the building’s ruined walls. They produced fire with a rock against a section of slightly rusted girder. And after much sawing on a jagged metal blade protruding from a pile of rubble, they managed to quarter the animal and rip most of the pelt from its red body. With thin branches to hold the meat, they did a passable job of roasting. Although partially burned, partially raw, and without seasoning, they ate it, and their hunger ceased. As they sat huddled by the wall, ripping red juicy fibers from the last bones with their teeth, night swelled through the jungle, imprisoning them in the shell of orange flicking from their fire.

“Shall we leave it going?” asked Urson.

“Fire keeps animals away,” Iimmi said.

On leaves piled together now they stretched out by the wall of the broken building. There was quiet—an insect hum, no un-namable chitterings, except for the comforting rush of the river’s water.

Geo was first to awake, his eyes filled with silver. The entire clearing had been flooded by white light from the huge disk of the moon that sat on the rim of the trees. Iimmi and Urson beside him looked uncomfortably corpse-like, and he was about to reach over and touch Iimmi’s outstretched arm when there was a noise behind him, like beaten cloth. He jerked his head around, and was staring at the gray wall by which they had camped. He looked up at the spreading plane that tore off raggedly against the night. Fatigue had washed into something unpleasant and hard in his belly that had little to do with tiredness. He stretched his arm in the leaves once more and put his cheek down on the cool flesh of his shoulder.

The beating sound came again and continued for a few seconds. He rolled his face up and stared at the sky. Something crossed on the moon. It seemed to expand a moment, spread its wings, and draw them in again.

He reached out, his arm over the leaves like thunder, and grabbed Iimmi’s black shoulder. Iimmi grunted, started, then rolled over on his back, and opened his eyes. Geo saw the black chest drop with expelled breath, the only recognition given. A few seconds later the chest rose again. Iimmi turned his face to Geo and raised his finger to his lips. Then he turned his face back up to the night. Three more times the flapping sounded behind them, behind the wall, Geo realized. Once he glanced down again and saw that Iimmi had raised his arm and put it over his eyes.

They passed years that way. Then a flock suddenly leapt from the wall. Some of them fell twenty feet before their wings filled with air and they rose again. They circled wider and before they returned, another flock dropped off into the night.

As they fell this time, Geo suddenly grabbed Iimmi's arm and pulled it down from his eyes. The figures dropped through the dark like kites, sixty feet above them, forty feet, thirty; then there was a thin, piercing shriek. Iimmi was up on his feet in a second, and Geo beside him, their staffs in hand.

"Here it comes," breathed Iimmi. He kicked at Urson, but the big man was already on his knees, and then feet. The wings beat insistently and darkly before them as they stood against the wall. The figures flew toward them and at the terrifying distance of five feet, reversed. "I don't think they can get in at the wall," said Iimmi.

"I hope the hell they can't," Urson said.

The figures dropped to the ground, black wings crumpling to their bodies in the moonlight. In the growing hoard of shadow in front of them, light snagged on a metal blade.

Then two of the creatures detached from the others and hurled themselves forward, swords arcing suddenly above their heads.

They swung their staffs as hard as they could, catching both beasts on the chest. They fell backwards in a sudden expansion of rubbery wings, as though they had stumbled into billowing dark canvas.

Three more now leapt over the fallen ones, shrieking. As they came, Urson looked up and jammed his staff into the belly of a fourth monster who was about to fall on them from above. One got past Iimmi's whistling staff and Geo had to stop swinging and grab a furry arm. He pulled it to the side, overbalancing the huge, sailed creature. It dropped its sword as it lay for a moment, struggling on its back. Geo grabbed the blade and brought it straight from the ground up into the gut of another of the creatures who spread open its wings and staggered back. He wrested the blade free, and then turned it down into the body of the fallen one; it made a thick sound like a crushed sponge. As the blade came out again and he hacked into a shadow on his left, a voice suddenly sounded, but inside his head.

The ... jewels ...

"Snake!" bawled Geo. "Where the hell are you?" He was still holding his staff, and now he flung it forward, spear-like, into the face of an advancing beast. Struck, it opened up like a black parachute, knocking away three of its companions, before it fell.

In the view, cleared for an instant, Geo saw a slight, spidery form, dart from the jungle edge into the clearing. With his free hand Geo ripped the jewels from his neck and flung the confused handful of thong and chain over the heads of the shrieking beasts. The beads made a double eye in the light at the top of their arc before they fell on the leaves beyond. Snake picked them up and held them above his head.

Fire leapt from the boy's hands in a double bolt that converged in the center of the dark bodies. A red flair silhouetted the jagged edge of a wing. A wing flamed, waved flame, and the burning beast tried to take air before it fell, splashing fire about it. Orange light caught sharp on brown faces chiseled with shadow, caught in the terrified red bead of an eye or along double fangs behind dark lips.

Burning wings withered on the ground; dead leaves had sparked now, and whips of light ran on the clearing floor. The beasts retreated and the three men stood against the wall, panting.

"Watch out!" Iimmi suddenly called.

Snake looked up as the great wings tented over him, hiding him momentarily. Red flared beneath them, and suddenly the beasts fell away, their sails sweeping over the dead leaves, moved by wind or life, Geo couldn't tell. Dark flappings rose on the moon, grew further away, and were gone.

Away from the wall, they saw the fire had blown up against the wall and was dying. They ran quickly toward the edge of the forest. "Snake," said Geo when they stopped. "This is Iimmi, this is Snake. We told you about him."

Iimmi extended his hand. "Glad to meet you."

"Look," said Geo, "he can read your mind, so if you still think he's a spy ..."

Immi grinned. "Remember the general rule? If he is a spy, it's going to get much too complicated trying to figure why he saved us like that."

Urson scratched his head. "If it's a choice between Snake and nothing, we better take Snake. Hey, Four Arms, I owe you a thrashing." He paused, then laughed. "I hope some day I get a chance to give it to you."

"Where have you been, anyway?" Geo asked. He put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "You're wet."

"Our water friends again?" suggested Urson.

"Probably," said Geo.

Snake now held one hand toward Geo.

"What's that? Oh, you don't want to keep them?"

Snake shook his head.

"All right," said Geo. He took one jewel and put it around his neck.

Geo took the wrought chain with the platinum claw from his neck and hung it around Immi's. The white eye shown on his dark chest in the moonlight. Now Snake beckoned them to follow him back across the clearing. They came, stopping to pick up swords from the shriveled darknesses on the ground about the clearing. As they passed around the edge of the broken building, Geo looked for the corpse they had left there, but it was gone.

"Where are we going?" asked Urson.

Snake only motioned them onward. They neared the broken cylinder and Snake scrambled up the rubble under the dark hole through which the man-wolf had leaped earlier that evening.

At the door, Snake turned and lifted the jewel from Geo's neck, and held it aloft. The jewel glowed now, with a blue-green light that seeped into the corners and crevices of the ruined entrance. Shreds of cloth hung at the windows, most of which were broken. Twigs and rubbish littered the metal floor. They walked between double seats toward a door at the far end. Effaced signs still hung on the walls.

N .. SM .. K .. G

The door at the end was ajar, and Snake opened it all the way. Something scuttered through a cracked window. The jewel's light showed two seats broken from their fixtures. Vines covered the front window in which only a few splinters of glass hung on the rim. Draped in rotten fabric, a few metal rings about wrists and ankles, two skeletons with silver helmets had fallen from the seats. Snake pointed to a row of smashed glass disks in front of the broken seats.

Radio ... they heard in their minds.

Now he reached down into the mess on the floor and dislodged a chunk of rusted metal. *Gun*, he said, showing it to Geo.

The three men examined it. "What's it good for?" asked Urson.

Snake shrugged.

"Are there any electricities, or diodes around?" asked Geo, remembering the words from before.

Snake shrugged again.

"Why did you want to show us all this?" Geo asked.

The boy only turned and started back toward the door. When they were standing in the oval entrance, about to climb down, Immi pointed to the ruins of the building ahead of them. "Do you know what that building was called?"

Barracks, Snake said.

"I know that word," said Geo.

"So do I," said Immi. "It means a place where they used to keep soldiers all together. It's from one of the old languages."

"Where to now?" Urson asked Snake.

The boy climbed back down into the clearing and they followed him into the denser wood where only pearls of light scattered through the trees. They emerged at a broad ribbon of silver, the river, broken by rocks.

"We were right the first time," Geo said. "We should have stayed here."

The sound of rippling, sloshing, the full whisper of leaves and foliage along the edges of the forest—these accompanied them as they lay down on the dried moss behind the larger rocks. And with the heaviness of release on them, they dropped, like stones down a well, the bright pool of sleep.

The bright pool of silver grew and spread and wrinkled into the familiar shapes of mast, the rail of the deck, and the whiteness of the sea beyond the ship. The scene moved down the deck, until another gaunt figure approached from the other direction. The features, though strangely distorted by whiteness and pulled to grotesquerie, were recognizable as those of the captain as he drew near.

“Oh, mate,” said the captain.

Silence, while the mate gave an answer they couldn’t hear.

“Yes,” answered the captain. “I wonder what she wants, too.” His voice was hollow, etiolated like a flower grown in darkness. The captain turned and knocked on Argo’s cabin door. It opened, and they stepped in.

The hand that opened the door for them was thin as winter twigs. The walls of the room seemed draped in spider webs and hangings insubstantial as layered dust. The great desk seemed spindly, grotesque, and the papers on top of it were tissue thin, threatening to scutter and crumble with a breath. The chandelier above gave more languishing white smoke than light, and the arms, branches, and complexed array of oil cups looked like a convocation of spiders.

Argo spoke in a pale white voice that sounded like the whisper of thin fingers tearing webs.

“So,” she said. “We will stay at least another seven days.”

“But why?” asked the captain.

“I have received a sign from the sea.”

“I do not wish to question your authority, Priestess,” began the captain.

“Then do not,” interrupted Argo.

“My mate has raised the objection that ...”

“Your mate has raised his hand to me once,” stated the Priestess. “It is only in my benevolence ...” Here she paused, and her voice became more unsure, “... that I do not destroy him where he stands.” Beneath, her veil, a face could be made out that might have belonged to a dried skull.

“But,” began the captain.

“We wait here by the island of Aptom another seven days,” commanded Argo. She looked away from the captain now, in a direction that must have been straight into the eyes of the mate. From behind the veil, hate welled like living liquid from the seemingly empty sockets. They turned to go, and once more on deck, they stopped to watch the sea. Near the indistinct horizon, a sharp tongue of land outlined itself with mountains. The cliffs were chalky on one side, then streaked with red and blue clays on the other. There was a reddish glow beyond one mountain, like the shimmering of a volcano. And dark as most of it was, it was a distinct darkness, backed with purple, or broken by the warm, differing grays of individual rocks. Even through the night, at this distance, beyond the silver crescent of the beach, the jungle looked rich, green even in the darkness, redolently full and quiveringly heavy with life.

And then the thin screams ...

Chapter VI

Geo rolled over and out of sleep, stones and moss beneath his shoulder. He grabbed his sword and was on his feet instantly. Iimmi was also standing with raised blade. The river sloshed coldly behind them.

The thin screaming came again, like a hot wire drawn down the gelid morning. Snake and Urson were also up, now. The sounds came from the direction of the ruined barracks. Geo started forward, cautiously, curiosity drawing him toward the sound, fear sending him from the relatively unprotected bank and into the woods. The others followed him.

Abruptly they reached the edge of the forest's wall, beyond which was the clear space before the broken building. They crouched now, behind the trees, watching, fascinated.

Between ape and man, it hovered at the edge of the forest in the shadow. It was Snake's height, but more of Urson's build. An animal pelt wrapped its middle and went over its shoulder, clothing it more fully than either of the four humans were clothed. Thick-footed, great-handed, it loped four steps into the clearing, uttered its piercing shriek, and fell on a hunk of flesh that last night's beasts had dropped from the sky. Its head rocked back and forth as it tore at its food. Once it raised its head and a sliver of flesh shook from its teeth before the face dropped again to devour.

They watched the huge fingers upon broad flat palms, tipped with bronze-colored claws, convulse again and again, reflexively, into the gray, fibrous meat while the fanged mouth ripped.

Whether it was a shift of breeze, or a final reflex, Geo couldn't tell, but one of the membranous sails raised darkly and beat about the oblivious animal that fed on its corpse.

"Come on," Urson said. "Let's go."

A thin scream sounded behind them, and they whirled.

It crouched apishly, the bronze-clawed fingers opened and closed like breathing, and the shaggy head was knotted with dirt and twigs. The breath hissed from the faintly moving, full lips.

Urson reached for his sword, but Iimmi saw him and whispered, "No, don't."

The Negro extended his hand and moved slowly forward. The hulking form took a step back, and mewed.

Geo suddenly caught the idea. Coming up beside Iimmi, he made a quick series of snaps with his fingers and said in a coaxing, baby voice. "Come, come, come." He laughed softly to Urson back over his shoulder. "It won't hurt us," he said.

"If we don't hurt it," added Iimmi. "It's some sort of necrophage."

"A what?" asked Urson.

"It only eats dead things," Geo explained. "They're mentioned in some of the old legends. Apparently, after the Great Fire, so the story goes, there were more of these things around than anything else. In Leptar, though, they became extinct."

"Come here, cutie," said Iimmi. "Nice little, sweet little, pretty little thing."

It mewed again, bowed its head, came over and rubbed against Iimmi's hip. "Smells like hell," the Negro observed, scratching behind its ear. "Watch out there, big boy!" The beast gave a particularly affectionate rub that almost upset Iimmi's balance.

"Leave your pet alone," said Urson, "and let's get going."

Geo patted the ape-like skull. "So long, beautiful," he said. They turned toward the river again.

As they emerged on the rocky bank, Geo said, "Well, at least we know we have seven days to get to the Temple of Hama and out again."

“What do you mean?” asked Iimmi.

“Don’t you remember the dream, back on the ship?”

“Who was thinking that?” asked Iimmi.

“Jordde, the first mate.”

“He makes everybody look dead. I thought I was having a nightmare. I could hardly recognize the captain.”

“You see one reason for believing he’s a spy?”

“Because of the way he sees things?” Again he smiled. “A poet’s reason, I’m afraid. But I see.”

The thin shriek sounded behind them, and they turned to see the hulking form crouched on the rocks above them.

“Uh-oh,” said Urson, “there’s your cute friend.”

“I hope we haven’t picked up a tag-a-long for the rest of the trip,” said Geo.

It loped down over the rocks and stopped just before them.

“What’s it got?” Iimmi asked.

“I can’t tell,” said Geo.

Reaching into the bib of its animal skin, it brought out a gray hunk of meat and held it toward them.

Iimmi laughed. “Breakfast,” he said.

“That!” demanded Urson.

“Can you suggest anything better?” Geo asked. He took the meat from the beast’s claws. “Thanks, gorgeous.”

It turned, looked back, and bounded up the bank and into the forest again.

With fire from the jewels, and wooden spits from the woods, they soon had the meat crackling and brown and the grease bubbling down its sides and hissing onto the hot stones they had used to rim the flame. Urson sat apart, sniffed, and then moved closer, and finally scratched his big fingers through his hairy stomach and said, “Damn it, I’m hungry.” They made room for him at the fire without comment.

Sun struck the tops of the trees for the first time that morning and a moment later splashed copper in concentric curves on the water by the rock’s edge, staining it further with dull gold.

“You seem to know your way around awfully well. Have you ever been on Aptor before?” Iimmi asked Snake suddenly.

Snake paused for a moment. Then he nodded, slowly.

They were all silent now.

Finally Geo asked, “What made you ask that?”

“Something in your first theory,” Iimmi said. “I’ve been thinking it for some time, and I guess you knew I was thinking it too, Four Arms. You thought Jordde wanted to get rid of me, Whitey, and Snake, and that it was just an accident that he caught Whitey first instead of Snake. You thought he wanted to get rid of Whitey and me because of something we’d seen, or might have seen, when we were on Aptor with Argo. I just thought perhaps he wanted to get rid of Snake for the same reason. Which meant he might have been on Aptor before, too.”

“Jordde was on Aptor before,” said Urson. “You said that’s when he became a spy for them.”

They all turned to Snake who stood quietly.

“I don’t think we ought to ask him any more questions,” said Iimmi. “The answers aren’t going to do us any good, and no matter what we find out, we’ve got a job to do, and seven, no—six and a half days to do it in.”

Snake quietly handed the metal chain with the pendant jewel back to Iimmi. The dark man put it around his neck once more and they turned up the river.

By twelve, the sun had parched the sky. Once they stopped to swim and cool themselves. Chill water gave before reaching arms and lowered faces. They even dove in search of their aquatic helpers, but grubbed the pebbly bottom of the river with blind fingers instead, coming up with dripping twigs and

smooth wet stones. Soon, they were in a splashing match, of which it is fair to say, Snake won—hands down.

Hunger thrust its sharp finger into their abdomens once more, only a mile on. “Maybe we should have saved some of that stuff from breakfast,” muttered Urson.

Iimmi suddenly broke away from the bank toward the forest.

“Come on,” he said. “Let’s get some food.”

The building they suddenly came upon had tongues of moss licking twenty to fifty feet up the loosely mortared stones. A hundred yards from the water, the jungle came right to its edges. The whole edifice had sunk a bit to one side in the boggy soil. It was a far more stolid and primitive structure than the barracks. They scraped and hacked in front of the entrance where two great columns of stone, six feet across at the base, rose fifty feet to a supported arch. The stones of the building were rough and unfinished.

“It’s a temple,” Geo suddenly said.

And again they fell back to work. What spots of light spilled through the twisted net of jungle stopped at the total shadow beneath the great arch. A line of blackness up one side of the basalt door showed that it was ajar. Now they mounted the steps, moving aside a fallen branch which chattered leaves at them. Geo, Iimmi, then Snake, and at last Urson, squeezed through the door.

Ceiling blocks had fallen from the high vault so that three shafts of sun struck through the continual shift of dust to the littered floor.

“Do you think it’s Hama’s temple?” Urson asked. His voice came back in the stone room, small and hollow.

“I doubt it,” said Iimmi. “At least not the one we’re supposed to find.”

“Maybe it’s an abandoned one,” said Geo, “and we can find out something useful from it.”

Something large and dark suddenly flapped through a far shaft of sun. They stepped back. After a moment of silence, Geo handed his jewel to Snake. “Make some light in here,” he said.

The blue green glow flowed from the up-raised jewel in Snake’s hand. As the light flared, and flared brighter, they saw that the flapping had come from a medium-sized bird that was perched harmlessly on an arch that ran between two columns. It ducked its head at them, cawed harshly, and then flapped from its perch and out one of the apertures in the ceiling, the sound of its wings still thrumming in echo seconds after it was gone.

There were doors between the columns, and one far wall had not withstood time’s sledge. A gaping rent was nearly blocked with vines except for a dim, green-tinted shimmer that broke in here and there through the uneven foliage.

Behind a twisted metal rail and raised on steps of stone, the ruins of a huge statue sat. Carved from black rock, it represented a man seated cross-legged on a dais. An arm and shoulder had broken off and lay in pieces on the altar steps. The hand, its fingers as thick as Urson’s thigh, lay just behind the altar rail. The head was completely missing. Both the hand still on the statue and the one in front of them on the steps looked as though they had once held something, but whatever it was had been removed.

Iimmi was moving along the rail to where a set of stone boxes were placed like foot stones along the side of the altar. “Here, Snake,” he called. “Bring a light over here.” Snake obeyed, and with Geo’s and Urson’s help, he loosened one of the lids.

“What’s in there?” Urson asked.

“Books,” said Iimmi, lifting out one dusty volume. Geo peered over his shoulder while the dark fingers turned the pages. “Old rituals,” Iimmi said. “Look here,” and he pointed to one of them. “You can still read them.”

“Let me see,” Geo said. “You know I studied with Eadnu at the University of Olcse Olwnh.”

Iimmi looked up and laughed. “I thought some of your ideas sounded familiar. I was a pupil of Welis.”

“You were at Olcse Olwnh too?” Geo asked.

“Um-hm,” said Iimmi turning the pages. “I signed aboard this ship as a summer job. If I’d known where we’d end up, I don’t think I’d have gone, though.”

Stomach pangs were forgotten.

“These rituals are not at all like those of the Goddess,” Iimmi observed.

“Apparently not,” agreed Geo. “Wait!” Iimmi had been turning pages at random. “Look there!” Geo pointed.

“What is it?” Iimmi asked.

“The lines,” Geo said. “The ones Argo recited.” He read out loud:

“Forked in the heart of the dark oak the circlet of his sash rimmed where the eye of Hama broke with fire, smoke, and ash.

Freeze the drop in the hand and break the earth with singing. Hail the height of a man and also the height of a woman.

The eyes have imprisoned a vision. The ash tree dribbles with blood. Thrust from the gates of the prison smear the yew tree with mud.”

“It’s the other version of the poem I found in the pre-purge rituals of Argo. I wonder if there were any more poems in the old rituals of Leptar that parallel those of Aptor and Hama?”

“Probably,” Iimmi said. “Especially if the first invasion from Aptor took place just before, and probably caused, the purges.”

“What about food?” Urson suddenly asked from where he now sat on the altar steps. “You two scholars have the rest of time to argue. But we may starve before you can enjoy the leisure.”

“He’s right,” said Iimmi. “Besides, we have to get going.”

“Would you two consider it an imposition to set your minds to procuring us some food?” Urson asked.

“Wait a minute,” Iimmi said. “Here’s a section on the burial of the dead. Yes, I thought so.” He read out loud now:

“Sink the bright dead with misgiving from the half-light of the living ...”

“What does that mean?” asked Urson.

“It means that the dead are buried with all the accoutrements of the living. That means that they put food in the graves.”

“Over here,” cried Iimmi. With Snake following, they came to the row of sealed doors behind the columns along the wall. Iimmi looked at the inscription. “Tombs,” he reported. He turned the handles, a double set of rings, which he twisted in opposite directions. “In an old, uncared-for temple like this, the lock mechanisms must have rusted by now if they’re at all like the ancient tombs of Leptar.”

“Have you studied the ancient tombs?” asked Geo excitedly. “Professor Eadnu always considered them a waste of time.”

“That’s all Welis ever talked about,” laughed Iimmi. “Here, Urson, you set your back to this a moment.”

Grumbling, Urson came forward, took the rings, and twisted. One snapped off in his hand. The other gave, with a crumbling sound inside the door.

“I think that does it,” Iimmi said.

They all helped pull now, and suddenly the door gave an inch, and then, on the next tug, swung free.

Snake proceeded them into the tiny stone cell.

On a rock table, lying on its side, was a bald, shriveled, sexless body. Around the floor were a few sealed jars, heaps of parchment, and a few piles of ornaments.

Iimmi moved among the jars. “This one has grain,” he said. “Give me a hand.” Geo helped him lug the big pottery vessel to the door.

Suddenly a thin shriek scarred the dusty air, and both boys stumbled. The jar hit the ground, split, and grain heaped over the floor. The shriek came again.

Geo saw, there on the edge of the broken wall across the temple from them five of the ape-like figures crouched before the thickly shingled leaves, just visible in the uneven light. One leapt from the wall now

and ran wailing across the littered temple floor, straight for the door of the tomb. Two others followed, and then two others. More had mounted the broken ridge of stone.

Only a greenish rectangle of light fell through the tomb's door as the loping forms burst into the room, one, and then its two companions. Claws and teeth closed on the shriveled skin. The body rolled beneath the ripping hands and mouths, for one arm swept into the air above their lowered heads and humped backs. It fell on the edge of the rock table, broke at the mid-forearm, and the skeletal hand fell to the floor, shattering like china, into a dozen pieces.

They backed to the temple door. Then they turned and ran down the temple steps. The sunlight on the broad rocks touched them; they became still, breathed deeply. They walked quietly. Hunger returned slowly after that, and occasionally one would look aside into the faces of the others in attempt to identify the horror that still pulsed behind their eyes.

Chapter VII

It was Urson who first pointed it out. "Look at the far bank," he said.

Across from them, they could make out an obviously man-made stone embankment.

A few hundred feet further on, Iimmi sighted the spires above the trees, still across the river from them. They could figure nothing for an explanation, till suddenly the trees ceased on the opposite bank and the buildings and towers of a great city broke the sky. Elevated highways looped tower after tower, many of them broken, their ends dangling colossally to the streets. The docks of the city just across from them were completely deserted.

It was Geo who suggested, "Perhaps Hama's temple is in there. After all, Argo's largest temple is in Leptar's biggest city."

"And what city in Leptar is *that* big?" breathed Urson, awfully.

"How do we get across?" asked Iimmi.

But Snake had already started down to the water.

"I guess we follow him," said Geo, climbing down over the rocks.

Snake dove into the water. Iimmi, Geo, and Urson followed. Before he had taken two strokes, Geo felt familiar hands suddenly grasp his body from below. This time he did not fight, and there was a sudden sense of speed, of sinking through consciousness.

Then he was bobbing up through chill water with the rising embankment of stones to one side and the broad river to the other. He switched from skulling into a crawl now, wondering how to scale the stones when he saw the rusted metal ladder leading into the water. He caught hold of the sides and pulled himself up.

Snake came up now, and then Urson. And, at last Iimmi joined them on the broad ridge of concrete that walled the flowing river. Together now on the wharf, they turned to the city.

Near them, piles of debris lay between two taller buildings. After a few minutes' walk the building walls had reached canyon size. "Now, how are you going to go about looking for the temple?" Urson asked.

"Maybe we can take a look from the top of one of these buildings," Geo suggested.

They turned toward a random building. A slab of metal had torn away from the wall, and stepping through, they found themselves in a huge hollow room. Dim light came from a number of white tubes set around the wall. Only a quarter of them were lit, and one was flickering. Hung from the center of the room was a metal sign which read:

NEW EDISON ELECTRIC COMPANY

and beneath it, in smaller letters:

"Light Down The Ages"

One of the huge cylinders, across the floor, was buzzing.

As they mounted a spiral staircase to the next floor the great room turned about them, sinking. At last they stepped up into a dark corridor. A red light glowed at the end which said: EXIT.

Doors outlined themselves along the hall in a red haze. Geo moved to one at random and opened it. Natural light fell in on them as the others came to see. They entered a room whose outer wall was torn away. The floor broke off irregularly over thrusting girders.

"What could have happened to it?" Urson asked.

"See," Iimmi explained. "That roadway must have crashed into the wall and knocked it away."

A twenty-foot ribbon of road veered into the room at an insane angle. The railing was twisted, but there were the stalks of street lights still intact along the edges.

"Do you think we could climb that?" asked Geo. "It doesn't look too steep."

"For what?" Urson wanted to know.

"To get some place high enough to see if there's anything that looks like a temple."

"Oh," said Urson in a reconciled voice.

In general the walk was in good shape. Occasional sections of railing had twisted away, but the road itself mounted surely between the sheering faces of the buildings on either side of them through advancing sunset.

It branched before them and they went left. It branched again and again they avoided the right-handed road. A sign, half the length of a three masted ship, hung lopsidedly above them on a building to one side.

WMTH

The Hub Of World News, Communication, & Entertainment

As they rounded the corner of the building, Snake suddenly stopped and put his hand to his head.

"What is it?" asked Geo.

Snake took a step backward. Then he pointed to WMTH. *It ... hurts.*

"What hurts?" asked Iimmi.

Snake pointed to the building again.

"Is there someone in there thinking too loud?"

Thinking ... machine, Snake said. *Radio ...*

"A radio is a thinking machine and there's one in there that's hurting your head?" interpreted Iimmi, tentatively, and with a question mark.

Snake nodded.

"How come the one he showed us before didn't hurt him?" Urson wanted to know.

Iimmi looked up at the imposing housing of WMTH. "Maybe this one's a lot bigger."

"Look," Geo said to Snake, "you stay here, and if we see anything, we'll come back and report, all right?"

"Maybe it stops later on," Urson said, "and if he ran forward, he could get out the other side. It may just stop after a hundred feet or so."

"Why so anxious?" asked Iimmi.

"The jewels," said Urson. "Who's going to get us out of trouble if we should meet up with anything else?"

They were silent then. Their shadows faded over the pavement as the yellow tinge in the sky turned blue. "I guess it's up to Snake," Geo said. "Do you think you can make it?"

Snake paused for a moment, then shook his head.

"Well," Geo said to the others, "come on then."

Around them was a sudden click, and lights flickered all along the edges of the road.

"Come on," Geo said again, and once more they started, passing the lights which wheeled double and triple shadows about them over the road and the opposite railing. When they reached the next turn off that led to a still higher ramp, Geo looked back. Snake's miniature figure sat on the edge of the road's railing, his feet on the lower rung, one pair of arms folded, one pair of elbows on his knees. The light above him.

"Keep track of the turns," said Geo.

"I'm keeping," Iimmi assured him.

"By the time we get to the top of whatever we're trying to get to the top of," rumbled Urson, "we won't be able to see anything. It'll be too dark."

"Then let's hurry," Geo admonished.

Sunset stained one side of the towers copper while blue shadows hugged the other. By way of a plastic-domed stairway, they mounted another eighty feet to a broader highway where they could look down on the band of lights which was the one they had just left. They were beginning to clear the roofs of the lower buildings now.

On this road fewer lights were working. They were just about to enter a dark section when a figure appeared in silhouette at the other end.

They stopped, but the figure was suddenly gone. A little farther, Geo suddenly halted and said, "There!"

Two hundred feet ahead of them, what may have been a naked woman rose from the ground, and began to walk backwards until she disappeared into the next dark length of road.

"Do you think she was running away from us?" Iimmi asked.

Urson reached out and touched Iimmi's jewel. "I wish we have some more light around here."

"Yeah," Iimmi agreed. They continued.

The skeleton lay at the twilight edge of the next stretch of functioning lights. The rib cage marked sharp lines on the pavement with shadow from the lamps' glare.

"Do we turn back now?" Urson asked.

"A skeleton can't hurt you," Iimmi said.

"But what about the live one we saw?" countered Urson.

"... and here she comes now," Geo whispered in a cynical stage voice.

In fact two figures approached them through the shadow. As Urson, Geo and Iimmi moved closer, one stopped, and then the other a few steps before the first. Then they dropped. Geo couldn't tell if they fell, or lay down quickly on the roadway. But they seemed to have disappeared.

"Go on?" asked Urson.

"Go on," said Geo.

Pause. "Go on," from Geo.

Two more skeletons lay on the road where the figures had disappeared a minute before. "They don't seem dangerous," Geo said. "But what do they do? Die every time they see us?"

"Hey," Iimmi said. "What's that? Listen."

It was a sickly liquid sound, like mud dropping into itself. Something was falling from the sky. No, not the sky, but from the roadway that crossed fifty feet above them. Looking down again, they saw that a blob of something was growing on the pavement ten feet from them.

"Come on," Geo said, and they skirted the mess dripping from above them, and continued up the road, passing four more skeletons. The sound behind them turned into a wet sloshing. Turning, they saw it emerge into the light—shapeless and jelly-green under the white flare. Impaling its membrane on the skeletons, the mass flowed around them, faster, covering them, molding to them. There was a final surge, a shrinking, and its shapelessness contracted into limbs, a head, feet. The naked man-thing pushed itself to its knees and then stood straight, the flesh by now opaque. Eye sockets caved into the face. A mouth ripped apart on the skull, and the chest began to move with a wet steamy sound in irregular gasps.

It began to walk toward them, raising its hands from its sides. Then, behind it in the darkness, they saw more coming.

"*Damn*," said Urson. "What do they...?"

"One, or both, of two things," Iimmi answered, backing away. "More meat, or more bones."

"Whoops," Geo said. "Look back there!"

They whirled and saw seven more figures standing quietly behind them, while the ones in front advanced.

A covered flight of stairs had its entrance nearby, leading to the next level of highway. They ducked into it and fled up the steps. Geo glanced back once; one of the forms had reached the entrance and had started to climb. He was also, he realized, high enough to get some idea of the city, which stretched, beyond the transparent covering of the steps, away in a web of lighted roadways, rising, looping, descending. Two glows caught him: one, beyond the river, a red haze that flickered behind the trees and was reflected on the water itself. The other was within the city itself, orange white, nested among the buildings.

He turned back up the steps. A gurgling sound neared them as they reached the top entrance. Geo had only gotten half clear of the entrance when he yelled, "Yikes," and then, "Duck!"

They slipped from the doorway and nearly fell, avoiding a mass of jelly the size of a two-story house which flopped against the entrance. They edged by its pulsing, transparent sides. The lamp light pierced into it a yard, and once a skull swirled toward the surface and then sank again.

Suddenly it sucked away from the entrance and shivered ponderously toward them. Something was happening at the front. Figures, three or four of them, were detaching themselves from the mother mass and preceding it.

They turned and ran along the road, plunging suddenly into an extended darkened section. A moment later there was a glow in front of them and suddenly Urson yelled, "Watch it!"

Abruptly the road sheered off in front of them; they halted, and then approached the edge slowly. The surface of the road tore away and the girders descended, webbing toward the ruined stump of a building from which the orange-white glow rose. The glow came from the heart of the edifice. "What do you think it is?" asked Geo.

"I don't know," said Iimmi.

They looked, and in the shadow, numberless figures were marching after them. Suddenly the figures fell to the ground, and flesh rolled forward from bone, congealed, and rose quivering into the edge of the light.

Iimmi started out first on the skeletal, twisted structure that descended to the glowing pit. "You're crazy," Geo said. The thing flopped forward another yard with a sick sound. "Hurry up," Geo added. With Urson in the middle, they started out along the twenty-inch wide girder. Lit from beneath, their bodies were in the shadow of the girder. Only their outstretched arms burned in the pale orange light as they balanced themselves.

Before them, faintly legible on the broken building into which they were descending was the sign: ATOMIC ENERGY FOR THE BETTERMENT OF MAN

It was flanked by two purple trefoils. The beam twisted sideways, and then dropped. Iimmi made the turn, dropped to his knees and hands, and then started to let himself down the four feet to the next small section of concrete. Once he saw something, let out a low whistle, but continued to lower himself to the straightened girder. Urson made the turn next, while Geo knelt in front of him. When Urson saw what Iimmi had seen, his hand shot to Geo's chest and grabbed the jewel. Geo took his wrist. "That won't help us now," he said.

Urson expelled a breath, and then continued down, slowly. Quickly Geo turned to drop now.

The entire beam structure over which they had just come was coated with a trembling thickness of the stuff. Globbs dripped from the steel shafts, glowing in the light from below, quivering, smoking, splashing off into the darkness. Here and there something half human would rise either to look around or to pull the collective mass further on, but then it would fall back and dissolve. It bulged forward, smoking now, bits of it shriveling off and falling away. Geo was about to descend, but suddenly he called, "Wait a minute." The others stayed still.

It wasn't making progress. It rolled to a certain point in the pale, sherbert-colored light, globbed up, smoked, and fell away. And smoked. And dripped.

"Can't it get any farther?" Urson asked.

"It doesn't look it," said Geo.

A skeleton stood up, flesh-covered in the orange light. It tottered, its surface steaming, and then fell with a sucking noise, down into the hundreds of feet of shadow. Geo was holding tight onto the girder in front of him.

The pale light fell cleanly over his hand, wrist, and midway up his forearm.

What happened now made him squeeze until sweat came: the entire Gargantuan mass, which had only extended tentacles till now, pulsed to the edge of the jagged road, draped itself over the web of girders, and flung itself forward on the spindly metal threads. It careened toward them, and the three jerked themselves back.

Then it stopped, quivering. It boiled, it burned, it writhed, sinking, smoking through the spaces in the naked girder work. It tried to crawl backwards. Human figures leaped from its mass toward the edge of the road, missed, and plummeted like smoking bullets. It hurled a great pseudopod back toward the safety of the road; it fell short, flopped downward, and the whole mass shook beneath the smoke that rose from it. It pulled free of the support, tentacles sliding across steel, whipping into the air. Then it dropped into the shadows, breaking into a half dozen pieces before they lost sight of it below.

Geo released his hand. "My arm hurts," he said, shaking it.

They climbed up to the road again, carefully. "Any ideas what happened?" asked Iimmi.

"What ever it was, I'm glad it did," said Urson.

Something clattered before them in the darkness.

"What was that?" asked Urson, stopping.

"My foot hit something," Geo said.

"What was it?" asked Urson.

"Never mind," said Geo. "Come on."

Fifteen minutes brought them to the stairway that went to the lower highway. Iimmi's memory proved good, and for an hour they went quickly, Iimmi making no hesitation at turnings.

"God," Geo said, rubbing his forearm with his other hand. "I must have pulled hell out of it back there. It hurts like the devil."

Urson looked at his hand and rubbed them together.

"My hands feel sort of funny too," Iimmi said. "Like they've been wind-burned."

"Wind-burned nothing," said Geo. "This hurts."

Twenty minutes later, Iimmi said, "Well, this should be about it."

"Hey," said Urson. "There's Snake." As they ran forward, now, the boy jumped off the rail, grabbed their shoulders, and grinned. Then he began to tug them forward.

"You lucky little so and so," said Urson. "I wish you'd been with us."

"He probably was, in spirit, if not in body," Geo laughed.

Snake nodded.

"What are you pulling for?" Urson asked. "Say, if you're going to get headaches like that, you'd better teach us what to do with them beads there." He pointed to the jewel at Iimmi's and Geo's necks.

Snake nodded and tugged forward again.

"He wants us to hurry," Geo said. "We better get going."

The road finally tore completely away, and four feet below them, over the twisted rail, was the mouth of a street that led into the waterfront. Snake, Iimmi and then Urson vaulted over. Urson shook his hands painfully when he landed.

"Give me a hand, will you?" Geo asked. "My arm is really shot." Urson helped his friend over.

Almost as though it had been in wait, thick liquid gurgling sounded behind them. Like a wounded thing it emerged from behind the broken highway, bulging up into the light which shone on the ripples in its shriveled membrane.

"Run it!" bawled Urson, and they took off down the street. In the moonlight, the ruined piers spread along the waterfront to either side of them, some even slanting into the silvered water.

Turning once, they saw it bloat the entrance of the street, fill it, and then pour across the broken stones, slipping across the rubble of the smashed wharf.

When Geo hit water, he was aware of two things immediately as the hands reached for his body. First, the thong was yanked from around his neck. Second, pain seared his arm as if the bones and ligaments were suddenly replaced by white-hot cords of steel, and every vein and capillary had become part of a webbing of red fire.

It was a long time before consciousness. Once he was lifted. And when he opened his eyes, the white moon was moving incredibly fast above him toward the dark shapes of leaves. Was he being carried? And his arm hurt. There was more drowsy half consciousness, and once a great deal of pain. When he

opened his mouth to scream, however, darkness flowed in, swathed his tongue, and he swallowed the darkness down into his body and into his head, and called it sleep—

A spool of copper wire unrolled over the black tile floor. Scoop it up quick. Damn, let me get out of here. I run past the black columns, glimpsing the cavernous room, and the black statue at the other end, huge, and rising into shadows. Men in dark robes are walking around. (Not only could they see, this time; they could hear the thinking.) Just don't feel up to praying this afternoon. I am before the door, and above it, a black disk with three white eyes on it. Through the door, up black stone steps. Wonder if anyone will be up there now. Just my luck I'll find the Old Man himself. Another door with a black circle above it. Push it open slowly, cool on my hands. A man is standing inside, looking into a large screen of glass. Figures moving on it. Can't make them out, he's in the way. Oh, there's another one.

"I don't know whether to call it success or failure," one says.

"The jewels are ... safe or lost?"

"What do you call it?" the first one asks. "I don't know any more." He sighs. "I don't think I've taken my eyes off this thing for more than two hours since they got to the beach. Every mile they've come closer has made my blood run colder."

"What do we report to Hama Incarnate?"

"It would be silly to say anything now. We just don't know."

"Well," says the other, "at least we can do something with the City of New Hope since they got rid of that super-amoeba."

"Are you sure they really got it?"

"After the burning it received over that naked atom pile? It was all it could do to get to the waterfront. It's just about fried up and blown away already."

"And how safe would you call them?" the other asks.

"Right now? I wouldn't call them anything."

Something glitters on the table by the door. Yes, there it is. In the pile of strange equipment is a U-shaped scrap of metal. Just what I need. Hot damn, adhesive tape too. Quick, there, before they see. Fine. Now, let the door close, real slow. Ooops. It clicked. Now come on, look innocent, in case they come out. I hope the Old Man isn't watching. Guess they're not coming. And down the stairs again, the black stone walls moving past. Out another door, into the garden, dark flowers, purple, deep red, some with blue in them, and big stone urns. Some priests are coming down the path. Ooops again, there's old Dunderhead. He'll want me inside praying. Duck down behind that urn. Here we go. What'll I do if he catches me? Really sir, I have nothing under my choir robe. Peek out.

Very, very small sigh of relief, now. Can't afford to be too loud around here. They're gone. Let's examine the loot. The black stone urn has one handle above. It's about eight feet tall. One, two, three: jump, and ... hold ... on ... and ... pull. And try to get to the top. There we go. Cold stone between my toes. And over the edge, where it's filled with dirt. Pant. Pant. Pant.

Should be just over here, if I remember right. Dig, dig, dig. Damp earth feels good in your hands. Ow! my finger. There it is. A brown paper bag under granules of black earth. Lift it out. Is it all there? Open it up, peer in. Down at the bottom, beyond the folds of the edges where the top had been twisted tightly together, are the tiny scraps of copper, a few long pieces of dark metal, a piece of board, some brads. To this my grubby little hand adds the spool of copper wire and the U-shaped scrap of metal. Now, slip it into my robe and—once you get up here, how the hell do you get down? I always forget. Turn around, climb over the edge, like this, and let yourself down. Damn, my robe's caught on the handle.

And drop.

Skinned my shin again. Some day I'll learn.

Now let's see if we can figure this thing out. Gotta crouch down and get to work. Here we go. Open the bag, and turn the contents out in the lap of the dark-colored robe, grubby hands poking.

The U-shaped metal, the copper wire, fine. Hold the end of the wire to the metal, and maneuver the spool around the end of the wire to the metal, and maneuver the spool around the end of the rod. Around.

And around. And around. Here we go round the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush, the mulberry bush. Here we go round the mulberry bush; I'll have me a coil by the morning.

Suddenly a harsh voice in the distance: "And what do you think you're doing?"

Dunderhead rides again. "Nothing, sir," as metal and scraps and wires fly frantically into the paper bag.

The voice: "All novices under twenty must report to afternoon services without fail!"

"Yes, sir. Coming right along, sir." Paper bag jammed equally frantically into the folds of my robe. Not a moment's peace. Not a moment's! Through the garden with lowered eyes, past a dour-looking priest with a small paunch. There are mirrors along the vestibule, huge slabs of glass that rise thirty feet, reflecting the blue and yellow light back and forth from the colored windows of the temple. In the mirror I see pass: a dour-looking priest, proceeded by a smaller figure with short red hair and a spray of freckles over a flattish nose. And as we pass into prayer, there is the maddening, almost inaudible jingling of metal scraps, muffled by the dark robe.

Geo woke up, and almost everything was white.

Chapter VIII

The pale woman with the tiny eyes rose from over him. Her hair dropped like white silk threads over her shoulders. "You are awake?" she asked. "Do you understand me?"

"Am I at—at Hama's temple?" he asked, the remnants of the dream still blowing in at the edges of his mind, like shredding cloth. "My friends, where are they?"

The woman laughed. "Your friends are all right. You came out the worst." Another laugh. "You ask if this is Hama's temple? But you can see, can you not? You have eyes. Don't you recognize the color of the White Goddess Argo?"

Geo looked around the room. It was white marble, and there was no direct source of light. The walls simply glowed.

"My friends..." Geo said again.

"They are fine. We were able to completely restore their flesh to health. They must have exposed their hands to the direct beam of the radiation for only a few seconds. But the whole first half of your arm had apparently lain in the deadly rays for some minutes. You were not as lucky as they."

Another thought rushed Geo's mind now. "The jewels ..." he started to say, but instead of sounding the words, he reached to his throat with both hands. One fell on his naked chest. And there was something very wrong with the other. He sat up in the bed quickly, and looked down. "My arm," he said.

Swathed in white bandages, the limb ended some foot and a half short of where it should have.

"My arm...?" he asked again, with a child's bewilderment. "What happened to my arm?"

"I tried to tell you," the woman said, softly. "We had to amputate half of your arm. If we had not, you would have died."

"My arm," Geo said again, and lay back in the bed.

"It is difficult," the woman said. "It is only a little consolation, I know, but we are blind here. What burned your arm away, took our sight from us when it was much stronger, generations ago. We learned how to battle many of its effects, and had we not rescued you from the river, all of you would have died. You are men who know the religion of Argo, and adhere to it. This another of your party has told us. Be thankful then that you have come under the wing of the Mother Goddess again, for this is a hostile country." She paused. "Do you wish to talk?"

Geo shook his head.

"I hear the sheets rustle," the woman said, smiling, "which means you either shook or nodded your head. I know from my study of the old customs that one means 'yes' and the other 'no.' But you must have patience with us who cannot see. We are not used to your people. Do you wish to talk?" she repeated.

"Oh," said Geo. "No. No, I don't."

"Very well," the woman said. She rose, still smiling. "I will return later." She walked to a wall in which a door slipped open, and then it closed again, behind her.

He lay still on the bed for a long time. Then he turned over on his stomach. Once he brought the stump under his chest and held the clean bandages in his other hand. Very quickly he let go, and stretched the limb sideways, as far as possible away from him. That didn't work either, so he moved it back down to his side, and let it lay by him under the white sheet.

After a long while, he got up, sat on the edge of the bed, and looked around the room. It was completely bare, with neither windows nor visible doors. He went to the spot through which she had

exited, but could find not seam or crack. His tunic, he saw, had been washed, pressed, and laid on the foot of the bed. He slipped it over his head, fumbling with only one arm. Getting the belt together started out to be a problem, but he hooked the buckle around one finger and maneuvered the strap through with the other. He adjusted his leather purse, now empty, on his side. Then he saw that the sword was gone.

An unreal feeling, white like the walls of the room, was beginning to fill him up like a pale mixture of milk and water. He walked around the edge of the room once more, looking for some break.

There was a sound behind him and the tiny-eyed woman in her white robe stood in a triangular doorway. "You're dressed," she smiled. "Good. Are you too tired to come with me? You will eat and see your friends if you feel well enough. Or, I can have the food brought."

"I'll come," Geo said.

She turned, and he followed her into a hall of the same luminous substance. Her heels touched the back of her white robe with each step, but she was silent. His own bare feet on the cool stones seemed louder than those of the blind woman before him. Suddenly he was in a larger room, with benches. It was a chapel, obviously of Argo because of the altar at the far end, but its detail was strange. Everything was arranged with the white simplicity that one would expect of a people to whom visual adornment meant nothing. He sat down on a bench as the woman said, "Wait here." She disappeared down another hall.

Suddenly the woman returned from the other hallway, followed by Snake. Geo and the four-armed boy looked at each other, silently, as the woman disappeared again. A wish, like a living thing, suddenly writhed into a knot in Geo's stomach, that the boy would say something. He himself could not.

Again she returned, this time with Urson. The big man stepped into the chapel, saw Geo, and exclaimed, "Friend, what happened?" He came to him quickly and placed his warm hands on Geo's shoulders. "What ..." he began, and shook his head.

Geo grinned suddenly, and patted his stump with his good hand. "I guess jelly-belly got something from me after all."

Urson held his own forearm next to Geo's and compared them. There was paleness in both. "I guess none of us got out completely all right. I woke up once while they were taking the scabs off. It was pretty bad, and I went to sleep again fast."

Iimmi came in now. "Well, I was wondering ..." He stopped, and let out a low whistle. "I guess it really got you, brother." His own arms looked as though they had been dipped in bleach up to the mid forearms.

"How did this happen?" Urson asked.

"When we were back doing our tightrope act on those damn girders," explained Iimmi, "our bodies were in the shadow of the girders and the rays only got to our arms. I've got something you'll be interested in too, Geo."

"Just tell me where the hell we are," Urson said.

"We're in a monastery sacred to Argo," Iimmi told him. "It's across the river from the City of New Hope, which is where we were."

"That name sounds familiar; in the ..." began Urson. Snake gave him a quick glance, and he stopped, and then frowned.

"We knew of your presence in the City of New Hope," explained the blind Priestess, "and we found you by the riverside after you swam across. You managed to cling to life long enough for us to get you back to the monastery and apply what art we could to sooth the burns from the deadly fire."

Geo suddenly saw that there was no jewel around Iimmi's neck either. He could almost feel the hands ripping it from his neck in the water. Iimmi must have made the same discovery, because his pale hand raised to his own chest.

The Priestess beckoned and started down another hall, and again they followed. They arrived at an even larger room, this one set with white marble benches and long white tables. "This is the main

dining room of the monastery," their guide explained. "One table has been set up for you. You will not eat with the other priestesses, of course."

"Why not?" asked Iimmi.

Surprise flowed across the blind face. "You are men," she told them, matter of factly. Then she led them to a table where wine, meat, and bowls piled with strange fruit were placed. As they sat down, she disappeared once more.

Geo reached for a knife. For a moment there was silence at the table as the nub of the arm jutted over food. "I guess I just have to learn," he said after the pause.

Halfway through the meal, Urson said, "What about the jewels? Did the Priestess take them from you?"

"They came off in the water," said Iimmi.

Geo nodded corroboration.

"Well, now we really have a problem," said Urson. "Here we are, at a temple of Argo's where we could return the jewels and maybe even get back to the Priestess on the ship, and out of the silly mess, and the jewels are gone."

"I guess that also means our river friends are working for Hama," said Geo.

"Well," Iimmi said, "Hama's got his jewel then, and we're out of the way. Perhaps he delivered us into Argo's hands as a reward for bringing them this far?"

"Since we would have died anyway," said Geo, "I guess he was doing us a favor."

"And you know what that means," Iimmi said, looking at Snake now.

"Huh?" asked Urson. Then he said, "Oh, let the boy speak for himself. All right, Four Arms, are you or are you not a spy for Hama?"

A pained expression came over Snake's face, and he shook his head not in denial but bewilderment. Suddenly he got up from the table, and ran from the room. Urson looked at the others. "Now don't tell me I hurt his feelings by asking."

"You didn't," said Iimmi, "but I may have. I keep on forgetting that he can read minds."

"What do you mean?" Urson asked.

"Just when you asked him that, a lot of things came together in my mind that would be pretty vicious for him if any of it were true."

"Huh?" asked Urson.

"I think I know what you mean," said Geo.

"I still—"

"It means that he is a spy," explained Iimmi, "and among other things, he was probably lying about the radio back at the city. And that cost Geo his arm."

"Why the—" began Urson, and then looked down the hall where Snake had disappeared.

They didn't eat much more. When they got up, Urson felt sleepy and was shown back to his room.

"May I show my friend what you showed me?" Iimmi asked the Priestess when she returned. "He is also a student of rituals."

"Of course you may," smiled the Priestess.

A door opened and they entered another room similar to the one in which Geo had awakened. As she was about to leave, Iimmi asked, "Wait. Can you tell us how to leave the room ourselves?"

"Why would you want to leave?" she asked.

"For exercise," offered Geo, "and to observe the working of the monastery. Believe us, we are true students of Argo's religion."

"Simply press the wall with your hand, level at your waist, and the door will open. But you must not wander about the monastery. Rites which are not for your eyes are being carried out. Not for your eyes," she repeated. "Strange, this is a phrase that has never left our language. Suddenly, confronted by people who can see, it makes me feel somehow ..." she paused. "Well, that is how to leave the room."

She stepped out, and the door closed behind her.

"Here," said Iimmi, "this is what I wanted to show you." On his bed were a pile of books, old, but legible. Geo flipped through a few pages. Suddenly he looked up at Iimmi.

"Hey, what are they doing with *printed* books?"

"Question number one," said Iimmi. "Now, for question number two. Look here." He reached over Geo's shoulder and hastened him to one page.

"Why it's the ..." began Geo.

"You're darn right it is," said Iimmi.

HYMN TO THE GODDESS ARGO

Forked in the eye of the bright ash there the heart of Argo broke and the hand of the goddess would dash through the head of flame, and the smoke.

Burn the grain speck in the hand and batter the stars with singing. Hail the height of a man, and also the height of a woman.

The eyes have imprisoned a vision, the ash-tree dribbles with blood. Thrust from the gates of the prison, smear the yew-tree with mud.

"That must be the full version of the poem I found the missing stanza to back in the library at Leptar."

"As I was saying," said Iimmi, "Question number two: what is the relation between the rituals of Hama and the old rituals of Argo. Apparently this particular branch of the religion of the Goddess underwent no purge. And no one at Olcse Olwnh was supposed to know about them."

"I wonder why?" Geo asked.

"That is question number three."

"How did you get a hold of them?"

"Well," said Iimmi, "I sort of suspected they might be here. So I just asked for them. And I think I've got some answers to those questions."

"Fine. Go ahead."

"We'll start from three, go back to one, and then on to two. Nice and orderly," said Iimmi. "Why wasn't anybody supposed to know about the rituals? Simply because they were so similar to the rituals of Hama. You remember some of the others we found in the abandoned temple? If you don't, you can refresh your memory right here. The two sets of rituals run almost parallel, except for a name changed here, a color switched from black to white, a switch in the vegetative symbolism. I guess what happened was that when Hama's forces invaded Leptar five hundred years ago, it didn't take Leptar long to find out the similarity. From the looks of the City of New Hope, I think it's safe to assume that at one time or another, say five hundred years ago, Aptor's civilization was far higher than Leptar's, and probably wouldn't have had too hard a time beating her in an invasion. So when Leptar captured the first jewel, and somehow did manage to repel Aptor, the priests of Leptar assumed that the safest way to avoid infiltration by Hama and Aptor again would be to make the rituals of the two as different as possible from the ones of their enemy, Hama.

"The ghouls, the bats, they parallel the stories I've heard other sailors tell too closely to be accidents. How many people do you think have been shipwrecked on Aptor and gotten far enough into the place to see what we've seen, and then gotten off again to tell about it?"

"I can think of two," said Geo.

"Huh?" said Iimmi.

"Snake and Jordde," answered Geo. "Remember that Argo said there had been spies from Aptor before. And Jordde is definitely one, and I guess so is Snake."

"True enough," said Iimmi. "I guess that fits into Rule Number One." He got up from the bed. "Come on. Let's take a walk. I want to see some sunlight." They went to the wall. Geo pressed it and a triangular panel slipped back.

When they had rounded four or five turns of hallway, Geo said, "I hope you can remember where we've been."

"I've got a more or less perfect memory for directions," Iimmi said.

Suddenly the passage opened onto steps, and they were looking out upon a huge, unrelieved white chamber. Down a set of thirty marble steps priestesses filed below them in rows, their heads fixed blindly forward.

At the far end was a raised dais with a mammoth statue of a kneeling woman, sculptured of the same effulgent, agate material. "Where do these women come from?" whispered Geo. "And where do they keep the men?"

Iimmi shrugged.

Suddenly, the figure of the blind Priestess was beside them.

"Excuse me, ma'am," Iimmi said, sensing her disapproval of their presence, "we didn't mean to be disrespectful, but we are creatures who are used to natural day and night. We are used to fresh air, green things. This underground whiteness is oppressive to us and makes us restless. Is there any way that you could show us a way into the open?"

"There is not," returned the blind Priestess quietly and motioned them to follow her from the chamber. "Besides, night is coming on and you are not creatures who relish darkness."

"The night air and the quiet of evening is refreshing to us," countered Iimmi.

"What do you know of the night," answered the priestess with faint cynicism in her low voice. Now they reached the chapel where the friends had first met after their rescue.

"What can you tell us about the Dark God Hama?" Geo asked.

The blind Priestess shrugged, and sat down on one of the benches. "There is little to say. Today he is a fiction, he does not exist. There is only Argo, the One White Goddess."

"But we've heard—" Geo began.

"You were at his abandoned temple," said the Priestess. "You saw yourselves. That is all that is left of Hama. Ghouls prey on the dust of his dead saints. Perhaps, somewhere behind the burning mountain a few of his disciples are left. But Hama is dead in Aptor. You have seen the remains of his city, the City of New Hope. You have also been the first ones to go in and return in nearly five hundred years."

"Is that how long the city has been in ruin?" asked Geo.

"It is."

"What can you tell us about the city?" Iimmi said.

The Priestess sighed again. "There was a time," she began, "generations ago, when Hama was a high God in Aptor. He had many temples, monasteries, and convents devoted to him. We had few. Except for these religious sanctuaries, the land was barbaric, wild, uninhabitable for the most part. There had once been cities in Aptor, but these had been destroyed even earlier by the Great Fire. All that we had was a fantastic record of an unbelievable time before the rain of flame of tremendous power, vast science, and a towering, though degenerate, civilization. These records were extensive, and entirely housed within the monasteries. Outside the monasteries, there was only chaos, where half the children were born dead, and the other half deformed. And with the monstrous races that sprang up over the island now as a reminder to us, we declared that the magic contained in these chronicles was evil, and must never be released to the world again. But the priests of Hama, decided to use the information in these chronicles, spread it to the people, and declared they would not commit the same mistakes that had brought the Great Fire. They opened the books, and the City of New Hope grew on the far shore of the river. They made giant machines that flew through the air. They constructed immense boats which could sink into the sea and emerge hundreds of miles away in another harbor in another land. They even harnessed for beneficial use the fire metal, uranium, which had brought such terror to the world before and had brought down the flames."

"But they made the same mistake as the people before the Great Fire made?" suggested Iimmi.

"Not exactly," said the Priestess. "That is, they were not so stupid as to misuse the fire metal which ravaged the world so harshly before. History is cyclic, not repetitive. A new power was discovered that dwarfed the significance of the fire metal. It could do all that the fire metal could do, and more efficiently: destroy cities, or warm chilly huts in winter; but, it could also work on men's minds. They say, that before the Great Fire, men wandered the streets of the cities terrified that flames would descend on them

any moment and destroy them. They panicked, bought flimsy useless contraptions to guard themselves from the fire. Geo, Iimmi, have you any idea how terrifying it would be to know that while walking the streets, at any moment, your mind might be snatched from you, raped, violated, and left broken in your own skull?

“Only three of these instruments were constructed. But the moment their existence was made known by a few fantastic demonstrations, the City of New Hope began the swerve down the arc of its own self-destruction. It lasted for a year, and ended with the broken wreck you escaped from last night. During that year invasions were launched on the backward nations across the sea with whom months before there had been friendly trade. Civil wars broke out and internal struggles caused the invasions to fall back to the homeland. The instruments were hopelessly lost, but not before the bird machines had even dropped bombs on the City of New Hope itself. The house of the fire metal was broken open to release its death once more. For a hundred years after the end, say our records, the city flamed with light from the destroyed power house. During the first hundred years more and more of our number were born blind because of the sinking fire in the city. At last we moved underground, but it was too late.” She rose from her seat. “And so you see, Hama destroyed himself. Today, loyal to Argo, are all the beasts of the air, of the land ... and of the water.”

“What about the—the three instruments?” Geo asked. “What happened to them?”

The blind Priestess turned to him. “Your guess,” she said, smiling, “is as good as mine.” She turned again and glided softly from the room.

When she left, Iimmi said, “Something is fishy.”

“But what is it?” said Geo.

“Well, for one thing,” said Iimmi, “we know there is a Hama. From the dream I would say that it’s just about the size and organization of this place.”

“Just how big is this place anyway?” Geo asked.

“Want to do some more exploring?”

“Sure,” he answered. “Do you think she does know about Hama but was just pretending?”

“Could be,” said Iimmi. They started off down another corridor. “That bit about going into men’s minds with the jewels,” Iimmi went on. “It gives me the creeps.”

“It’s a creepy thing to watch,” said Geo. “Argo used it on Snake the first time we saw her. It just turns you into an automaton.”

“Then it really is our jewels she was talking about.”

Stairs cut a white tunnel into the wall before them, and they mounted upward, coming finally to another corridor. They turned down it and for the first time saw recognizable doors in the wall. “Hey,” said Iimmi, “maybe one of these goes outside.”

“Fine,” said Geo. “This place is beginning to get me.” He pushed open a door and stepped in. Except for the flowing white walls, it duplicated in miniature the basement of the New Edison building. Twin dynamos whirred and the walls were laced with pipes.

“Nothing in here,” said Iimmi.

They tried a door across the hall now. In this one sat a white porcelain table and floor to ceiling cases of glittering instruments. “I bet this is the room your arm came off in,” Iimmi said.

“Probably,” replied Geo.

They came out and continued even farther. In the next room the glow was dimmer, and there was dust on the walls. Iimmi ran his finger over it and looked at the gray crescent left on the bleached flesh.

Two huge screens leaned out from the face of a metal machine. A few dials and a glass meter hung beneath each two yard rounded-rectangle of opaque glass. In front of each was a stand which held something like a set of binoculars and what looked like a pair of ear muffs.

“I bet this place hasn’t been used since before these girls went blind,” said Geo.

“It looks it,” Iimmi said. He stepped up to one of the screens, the one with the fewer dials on it, and turned a switch.

“What did you do that for?” Geo asked.

"Why not?" said Iimmi. Suddenly a flickering of colored lights ran over the screen, swellings of blue, green, shiny scarlets. They blinked. "That's the first color I've seen since I've been here," Iimmi said. The colors grayed, dimmed, congealed into forms, and in a moment they were looking at a bare white room in which stood two barefoot young men. One was a dark Negro with pale hands. The other had an unruly shock of black hair and only one arm.

"Hey," gestured Iimmi, and the figure on the screen gestured too. "That's us." He walked forward and the corresponding figure advanced on the screen. He flicked a dial and the figures exploded into colors and then focused again. "What's that?" asked Iimmi.

In a room stood three of the blind women. On one wall was a smaller screen similar to the one in their own room. The women, of course, were oblivious to the picture on it, but it was the picture on the screen that had stopped Geo. It was a face. A man's face.

One of the women had on an ear muff apparatus and was talking into a small metal rod which she carried with her as she paced.

"But the picture! Don't you recognize him?" demanded Geo.

"It's Jordde!" exclaimed Iimmi. "They must have gotten in contact with our ship and are arranging to send us back."

"I wish I could hear what they're saying," said Geo.

Iimmi looked around and then picked up the metal ear muffs from the stand in front of the screen. "That's what she seems to be listening through," said Iimmi, referring to the Priestess in the picture. "Try them. Go on." He helped Geo fit them over his ears. "Hear anything?"

Geo listened.

"Yes, of course," the Priestess was saying.

"She is set upon staying in the harbor for three more days, to wait out the week," reported Jordde. "I am sure she will not remain any longer. She is still bewildered by me, and the men have become uneasy and may well mutiny if she stays longer."

"We will dispose of the prisoners this evening. There is no chance of their returning," stated the Priestess.

"Detain them for three days, and I do not care what you do with them," said Jordde. "She does not have the jewels, she does not know my—our power; she will be sure to leave at the end of the week."

"It's a pity we have no jewels for all our trouble," said the Priestess. "But at least all three are back in Aptor, and potentially within our grasp."

Jordde laughed. "And Hama never seems to be able to keep hold of them for more than ten minutes before they slip from him again."

"Yours is not to judge either Hama or Argo," stated the Priestess. "You are kept on by us only to do your job. Do it, report, and do not trouble either us or yourself with opinions. They are not appreciated."

"Yes, mistress," returned Jordde.

"Then farewell until next report." She flipped a switch and the picture on the little screen went gray.

Geo turned from the big screen now, and was just about to remove the hearing apparatus when he heard the Priestess say, "Go, prepare the prisoners for the sacrifice of the rising moon. They have seen enough." The woman left the room, Geo finished removing the phones, and Iimmi looked at him.

"What's the matter?"

Geo turned the switch that darkened the screen.

"When are they coming to get us?" Iimmi asked excitedly.

"Right now, probably," Geo said. Then, as best he could, he repeated the conversation he had overheard to Iimmi, whose expression grew more and more bewildered as Geo went on.

At the end the bewilderment suddenly flared into frayed indignation. "Why?" demanded Iimmi. "Why should we be sacrificed? What is it we've seen too much of, what is it we know? This is the second time it's come close to getting me killed, and I wish to hell I knew what I was supposed to know?"

"We've got to find Urson and get out of here," said Geo. "Hey, what's wrong?"

The indignation had turned into something else. Now Iimmi stood with his eyes shut tight and his face screwed up. Suddenly he relaxed. "I just thought out a message as loud as I could for Snake to get up here and to bring Urson if he's anywhere around."

"But Snake's a spy for ..."

"... for Hama," said Iimmi. "And you know something? I don't care." He closed his eyes again. After a few moments, he opened them. "Well, if he's coming, he's coming. Let's get going."

"But why...?" began Geo, following Iimmi out the door.

"Because I have a poet's feeling that some fancy mind reading may come in handy."

They hurried down the hall, found the stairs, ducked down, and ran along the lower hall. Rounding a second corner, they emerged into the little chapel simultaneously with Urson and Snake.

"I guess I got through," said Iimmi. "Which way do we go?"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," came a voice from behind them.

Snake took off down one of the passages, and they followed, Urson looking particularly bewildered.

The Priestess glided behind them, calling softly, "Please, my friends, come back. Return with me."

"Find out from her how the hell to get out of this place!" Iimmi bawled up to Snake. The four-armed boy suddenly darted up a flight of stairs, turned a corner, and darted up another. They came out on a hall and followed Snake to the end.

All four of the boy's hands flew at the door handle, turning it carefully, this way, and back.

Two, three seconds.

Geo glanced back and saw the Priestess mount the top of the stairs and begin to come toward them. She seemed to float, her white robes flaring out from her, brushing at the walls.

The door came open, they broke through leaves, and were momentarily standing in a huge field of grass, surrounded by woods. The night was fully lit by the moon.

As they ran through the silver-washed grass, Geo turned to look behind him. The blind Priestess had slowed, her white face turned to the moon. Her hands went to her throat, she unclasped her robe, and the first layer fell away behind her. As she came on, the second layer began to unfold, wet, deathly white, spreading, growing to her arms, articulating itself along the white spines; then, with a horribly familiar shriek, she leapt from the ground and soared upward, her white wings hammering the air.

They fled.

And other dark forms were shadowing the moon. The priestesses across the field joined her aloft in the moon-bleached sky. She overtook the running figures, turned above them, and swooped. The moon lanced white along bared fangs. The night breeze touched pale furry breasts, filled the bellying wings. Only the tiny, darting, blind eyes were red, rubied in a whirl of white.

They crashed into the protective bushes where the winged things could not follow. Branches raked his face as he ran behind the sound the others made. Once he thought he had lost them, but a second later he bumped against Iimmi, who had stopped behind Snake and Urson, in the darkness. Above the trees was a sound like beaten cloth, diminishing, growing, but constant as once more they began to tread through the tangled darkness.

"What the hell ..." Iimmi finally breathed softly, after a minute of walking.

"You know it's beginning to make sense," Geo said, his hand on Iimmi's shoulder. "Remember that man-wolf we met, and that blob in the city? The only thing we've met on this place that can't change shape is the ghouls. I think most animals on this island undergo some sort of metamorphosis."

"What about those first flying things we met?" whispered Urson. "They didn't change into anything."

"We have probably just been guests of the female of the species," said Geo.

"You mean those others could have changed into men too if they wanted?" Urson asked.

"If they wanted," answered Geo.

In front of them now appeared faint shiftings of silver light. Five minutes later, they were crouching at the edge of the forest, looking down over the rocks at the white shimmerings over the river.

"Into the water?" Geo asked.

Snake shook his head. *Wait ...* came the familiar sound in their heads.

Suddenly a hand raised from the water. Wet and green, it stood a foot or so from the shore in the silver ripples. The chain and the leather thong dangled down the wrist, and swaying there were two bright beads of light.

Iimmi and Geo froze. Urson said, "The jewels..."

Suddenly, crouched low like an animal, the big man sprang onto the rocks and ran toward the river's edge.

Three shadows, one white, two dark, converged above him, cutting the moonlight away from him. If he saw them, he did not stop.

Iimmi and Geo stood up from their crouched positions.

Urson reached the shore, threw himself along the rock, and swiped at the hand. Instantly he was covered by flailing wings. The membranous sails splashed in the water. Two seconds later, Urson rolled from beneath the layers of membrane that still struggled half on land and half in the water. He started forward up the rocks. He slipped, regained his footing, and then came on, nearly falling into Geo's and Iimmi's waiting arms.

"The jewels," Urson breathed.

The struggle continued a minute longer on the water. Something was holding them down, twisting at them. Then suddenly, the creatures stilled, and like great leaves, the three forms drifted apart, caught quietly in the current, and floated away from the rocks.

Then two more forms bobbed to the surface, faces down, rocking gently, backs slicked wet and green, shiny under the moonlight.

"But those were the ones who—" Geo began. "Are they dead?" His face suddenly hurt a little, with something like the pain of verging tears.

Snake nodded.

"Are you sure?" asked Iimmi. His voice came slowly.

Their ... thoughts ... have ... stopped, Snake said.

Crouched down in front of them, Urson opened his great hands. The globes blazed even in the dim light through the leaves, and the chain and the wet thong hung over his palm to the ground. "I have them," he said, "... the jewels!"

Chapter IX

Snake reached down, picked the beads up from Urson's hand. The sound of wings had stopped.

"Where do we go now?" Urson asked.

"Follow the general rule, I guess," said Iimmi. "Since we know Hama does have a temple somewhere, we try to find it, get the third jewel, and rescue Argo Incarnate. Then get back to the ship."

"In three days?" asked Urson. They had related the rest of what they had found to him by now. "Well, where do we start looking?"

"The Priestess said something about a band of Hama's disciples behind the fire mountain. That must mean the volcano we saw from the steps in the City of New Hope." Iimmi turned to Snake. "Did you read her mind enough to know if she was telling the truth?"

Snake nodded.

Iimmi paused for a moment. "Well, since the river is that way, we should head," he turned and pointed, "... in that direction."

They fixed their stride now and started through the moon-brushed foliage.

"I still don't understand what was going on back at the monastery," Geo said. "Were they really priestesses of Argo? And what was Jordde doing?"

"I'd say yes on the first question, and guess that Jordde was a spy for them for an answer to the second."

"But what about Argo—I mean Argo on the ship?" asked Geo. "And what about Snake here?"

"Argo on the ship apparently doesn't know about Argo on Aptor," said Iimmi. "That's what Jordde meant when he reported to the priestesses that she was bewildered. She probably thinks just like we did, that he's Hama's spy. And this one here," he gestured to Snake, "I don't know. I just don't know."

In the distance was a red glow in which they could make out the faint lines of the volcano's cone. Snake made lights with the jewels, and once more they began to pick their way over the terrain, barer and barer of vegetation. The earth became cindery and the air bore the acrid smell of old ashes.

Soon the rim of the crater hung close above them.

Iimmi gazed up at the red haze above them. "I wonder what it's like to look into that thing in the middle of the night?" Twenty feet later Snake's light struck a lava cliff that sheered up into the darkness. Going on beside it, they found a ledge that made an eighteen-inch footpath diagonally up the face.

"We're not going to climb that in the dark, are we?" asked Geo.

"Better than in the light," said Urson. "This way you can't see how far you have to fall."

Thirty feet on, instead of petering out and forcing them to go back, the lip of rock broadened into a level stretch of ground and again they could go straight forward toward the red light above them.

"This is changeable country," Urson muttered.

"Men change into animals," said Geo, "jungles turn to mountains." He reached around and felt the stub of his arm in the dark. "I've changed too, I guess."

Iimmi recited:

"Change is neither merciful nor just. They say Leonard of Vinci put his trust in faulty paints: Christ's Supper turned to dust."

"What's that from?" Geo asked.

"That's one of my bits of original research," Iimmi explained. "It comes from a poem dating back before the Great Fire."

"Who was Leonard of Vinci?" Geo asked.

"An artist, another poet or painter, I suppose," said Iimmi. "But I'm not really sure."

"Who's Christ?" Urson asked.

"Another god."

There were more rocks now, and Geo had to brace his stub against the walls of fissures and hoist himself up with his good hand. The igneous structures were sharp in his palm.

Through the night the glowing rim dropped toward them. With it came a breeze that pushed sulfa powder through their hair and made the edges of their nostrils sting.

The earth became scaly and rotten under their feet. Fatigue tied tiny knots high in their guts so that their stomachs hung like stones.

"I didn't realize how big the crater was," Iimmi said. The red glow cut off at the bottom and took up a quarter of the sky.

"Maybe it'll erupt on us," Urson muttered. He added, "I'm thirsty."

They climbed on. Once Urson looked back and saw Geo had stopped some twenty feet behind them at a niche in the ledge. He turned around and dropped back himself. There was sweat on the boy's up-turned face as the big man came toward him. He could see it in the red haze from the rim.

"Here," Urson said. "Give me a hand."

"I can't," Geo said softly, "or I'll fall."

Urson reached down, now, caught the boy around the chest, and hoisted him over the cropping of rock. "Take it easy," Urson instructed. "You don't have to race with anybody." Together they made their way after the others.

Iimmi and Snake cleared the crater rim first; then Urson and Geo joined them on the pitted ledge. Together they looked into the volcano as red and yellow light fell over their chests and faces.

Gold dribbled the internal slope. Tongues of red rock lapped the sides, and the swirling white basin belched brown blobs of smoke which rose up the far rocks and spilled over the brim a radion away. Light leapt in wavering pylons of blue flame, then sank back into the pit. Winding trails of light webbed the crater's walls, and at places ebon cavities jeweled among the light.

Wind fingered the watchers' hair.

Iimmi saw her first, two hundred feet along the rim. Her drapes, died red and orange in the flame, blew about her as she walked toward them. Iimmi pointed to her, and the others looked up.

As she neared, Geo saw that though she stood very straight, she was old. Her short white hair snapped at the side of her head in the warm breeze. Firelight and shadow fell deeply into the wrinkles of her face. As she approached them, light running like liquid down the side of her winded robe, she smiled and held out her hand.

"Who are you?" Geo suddenly asked.

"Shadows melt in light of sacred laughter, Hands and houses shall be one hereafter."

recited the woman in a calm, low voice.

She paused. "I am Argo Incarnate, of Leptar."

"But I thought ..." Iimmi started.

"What did you think?" inquired the elderly woman, gently.

"Nothing," said Iimmi.

"He thought you were a lot younger," Urson said. "We're supposed to take you home." Suddenly he pointed in to the volcano. "Say, this isn't any of that funny light like back in the city that burned our hands, only this time it made you old?"

She glanced at the pool of light. "This is natural fire," she assured them, "a severed artery of the earth's burning blood. But wounds are natural enough."

Geo shifted his feet and rubbed his stump.

"We were supposed to take the younger sister of the present Argo Incarnate and return with her to Leptar," Iimmi explained.

"There are many Argos," smiled the woman. "The Goddess has many faces. You have seen quite a few since you arrived in this land."

"I guess we have," Urson said.

"Are you a prisoner of Hama?" asked Iimmi.

"I am with Hama," said the woman.

"We are supposed to secure the third jewel and bring it back to the ship. We don't have much time..."

"Yes," said Argo.

"Hey, what about that nest of vampires down there," Urson said, thumbing viciously toward the black behind them. "They said they worshiped Argo. What have you got to do with them? I don't trust anything on this place very much."

"The nature of the Goddess is change," said the woman, looking sadly toward the slope, "from birth, through life, to death," she looked back up at them, "to birth again. As I said, Argo has many faces. You must be very tired."

"Yes," said Geo.

"Then come with me. Please." She turned, and began to walk back along the rim. Snake and Iimmi started after her, and then came Geo and Urson.

"I don't like any of this," the big man whispered to Geo as they came along. "Argo doesn't mean the same thing in this land like she means on Leptar. There's nothing but more evil to come out of this. She's leading us into a trap, I tell you. I say the best thing to do is take the jewels we have, turn around, and get the hell out of here. I tell you, Geo..."

"Urson," Geo said.

"Huh?" the big man asked.

"Urson, I'm very tired."

They walked silently for a few steps more. Then Urson heaved up a half disgusted breath, and put his arm around Geo's shoulder. "Come on," he grunted, supporting Geo against his own great form as they progressed along the rocky ledge, following the new Argo.

At last she turned down a trail that dropped into the crater. "Walk carefully here," she said as they turned into the huge pit.

"Something is not right," Urson said softly. "It's a trap I tell you. How does that thing go? I could use it now. *Calmly brother bear ...*"

"*Calm the winter sleep, Fire shall not harm,*"

continued Geo.

"Says who," mumbled Urson glancing into the bowl of flame. Geo went on:

"*water not alarm. While the current grows, amber honey flows, golden salmon leap.*"

"Like I once said before," mused Urson, "In a ..."

"In here," came the voice of Argo. They turned into the dark mouth of one of the caves which poked the crater's inside wall. "No," she said to Snake, who was about to use the jewels for illumination. "They have been used too much already."

With a small stick taken from a pocket in her robe, she struck a flame against the rock, then raised it to an ornate, branching candelabra that hung from the stone ceiling by brass chains. Flame leapt from cast oil cup to oil cup, from the hand of a demon to a monkey's mouth, from a nymph's belly to the horns of a satyr's head. Chemicals in the cups caused each flame to burn a different color; green, red, blue, and orange white light filled the small chapel and played across the tops of the benches. On the altar sitting on one side of the room were two statues of equal height: a man sitting, and a woman kneeling. Iimmi looked at the altar. Geo and Urson stared at the candelabra.

"What is it?" Iimmi asked when he saw where their eyes were fixed.

"There's one of those things in Argo's cabin on board the ship," Geo said. "And look over there. Where did we see one of those before?" It was a machine with an opaque glass screen, identical to the one in the monastery of Argo.

"Sit down," Argo said. "Sit down."

They sank to the benches; the climb, once halted, knotting their calves and the low muscles on their backs.

“Hama has allowed you the privilege of a chapel even in captivity,” commented Iimmi, “but I see you have to share your altar with him.”

“But I am Hama’s mother,” smiled Argo.

Geo and Urson frowned.

“The rituals say that Argo is the mother of all things, the begetter and bearer of all life. I am the mother of all gods as well.”

“Those blind women down in the ground,” asked Urson, “they aren’t really your priestesses, are they? They wanted to kill us. I bet they were really dupes of Hama.”

“It isn’t so simple,” replied Argo. “They are really worshipers of Argo, but as I said, I have many faces. Death as well as life is my province. The dwellers in that convent from which you escaped are a—how shall I say, a degenerate branch of the religion. They were truly blinded by the fall of the City of New Hope. To them, Argo is only death, the dominator of men. For not only is Argo the mother of Hama, she is his wife and daughter.”

“Then it’s like we figured,” said Iimmi. “Jordde isn’t a spy for Hama. He’s working for the renegade priestesses of Argo.”

“Yes,” returned Argo, “except that renegade is perhaps the wrong word. They believe that their way is correct, and a respect for belief is essential to the understanding of Man. And it is through understanding that the mysteries that still remain in your mind will be solved.”

“Then they must be responsible for all that was going on in Leptar, only somehow blaming it on Hama,” said Iimmi. “They were probably just after the jewels, too. You don’t look like a prisoner. That must be the whole thing. You’re here in league with Hama to prevent the priestesses of Argo from taking over Leptar.”

“Nothing could be simpler,” said the Goddess. “Unfortunately you are wrong in nearly every other point.”

“But then why did Jordde throw the jewel after us when he tore it from Argo’s—I mean the other Argo’s throat?”

“When he snatched the jewel from around my daughter’s neck,” added Argo, “he threw it to the creatures of the sea because he knew they would take it back to Aptor. With it once again in the island, the priestesses would have a better chance of getting it; my daughter, acting Argo Incarnate in my absence and her sister’s, does not know that what she is fighting is another face of Argo. As far as she is concerned, all her efforts are against the mischief Hama has caused, and truly caused, in Leptar. This ignorance is far greater than you imagine, for beyond these blind creatures is a far greater enemy that she must vanquish.”

“Hama...?” began Iimmi.

“Greater than Hama,” said old Argo. “It is herself. It is hard for me to watch her and not occasionally call out a word of guidance. With the science here in Aptor it would not be difficult. But I must refrain. I suppose she has actually done well. But there is so much more to do. She has directed you well, and assigned your tasks properly. And until now you have carried them out well.”

“She said we were to steal the final jewel from Hama and return with you to the ship,” said Geo. “Can you help us with either of these things?”

“The moment I compliment you,” laughed Argo, “you completely confuse your mission. Once the jewel is stolen, whom are you supposed to take back to Leptar?”

“Argo Incarnate,” Urson said.

“You said that Argo back in the ship was your daughter,” said Geo, “but she said you were her younger sister.”

“She said nothing of the sort,” Argo corrected. “I have two daughters. You have already met one. Now you must rescue the other. When my youngest daughter was ... kidnaped here to Aptor, I was already here, waiting for her. Look.”

She turned a dial beneath the screen and lights flickered over the glass until they formed a sleeping figure. She had short red hair, a splash of freckles over a blunt nose, and her hand lay curled in a loose

fist near her mouth. A white sheet covered the gentle push of adolescent breasts, and on the table beside her bed was a contraption made of a U-shaped piece of metal mounted on a board, an incomplete coil of wire, and a few more bits of metal, all sitting on top of a crumpled paper bag.

"That is my youngest daughter," Argo said, switching off the picture. "She is the one you must take back to the ship."

"How shall we steal the jewel?" asked Geo.

Argo turned to Snake. "I believe that was your task." Then she looked around at the other three. "You will need rest. After that you can see about the jewel and my daughter. Come with me, now. Pallets have been set up for you in the far room where you may sleep." She rose and led them to a further chamber. The blankets over the loose boughs seemed to pull them down. Argo pointed to a trickle of water that ran from a basin carved in the rock wall. "This stream is pure. You may drink from it." She pointed to a cloth sack in the corner. "There is fruit in there if you become hungry."

"Sleep!" said Urson, jammed his two fists in the air, and yawned.

As they settled, Argo said, "Poet?"

"Yes?" answered Geo.

"I know you are the tiredest, but I must talk to you alone for a moment or two."

As Geo raised himself, Urson stood up too. "Look," he said to Argo, "he needs the rest more than any of us. If you want to question him about rituals and spells, take Immi. He knows just as much as Geo."

"I need a poet," smiled Argo, "not a student. I need one who has suffered as he has. Come."

"Wait," Urson said. He picked the jewel from Geo's chest where Snake had returned it when they entered the chapel. "You better leave this with me."

Geo frowned.

"It still may be a trap," said Urson.

"Leave it with him," suggested Argo, "if it eases him."

Geo let the great hand lift the thong from his neck.

"Now come with me," said Argo.

They left the room and walked back through the chapel to the door. Argo stood in the entrance, looking down at the molten rock. The light sifted through her robe, leaving the darker outline of her body. Without turning, she began to speak. "The fire is a splendid symbol for life, do you agree?"

"And for death," said Geo. "One of Aptor's fires burned my arm away."

"Yes," she turned now. "You and Snake have had the hardest time. Both of you have left your flesh to rot in Aptor. I guess that gives you a closeness to the land." She paused. "You know, he had a great deal more pain than you. Do you know how he lost his tongue? I watched it all from this same screen inside the chapel, and could not help. They jammed their knuckles in his jaws and when the mouth came open, Jordde caught the red flesh with pincers that closed all the way through, and stretched it out as far as it would go. Then he looped the tongue with a thin wire, and then he threw a switch. You do not know what electricity is, do you?"

"I have heard the word."

"Let me just say that when a great deal of it is passed through a thin wire, the wire becomes very hot, white hot. And the white hot loop was tautened until the rope of muscle seared away and just the roasted stump was left. But the child had fainted already. I wonder if the young can really bear more pain than older people."

"Jordde and the blind priestess did that to him?"

"Jordde and some men on the boat that picked up the two of them from the raft on which they had left Aptor."

"Who is Jordde?" Geo asked. "Urson knew him before this as a first mate. But Urson's story told me nothing."

"I know the story," Argo said, "and it tells you something, but something you would perhaps rather not know." She sighed. "Poet, how well do you know yourself?"

“What do you mean?” Geo asked.

“How well do you know the workings of a man, how he manages to function? That is what you will sing of if your songs are to become great.”

“I still don’t ...”

“I have a question for you, a poetic riddle. Will you try to answer it?”

“If you will answer a not too poetic riddle for me.”

“Will you do your best to answer mine?” Argo asked.

“Yes.”

“Then I will do my best to answer yours. What is your question?”

“Who is Jordde and why is he doing what he’s doing?”

“He was at one time,” Argo explained, “a very promising novice for the priesthood of Argo in Leptar, as well as a scholar of myths and rituals like Immi and yourself. He also took to the sea to learn of the world, but his boat was wrecked, and he and a few others were cast on Aptor’s shore. They strove with Aptor’s terrors as you did, and many succumbed. Two, however, a four-armed cabin boy whom you call Snake, and Jordde were each exposed to the forces of Argo and Hama as you have been. One, in his strangeness, could see into men’s minds. The other could not. Silently, one swore allegiance to one force, while one swore allegiance to the other. The second part of your question was *why*. Perhaps if you can answer my riddle, you can answer that part yourself. I do know that they were the only two who escaped. I do know that Snake would not tell Jordde his choice, and that Jordde tried to convince the child to follow him. When they were rescued, I know that the argument continued, and that Snake held back with childish tenacity both his decision and his ability to read minds, even under the hot wire and the pincers. The hot wire, incidentally, was something Jordde brought with him from the blind priestesses, according to him, to help the people of Leptar with. It could have been a great use. But recently all he has done with the electricity is construct a larger weapon with it. However, Jordde became a staunch first mate in a year’s time. Snake became a waterfront thief. Both waited. Then, when the opportunity arose, both acted. Why? Perhaps you can tell me, poet.”

“Thank you for telling me what you know,” Geo said. “What is your question?”

She glanced at the flame through the door once more and then recited:

“By the dark chamber sits its twin, where the body’s floods begin; and the two are twinned again, turning out and turning in.

In the bright chamber runs the line of the division, silver, fine, diminishing along the lanes of memory to an inward sign.

Fear floods in the turning room; Love breaks in the burning dome.”

“It is not one that I have heard before,” Geo said. “I’m not even sure I know what the question is. I’m familiar with neither its diction nor style.”

“I doubted very much that you would recognize it,” smiled Argo.

“Is it part of the pre-purge rituals of Argo?”

“It was written by my youngest daughter,” Argo said. “The question is, can you explain it?”

“Oh,” said Geo. “I didn’t realize...” He paused. “By the dark chamber sits its twin, moving in and out; and that’s where the floods of the body begin. And it’s twinned again. The heart?” he suggested. “The four-chambered human heart? That’s where the body’s flood begins.”

“I think that will do for part of the answer.”

“The bright chamber,” mused Geo. “The burning dome. The human mind, I guess. The line of division, running down the lane of memory—I’m not sure.”

“You seem to be doing fairly well.”

“Could it refer to something like ‘the two sides of every question’?” Geo asked. “Or something similar?”

“It could,” Argo said, “though I must confess I hadn’t thought of it in that way. But it is the last two lines that puzzle me.”

"Fear floods in the turning room," repeated Geo; *"Love breaks in the burning dome.* I guess that's the mind and the heart again. You usually think of love with the heart, and fear with the mind. Maybe she meant that they both, the heart and the mind, have control over both love and fear."

"Perhaps she did," Argo smiled. "You must ask her—when you rescue her from the clutches of Hama."

Before turning back to the room with his companions, he looked once more out at the fires of the volcano. Light whirled white and red. Blue tongues licked at black rock siding. He turned away now and went back into the darkness.

Chapter X

Dawn light lay a-slant the crater's ridge. Argo pointed down the opposite slope. A black temple was visible at the bottom among trees and lawns. "There is Hama's temple," Argo said. "You have your task. Good luck."

They started down the incline of cinders. It took them an hour to reach the first trees that surrounded the dark buildings and the great gardens. Entering on the first lip of grass, they heard a sudden cluster of notes from one of the trees.

"A bird," Iimmi said. "I haven't heard one of those since I left Leptar."

Suddenly, bright blue and the length of a man's forefinger, a lizard ran halfway down the trunk of the tree. Its sapphire belly heaved in the early light with indrawn breath; then it opened its red mouth, its throat warbled, and there was another burst of music.

"Oh well," said Iimmi. "I was close."

They walked further, until Iimmi mused, "I wonder why you always think things are going to turn out like you expect."

"Because when something sounds like that," declared Urson, "it usually is a bird!" Suddenly he gave a little shiver. "Lizards," he said.

"It was a pretty lizard," said Iimmi.

"Going around expecting things to be what they seem can get you in trouble—especially on this island," Geo commented.

The angle at which they walked made one of the clumps of tree before them seem to fall apart. A man standing in the center raised his hand and said briskly, "Stop!"

They stopped.

He wore dark robes, and his short white hair made a close helmet above his brown face.

Urson's hand was on his sword. Snake stood with his feet wide, his hands out from his sides.

"Who are you?" the dark man declared.

"Who are you?" Urson parried.

"I am Hama Incarnate."

They were silent. Finally Geo said, "We are travelers in Aptor. We don't mean any harm."

As the man moved forward, splotches of light from the trees slipped across his robe. "Come with me," Hama said. He turned and proceeded among the trees. They followed.

They passed into the temple garden. It was early enough in the morning so that the sunlight lapped pink tongues over the giant black urns that sat along the edges of the path. Now they passed into the temple.

As they passed, Hama turned, looked at the jewels on Iimmi's and Geo's necks, and then looked up at the gazing eye of the statue at the end of the altar. He made no other sign, but turned again and continued. "The morning rites have not yet started," he said. "They will begin in a half an hour. By then I hope to have divined your purpose in coming here."

At the other side of the stairway they mounted a stairway, and then entered a door above which was a black circle dotted with three eyes. Just as they were about to go in, Geo looked around, frowned, and caught Iimmi's eye. "Snake?" he mouthed.

Iimmi looked around and shrugged.

The man turned and faced them, apparently unaware of Snake's departure. As he closed the door, now, he said, "You have come to oppose the forces of Aptor, am I right? You come to steal the jewel

of Hama. You have come to kidnap the Incarnate Argo. Is that not your purpose. Keep your hand off your sword, Urson! I can kill you in a moment. You are defenseless.”

“Damn! I’m sleepy.” She rolled over and cuddled the pillow. Then she opened her eyes, one at a time, and lay watching the nearly completed motor of metal bars and copper wire that sat on the table beside her bed. She stood up.

Then she collapsed on the bed and jammed her feet under the covers again. With thirty feet of one and a half inch brass pipe, she mused sleepily, I could carry heat from the main hot-water line under the floor which I would estimate to be about the proper surface area to keep these stones warm; let me see, thirty feet of one and a half inch pipe have a surface area of $22/7$ times $3/2$ times 30 which is 990 divided by 7 which is ... Then she caught herself. Damn, you’re thinking this to avoid thinking about getting up. She opened her eyes once more, put feet on the stone, and held them there while she scratched vigorously at her uneven mop of red hair.

She looked at the clock. “Yikes!” she said softly, and ran out the door, and slammed it behind her—almost. She whirled around, caught it on her palms before it banged shut, and then closed it with gingerly care the final centimeter and a half of the arc. Are you trying to get caught? she asked herself as she tiptoed to the next door.

She opened it and looked in. Dunderhead looks cute when he’s asleep, she thought. There was a cord on the floor that ran from under the table by the priest’s bed, over the stones, carefully following the zigzag of the crevices between them, and at last the end lay in the corner of the door sill. You really couldn’t see it if you weren’t looking for it, which had more or less been the idea when she had put it there last night before the priests had come back from vespers. The far end was tied in a knot of her own invention to the electric plug of his alarm clock. Dunderhead had an annoying habit of re-setting his clock every evening making sure that the red second hand was still sweeping away the minutes. (In her plans for this morning she had catalogued his every habitual action, and had observed this one for three nights running, hanging upside down from the bulky stone portcullis above and outside his window.)

Tugging on the string, she saw it leap from the crevices into a straight line and then lift from the floor as she drew it tauter, and then go slack as the plug blipped quietly onto the floor.

Next she pulled the string again until the slack left and raised her end a few inches from the floor. With her free hand now she gave the string a small twit and watched the vibration run up and down the string twice. The knot’s invention was an ingenious one. At the vibration, two opposed loops shook away from a third, and a four millimeter length of rubber band that had been sewn in tautened and released a fourth loop from around a small length of number four gauge wire with a holding tonsure of three quarters of a gram, and the opposing vibration returning up the thread loosed a similar apparatus on the other side of the plug. The knot fell away, and she wound it quickly around her hand. She stood up, closed the door, and the oiled lock was perfectly silent. The door knob was just the slightest bit greasy, she noted. Careless.

Back in her room, it was standing on the table. Sunlight from the high window fell red across the board. It was very early in the morning. She took the parts of the motor up in her hands. “I guess we try you out today? No?” She answered herself, “Yes.” Finally she put the parts in the paper bag, strode out of the room, and slammed the ... whirled around and caught it once more. “Gnnnnnnn,” she said. “Do you want to get caught?” For the second time she answered herself, “Yes. And remember that too. Or you’ll never get through it.”

As she walked down the hall, she heard through one of the windows the chirp of a blue lizard from the garden. “The sound I wanted to hear,” she smiled to herself. “A good sign.”

Turning into the temple, she started down the side aisle. The great black columns passed before her. Something moved between the columns along the other side, swift and indistinct as a bird’s shadow. At least she thought she saw something. “Remember,” she reminded herself, “you have guilt feelings about this whole thing, and you could very easily be manufacturing delusions to scare yourself out of going through with it.” She went on, passed two more columns, and saw it again. “Or,” she went on with her

monologue, “you could be purposefully ignoring the very obvious fact that there is somebody over there who is going to see you. So watch it.” There were mirrors somewhere in the temple, but they weren’t on the opposite wall, so she couldn’t be seeing herself. In fact the mirrors were out in the vestibule through which she had come and maybe this other person had come, so maybe it was seeing her as a reflection of ... “Unscramble that syntax,” she told herself. “You think like that and you’ll never make it.”

But there was somebody, with no clothes on (for all practical purposes) sneaking between the pillars. And he had four arms. That made her start to think of something else, but the thought as it arrowed into the past, suddenly got deflected, turned completely about, and jammed into her brain again, because he was staring directly at her.

If he starts walking toward me, she thought, I’m going to be scared out of my ears. So I better start walking toward him. Besides, I want to see what he looks like. She started out from the columns. Glancing quickly both ways, she saw that the temple was deserted save for them.

He’s a kid, she thought, three quarters of the way across. My age, she added, and again a foreign thought attempted to intrude itself on her but never made it, because he was coming toward her now. At last he stopped before her, silent, muscles like tight wire under the brown skin, black hair massing low on his forehead, his eyes deep beneath the black shrub of brows.

She gulped and asked him, “What are you doing here? Do you know somebody could catch you in here and get mad as hell? I know I couldn’t possibly have, but I think I’ve seen you before some place; if somebody comes along, they might even think you were trying to steal Hama’s eye.” *I shouldn’t have said that, she thought, because he moved funny.* “You better get out of here because everybody will be up here in a half an hour for morning services.”

At that news, he suddenly darted forward, passed her, and sprinted down toward the altar.

“Hey!” she called and ran after him.

Snake vaulted over the brass altar rail.

“Wait a minute,” she called, catching up. “Wait, will you!”

Snake turned as she slung her leg across the brass bar. “Look, I realize I gave away my hand. But that was only guilt feelings. You gave yours away too, though. And if you don’t think you’ve got guilt feelings, boy, you’re crazy.”

Snake frowned, tilted his head, and then grinned.

“So we’ll help each other see,” she said. “You want it too, don’t you.” She pointed up to the head of the statue towering above them. “So let’s co-operate. I’ll get it for a little while. Then you can have it.” He was listening, she saw, so she guessed her strategy was working. *Play it by ear now, she thought.* “We’ll help each other. Shake on it, huh?” She stuck out her hand.

All four hands reached forward.

Whoops, she thought, I hope he’s not offended.

But the four hands grasped hers, and she added her second to the juncture. “All right,” she said. “Come on. Now I had all this figured out last night. And we don’t have much time. Let’s go around ...” But he walked over to where the stalks of wheat spired from the altar base up through Hama’s fist, and grabbed a stalk with the three hands, and hand, over hand, over hand, began to hoist himself up to where the first broad sheets of metal leaves leaned out to form a small platform. At first his dirty feet swung out frog-like, but then he caught the stem with his toes and at last hoisted himself to the front and looked down at her.

“I can’t climb up there,” she said, “I don’t have your elevation power.”

Snake looked down and shrugged.

“Oh damn,” she said. “I’ll do it my way.” She ran across the altar to the great foot of the statue. Sitting cross-legged, Hama’s foot was on his side. Using the ridges made by the toes as steps, she clattered up to the dark bulge of the deity’s godlike bunion. She made her way across the ankle, up the slanting shin, back down the black thigh, until she stood at the crevice where the leg and torso met.

Out beyond the great knee, Snake regarded her from his perch in the groin of yellow leaf. They were about equal height.

“Yoo-hoo,” she waved. “Meet you at the clavicle.” Then she stuck her tongue out. The bulges in the belly of the god made a treacherous ledge along which she inched until she arrived at the cavernous naos, leaving wet handprints on the black stone.

The god’s belly button from this intimate distance revealed itself as a circular door about five feet in diameter and controlled by a combination lock. She missed the first number twice, dried her hands off, and began again. According to the plans in the main safe of the temple (on which she had first practiced combination breaking) there was a ladder behind this door which led up into the statue. She remembered it clearly; and saved her life by doing so.

Because when she caught the second number, reversed the direction and felt the telltale click of the third, she pulled on the handle and was almost pushed from the ledge by the swinging circular door. She grabbed at a handle that she hardly saw on the door’s inside, just as the stone slipped from beneath her feet. Then she was hanging five feet out in the air over the sacred groin some fifty feet below.

The first thing she tried, after closing her eyes and mumbling a few laws of motion, was to swing the door to. When she swung out, however, the door swung closed; and when she swung in, the door swung opened. After a while, she just hung. She gave small thanks that she had dried her hands. When her arms began to ache, she wished that she hadn’t, because then it would be over by now. She went over what she knew about taking judo falls.

Then the door swung closed, and someone grabbed her around the waist. She didn’t open her eyes, but felt her body pressed against the tilting stone. Her arms fell tingling to her sides. The ligaments flamed with pain. Then the pain dulled to throbbing, and she opened her eyes. “How the hell did you get down here?” she asked Snake. With his help she staggered through the open door and stopped to rub her arms. “How did you know about the ladder?”

They were standing in the shaft now, with the ladder beside them running up into the darkness.

He looked at her with a puzzled expression.

“What is it?” she asked. “Oh, I’ll be able to climb up there, never you worry. Hey, can you speak?” Snake shook his head.

“Oh,” she said. Something started at the edge of her mind again, a picture of something unpleasant. Snake had started up the ladder, which he had come down so quickly a minute ago. She glanced out the door, saw that the temple was empty, pulled the door to, and followed.

They ascended into complete darkness. Her arms were beginning to ache again, just slightly. She reached up for the next rung, and found it in its proper place. Then the next. And then again the next.

She started counting steps now, and when seventy-four, seventy-five, and seventy-six dropped below her, there was a missing rung. She reached above it, but there was none. She ran her hand up the edge of the ladder and found that it suddenly curved into the wall. “Hey, you,” she said in the darkness.

Something touched her waist. “Gnnnnngggg,” she said. “Don’t *do* that.” It touched her on the leg, took hold of her ankle, and pulled. “Watch out,” she said.

It pulled again. She raised her foot, and it was tugged sideways a good foot and a half and set on solid flooring. Then a hand (her foot was not released) took her arm, and another held her waist, and tugged. She stiffened for one instant before she remembered the number of limbs her companion had. Then she came off the ladder, sideways into the dark, afraid to put her other foot down lest she step headlong into the seventy-five foot plus shaft.

But he tugged again, and in losing her balance, her foot came down on cool, solid stone. Holding her arm now, he led her along the tunnel. They passed into a steep incline. Now down the upper arm, she recalled.

“I feel like Eurydice,” she said aloud.

You ... funny ... an echoing voice sounded in her skull.

“Hey,” she said. “What was that?” But the voice was silent. The wall turned abruptly and the floor leveled out. They were in a section of the passage now that corresponded roughly to the statue’s radial artery. At the wrist, there was a light. They mounted a stairway, came out a trap door, and found themselves standing high in the temple. Below them the great room spread, vastly deep, and still empty.

Beside them, the stems of the bronze wheat stalks rose up through the fist and spired another fifty feet before breaking into clusters of golden grain and leaves. Across from them, over the dark curve of Gargantuan chest, in the statue's other hand, the shaft of the scythe leaned away into shadow.

"Look," she said. "You follow me now." She started back along the top of the forearm and then began the tedious climb over the rippling biceps, till at last they reached the broad shoulder. They walked across the hollow above the collar bone until they stood just below the great scooping shell of the ear.

She took the paper bag she had stuffed into her belt, tied one end of the string around the neck, and then, holding the other, she heaved the bag up and over the ear. She got the other end of the string, knotted it as high as she could reach, and gave it a tug. "I hope this works," she said. "I had it all figured out yesterday. The tensile strength of this stuff is about two hundred and fifty pounds, which ought to do for you and me." She planted her foot on the swell of the neck tendon, and in seven leaps she made it to the lobe of the ear. She swung around into the hollow, using the frontal wing as a pivot. Crouching in the hollow trumpet, she looked down at Snake. "Come up," she said. "Hurry up."

Snake joined her a moment later.

The ear was hollow, too. It led back into a cylindrical chamber which went up through the head of the god. The architect who had designed the statue had conveniently left the god's lid flipped. They climbed the ladder and emerged amid the tangle of pipes which represented the hair of the god. They made their way forward through the mass of pipes to where the forehead sloped dangerously forward. They could see the foreshortened nose and the rim of the statue's middle eye above that. There wasn't much of anything after that for the next thousand feet until the base of the altar. "Now you can really be some help," she told him. "Hold on to my wrist and let me down. I'll get the jewel."

They grabbed wrists, and Snake's three other hands, as well as the joints of his knees, locked around the base of five pipes that sprouted around them.

Slowly she slid forward, until her free hand slipped on the stone and she dropped the length of their two arms and swung just above the statue's nose. The eye opened in front of her. The lid arced above her, and the white of either side of the ebony iris shone faintly in the half darkness. At the center of the iris, in a small hollow, sitting on the top of a metal support, was the jewel.

She reached her free hand toward it as she swung.

From somewhere a gong suddenly sounded. Light flooded over her. Looking up, she saw white sockets of light shining down into her own eyes. Panicking, she almost released Snake's wrist. But a voice in her head (hers or someone else's, she couldn't tell) rang out. *Hold ... on ... damn ... it ...*

Then she grabbed the jewel. The metal shaft in which the jewel had stood was not steady, and tilted as her hand came away from it. The tilting must have set off some clockwork mechanism, because the great eyelid was slowly lowering over the ivory and ebony eye. She swung again at the end of the rope of bone and flesh; half blinded by the lights above her, she looked over her shoulder, into the temple below. There was singing, the beginning of a processional hymn. The morning rites had started!

Light glinted on the stone limbs of the god. Figures were pouring into the temple. They must have seen her, but the hymn, sonorous and gigantic, rose like flood water, and she suddenly thought that if she fell, she would drown in the sound of it.

Snake was pulling her up. Stone against her arm, against her cheek. She clenched her other fist tightly at her side. Another hand came down and helped pull her. Then another. Then she was lying among the metal pipes, and he was loosening her fingers from his wrist. He tugged her to her feet, and for a moment she was looking out over the now filled temple.

Nervous energy contracted coldly along her body, and the sudden sight of the great drop filled her eyes and her head, and she staggered. Snake caught her and at last helped her back to the ladder. "We've got it," she said to him before they started down. She breathed deeply. Then she checked in her palm to see if it was still there; it was, and again she looked out over the people below. Light on the up-turned faces made them look like scattered pearls on the dark floor. An exaltation suddenly burst in her shoulders, flooded her legs and arms and for a moment washed the pain away. Snake, with one hand on her shoulder, was grinning also. "We've got it!" she said again.

They went down the ladder into the statue's skull. Snake preceded her out the hollow ear. He reached around, caught the cord, and let himself down to the shoulder.

She hesitated for a moment, then put the jewel in her mouth, and followed him. Standing beside him once more, she removed it, and then rubbed her shoulders. "Boy, am I going to have some Charley horse by tomorrow," she said. "Do me a favor and untie my bag for me?"

Snake untied the parcel from the end of the cord, and together now they climbed down the bicep and back over the forearm to the trap door in the wrist.

She glanced down at the faces of the worshipers just before they disappeared into the tunnel. Snake was taking the jewel from her hand. She let him have it, and watched him raise it up above his head.

Immediately, when he raised the jewel, the pearls of faces went out like extinguished flames as heads bent all through the temple.

"That's the ticket," grinned Argo. "Come on." But Snake did not go into the tunnel. Instead he walked around the fist, took hold of one of the bronze wheat stems, and slid down through an opening between the thumb and forefinger. "That way?" asked Argo. "Oh well, I guess so. You know I'm going to write an epic about this."

But Snake had already gone. She followed him, clutching her feet around a great bunch of stems. He was waiting for her at the plateau of leaves, and nestled there, they gazed out once more at the fascinated congregation.

Again Snake held aloft the jewel, and again heads bowed. The hymn began to repeat itself, the individual words lost in the sonority of the hall. They started down the last length of stems now, coming quickly. When they stood at last on the base, she put her hand on his shoulder and looked across the brass altar rail. The congregation pressed close, although she did not recognize an individual face. Yet a mass of people stood there, enormous and familiar. As Snake started forward, holding up the jewel, the people fell back from the rail. Snake climbed over the altar rail, and then helped her over.

Her shoulders were beginning to hurt now, and the enormity of the theft ran chills up and down, up and down her spine. The black marble altar step as she put her foot down was awfully cold.

They started forward again, and the last note of the hymn echoed to silence, filling the hall with the roaring quiet of the hushed breathing of hundreds.

Simultaneously, both she and Snake got the urge to look back at the great diminishing height of Hama behind them. All three eyes were shut firmly now. A quiet composed of the rustling of a hundred dark robes upon another hundred hissed about them as they started forward again.

There was a spotlight on them, she suddenly realized. That was why the people, hovering back from the circular effulgence over the floor around them seemed so dim. Her heart had become a pulse at the bottom of her tongue. They kept on going forward, into the shadowed faces, into the parting sea of dark cloaks and hoods.

Then the last of the figures stepped aside from the temple door, and she could see the sunlight out in the garden. They stood still for a moment, Snake holding high the jewel; then they burst forward, out through the door and down over the bright steps.

Instantly the hymn began again behind them, as if their departure had been a signal. The music flooded after them, and when they reached the bottom step, they both whirled, crouching like animals, expecting the congregation to come welling darkly out after them. But there was only the music, flowing into the light, washing around them, a transparent river, a sea.

"Freeze the drop in the hand, and break the earth with singing. Hail the height of a man, and also the height of a woman."

Over the music came a brittle chirping from the trees. Fixed with fear, they watched the temple door as the hymn progressed. Then Snake suddenly stood up straight and grinned.

She scratched her red hair, shifted her weight, and looked at Snake. "I guess they're not coming," she said, sounding almost disappointed. Then she giggled. "Well, I guess we got it."

"Don't move," repeated Hama Incarnate.

"Now look—" began Urson.

"You are perfectly safe," the god continued, "unless you do anything foolish. You have shown great wisdom. Continue to show it. I have a lot to explain to you."

"Like what?" asked Geo.

"I'll start with the lizards," smiled the god.

"The what?" asked Iimmi.

"The singing lizards," said Hama. "You walked through a grove of trees just a few minutes ago. You had just been through a series of happenings that was probably the most frightening in your life. Suddenly you heard a singing in the trees. What was it?"

"I thought it was a bird," Iimmi said.

"But why a bird?" asked the god.

"Because that's what a bird sounds like," stated Urson impatiently. "Who needs an old lizard singing to them on a morning like this?"

"Your second point is much better than your first," said the god. "You do not need a lizard, but you did need a bird. A bird means spring, life, good luck, cheerfulness. You think of a bird singing and you think of thoughts that men have been thinking for thousands upon thousands of years. Poets have written of it in every language, Catullus in Latin, Keats in English, Li Po in Chinese, Darnel X24 in New English. You expected a bird because after what you had been through, you needed to hear a bird. Lizards run from under wet rocks, scurry over gravestones. A lizard is not what you needed."

"So what do lizards have to do with why we're here?" demanded Urson.

"Why are you here?" repeated the god, subtly changing Urson's question. "There are many reasons, I am sure. You tell me some of them."

"You have done wrongs to Argo—at least to Argo of Leptar," Geo explained. "We have come to undo them. You have kidnaped the young Argo, as well as her mother apparently. We have come to take her back. You have misused the jewels. We have come to take the last one from you."

Hama smiled. "Only a poet could see the wisdom in such honesty. I thought I might have to wheedle to get that much out of you."

"I guess it was pretty certain that you knew that much already," Geo said.

"True," answered Hama. Then his tone changed. "Do you know how the jewels work?"

They shook their heads.

"They are basically very simple mechanical contrivances which are difficult in execution, but simple in concept. I will explain. Human thoughts, it was discovered after the Great Fire during the first glorious years of the City of New Hope, did not produce waves similar to radio waves, but the electrical synapse pattern, it was found, can be read by radio waves, in the same way a mine detector reads the existence of metal."

"Radio?" Geo said.

"That's right," Hama said. "Oh, I forgot, you don't know anything about that at all. Well, I can't go through the whole thing now. Suffice it to say that each of the jewels contains a carefully honed crystal which is constantly sending out beams which can read these thought patterns. Also the crystal acts like a magnifying glass or a mirror, and reflects and magnifies the energy from the brain into heat or light or any other kind of electromagnetic radiation—there I go again—so that you can send great bolts of heat with them, as you have seen done."

"But the actual workings of them are not important. And their ability to send heat out is only their secondary power. Their primary importance is that they can be used to penetrate the mind. Now we come to the lizards."

"Wait a minute," Geo said. "Before we get to the lizards. Do you mean go into minds like Snake does?" Suddenly he remembered that the boy was not there.

But the god went on. "Like Snake," he said. "But different. Snake was born with the ability to transmute the brain patterns of his thoughts to others; in that he has a power something like the jewels, but nowhere as strong. But with the jewels, you can jam a person's thoughts..."

"Just go into his mind and stop him from thinking?" asked Iimmi.

“No,” said the god. “Conscious thought is too powerful. Otherwise, you would stop thinking every time Snake spoke to you. It works another way. How many reasons does a man have for any single action?”

They looked at him uncomprehendingly.

“Why, for example, does a man pull his hand from a fire?”

“Because it hurts,” said Urson. “Why else?”

“Yes, why else?” asked Hama.

“I think I see what you mean,” said Iimmi. “He also pulls it out because he knows that outside the fire his hand isn’t going to hurt. Like the bird, I mean the lizard. One reason we reacted like we did was because it sounded like a bird. The other reason was because we wanted to hear a bird just then. The man pulls his hand out because the fire hurts, and because he wants it not to hurt.”

“In other words,” Geo summarized, “there are at least two reasons for everything.”

“Exactly,” explained Hama. “And notice that one of these reasons is unconscious. But with the jewel, you can jam the unconscious reason; so that if a man has his hand in a fire, you can jam his unconscious reason of wanting it to stop hurting. Completely bewildered, and in no less pain, he will stand there until his wrist is a smoking nub.”

Geo reached over and felt his severed arm.

“Dictators during the entire history of this planet have used similar techniques. By not letting the people of their country know what conditions existed outside their boundaries, they could get the people to fight to stay in those conditions. It was the old adage, convince a slave that he’s free, and he will fight to maintain his slavery. Why does a poet sing? Because he likes music; and because silence frightens him. Why does a thief steal? To get the goods from his victim; also to prove that his victim cannot get him.”

“That’s how Argo got Snake back,” Geo said to Urson. “I see now. He was just thinking of running away, and she jammed his desire not to get caught; so he had nothing to direct him in which direction to run. So he ran where she told him, straight back to her.”

“That’s right,” Hama said. “But something else was learned when these jewels were invented. Or rather a lesson which history should have taught us thousands of years ago was finally driven home. No man can wield absolute power over other men and still retain his own mind. For no matter how good his intentions are when he takes up the power, his alternate reason is that freedom, the freedom of the people and ultimately his own, terrifies him. Only a man afraid of freedom would want this power, would conceive of wielding it. And that fear of freedom will turn him into a slave of this power. For this reason, the jewels are evil. That is why we have summoned you to steal them from us.”

“To steal them from you?” asked Geo. “Why couldn’t you have simply destroyed them when you had them.”

“We have already been infected,” smiled the god. “We are a small band here on Aptor. To reach the state of organization, to collect the scattered scientific knowledge of the times before the Great Fire, was not easy. Too often the jewels have been used, and abused, and now we cannot destroy it. We would have to destroy ourselves first. We kidnaped Argo and left you the second jewel, hoping that you would come after the third and last one. Now you have come, and now the jewel is being stolen.”

“Snake?” asked Geo.

“That’s right,” replied Hama.

“But I thought he was your spy,” Geo said.

“That he is our spy is his unconscious reason for his actions,” explained Hama. “He is aware only that he is working against the evil he has seen in Jordde. Spy is too harsh a word for him. Say, rather, little thief. He became a spy for us quite unwittingly when he was on the island as a child with Jordde. I have explained something to you of how the mind works. We have machines that can duplicate what Snake does in a similar way that the jewels work. This is how the blind priestesses contacted Jordde and made him their spy. This is how we reached Snake. But he never saw us, never even really talked to us. It was mainly because of something he saw, something he saw when he first got here.”

"Wait a minute," Iimmi said. "Jordde wanted to kill me, and did kill Whitey because of something we might have seen. I bet this was the same thing. Now, what was it?"

Hama smiled. "My telling you would do no good. Perhaps you can find out from Snake, or my daughter, Argo Incarnate."

"But what do we do now?" Geo interrupted. "Take the jewels back to Argo, I mean Argo on the ship? She's already used the jewels to control minds, at least Snake's, so that means she's infected, too."

"Once you guessed the reason for her infection," said Hama. "We have been watching you on our screens since you landed. Do you remember what the reason was?"

"Do you mean her being jealous of her sister?" Geo asked.

"Yes. On one side her motives were truly patriotic for Leptar. On the other hand they were selfish ones of power seeking. But without the selfish ones, she would have never gotten so far as she did. You must bring young Argo back and give the infection a chance to work itself out."

"But what about the jewels?" asked Geo. "All three of them will be together. Isn't that a huge temptation?"

"Someone must meet this temptation, and overcome it," said Hama. "You do not know how much danger they are in while they are here on Aptor. Even if the final danger is only delayed, that delay will make it safer to bring them to Leptar."

Suddenly Hama turned to the screens and pushed a switch to on position. The opaque glass was filled with a picture of the interior of the temple. On the huge statue, a spotlight was following two microscopic figures over the statue's shoulder. They were climbing over the statue's elbow.

Hama increased the size. It was two people, not bugs, climbing down the gigantic sculptured figure. They made their way along the statue's forearm now, to the golden stalks of wheat in the god's black fist. One, and then the other began to shimmy down the stems. They arrived at the base and climbed over the rail. The screen enlarged again.

"It's Snake," said Geo.

"And he's got the jewel," Urson added.

"That's Argo with him," Iimmi put in. "I mean—one of the Argos." They clustered around the screen, watching the congregation give way before the two fearful children. The red-haired girl in the short white tunic was holding onto Snake's shoulder.

Suddenly Hama turned the picture off, and they looked away from the screen now, puzzled. "So you see," said the god, "the jewel has already been stolen. For the sake of Argo, and of Hama, carry the jewels back to Leptar. Young Argo will help you. Though her mother and I are pained to see her go, she is as prepared for the journey as you are, if not more. Will you do it?"

"I will," Iimmi said.

"Me too," said Geo.

"I guess so," Urson said.

"Good," smiled Hama. "Then come with me." He turned from the screen and walked through the door. They followed him down the long stairway, past the stone walls, into the hall, and along the back of the church. He walked slowly, and smiled like a man who had waited long for something finally arrived. They turned out of the temple and descended the bright steps.

"I wonder where the kids are?" Urson asked.

But Hama led them on, across the broad garden to where the great black urns sat in a row close to a wall of shrubbery. A woman—old Argo—suddenly joined them. She had apparently been waiting for them. She gave them a silent smile of recognition, and they continued across the garden path.

Light fell through the shrubbery across her white tunic and Snake's bare back as they crouched over the contraption of coils and metal. She twisted two pieces of wire together in a final connection as Snake placed the jewel on an improvised thermocouple. Then they bent over it and both concentrated their thoughts on the bead. The thermocouple glowed red, and electricity jumped in the copper veins, turning the metal bone into a magnet. The armature tugged once around its pivot, and then tugged around once more. Finally it was whipping around steadily, the brushes on its shaft reversing the magnetic poles

with each half circle of the arc. It gained speed until it whirred into an invisible copper haze between them. "Hey," she breathed, "look at it go, will you! Just look at it go." And the young thieves crouched over the humming motor, oblivious to the eyes of the elder gods that smiled at them from the edge of the green shift of shadow and sunlight, by the side of the marble urn.

Chapter XI

Under the trees, she raised up on tiptoe and kissed the balding forehead of a tall, dark-robed priest. “Dunderhead,” she said, “I think you’re cute.” Then she blinked very rapidly and knuckled beneath her eye. “Oh,” she added, remembering, “I was making yogurt in the biology laboratory yesterday. There’s two gallons of it fermenting under the tarantula cage. Remember to take it out. And take care of the hamsters. Please don’t forget the hamsters.”

Finally, they started once more around the slope of the volcano, and the temple and grove fell black and green away behind them.

“Two days to get to the ship,” said Geo, squinting at the pale sky.

“Perhaps we had better put the jewels together,” said Urson. “Keep them out of harm’s way, since we know their power.”

“What do you mean?” Iimmi asked.

Urson took Geo’s leather purse from his belt. Then he took the jewel from Geo’s neck and dropped it in the purse. Then he held the purse out for Iimmi to do the same.

“I guess it can’t hurt,” Iimmi said, dropping his chain into the pouch.

“Here’s mine too,” Argo said. Urson pulled the purse string closed and tucked the pouch in at his waist.

“Well,” said Geo, “I guess we head for the river, so we can get back to your sister and Jordde.”

“Jordde?” asked Argo. “Who’s he?”

“He’s a spy for the blind priestesses. He’s also the one who cut Snake’s tongue out.”

“Cut his—?” Suddenly she stopped. “That’s right: four arms, his tongue—I remember now, in the film!”

“In the what?” asked Iimmi. “What do you remember?”

Argo turned to Snake. “I remember where I saw you before!”

“You know Snake?” Urson asked.

“No, I never met him. But about a month ago I saw a movie of what happened. It was horrible what they did to him.”

“What’s a movie?” asked Iimmi.

“Huh?” said Argo. “Oh, it’s sort of like the vision screens, only you can see things that happened in the past. Anyway, Dunderhead showed me this film about a month ago. Then he took me down to the beach and said I should have seen something there, because of what I’d learned.”

“See something?” Iimmi almost yelled. “What was it?” He took her shoulder and shook it. “What was it you were supposed to see?”

“Why...?” began the girl, startled.

“Because a friend of mine was murdered and I almost was too because of something we saw on that beach. Only I don’t know what it was.”

“But ...” began Argo. “But I don’t either. I couldn’t see it, so Dunderhead took me back to the temple.”

“Snake?” Geo asked. “Do you know what they were supposed to see? Or why Argo was taken to see it after she was shown what happened to you?”

The boy shrugged.

Iimmi turned on Snake. “Do you know, or are you just not telling? Come on now. That’s the only reason I stuck with this so far, and I want to know what’s going on!”

Snake shook his head.

"I want to know why I was nearly killed," shouted the Negro. "You know and I want you to tell me!" Iimmi raised his hand.

Snake screamed. The sound tore over the distended vocal cords. Then he whirled and ran.

Urson caught him and brought the boy crashing down among leaves. "No you don't," the giant growled. "You're not going to get away from me this time. You won't get away from me again."

"Watch it," said Argo. "You're hurting him. Urson, let go!"

"Hey, ease up," said Iimmi. "Snake, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to yell. But I do want you to tell me. Very much."

Urson let the boy up, still mumbling, "Well, he's not going to get away again."

"When did he get away from you the first time?" Geo said, coming over to the boy. "Let him go. Look, Snake, do you know what there was about the beach that was so important?"

Snake nodded.

"Can you tell?"

Now the boy shook his head and glanced at Urson.

"You don't have to be afraid of him," Geo said, puzzled. "Urson won't hurt you."

But Snake shook his head again.

"Well," said Geo, "we can't make you. Let's get going."

"I bet I could make him," the giant mumbled.

"No," said Argo. "I don't think you could. I watched the last time somebody tried. And I don't think you could."

Late morning flopped over hotly in the sky and turned into afternoon. The jungle became damp, and bright insects plunged like tiny knives of blue or scarlet through leaves. Wet foliage brushed against their chests, faces, and shoulders.

"Why would they show you a film of something awful before taking you to the beach." Iimmi asked.

"Maybe it was supposed to have made me more receptive to what we saw," said Argo.

"If horror makes you receptive to what ever it was," said Iimmi, "I should have been about as receptive as possible."

"What do you mean?" asked Geo.

"I just watched ten guys get hacked to pieces all over the sand, remember?"

They walked silently for a time.

"We'll come out at the head of the river. It's a huge marsh that drains off into the main channel," said Argo presently.

Late afternoon darkened quickly.

"I was wondering about something," Geo said, after a little while.

"What?" asked Argo.

"Hama said that once the jewels had been used to control minds, the person who used them was infected—"

"Rather the infection was already there," corrected Argo. "That just brought it out."

"Yes," said Geo. "Anyway, Hama also said that he was infected. When did he have to use the jewels?"

"Lots of times," Argo said. "Too many. The last time was when I was kidnaped. He used the jewel to control pieces of that thing you all killed in the City of New Hope to come and kidnap me and then leave the jewel in Leptar."

"A piece of that monster?" Geo exclaimed. "No wonder it decayed so rapidly when it was killed."

"Huh?" asked Iimmi.

"Argo, I mean your sister, told me they had managed to kill one of the kidnapers, and it melted the moment it died."

"We couldn't control the whole mass," she explained. "It really doesn't have a mind. But, like everything alive, it has, or had, the double impulse."

"But what did kidnaping you accomplish, anyway?" Iimmi asked.

Argo grinned. "It brought you here. And now you're taking the jewels away."

"Is that all?" asked Iimmi.

"Well," said Argo, "Isn't that enough?" She paused for an instant. "You know I wrote a poem about all this once, the double impulse and everything."

Geo recited:

"By the dark chamber sits its twin, where the body's floods begin, and the two are twinned again, turning out and turning in."

"How did you know?" she asked.

"The dark chamber is Hama's temple," Geo said. "Am I right?"

"And it's twin is Argo's," she went on. "They should be twins, really. And then the twins again are the children. The force of age in each one opposed to the young force. See?"

"I see," Geo smiled. "And the body's floods, turning in and out?"

"That's sort of everything man does, his going and coming, his great ideas, his achievements, his little ideas too. It all comes from the interplay of those four forces."

"Four?" said Urson. "I thought it was just two."

"But it's thousands," Argo explained.

The air was drenching. The leaves had been shiny before. Now they dripped water on the loose ground. Pale light lapsed through the branches, shimmered, reflected from leaf to the wet underside of leaf. The ground became mud.

Twice they heard a sloshing a few feet away, and then the scuttling of an unseen animal. "I hope I don't step on something that decides to take a chunk out of my foot."

"I'm pretty good at first aid," Argo said. "It's getting chilly," she added.

Just then Geo slipped and sank knee-deep in a muddy pool. Urson raced to the edge of the quicksand bog and grabbed Geo by his good arm. He pulled till Geo emerged, coated to the thigh with gray mud.

"You all right?" Urson asked. "You sure you're all right?"

Geo nodded, rubbing the stump of his arm with his good hand. "I'm all right," he said. The trees had almost completely given out. Geo suddenly saw the whole swamp sinking in front of him. He splashed a step backwards, but Urson caught his shoulder. The swamp wasn't sinking, though. But ripples had begun to appear over the water, spreading, crossing, webbing the whole surface with a net of tiny waves.

Then they began to rise up. Green backs broke the surface, wet and slippery. They were standing now, torrents cascading their green faces, green chests. Three of them, now a fourth. Four more, and then more, and then many more. They stood, now, these naked, green, mottled bodies.

Geo felt a sudden tugging in his head, at his mind. Looking around he saw that the others felt it too.

"Them ..." Urson started.

"They're the ones who carried us ..." Geo began. The tug came again, and they stepped forward.

Iimmi put his hand on his head. "They want us to go with them..." And suddenly they were going forward, slipping into the familiar state of half-consciousness which had come when they had crossed the river, to the City of New Hope, or when they had first fallen into the sea.

Wet hands fell on their bodies as they were guided through the swamp. They were being carried through deeper water. Now they were walking over dry land where the vegetation was thicker, and slimy boulders caught shards of sunset on their wet flanks, blood leaking on the gray, the wet gray, and the green.

Through a rip in the arras of vegetation, they saw the moon push through the clouds, staining them silver. A rock rose in silhouette against the moon. On the rock a naked man stood, staring at the white disk. White highlighted one side of his body. As they passed, he howled (or anyway, opened his mouth and threw his head back. But their ears were full of night and could not hear.) and dropped to all fours. A breeze blew momentarily in the sudden plume of his tail, in the scraggly hair of the under-belly, and light lay white on the points of his ears, his lengthened muzzle, his thinned hind legs. The animal turned

its head once, and then scampered down the rock and into the darkness as a curtain of trees swung across the opened sky.

Eyes of flame whipped ahead of them as water swirled their knees once more. Then the water went down and sand washed back under the soles of their feet on the dark beach. The beating of the sea, the rush of the river, and the odor of the wet leaves that fingered their cheeks, prodded their shins, and slapped against their bellies as they moved forward, all this fell away. Red eyes wavered into flaming tongues, and the tongues showed themselves housed in the mouths of a dozen caves.

Light flickered on the wet rocks and they entered the largest one. Their eyes suddenly focused once more. Foam washed back and forth over the sand floor, and black chains of weeds, caught in crevices on the rock, lengthened over the sand with the inrush of water. Webbed hands released them.

Brown rocks rose around in the firelight. They raised their eyes to where the Old One sat. The long spines were strung with shrunken membrane. His eyes, gray and indistinct, were close to the surface of his broad nostriled face. A film of water trickled over the rock where he sat. Others stood about him, on various levels of the rock.

The tugging left them, and they glanced at one another now. Outside the cave it was raining hard. Geo saw that Argo's hair had wet to dark auburn and hugged her head now, making little streaks down her neck.

Suddenly a voice boomed at them, like an echo, more than the reverberation that the cave would give. "Carriers of the jewels," it began, and suddenly Geo realized that it was the same hollowness that accompanied Snake's soundless messages. "We have brought you here to give a warning. We are the oldest forms of intelligence on this planet," continued the Old One from the throne. "We have watched from the delta of the Nile the rise of the pyramids; we have seen the murder of Caesar from the banks of the Tiber. We watched the Spanish Armada destroyed by English, and we followed Man's great metal fish through the ocean before the Great Fire. We have never aligned ourselves with either Argo or Hama, but rise in the sexless swell of the ocean. We can warn you, as we have warned man before. As before, some will listen, some will not. Your minds are your own, now. That I pledge you. Now, I warn you; cast the jewels into the sea.

"Nothing is ever lost in the sea, and when the evil has been washed from them with time and brine, they will be returned to man. For then time and brine will have washed away his imperfections also.

"No living intelligence is free from their infection, nothing with the double impulse of life. But we are old, and can hold them for a million years before we will be so infected as you are. Your young race is too condensed in its living to tolerate such power at its fingers now. Again I say: cast these into the sea.

"The knowledge which man needs to alleviate hunger and pain from the world of men is contained in two monasteries on this island. Both have the science to put the jewels to use, to the good use which is possible with them. Both have been infected. In Leptar, however, where you carry these jewels, there is no way at all to utilize them for anything but evil. There will only be the temptation to destroy."

"What about me?" Argo suddenly piped up. "I can teach them all sorts of things in Leptar." She took one of Snake's hands. "We used one for our motor."

"You will find something else to make your motor turn," came the voice. "You still have to see something that you have not yet seen?"

"At the beach?" demanded Iimmi.

"Yes," nodded the Old One, with something like a sigh, "at the beach. We have a science that allows us to do things which to you seem impossibilities, as when we carried you in the sea for weeks without your body decaying. We can enter your mind as Snake does. And we can do much else. We have a wisdom which far surpasses even Argo's and Hama's on Aptor. Will you then cast the jewels into the sea and trust them with us?"

Here Urson interrupted. "How can we give you the jewels?" he said. "How can we be sure you're not going to use them against Argo and Hama once you get them. You say nobody is impervious to them. And we've only got your say so on how long it would take you to fall victim. You can already influence

minds. That's how you got us here. And according to Hama, that's what corrupts. And you've already done it."

"Besides," Geo said. "There's something else. We've nearly messed this thing up a dozen times trying to figure out motives and counter motives. And it always comes back to the same thing: we've got a job to do, and we ought to do it. We're suppose to return Argo and the jewels to the ship, and that's what we're doing."

"He's right," said Iimmi. "It's the general rule again. Act on the simplest theory that holds all the information."

The Old One sighed again. "Once, fifteen hundred years ago, a man who was to maneuver one of the metal birds walked and pondered by the sea. He had been given a job to do. We tried to warn him, as we tried to warn you. But he jammed his hands into the pockets of his khaki uniform, and uttered to the waves the words you just uttered, and the warning was shut out of his mind. He scrambled up over the dunes on the beach, never taking his hands out of his pockets. The next morning, at five o'clock, when the sun slanted red across the air field, he climbed into his metal bird, took off, flew for some time over the sea, looking down on the water like crinkled foil under the heightening sun, until he reached land again. Then he did his job: he pressed a button which released two shards of fire metal in a housing of cobalt. The land flamed. The sea boiled in the harbors. And two weeks later he was also dead. That which burned your arm away, poet, burned away his whole face, boiled his lungs in his chest and his brain in his skull."

There was a pause. And then, "Yes, we can control minds. We could have relieved the tiredness, immobilized the fear, the terror, immobilized all his unconscious reasons for doing what he did, just as man can now do with the jewels. But had we, we would have also immobilized the—the honor which he clung to. Yes, we can control minds, but we do not." Now the voice swelled. "But never, since that day on the shore before the Great Fire, has the temptation to do so been as great as now." Again the voice returned to normal. "Perhaps," and there was almost humor in it now, "the temptation is too great, even for us. Perhaps we have reached the place where the jewels would push us just across the line where we have never before gone, make us do those things that we have never done. You have heard our warning now. The choice, I swear to you, is yours."

They stood silent in the high cave, the fire on their faces weaving brightness and shadow. Geo turned to look at the rain-blurred darkness outside the cave's entrance.

"Out there is the sea," said the voice again. "Your decision quickly. The tide is coming in..."

It was snatched from their minds before they could articulate it. Two children saw a bright motor turning in the shadow. Geo and Iimmi saw the temples of Argo in Leptar. Then there was something darker. And for a moment, they all saw all the pictures at once.

A wave splashed across the floor, like twisted glass before the rock on which the fire stood. Then it flopped wetly across the burning driftwood which hissed into darkness. Charred sticks turned, glowing in the water, and were extinguished.

Rain was buffeting them; hands held them once more, pulling them into the warm sea, the darkness, and then nothing...

Snake was thinking again, and this time through the captain's eyes.

The cabin door burst open in the rain. Wind whipped her wet veils about her in the door as lightning made them transparent, blackening her body's outline. Jordde rose from his seat. She closed the door on thunder.

"I have received the signal from the sea," she said. "Tomorrow you pilot the ship into the estuary."

The captain's voice: "But Priestess Argo, I cannot take the ship into Aptor. We already have lost ten men; I cannot sacrifice ..."

"And the storm," smiled Jordde. "If it is like this tomorrow, how can I take her through the rocks?"

Her nostrils flared as her lips compressed to a chalky line. She was regarding Jordde.

The captain's thoughts: What is between them, this confused tension. It upsets me deeply, and I am tired.

“You will pilot the boat to shore tomorrow,” Argo nearly hissed. “They have returned, with the jewels!”

The captain’s thoughts: They speak to each other in a code I don’t understand. I am so tired, now. I have to protect my ship, my men, that is my job, my responsibility.

But Argo turned to the captain. “I hired you to obey me. I order you to pilot this ship to Aptor’s shore tomorrow morning.”

The captain’s thoughts; Yes, yes. The fatigue and the unknowing. But I must fulfill, must complete. “Jorde,” he began.

“Yes, captain,” answered the mate, anticipating. “If the weather is permitting, sir, I will take the ship as close as I can get.” He smiled now, a thin curve over his face, and turned toward Argo.

Chapter XII

Roughness of sand beneath one of his sides, and the flare of the sun on the other. His eyes were hot and his lids were orange over them. He turned over, and reached out to dig his fingers into the sand. Only one hand closed; then he remembered. Opening his eyes, he rolled to his knees. The sand grated under his knee caps. Looking out toward the water, he saw that the sun hung only seeming inches above the horizon. Then he saw the ship.

From its course, he gathered it was heading toward the estuary of the river down the beach. He began to run toward where the rocks and vegetation cut off the end of the beach. The sand under his feet was cool.

A moment later he saw Iimmi's dark figure come from the jungle. He was heading for the same place. Geo hailed him, and panting, they joined each other. Then, together they continued toward the rocks.

As they broke through the first sheet of foliage, they bumped into the red-haired girl who stood, knuckling her eyes in the shadow of the broad palm fronds. When she recognized them, she joined them silently. Finally they reached the outcropping of rock a few hundred feet up the river bank.

The rain had swelled the river's mouth to tremendous violence. It vomited surges of brown water into the ocean, frothed against rocks, and boiled opaquely below them. It was nearly half again as wide as Geo remembered it.

Although the sky was clear, beyond the brown bile of the river, the sea snarled viciously and bared white teeth in the sun. It took another fifteen minutes for the boat to maneuver through the granite spikes toward the rocky embankment a hundred yards away.

Glancing down into the turbulence, Argo breathed, "Gee." But that was the only human sound against the water's roaring.

The boat's prow doffed in the swell, and then at last her plank swung out and bumped unsteadily on the rocky bank. Figures were gathering on deck.

"Hey," Argo said, pointing toward one. "That's Sis!"

"Where the hell are Snake and Urson?" Iimmi asked.

"That's Snake down there," Geo said. "Look!" He pointed with his nub.

They could see Snake crouched near the gangplank itself. He was behind a ledge of rock, invisible to the people on the ship, apparently, but plain to Geo and his companions.

"Watch it," Geo said. "I'm going down there. You stay here." He ducked off through the vines, keeping in sight of the rocks' edge and the boiling foam. The ship grew before him, and at last he reached a sheltered rise, just ten feet above the nest of rock in which the four-armed boy was crouching.

Geo looked out at the boat. Jordde stood at the head of the gangplank. The eighteen feet of board was unsteady with the roll of the ship. Jordde held something like a black whip in his hand, only the end went to a box-like contraption strapped to his back. With the lash raised, he stepped onto the shifting plank.

Geo wondered what the whip contrivance was. The answer came with the hollow sound of Snake's thoughts. *That ... is ... machine ... he ... use ... to ... cut ... tongue ... with ... only ... on ... whip ... now ... not ... wire ...* So Snake knew he was just behind him. As he was trying to figure exactly the implications of what Snake had said, suddenly, with the speed of a bird's shadow, Snake leaped from his hiding place and landed on the shore end of the plank. He recovered from his crouch, and rushed down the plank toward Jordde, apparently intending to knock him from the board.

Jordde raised the lash and it fell across the boy's shoulder. It didn't land hard; it just dropped. But Snake suddenly reeled, and went down on one knee, grabbing the sides of the plank. Geo was close enough to hear the boy scream.

"I cut your tongue out once with this thing," Jordde said, matter of factly. "Now I'm going to cut the rest of you to pieces." He adjusted a control at his belt and raised the lash again.

Geo leapt for the plank. He faced Jordde over the crouching boy, he wondered how wise it had been. Then he had to stop wondering and try to duck the falling lash. He couldn't.

It landed with only the weight of gravity, brushing his cheek, then dropping across his shoulder and down his back. He screamed; the whole side of his face seemed seared away, and an inch crevice burned into his shoulder and back the length it touched him. He bit into white fire, trying not to leap aside into the foaming chasm between rocks and boat. As the lash rasped over his shoulder, sweat flooded his eyes. His good arm, which held the edge of the plank, was shaking like a plucked string on a loose guitar. Snake lunged back against him, almost knocking him over. When Geo blinked the tears out of his eyes, he saw two bright welts over Snake's shoulder. He also saw that Jordde had stepped out upon the plank and was smiling.

When the line fell again, he wasn't sure just what happened. He leaned in one direction, and suddenly Snake was a dive of legs in the other. Now Snake was just four sets of fingers on the edge of the plank. Geo screamed again and shook.

Two sets of fingers disappeared from one side of the board and reappeared on the other. As Jordde raised the lash a fourth time to rid the plank of this last one-armed nuisance, the fingers worked rapidly forward toward Jordde's feet, until suddenly an arm raised from beneath the plank, grabbed Jordde's foot, and tugged. The lash fell far from Geo who was still trembling, trying to move backwards off the unsteady plank, and keep from vomiting at the same time.

Jordde tripped, but turned in time to grab the edge of the ship's gate and steady himself. At the same time, one leg, and then another, came up the other side of the plank, and then Snake rolled to a crouching position on the board's top.

Geo got his feet under him now, and stumbled backwards, off the plank, and then sat down hard a few feet back on the rocks. He clutched his good arm across his stomach, and without lowering his eyes, leaned forward to cool his back.

Jordde, half-seated on the board now, lashed the whip sideways. Snake leaped a foot from the plank as the line swung beneath his feet. All four arms went spidering out to regain equilibrium. The whip struck the side of the boat, left a burn along the hull, and came swinging back again. Snake leapt once more and made it.

Suddenly there was a shadow over him, and Geo saw Urson stride up to the end of the plank. His back to Geo, he crouched bear-like at the plank's head. "All right, now try someone a little bigger than you. Come on, kid, get off there. I want my turn." Urson's sword was drawn.

Snake turned, grabbed at something on Urson, but the big man knocked him away as he leapt diagonally onto the shore. Urson laughed over his shoulder. "You don't want the ones around my neck," he called back. "Here, keep these for me." He tossed the leather purse from his belt back to the shore. Snake landed just as Jordde flung the lash out again. Urson must have caught the line across his chest, because they saw his back suddenly stiffen. Then he leapt forward and came down with his sword so hard that had Jordde still been there, his leg would have come off. Jordde leapt back onto the edge of the ship, and the sword sliced three inches into the plank. As Urson tried to pull the blade out once more, Jordde sent his whip singing again. It wrapped Urson's mid-section like a black serpent, and it didn't come loose.

Urson howled. He flung his sword forward, which probably only by accident thwunked seventeen inches through Jordde's abdomen. He bent forward, grabbed the line with both hands, and tugged backwards, screaming.

Jordde took two steps onto the plank, his mouth open, his eyes closed, and fell over the side.

Urson heaved backwards, and toppled from the other side. For a moment they hung with the whip between them over the board. The ship heaved, rolled to. The plank swiveled, came loose; and with the board on top of them, they crashed into the water.

Geo and Snake were at the rocks' edge. Iimmi and Argo were coming up behind them.

Below them, limbs and board bobbed through the foam once. The line had somehow looped around Urson's neck, and the plank had turned up almost on end. Then they went under again.

With nothing between it and the rock wall of shore, the boat began to roll in. With each swell, it came in six feet, and then leaned out three. Then it came back another six. It took four swells, the time of four very deep breaths, until the side of the boat was grating up against the rocks. Geo could hear the plank splintering down in the water. But the sound of the water blanketed anything else that was breaking down there.

Geo took two steps backwards, clutched at his stubbed arm, and threw up.

Somebody, the captain, was calling, "Get her away from the rocks. Away from the rocks, before she goes to pieces!"

Iimmi took Geo's arm. "Come on, boy," he said, and managed to haul him onto the ship. Argo and Snake leapt on behind them, as the boat floundered away from the shore.

Geo leaned against the rail. Below him the water turned on itself in the rocks, thrashed along the river's side, and then, as he raised his eyes, stretched out along the bright blade of the beach. The long sand that rimmed the island dropped away from them, a stately and austere arc gathering in its curve all the sun's glare, and throwing it back on wave, and on wave. His back hurt, his stomach was shriveled and shaken like an old man's palsied fist, his arm was gone, and Urson...

And then Argo said, "Look at the beach!"

Geo flung his eyes up and tried in one moment to envelop whatever he saw, whatever it would be. Beneath the roar was a tide of quiet. The sand along the naked crescent was dull at depressions, mirror bright at rises. At the jungle's edge, leaves and fronds sped multi-textured rippling along the foliage. Each single fragment in that green carpet hung up in the sun was one leaf, he reflected, with two sides, and an entire system of skeleton and veins, as his hand and arm had been. And maybe one day would drop off, too. He looked from rock to rock now. Each was different, shaped and lined distinctly, but losing detail as the ship floated out, as the memory of his entire adventure was losing detail. That one there was like a bull's head half submerged; those two flat ones together on the sand looked like the stretched wings of eagles. The waves, measured and magnificent, followed one another onto the sand, like the varying, never duplicated rhythm of a good poem, peaceful, ordered, and calm. He tried to pour the chaos of Urson drowning from his mind onto the water. It flowed into each glass-green wave's trough in which it rode, suddenly quiet, up to the beach. He spread the pain in his own body over the web of foam and green shimmering, and was surprised because it fit easily, hung there well, quieted, very much quieted. Somewhere at the foot of his brain, an understanding was beginning to effloresce with the sea's water, under the sun.

Geo turned away from the rail, and with the wet deck slipping under his bare feet, he walked toward the forecabin. He released his broken limb, and his hand hung at his side.

When Snake came down that evening, Geo was lying on his back in the bunk, following the grain of the wood on the bottom of the bed above his. He had his good arm behind his neck now. Snake touched his shoulder.

"What is it?" Geo asked, turning on his side and sitting out from under the bunk.

Snake held out the leather purse to Geo.

"Huh?" Geo asked. "Didn't you give them to Argo yet?"

Snake nodded.

"Well, why didn't she take them. Look, I don't want to see them again."

Snake pushed the purse toward him again, and added, *Look ...*

Geo took the purse, opened the draw string, and turned the contents out in his hand: there were three chains, on each of which was a gold coin fastened by a hole near the edge. Geo frowned. "How come these are in here?" he asked. "I thought—where are the jewels?"

In ... ocean, Snake said. Urson ... switched ... them.

"What are you talking about?" demanded Geo. "What is it?"

Don't ... want ... tell ... you ...

"I don't care what you want, you little thief." Geo grabbed him by the shoulder. "Tell me!"

Know ... from ... back ... with ... blind ... priestesses, Snake explained rapidly. He ... ask ... me ... how ... to ... use ... jewels.. when ... you ... and ... Iimmi ... exploring ... and ... after ... that ... no ... listen ... to ... thoughts ... bad ... thoughts ... bad ...

"But he—" Geo started. "He saved your life!"

But ... what ... is ... reason, Snake said. At ... end ...

"You saw his thoughts at the end?" asked Geo. "What did he think?"

You ... sleep ... please, Snake said. Lot ... of ... hate ... lot ... of ... bad ... hate ... There was a pause in the voice in his head *... and ... love ...*

Geo began to cry. A bubble of sound in the back of his throat burst, and he turned onto the pillow and tried to bite through the sound with his teeth, the tiredness, the fear, for Urson, for his arm, and the change which hurt. His whole body ached, his back hurt in two sharp lines, and he couldn't stop crying.

Iimmi, who had now decided to take the bunk above Geo, came back a few minutes after mess. Geo had just awakened.

Geo laughed. "I found out what it was we saw on the beach that made us so dangerous."

"How?" asked Iimmi. "When? What was it?"

"Same time you did," Geo said. "I just looked. And then Snake explained the details of it to me later."

"When?" Iimmi repeated.

"I just took a nap, and he went through the whole thing with me."

"Then what was it you saw, we saw?"

"Well, first of all; do you remember what Jordde was before he was shipwrecked on Aptor?"

"Didn't Argo say he was studying to be a priest. Old Argo, I mean."

"Right," said Geo. "Now, do you remember what my theory was about what we saw?"

"Did you have a theory?" Iimmi asked.

"About horror and pain making you receptive to whatever it was."

"Oh, that," Iimmi said. "I remember. Yes."

"I was also right about that. Now add to all this some theory from Hama's lecture on the double impulse of life. It wasn't a thing we saw, it was a situation, or rather an experience we had. Also, it didn't have to be on the beach. It could have happened anywhere. Man, and his constantly diametric motivations, is always trying to reconcile opposites. In fact, you can say that an action *is* a reconciliation of the duality of his motivation. Now, take all that we've been through, the confusion, the pain, the disorder; then reconcile that with the great order obvious in something like the sea, with its rhythm, its tides and waves, its overpowering calm, or the ordering of cells in a leaf, or a constellation of stars. If you can do it, something happens to you: you grow. You become a bigger person, able to understand, or reconcile, more."

"All right," said Iimmi.

"And that's what we saw, or the experience we had when we looked at the beach from the ship this morning; chaos caught in order, the order defining chaos."

"All right again," Iimmi said. "And I'll even assume that Jordde knew that the two impulses of this experience were one—something terrible and confused, like seeing ten men hacked to pieces by vampires, or seeing a film of a little boy getting his tongue pulled out, or coming through what we came through since we landed on Aptor; and two—something calm and ordered, like the beach and the sea. Now, why

would he want to kill someone simply because they might have gone through what amounts, I guess, to the basic religious experience?"

"You picked just the right word," Geo smiled. "Now, Jordde was a novice in the not too liberal religion of Argo. Jordde and Snake had been through nearly as much on Aptor as we had. And they survived. And they also emerged from that jungle of horror onto that great arcing rhythm of waves and sand. And they went through just what you and I and Argo went through. Little Argo, I mean. And it was just at that point when the blind priestesses of Argo made contact with Jordde. They did so by means of those vision screens we saw them with, which can receive sound and pictures from just about any place, but can also project, at least sound, to just about anywhere too. In other words, right in the middle of this religious, or mystic, or whatever you want to call it, experience, a voice materialized out of thin air that claimed to be the voice of The Goddess. Have you any idea what this did to his mind?"

"I imagine it took all the real significance out of the whole thing," Immi said. "It would for me."

"It did," said Geo. "Jordde wasn't what you'd call stable before that. If anything, this made him more so. It also stopped his mental functioning from working in the normal way. And Snake who was reading his mind at the time, suddenly saw himself watching the terrifying sealing up process of an active and competent, if not healthy, mind. He saw it again in Urson. It's apparently a pretty stiff thing to watch. That's why he stopped reading Urson's thoughts. The idea of stealing the jewels for himself was slowly eating away Urson's balance, the understanding, the ability to reconcile disparities, like the incident with the blue lizard, things like that, all of which were signs we didn't get. Snake contacted Hama by telepathy, almost accidentally. And Hama was something to hold onto for the boy."

"Still, why did Jordde want to kill anybody who had experienced this, voice of God and all?"

"Because Jordde had by now managed to do what a static mind always does. The situation, the beach, the whole thing suddenly meant for him the revelation of a concrete God. Now, he knew that Snake had contacted something also, something which the blind priestesses told him was thoroughly evil, an enemy, a devil. On the raft, on the boat, he religiously tried to 'convert' Snake, till at last, in evangelical fury, he cut the boy's tongue out with the electric generator and the hot wire which the blind priestesses had given him before he left. Why did he want to get rid of anybody who had seen his beach, a sacred place to him by now? One, because the devils were too strong and he didn't want anybody else possessed by them; Snake had been too much trouble resisting conversion. And two, because he was jealous that someone else might have that moment of exaltation and hear the voice of The Goddess also."

"In other words," summarized Immi, "he thought what happened to him and Snake was something supernatural, actually connected with the beach itself, and didn't want it to happen to anybody else."

"That's right," said Geo, lying back in his bunk. "Which is sort of understandable. They didn't come in contact with any of the technology of Aptor, and so it might well have seemed that way."

Immi leaned back also. "Yeah," he said. "I can see how the same thing almost—almost might have happened to me. If everything had been the same."

Geo closed his eyes. Snake came down and took the top bunk; and when he slept, Snake told him of Urson, of his last thoughts, and surprisingly, things he mostly knew.

Emerging from the forecabin the next morning, he felt bright sunlight slice across his face. He had to squint, and when he did so, he saw her sitting cross-legged on the stretched canvas topping of a suspended lifeboat.

"Hi, up there," he called.

"Hello," she called down. "How are you feeling?"

Geo shrugged.

Argo slipped her feet over the gunwale and with paper bag in hand, dropped to the deck. She bobbed up next to his shoulder, grinned, and said, "Hey, come on back with me. I want to show you something."

"Sure." He followed her.

Suddenly she looked serious. "Your arm is worrying you. Why?"

Geo shrugged. "You don't feel like a whole person. I guess you're not really a whole person."

“Don’t be silly,” said Argo. “Besides, maybe Snake will let you have one of his. How are the medical facilities in Leptar?”

“I don’t think they’re up to anything like that.”

“We did grafting of limbs back in Aptor,” Argo said. “A most interesting way we got around the antibody problem, too. You see—”

“But that was back in Aptor,” Geo said. “This is the real world we’re going into now.”

“Maybe I can get a doctor from the temple to come over,” she shrugged. “And then, maybe I won’t be able to.”

“It’s a pleasant thought,” Geo said.

When they reached the back of the ship, Argo took out a contraption from the paper bag. “I salvaged this in my tunic. Hope I dried it off well enough last night.”

“It’s your motor,” Geo said.

“Um-hm,” said Argo. She put it on a low set of lockers by the cabin’s back wall.

“How are you going to work it?” he asked. “It’s got to have that stuff, electricity.”

“There is more than one way to shoe a centipede,” Argo assured him. She reached behind the locker and pulled up a strange gizmo of glass and wire. “I got the lens from Sis,” she explained. “She’s awfully nice, really. She says I can have my own laboratory all to myself. And I said she could have all the politics, which I think was wise of me, considering. Don’t you?” She bent over the contraption. “Now, this lens here focuses the sunlight—isn’t it a beautiful day—on these thermocouples. I got the extra metal from the ship’s smith. He’s sweet. Hey, we’re going to have to compare poems from now on. I mean I’m sure you’re going to write a whole handful about all of this. I certainly am. Anyway, you connect it up here.”

She fastened two wires to two other wires, adjusted the lens, and the tips of the thermocouple glowed red. The armature tugged once around its pivot, and then tugged around once more. Geo glanced up and saw Snake and Iimmi standing above them, looking over the rail on the cabin’s roof. They grinned at each other, and then Geo looked back at the motor. It whipped around steadily, gaining speed until it whirred into an invisible copper haze. “Look at that thing go,” breathed Argo. “Will you just look at that thing go!”

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